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**Class No.....**

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# PUNCH

Vol. CXXXVI.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1909.



# PUNCH



VOL. 136.

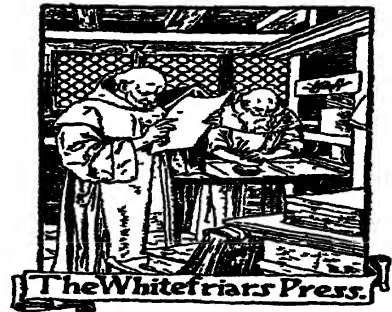
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# PUNCH'S ALMANACK 1909

**JANUARY**

SUN	3	10	17	24	31
MON	4	11	18	25	
TUE	5	12	19	26	
WED	6	13	20	27	
THU	7	14	21	28	
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

**FEBRUARY**

SUN	7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22
TUE	2	9	16	23
WED	3	10	17	24
THU	4	11	18	25
FRI	5	12	19	26
SAT	6	13	20	27

**MARCH**

SUN	7	14	21	28	
MON	1	8	15	22	29
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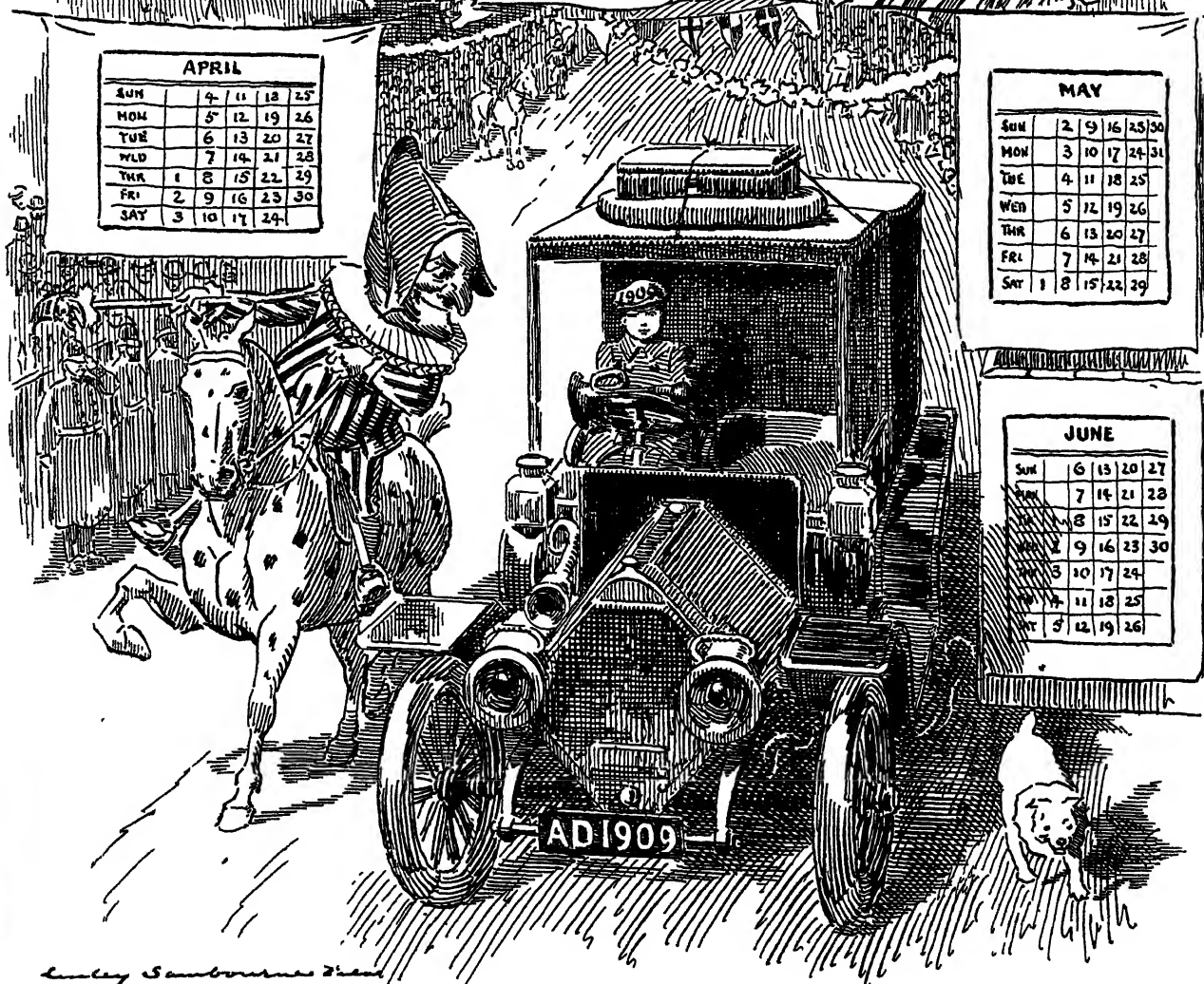
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**MAY**

SUN	2	9	16	23	30
MON	3	10	17	24	31
TUE	4	11	18	25	
WED	5	12	19	26	
THU	6	13	20	27	
FRI	7	14	21	28	
SAT	1	8	15	22	29

**JUNE**

SUN	6	13	20	27
MON	7	14	21	28
TUE	8	15	22	29
WED	9	16	23	30
THU	3	10	17	24
FRI	4	11	18	25
SAT	5	12	19	26



*Lucy Sambrook*

THE COMING OF 1909.

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



Golfer (soliloquising) "WHAT A LOVELY VILW!"

Caddy "REG LAR PANAMA, I CALLS IT!"



' I THINK IT VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOU NOT TO HELP ME, GEORGE. YOU SUGGESTED THIS SHORT CUT! '

Punch's Almanack for 1909.



Instructor ' WHY DON'T YOU FIX BAYONETS ON THE WORD O COMMAND ?  
Recruit (vainly struggling to unsheath weapon) " PLEASE SERGEANT IT S—IR—FIXED ! "



Sentry " 'ALT ! OO GOES THERE ? "

Private Jones " 'FRIEN'—WITH BOTTLE "

Sentry " PASS, FRIEND ! 'ALT BOTTLE ! "



How shocking! I am so glad to think that we shall have it all when we fall in with the

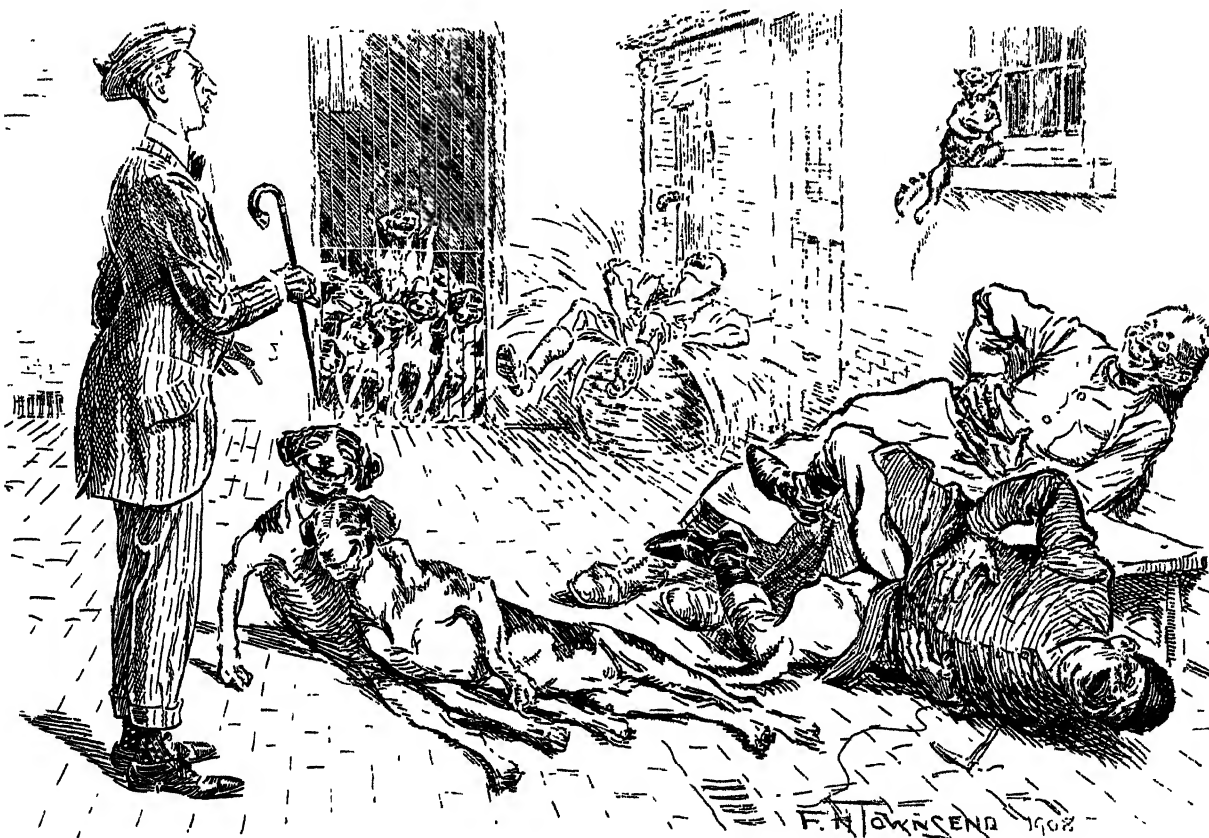


To-morrow!





"YOUR POINT, I'M AFRAID MY PARTNER TOUCHED THE NET!"



GLORIOUS NEWS IN THE HUNTING WORLD! NO MORE DULL DINNER-PARTIES!! ONCE AGAIN DOES A COCKNEY REFER TO THE HOUNDS AS "DOGS"!!!

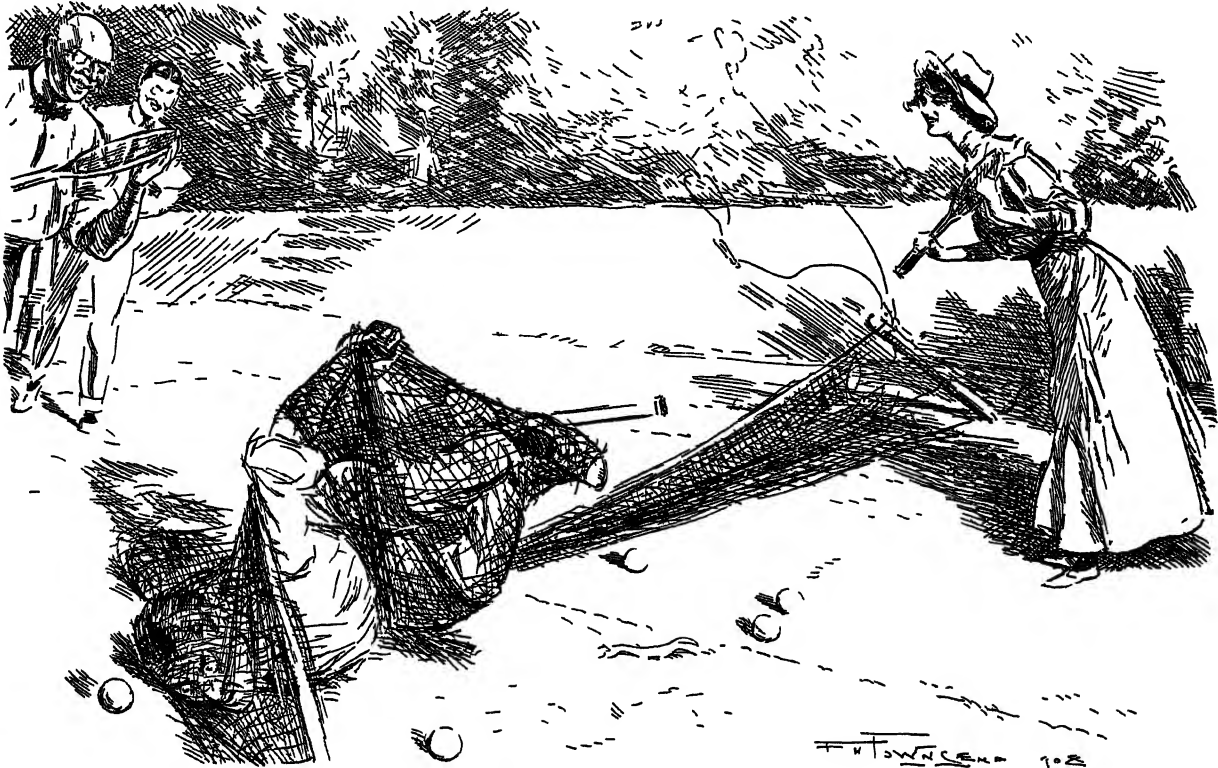


"HOW SHOOKING! I AM SO GLAD TO THINK, DEAR, THAT WE SHALL HAVE OUR TENT WHEN WE BATHE TO-MORROW"



TO-MORROW!



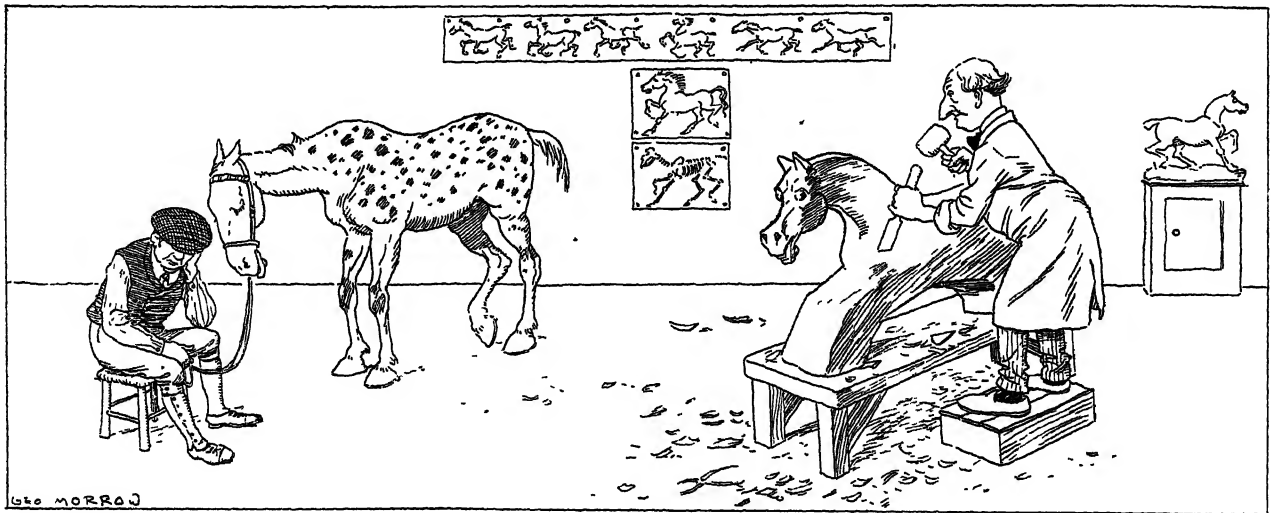


YOUR JOINT I'M AFRAID MY PARTNER TOUCHED THE NET!

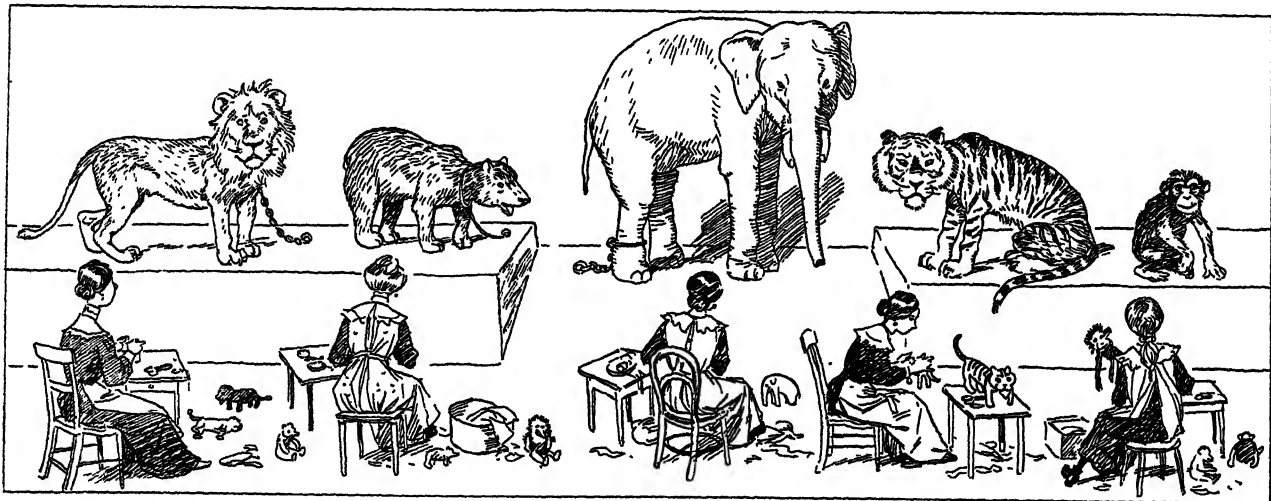


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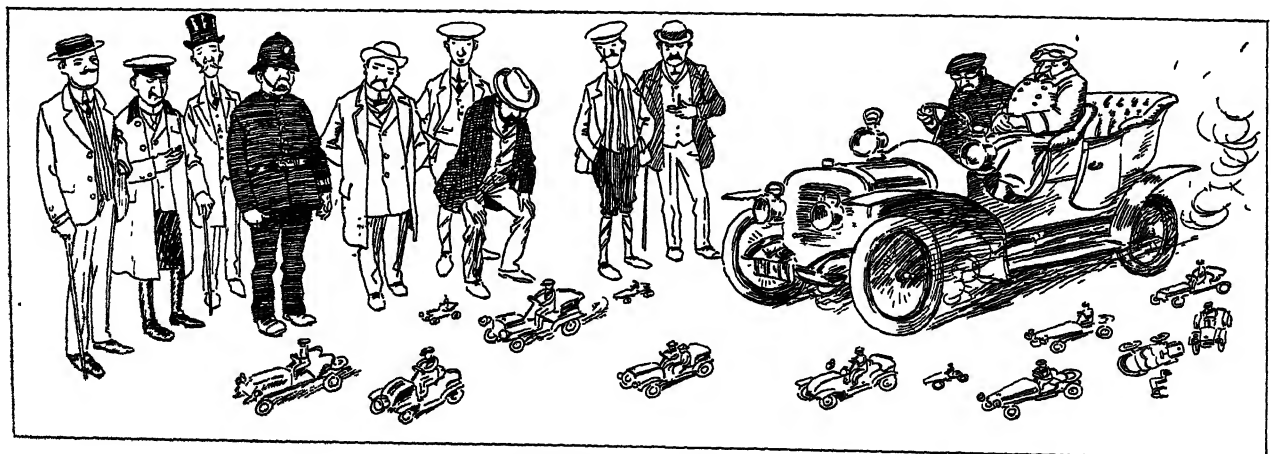
HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.



THE ROCKING-HORSE SCULPTOR.



THE TOY ANIMAL FACTORY



SPEED TEST FOR TOY MOTORS

**Punch's Almanack for 1909.**

**HOW CHRISTMAS TOYS ARE MADE.**



TESTING SMALL ARMS IN THE TOY ARMOURY



THE LEAD SOLDIER FOUNDRY



POET DICTATING VERSES FOR CRACKERS



CASTING "FUNNY" MASKS FROM LIFE

**LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON**

*Drawn by Miss Darsy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head*



**"THE LADIES' MILE," HYDE PARK. THE WINNING POST**



**THE PALM ROOM AT THE CARLTON**

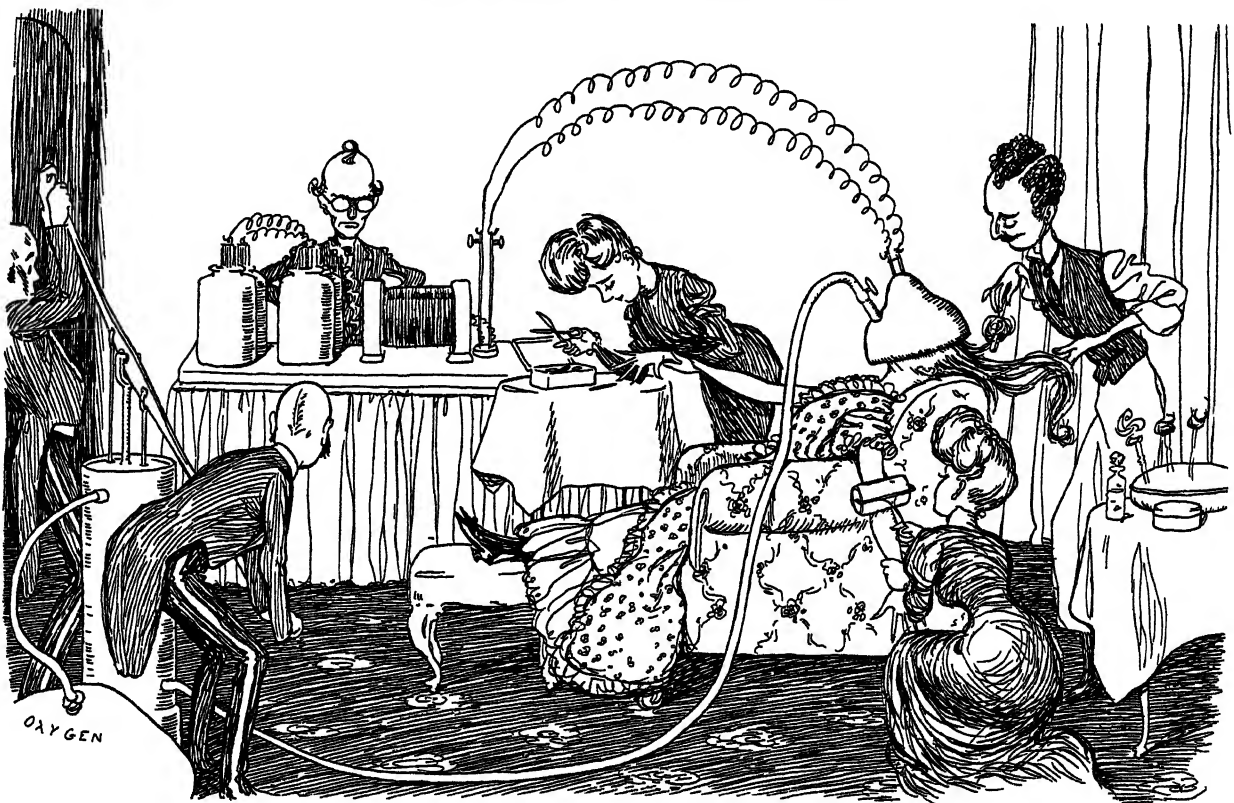


LIFE IN THE LONDON SEASON.

*Drawn by Miss Daisy Meadows (of Hopshire) out of her head*



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BATH CLUB.



A LADY OF FASHION PREPARING FOR CONQUEST.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Boy (at sound of horn). "'ERE BE THE 'UNTERS A-COOMIN'! 'ARK TO THE 'OOTER!"

A WEIGHT-FOR-YOUTH HANDICAP.

[Dedicated to a young lady with a sensitive nose who complains bitterly that the long-haired youth of to-day make the atmosphere of a ball-room intolerable with the reek of their cosmetics.]

I stood and watched her as she stepped  
In at the dance-room door;  
The gaze of all the well-groomed "bloods,"  
Conscious of perfect ties and studs,  
Followed her where she bravely swept  
Over the shining floor.

From brows on which no sign of toil  
Had come from thinking hard  
Their locks were trained in lengthy streaks  
(It must have taken weeks and weeks)  
And plastered down with care and oil  
And slabs of potted lard.

But when, as those who bring a gift  
No woman yet refused,  
They kindly offered her a dance  
She gave their heads a searching glance,  
Threw up her pretty nose and sniffed,  
And begged to be excused.

They bore their underrated charms  
Into the buffet-room,  
While she, who showed such want of taste,  
Allowed her admirable waist  
To be disposed within the arms  
Of men of riper bloom.

Greatly intrigued that Age should snatch  
A boon to boys denied,  
I asked her: "Can you tell me why  
You cast a preferential eye  
On older heads with thinner thatch?"  
Is it the brains inside?"

"I hardly care for brains a bit,  
Not at a ball," said she;  
"Give me a man with whom I seem  
To float like seraphs in a dream,  
And I'll not ask for pearls of wit  
Or plums of repartee.

"These boys may have the brains of mice,  
I look outside the head;  
The thing that puts me off is just  
Their greasy polls that catch the dust;  
Besides, my nose is rather nice—"  
("I see it is," I said).

\* \* \* \* \*

There are who simply loathe to wear  
A cranium smooth and blank;  
But, as I joined the mazy whirl  
With that extremely pleasant girl,  
To Fate that pinched my wealth of hair  
I heaved a pious thank.

O. S.



**RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.**

*Newly-arrived Private Chaplain of Scotch Nobleman (to keeper) "ARE THERE ANY EPISCOPALIANS ON THIS ESTATE?"*

*Keeper (whose mind is running on his pheasants) "THAE BLACK-NECKIT YFNS, YE LL MEAN? NO, WE SHOT THFM A' OOT THREE YEARS SYNE!"*



**A CHOICE OF ENDS.**

*Stranger (in response to general movement behind him) "HE DOESN'T KICK"*

*Stranger "No"*

*Sportsman "DOES HE BITE?"*

*Sportsman "WELL, ANYHOW, WOULD YOU MIND JUST TURNING HIS OTHER END ROUND THIS WAY?"*

Punch's Almanack for 1909.

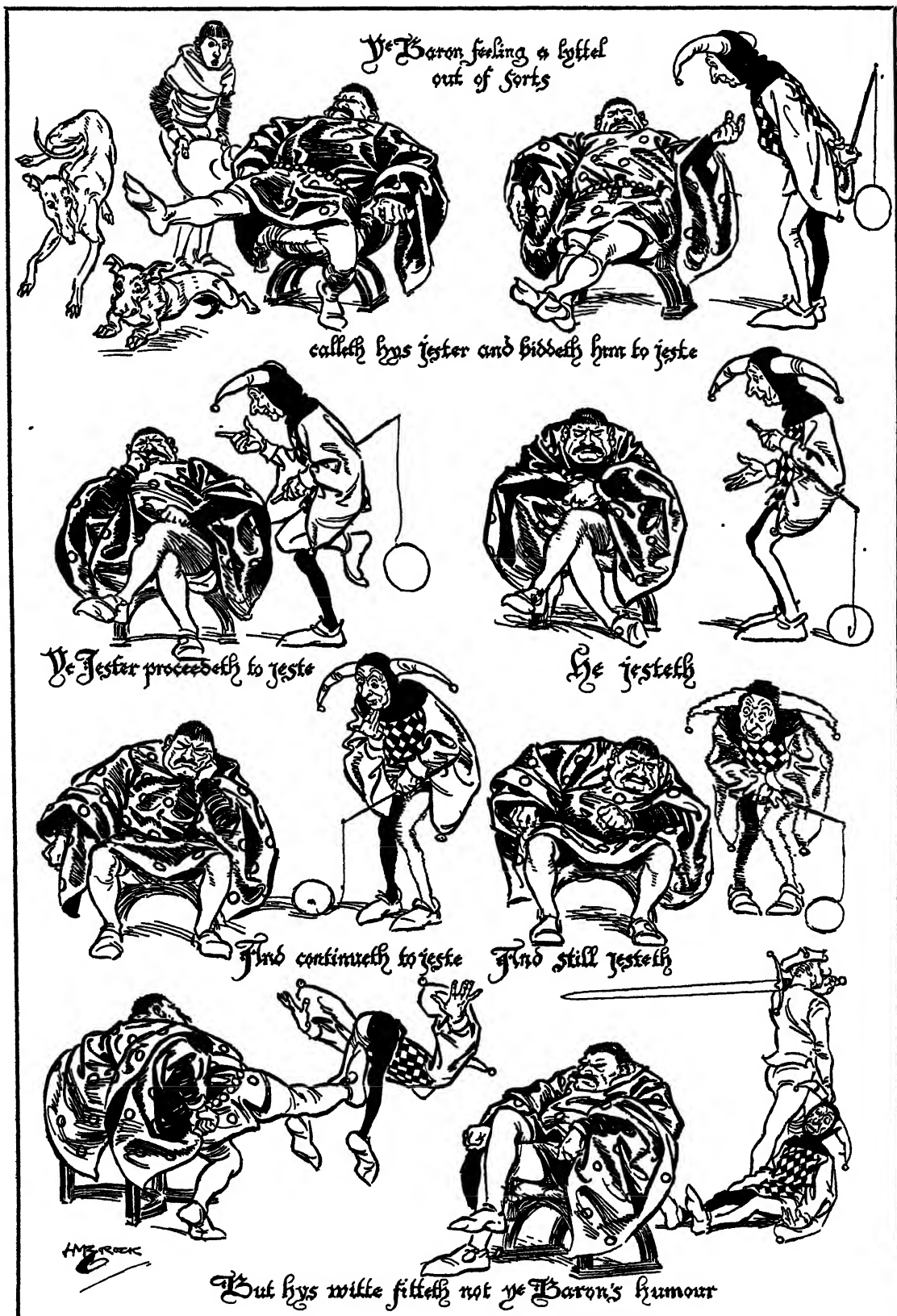


Parson. "YES, MRS. JOHNSON, IT'S ALL VERY NICE AND PRETTY; BUT HOW AM I TO GET UP THOSE STEPS INTO THE PULPIT?"  
 Mrs. Johnson. "WELL, REALLY, RECTOR, WE'D QUITE FORGOTTEN THAT! BUT IF YOU'LL MISS THE SECOND STEP, AND MIND THE 'RED HOT POKER,' PUT YOUR FOOT TO THE LEFT OF MRS. JONES'S MARROW AND THE CABBAGE FROM THE HALL, YOU'LL ONLY HAVE THE ONIONS TO GET BY; BUT DON'T TREAD ON THEM, OR THERE'LL BE A TEAR-SHEDDING!"



Explorer (relating tiger story). "THERE WAS THE GREAT BEAST RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME. I WAS UNARMED, AND IT WAS CLEARLY NECESSARY TO TERRIFY HIM INTO SUBMISSION. WHAT DID I DO? I——"  
 Excited listener (who has heard about the power of the human eye.) "I KNOW. YOU—YOU L-L-LOOKED AT HIM!"





## MACBETH

"GREAT HARRY!"  
"WORTHY LAUDER!"



## THE MERRY WIDOW



## THE MERRY WIVES OF WESTMINSTER



## PETE

"Can this che-ild  
be mine?"

SCENES FROM MR. PUNCH'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.



# Punch's Almanack for 1909.

## MINCE-MEAT.

*By Our Charvariety Artists.*

REALISING the fact that the cult of the Christmas Card is on the wane, an enterprising firm is advertising pianolas as an admirable substitute.

We wonder whether it is generally known that, if the plan of a famous German strategist be carried out, the invasion of this country, when it takes place, will happen on the afternoon of Christmas Day, at an hour when the entire British nation is rendered helpless by a surfeit of plum-pudding.

By the by, a little boy writes to ask whether it is a fact, as his mother tells him, that, if he eats too much plum-pudding and too many mince-pies, the currants will all come out on his face as spots. We are sorry, but we must really refuse to make trouble between mother and son.

The experiment tried in Pantomime last year of having "principal boys" of the male sex is to be abandoned. "Girls will be boys," as the saying hasn't it.

One of the features of the coming Pantomime Season, we are told, will be a coon song of which the refrain is *Sue, Sue, Sue*. This incitement to litigation will be welcomed by the entire legal profession, which, through no fault of its own, has for some time past been suffering from lack of employment.

The Trustees of the Carnegie Hero Fund have, we hear, decided that

their resources are not sufficiently large to enable them to make grants to policemen who have distinguished themselves by gallantry to cooks.

Some recently-published statistics show that old age, as a cause of death, is more frequent among centenarians than any other class.

reported. A Mr. Jones of Upper Tooting, who had never had a gun in his hand before, shot a rabbit last week.

We would caution our readers against a gentleman of philanthropic appearance who goes about asserting that he recently sent a cheque for £1,000 to a certain charitable institution. It seems that, being of a retiring disposition, he preferred his gift to be anonymous and so didn't sign the cheque.

The danger of relying on trade terms! A lady writes to complain that an instrument which she bought at a recent sale was described as an upright piano, but is now behaving most deceptively.

"This is cutting it rather fine, isn't it, guv'nor?" said a cabby on receiving a shilling. The fare looked angry for a moment, then a wave of generosity passed over him. "Very well, I'll make it guineas," he said as he handed cabby a further penny.

He was a simple-looking youth, and, as he entered the consulting-room, he said, "Doctor,

my head always feels muzzy. What do you recommend?" "Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?" asked the doctor.

We ought not to say it, for it sounds boastful, but we cannot resist drawing attention to the fact that in the foregoing paragraphs we have not made a single joke about the dismemberment of Turkey.



"I AIN'T INSULTIN' OF YER—I TELL YER I'M SIMPLY CALLIN' OF YER A LIAR, AND YER ARE ONE!"  
[Friendly relations resumed]

A lady, the other day, gave one of her huge Directoire hats, of which she had tired, to a charwoman whom she occasionally employed. "Oh, thank you, madam," said the grateful recipient, "I shall keep it for my three little girls. They can all go to church together in it on Sundays.

A curious shooting accident is



# THE PERFECT CHAUFFEUR.

*How he might be obtained*



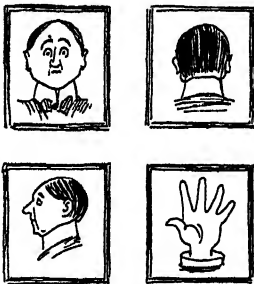
He should have had an unblemished reputation at school.



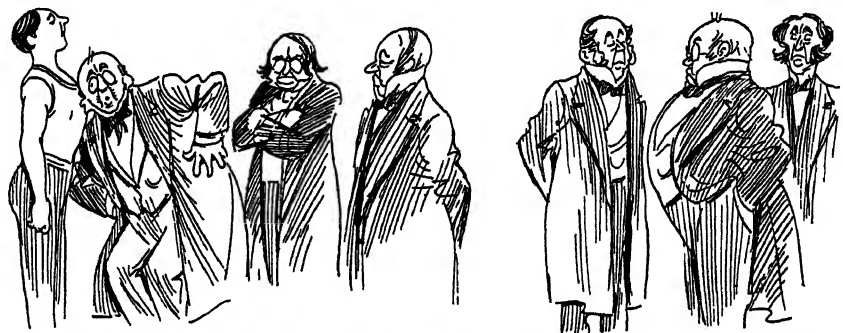
After spending five years at a chauffeurs' college—



He should submit to phrenological examination, to show that the speed-craving bump is not over-developed.



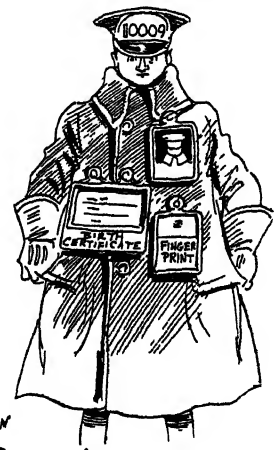
He will then require to be measured on the "Bertillon" system, and should be photographed in various poses for identification purposes.



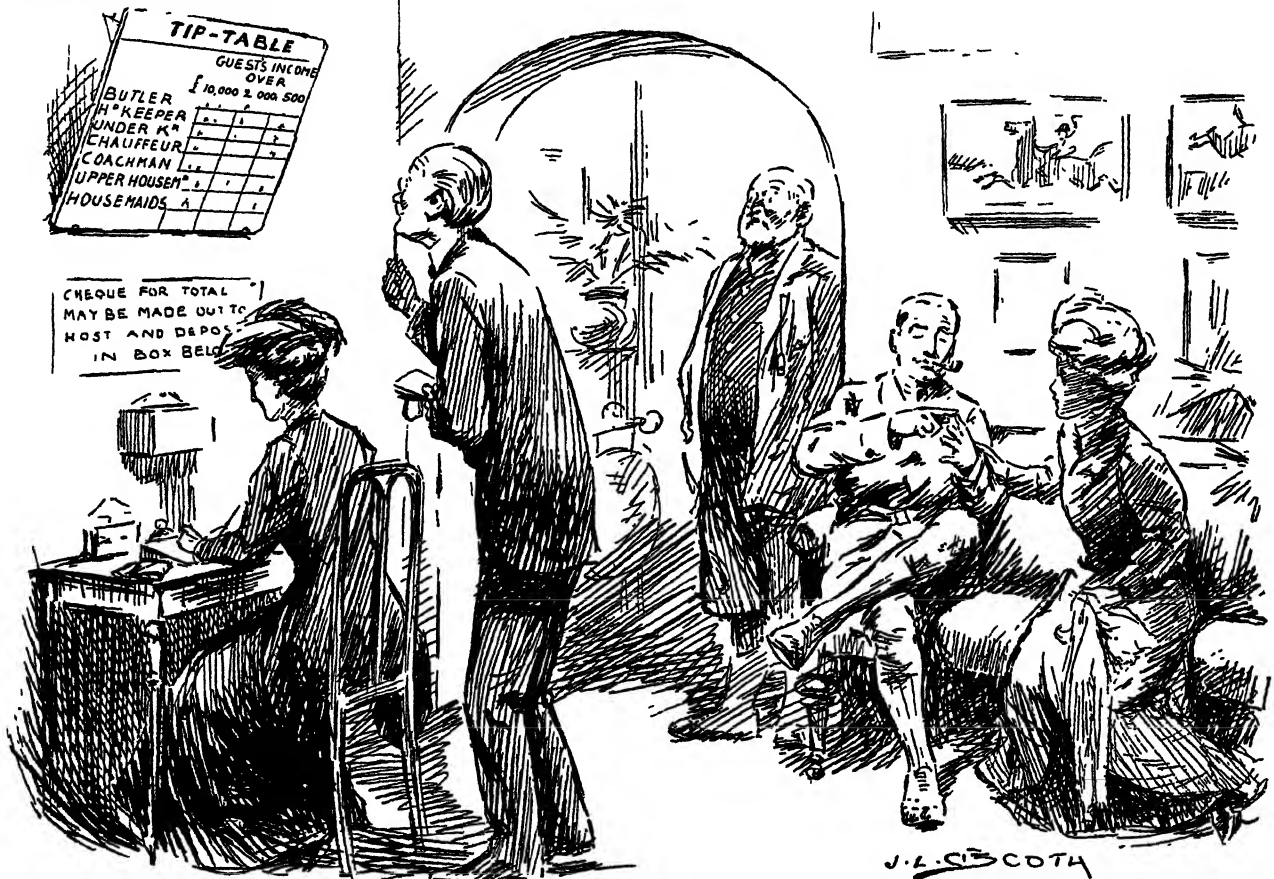
He should be perfect as regards physical fitness, and of course the medical examination would be very searching.



Then, if he can convince the police authorities of his dexterity in dodging obstacles—



A licence could be granted on his agreeing to wear his birth certificate, photograph, and finger-print in prominent places.



LONG-FELT WANTS. THE COUNTRY HOUSE TIP-TABLE.

### ACHES AND IVORIES.

MINE is a flat on the uppermost floor of the mansion,  
Far from the motor-bus, high above whistle and shout,  
Here I could give my afflatus its needful expansion,  
Ponder my numbers and patiently worry them out.

Calmly remote I pursued my professional labours,  
Lived as a type of the homely industrious poor,  
Sat in content with myself and at peace with my neigh-  
bours,  
Till they imported a beast of an infant next door.

Bagpipes and bo'suns, a bushel of average babbies,  
Screams of despair from a steamer that's run on a shoal,  
Pulleys and brakes that want greasing, noctambulate  
tabbies,  
Cries of the errant purveyor of cabbage or coal—

Start them together from all the four points of the compass;  
Throw in a gramophone able to penetrate walls;—  
Then you've a dream of the pandemoniacal rumpus  
Wafted abroad when that blessed homunculus bawls.

First to the mother I entered a dignified protest:  
Said that the music was hard on poetical ears.  
Did it have any effect? Not the very remotest!  
Save when we meet in the lift and she mockingly  
sneers.

Foiled, I endured for a fortnight; but fiercer and fiercer  
Daily the melody grew; then I turned to the sire:—

"Sorry to bother, but really—your baby—my dear sir,  
Dammit, do something!" I wrote, "Yours in sorrow  
(and ire)."

He, the good fellow, replied that he pitied me deeply;  
My lot was bitter, but his was more desperate still;  
Thought, on the whole, I got off, by comparison,  
cheaply;  
Begged that I'd give him my prayers! Poor devil,  
I will.

As for the rest of the world, it is cold and unfeeling;  
Even my housekeeper—one in whose arms I was  
nursed—

Calls it a lamb! And whenever I yell to the ceiling  
("Cursed be the baby," I yell, "be the baby accursed!")

Tells me in triumph (and glares as if I were the  
criminal)

I was a baby myself! It was ever the rule—  
Give 'em a baby in range, and the soundest of women 'll  
Sacrifice logic to sentiment—silly old fool!

Daily I'm in at the death of my best inspiration;  
Nightly I find myself—roused by that infamous brat—  
Sitting up straight in my bed in a cold perspiration,  
Sighing for she-bears, or Herod, or something like that.

Ever the demon goes on, and despairing and hollow-eyed  
Still (I am told) I must bear this preposterous din  
While there's a tooth to be cut; by the lyre of Apollo, I'd  
Cut 'em—I'd teach it to cut 'em—if I could get in.  
Dum-Dum.



AN UNDERGROUND IMPROMPTU. THE TUBE STEP.



Augustus "HALLO OLD MAN, HOW ARE YOU AND HOW ARE YOUR PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT SORT OF SILLY ROT?"

# HOW TO ACT A CHILDREN'S PLAY.

## INTRODUCTION.

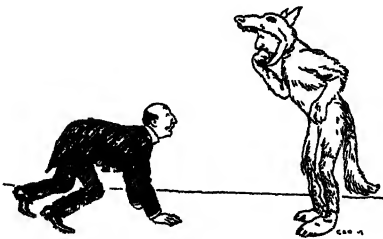
DEAR ETHEL,—Whenever I read a book or an article beginning "How to ——" I always throw it in the fire, and I expect you do the same. My "How to's" are generally called "How to avoid paying rent" (but of course you can't really), or, more comprehensively, "How to Succeed." Yours, I suppose, would be "How to knit a shawl for Mother's birthday," which is a good thing to know, but rather a bother. Well, I just thought I'd tell you that this "How to" of mine is a different pair of bedroom slippers altogether; and as your Uncle George has gone to a great deal of—I can't help feeling—unnecessary trouble to illustrate my meaning, I do hope you will learn a lot from what I have said.

By the way, this is really a dedication, and so should have been written in the third person, because it is so much more dignified. I did begin like that, but the Editor stopped me; he said he couldn't help feeling that what we were gaining in dignity we were losing in grammar. I think perhaps he was right, but I shall insist on italics, anyhow.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER I.—CHOOSING THE PLAY.

OF course the first thing of all to do is to select a suitable play. The



COACHING COUSIN TOM.

Wilbraham kids always do Dumb-crambo, and there is a man in London who does *Hamlet*; but neither of these is much fun. And the worst of the old fairy stories is that, though they have a splendid part for Harold and Wilfrid, there is absolutely nothing in them that will just suit yourself. I mean nothing really made for you. Now it's a different case altogether with Enid—quite a small part would do for her. But for yourself, you do expect as

the eldest sister to be the one who marries the handsome Prince; and at the same time you simply can't let Muriel be the Queen of the Fairies and wear the ornamental lampshade. And so what are you to do?

Well, by an extraordinary bit of luck I have a little play by me

Dick and Harold (simultaneously). Bags I the wolf!

Harold and Dick (eagerly). I said it first, didn't I, uncle? Shut up; you didn't.

The Author. I shall want one of you to be the Prince.

Dick and Harold. Bags I the Prince, anyhow.

Ethel. Hadn't we better settle the parts afterwards, uncle? I'm going to be the dear little Fairy Princess; how lovely! What will you be, Janet?

Muriel. I don't mind what I am. Do you, Enie?

Harold and Dick. All right, then; I'll be the Wolf.

[They start growling in various tentative keys.

The Author. I think we shall have to get your

cousin Tom to be the Wolf. We want a big one. Now then, I'm going to read it to you. Er—The—

Dick and Harold (in fits of laughter). Won't he look a sausage?

Ethel. You don't mind my being the Princess, do you, Muriel dear? Because, you see—

The Author (angrily and loudly). Will you all be quiet for a moment? . . . Now then—(very loudly)—THE WOLF—

Wilfrid (suddenly). I—want—my



UNCLE SHOWING CHILDREN HOW TO ACT.

mummy. I—want—my—mummy. I—want— [Uproar.

## CHAPTER III.—THE STAGE.

As soon as possible you must come to some definite agreement with Mother about the drawing-room. The best way is to go into her room one morning when she is very busy writing notes, and say quite anyhow (as though you didn't care a bit): "I suppose, mummy dear, you don't mind our doing our play in the draw-



THE FAIRY GROTTO (WITH STALACTITES)

which I wrote some — I mean which I have just written especially for you. It is called

The Wolf;

or,

Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess.

## CHAPTER II.—READING THE PLAY.

THIS is the most exciting moment of all, because of course everybody is wondering what the play is about. The clever author (that means me) is surrounded by the cast (that means the whole lot of you), and, after a hearty tea, he declaims his work to them—to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, bursts of applause and the like. Something in this style:

The Author. The—er—title of our little play is *The Wolf*; or—

Ethel (reproachfully). Oh, uncle!

The Author. What's the matter now?

Ethel. You said there was a fairy princess in it, and I was going to be it, and it was to be the chief part.

Muriel (loftily). I'd much rather be an ordinary human person. Wouldn't you, Enie?

The Author. But you are, Ethel. It is.

Ethel. Then oughtn't I to be in the title?

The Author. You don't understand. It's called *The Wolf*; or, *Prince Rupert and the Fairy Princess*. I have to put the wolf in there, but he hardly comes into the play at all. In fact he only has a growling part.



## Punch's Almanack for 1909.

ing-room? Uncle James said—"And then she'll say: 'Don't worry now, dear, I'm very busy. Yes, yes, I know; run away, there's a darling.'" So of course you run away and tell the others that Mother said "Yes."

About a week before the night you'll have to take charge of the drawing-room altogether; and if you can get Mother safely off to London to buy Christmas presents before you really begin you will get on much faster with everything. There is no harm in Father staying on. He will be so glad that you aren't using the library that he will actually help in some of the heavy work. Probably, when you start moving the grand piano, he will even suggest getting a couple of men in to do the thing properly. That, though, would spoil all the fun, and you must quickly assure him that the whole idea was to do everything yourselves, and that if he took one end and Uncle James the other you would show them exactly where you wanted it put.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE SCENERY.

THE principal scene is *The Fairy Grotto*, and that of course is where you, Ethel, live for the first part of your life—until, in fact, Prince Rupert comes and kisses you and turns you into a mortal, which, between ourselves, is a much better thing to be. Uncle George has drawn a picture of this enchanted cavern, and I want you to notice particularly the stalactites hanging from the roof. You have read all about these in

your science books; but I may say here that they are called stalactites because that is such a difficult word to spell. You remember the story of the harassed ambassador who was

The legend is that he who looks into the water will see the face of his true love reflected; and when Rupert looks in then you come and peep over his shoulder; so of course he sees your face too.

Then says Rupert:

*Whose is this lovely, this enchanting face?*

*I've seen it once or twice about the place.*

And you sing softly:

*I am the fairy princess Elsinore!*

*(I'm sure I've never seen the man before).*

And so on. In another picture you'll see how the cascade's done.



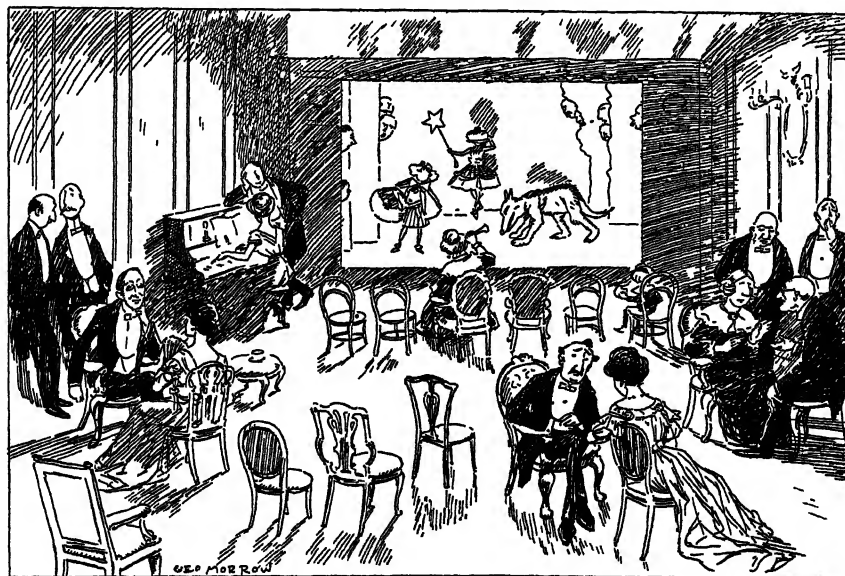
GETTING READY FOR THE NIGHT.

embarrassed by a scintillating stalactite—well, it had to come into that story.

To return to the picture: the stalactites with the crease down the middle are Cousin Tom's, and the

BEFORE I come to the acting, I had better finish with what they call "the properties"—which means the things you make out of other things ready for the night.

As is always the case, the girls' things are much easier to get ready than the boys'. An excellent fairy-skirt, for instance, can be made from Mother's best lamp-shade—the one with the frilly things hanging down; then, again, a tea-cosy makes a good crown for the Princess. But I can't suggest anything that will do for Prince Rupert's costume. I really think that Miss Pringle will simply have to set to and make something for



THE NIGHT ITSELF.

rather baggy stalactites are Uncle James's, and the ones with the stalagmites fused on at the knees must be Harold's, and . . . Well, you see, of course, how it is done. There is also, you notice, a wonderful magic pool in the middle of your cavern.

Dick out of that piece of blue plush that was left over.

There is just one tip I must give you about stage directions. It is very important to pay attention to the author's directions to the actors, because, after all, he wrote the play and

## Punch's Almanack for 1909.

ought to know best how it should be acted. So when you read a note like this: *"During this speech of the wicked Baron's, Sunnylocks has been growing more and more frightened; he turns deathly pale, beads of perspiration stand upon his brow, his knees tremble more and more, until at the last horrible threat his very hair stands on end with terror"*—when you come across this you must see that Harold really does carry out the author's intentions. Most of it should be fairly easy for him, but the last direction does want a little scheming. The best way is to have a magnet suspended from the ceiling, and ready to be let down when required. Then, just before he goes on, Harold must dip his head into Wilfrid's "Chemical Food" (which, as you know, has a lot of iron in it to make him strong), and then at the critical moment the magnet is let gently down . . . . Whereupon an extremely realistic scene ensues.

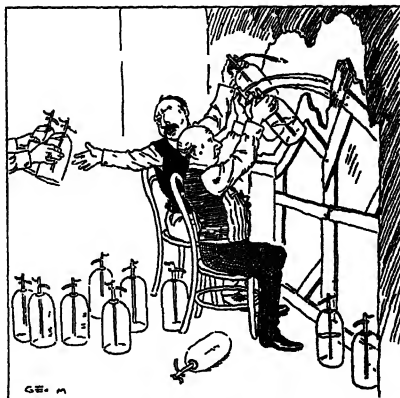
Oh, by the way, don't forget the moon. The best London people always have them full. I can't say why.

### CHAPTER VI.—HOW TO ACT.

THE first thing to remember is that it is necessary to cross the stage every time you make a remark of any importance. I have never quite understood why this should be so, but they always do it in London; and what is good enough for them is good enough for us. Thus, if Prince Rupert is on the right-hand side of the stage and you are on the left, and he says, "I love you!" you both cross over before you reply "Rupert!" I fancy the reason must be that the common people who are stuck into the sides of the gallery can only see one-half of the stage; and as they got a bit tired of never seeing more than half the characters in a night they complained to the fireman. He told the man at the door who says "Stalls-to-the-left - dress - circle - this - way," and gradually it got up to the Manager himself, who made the new rule. Of course you have no gallery in the drawing-room, but you may as well follow the general custom. Anyhow, it gives the audience a chance of seeing both sides of you.

Uncle James will show you several of the more important gestures, and you must see that you get these right. For instance, when the Prince

declares his love he has to put both hands upon his heart as he leans eagerly towards the lady. Of course most of the audience will understand what is happening, but Grannie, who is deaf, may not hear the words, and she will probably upset everything



THE CASCADE

by saying, "There! I told him not to have a second help."

Did I mention improvisation? That means putting in your words when you have forgotten mine. It is possible that you may have to do this sometimes when your memory goes, as it does in History always; and then the great thing is to do it as naturally as possible. For example, the Prince may be telling you the story of his adventures in the search



THE WRONG WAY OF WORKING THE LIMELIGHT

for the magic ring. At the end of them you have to say:

*At such fierce deeds my maiden heart doth quail;  
And yet, fair sir, I thank you for your tale.*

Suppose, however, you have forgotten those lines for the moment. Don't be nervous; and don't rely entirely on the prompter, because he may be busy. Just say with a sweet smile, "What did you say?"

and then, while he is telling his story all over again (as most men would be glad to) you can be thinking of something nice to say afterwards.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE NIGHT ITSELF.

So, finally, after all your rehearsing and dressmaking and scene shifting you will come to the night itself. Aunt Molly will be at the piano playing "The Waltz Dream," when you will discover that the prompt-book has been lost; and at the same time Cousin Tom will discover that the best pair of stalactites is his, after all. While he is expostulating with Uncle James, the curtain will go up, and Uncle James will say, "You fool, drop that curtain! Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss Fellowes, I didn't see it was you." Then Aunt Molly will play "The Waltz Dream" over again, and Cousin Tom will come in properly and begin to growl. Having performed his part with immense vigour he will retire into the wings and take his head off, when he will learn that the curtain has been down all the time, because they can't start till the prompt-book has been found. Whereupon Harold will yell out he can see through the hole in the curtain, and Uncle Charles has it in his hand; and Uncle Charles, who has promised to prompt, but is now turning over the music for Aunt Molly, who is playing "The Waltz Dream" for the third time, will be indignantly sent for. Aunt Molly will insist on coming behind the scenes too, to see if she can help, and Miss Pringle, who has been very busy in the green-room stitching up Prince Rupert, who had split at the last moment, will take her place and play "The Waltz Dream." Then Uncle James will say, "Now clear the stage there, please. All behind the scenes. Where is everybody? Tom, come on. Now Miss Fellowes, we really are ready this time. The other cord, I think. On all-fours please, Tom. No, the other cord. . . . Now, before Miss Pringle begins again. Now! . . . Get behind, Harold."

And then, all of a sudden, everything will go perfectly smoothly. . . . And when it is all over—

### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE will be loud calls for the author.  
A. A. M.



*First Youth (late arrival)* HALLO! WHAT SORT OF SHOW IS IT?

*Second Youth* OH SAME OLD THING FIRST THE DEAR OLD CONJURER AND NOW THE BALLY OLD CHRISTMAS TREE!



*Voice from upper regions* "DEARIE, IF YOU CAN'T KEEP BABY QUIET, WHY NOT GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH?"



SHOWING HOW THE ENTENTE CORDIALE OF THAT PERIOD MIGHT HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, IF THE CONFERENCE OF "THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD" HAD BEEN HELD THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL, UNDER THE CONDITIONS COMMONLY ASSOCIATED WITH AN ENGLISH SUMMER.





A PARLIAMENTARY FANCY-DRESS FÊTE.

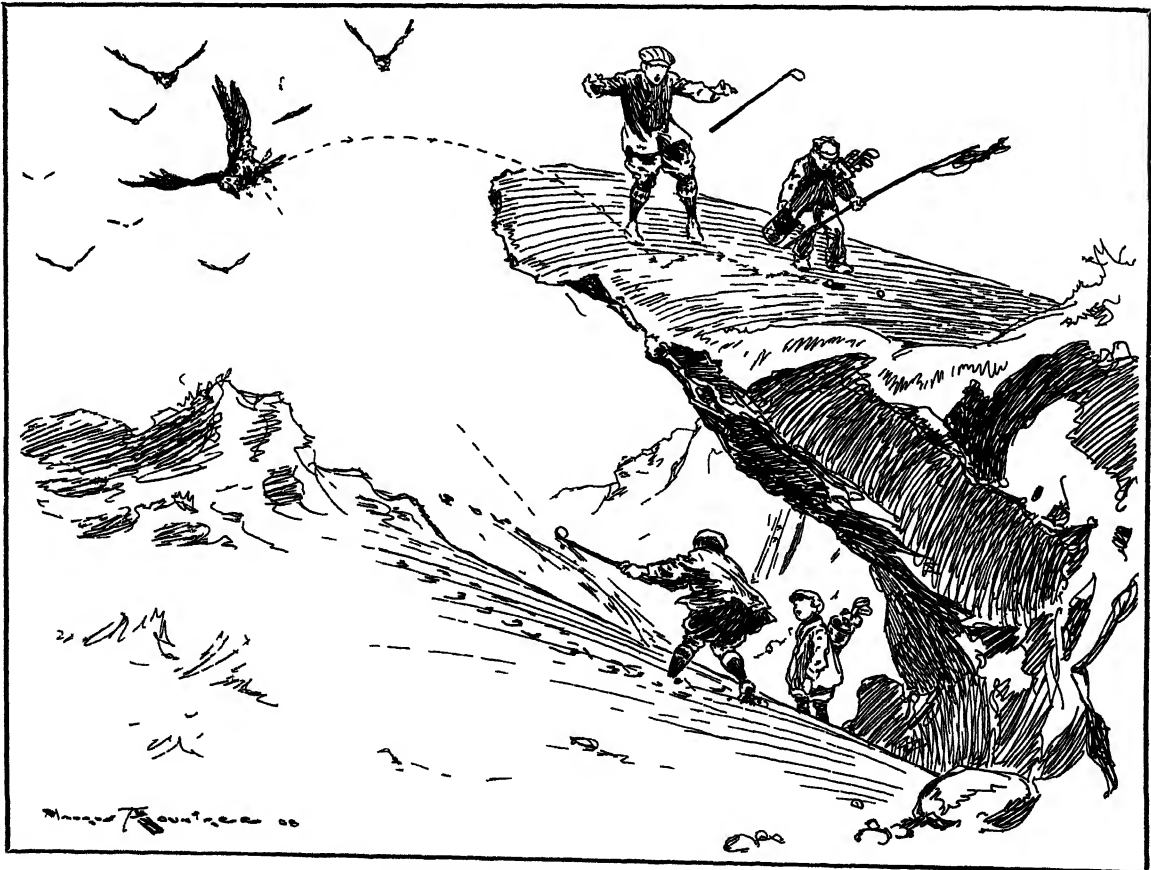
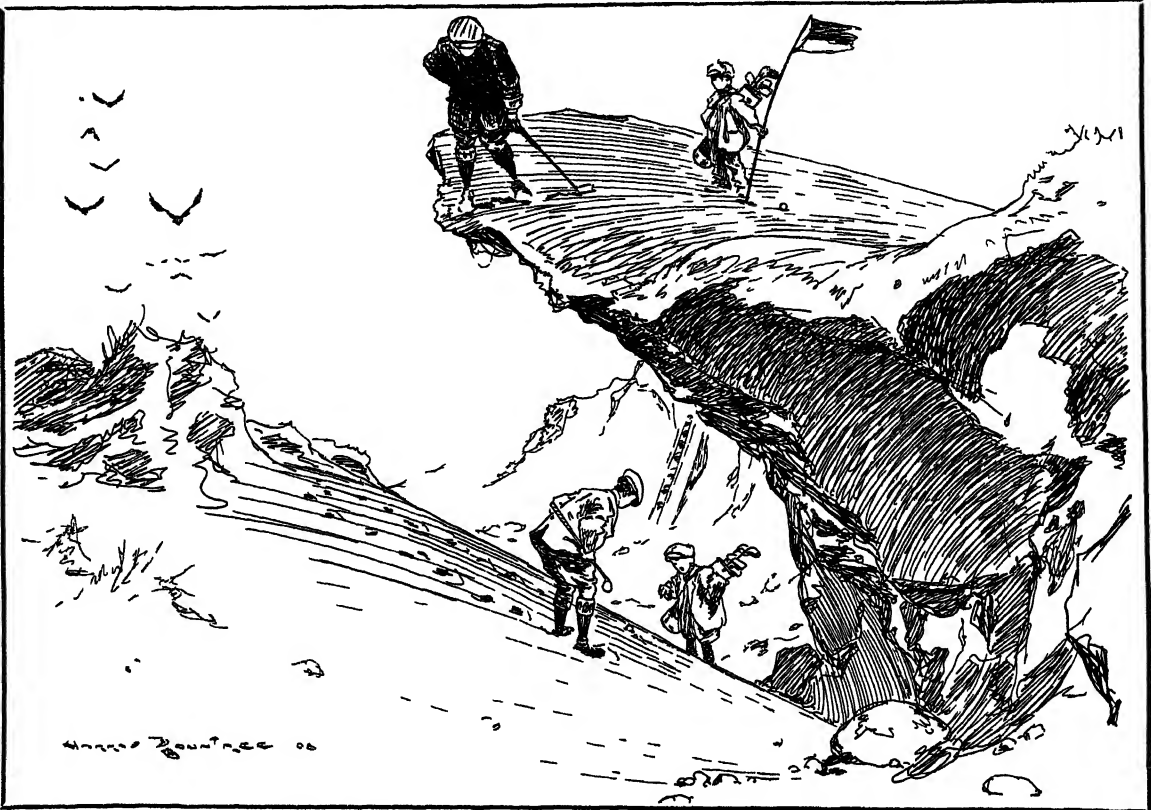
**MR BALFOUR**  
**MR ASQUITH**

MR AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN  
MR HAROLD COX

Lord Robert Cecil

MR HARCOURT      SIR SAMUEL EVANS  
MR HALDANE      MR WINSTON CHURCHILL

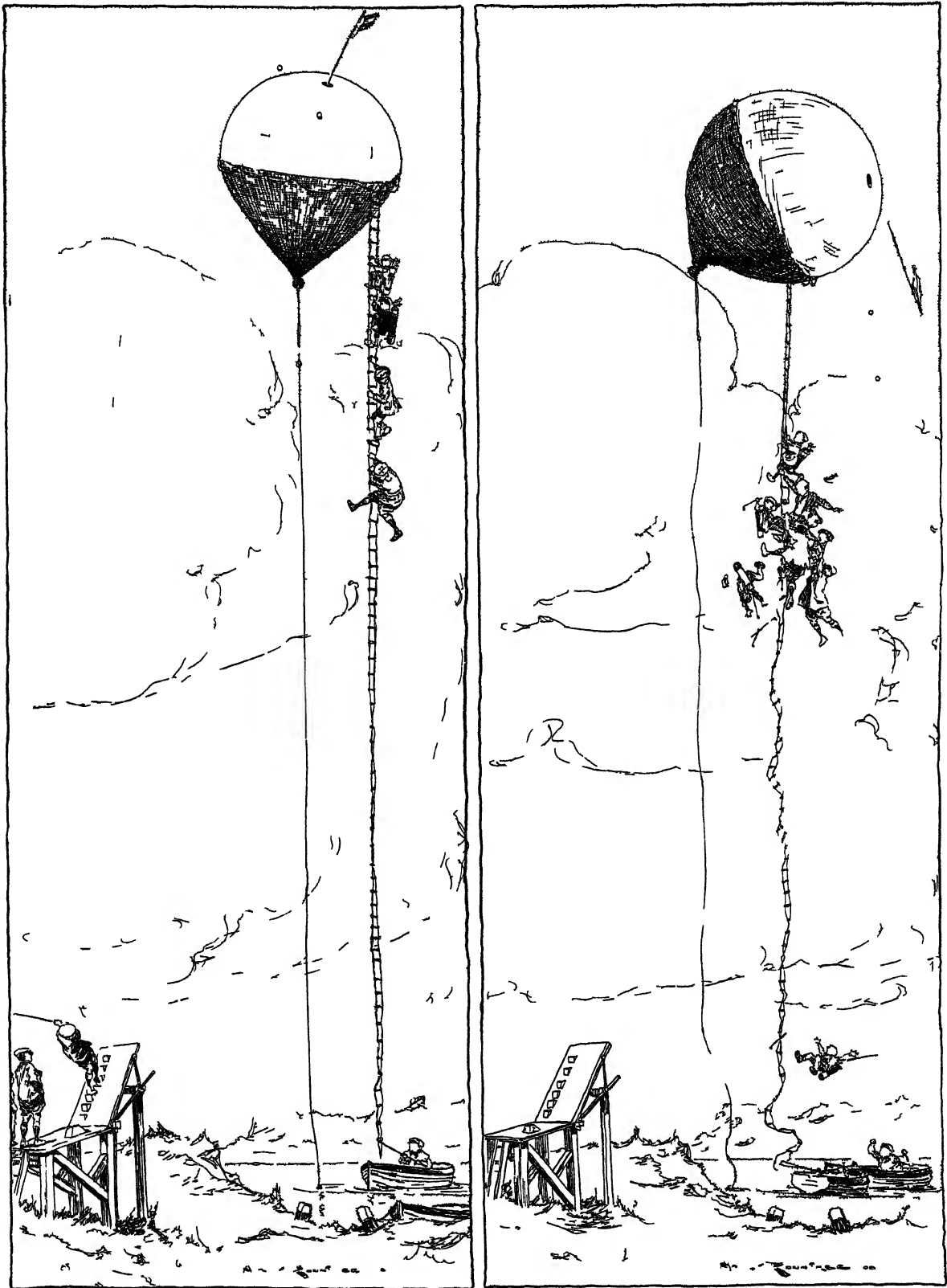
**MR GEORGE WYNDHAM**



VERY ADVANCED GOLF.

I THIS FOR IT!

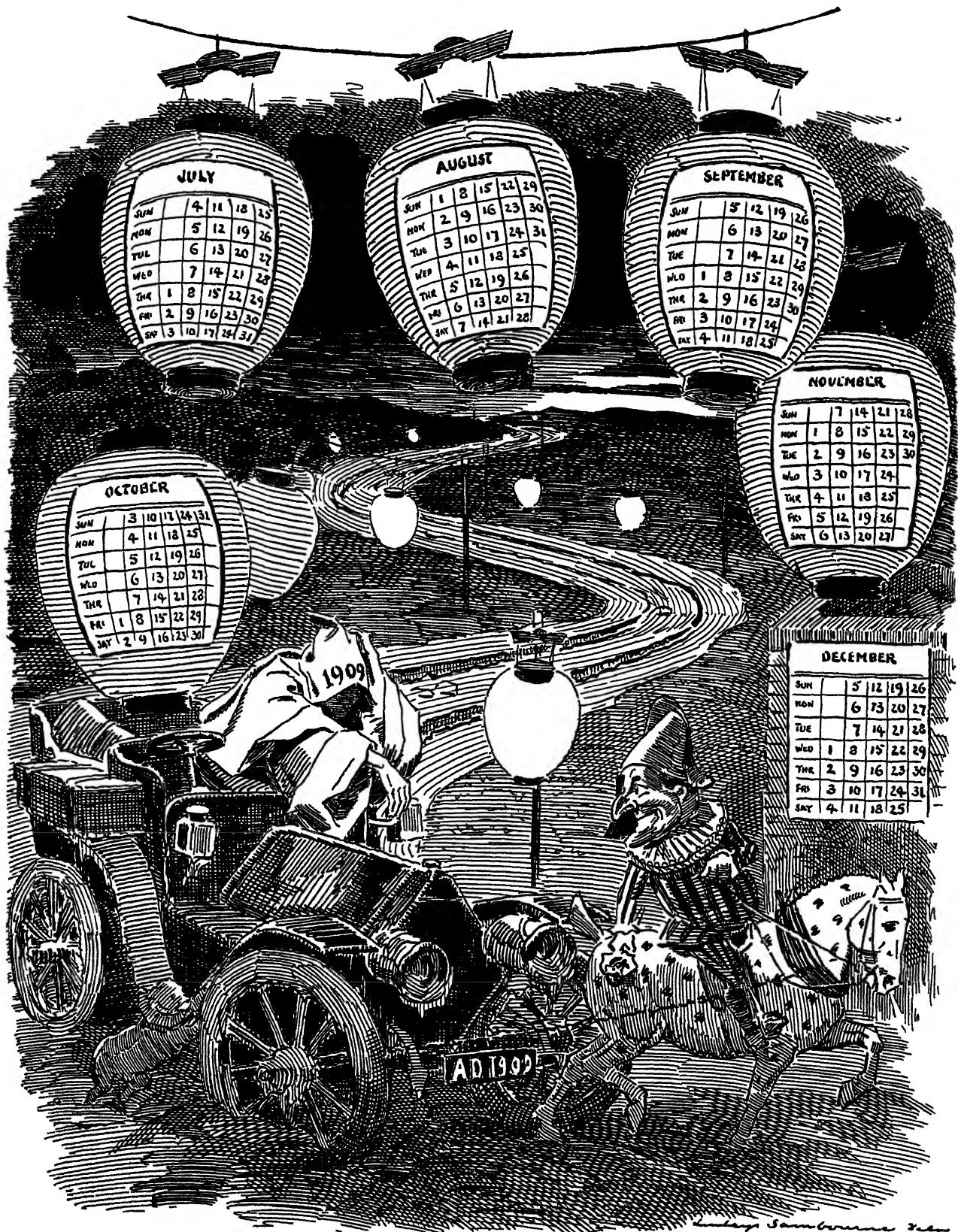
II HOW!



**VERY ADVANCED GOLF.**

IMPORTANT NOTICE (THE BALLOON HOLE)—PLAYERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ASCEND TO THE GREEN TILL THE PLAYERS IN FRONT HAVE QUITTED THE LADDER

# Punch's Almanack for 1909.



THE GOING OF 1909.





MR PUNCH'S PAGEANT IS NOW ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES, LEICESTER SQUARE.

#### A LEAP-YEAR LAMENT.

So the Old Year is done,  
And let me add  
The fact that I, for one,  
Am jolly glad.

This was the kind of year  
I used to laud,  
But it has proved, I fear,  
A beastly fraud.

I'm disappointed; yes,  
I find myself  
In single cursedness  
Upon the shelf.  
O ladies, why so coy  
At such a time?  
I am no callow boy,  
But in my prime;  
Not beautiful ('tis true),  
But kind and good,

Points which I fancied you  
Quite understood.  
Yet, though my charms have been  
Fully disclosed,  
As all of you have seen,  
Not one's proposed.  
Still, feeling (as I ought)  
Extremely vexed,  
There's comfort in the thought  
*It's my turn next.*

## A GUIDE TO POPULAR EMOTION.

[“Perspective is everything when it comes to a question of news, and the newspaper takes the accurate view of the interest of its readers . . . If you count interest by space you will find that nearly every paper divided its space equally between the seismic horror (which was in Italy) and the snow sprinkle (which was at our door).”—“The Office Window,” *Daily Chronicle*

AN' what it is to have a *flair*  
 For things that touch the vital part!  
 To put your thumb (and hold it there)  
 Upon the people's pulsing heart!  
 To scent the truths that pay you best,  
 To plumb the common mind of men so  
 That this you know should be compressed  
 And that be printed *in extenso*.

Yonder, by Italy's lovely shores,  
 Nature takes on her ravening mood;  
 Earth rocks, and Ocean bursts his doors—  
 The strand with myriad deaths is strewed;  
 A world in mourning shares the blow,  
 Since grief like this draws hearts together;  
 And yet, it seems, our papers show  
 An equal interest in the weather.

From where “The Office Window” shines  
 We get these large perspective views,  
 That sense of values which assigns  
 Its native worth to local news;  
 There, flood and flame and ruining walls,  
 Horrors from which the numb brain flinches,  
 Are balanced here by snow that falls  
 Reaching a depth of several inches!

Yet when I scan my daily sheet  
 I sometimes doubt if what one reads  
 Reflects in superficial feet  
 The average person's mental needs;  
 If area represents our taste,  
 What of the speeches, stupid, solemn,  
 That through the Session run to waste  
 In weary column after column?

Nor does it move me much to hear  
 Just how a blizzard, blowing keen,  
 Dammed up a locomotive near  
 The environs of Aberdeen;  
 'Tis not demand controls supply;  
 Petty or poignant, grave or silly.  
 “This is the stuff you want,” they cry,  
 And one must take it, willy-nilly.

O. S.

“Even the London County Council was remembered with gratitude, as the electric cars, crowded though they were, conveyed City people homeward.”—*The Daily Telegraph*.

The italics are ours—to emphasise the Great Thought embedded in this paragraph. It is really wonderful how seldom these electric cars stop to consider how many people they have inside.

“Nearly the whole of England and Wales, if it could have been seen from a balloon, would have been snow-covered.”

*The Daily Telegraph*

Even as it was, with nobody looking at it from a balloon, quite a large part of the country was under snow.

Sir HENRY COTTON has said in *The New Age* that the partition of Bengal was “the greatest blunder that had been committed in India since CLIVE won Plassey.” If CLIVE's victory at Plassey was not exactly a blunder we can quite understand that Sir HENRY regards it as a very unfortunate occurrence.

## OUR CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

DEAR Mr. Punch,—I have been reading your tragedy-comedy about the charms in the plum pudding, and feel particularly sympathetic because something of the same kind very nearly wrecked my own happiness on Christmas Day. Fortunately the issue was a triumph of mind over matter—or perhaps I ought to say love over loathing. It happened like this. We had just arrived at the pudding stage, and I felt it was the moment of my life, and Lizzie, our maid, felt it was the moment of hers, as she bore it to the table in triumph, and I could see she'd been having a grim struggle in getting it out of the saucepan, for her face was post-office red, and she had forgotten to turn her sleeves down. Personally, I had never made a Christmas pudding before, as I have only just begun to keep house for my brother Harry, and I could see *he* looked a bit anxious, for we had already had one or two trifling failures.

Mr. and Mrs. Bostock and Dick Barry were dining with us, not that I care for the Bostocks a bit, but I wanted to please them because they can be useful to Harry; but I do care for Dick, and I particularly wanted him to see how domesticated I was, because—well, every woman will know why. The pudding certainly looked a picture, its rich brown complexion showing a vivid contrast to the red holly berries that crowned it, and in its firm yet spongy interior I had hidden the usual mascots—a threepenny-bit for riches, a wedding ring for marriage, and a thimble for spinsterhood. I managed to give Mr. Bostock the slice with the threepenny-bit in it, and he was delighted at the attainment of more riches; but at the second mouthful I noticed a queer expression cross his face, as he helped himself again to brandy sauce and passed it significantly across to his wife. An eloquent silence fell upon us, till Harry began talking eagerly about the Budget; but even if I had been interested I couldn't have joined in, for I was too occupied with wondering what it could be that made the pudding taste of camphor. The eggs were all right, I knew, so was the fruit and the suet, and I had just determined that Lizzie must have used a lump of camphor instead of soda in washing the forks, when Mrs. Bostock gave a startled ejaculation and stared at something on her plate. Everybody stopped eating with wonderful willingness.

“What is it, Mrs. Bostock?” I exclaimed.

“You ought to know that best,” said Harry, hooking up the offending object on his fork. It was a soft, whitish thing, and looked like a flabby capsule of sodden paper.

“Why, it's *only* the thimble,” I exclaimed, much relieved.

“The thimble!” they all cried, incredulously.

“Yes,” I replied. “I couldn't find my silver one, so I put in Lizzie's. It was made of celluloid, and I expect the—the *goodness* has all boiled out of it.”

“Good Heavens! We're poisoned,” groaned Mrs. Bostock.

Harry turned on me with a face like a thunder-cloud.

“You must be *mad*,” he said. “I thought you had more sense. No wonder the beastly stuff tasted of camphor.”

“Camphor, indeed!” exclaimed Mr. Bostock. “Do you know, young lady, that celluloid contains nitric and sulphuric acid and chloride of lime?”

I shook my head. If I'd tried to speak I should have burst out crying. As it was, my eyes were full of tears.

“All excellent things for the system when taken in



THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.





## HEREDITARY INSTINCT.

*Suffragette Mother (snatching a spare moment from really important things to visit the nursery). "BUT, MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR, WITH ALL THESE NICE TOYS? WHAT CAN YOU WANT?" Infant. "BOO-HOO! I WANT A VOTE!"*

small quantities," said Dick Barry. "It's the best pudding I've ever tasted, Miss Mabel. May I have some more, please?"

And, in spite of all they could say to dissuade him, he had another slice, and nobly ate every bit, and if Mr. CARNEGIE knew about it I believe he'd give him some Hero-money. As it was, he only got the wedding-ring; and when, after the Bostocks had gone, and we had been engaged about seven minutes, he asked Harry if he would trust my life to him, Harry replied—

"Certainly, if you'll trust yours to her." Which showed that the nitric acid and chloride of lime were still rankling. Yours sincerely, MABEL GREEN.

"WILLETT, WILLIAM, builder of fine modern houses; famous as the inventor of the method of saving daylight, embodied in the Bill of 1908; blessed, but not yet adopted by Parliament"

*The Daily Mail Year Book.*

We advise Mr. WILLETT, whatever other structures he erects, not to build too much on the last clause of this sentence. If Parliament refused to adopt him while the Bill for feeding school children was under discussion, there is not likely to be another chance for some time. However, he has been blessed, which is something.

A *poitrinaire*, who has been in his time too much sounded by the medical profession, suggests that the new year, nineteen-nine, should be known as the *Annus pulmonarius*.

## CONSOLATION.

Yes, there's no doubt who it is—though perhaps it seems strange to you

How the fleet years should so graciously alter your look;

Hardly you'd guessed that Time's fingers could make such a change to you,

Save for the Horror that smirks from that photograph book.

Look at that waistcoat—suggestive of round-the-town roystering;

Look at your manner in ties and your beast of a hat;

Look at yourself as you seemed, in the halcyon champagne-and-oystering

Days of your youth, when you went about vested like that!

Do you at times get a longing for lost juvenility?

Do you, from peaceful backwaters of forty or so,

Hanker for days when, assured of a wondrous ability,

You were to lead all the world in the way it should go?

Well, if you do, and the heyday of youth comes and cries to you,

Cries of old days ere the silver cord stretched and grew thin,—

Turn to your Aunt's book of photos, for that is my soundest advice to you;

See what you looked in the 'eighties—and find Consolation therein!



## 1908.

LOOKING back on the past year I can see that it has been (as usual) one of noble endeavour; frequently frustrated, but invariably well-meant. In accordance with the custom of the newspapers I have set down here its record of achievement in the different provinces of Art, Bicycling, and the like; and I offer this to the public in full confidence of their sympathy and appreciation.

## Art.

We have had our photograph taken for the first time for many years, and if the result isn't Art I don't know what is. The photographer said: "Would you like them *en silhouette* or straight-fronted?" We said in French that we *had* thought of *cartes de visite*. The result is a sort of three-quarter face with one wing forward, and the man insists that we must have looked like that once. The only other achievement in the world of Art is a mole-skin waistcoat of some distinction. I had no idea that moles were that colour, but the man swore that when you had taken the feathers out of them you found quite a different coloured skin underneath. As he has been there and I haven't, I cannot argue with him. Altogether a good year for Art.

## Bicycling.

At the beginning of the year our eldest brother sold our bicycle for a sovereign and gave the sovereign to our second brother. A bad year for Bicycling, therefore.

## Science.

(I thought for the moment Science began with a C, which is why it comes in here.)

Several important discoveries have been made in 1908. For instance, the small white raspberries in tapioca pudding are *meant* to be there; you always thought that they had got in from some other dish, when the cook wasn't looking. And when your watch gains a foot you don't put the regulator to A because it is advancing, but to R because you want to retard it. (Or else the other way round—I have forgotten again. Anyhow, I found out that I had been doing it wrong.) Another discovery made in the early part of the year was the meaning of the phrase "Bank Rate Unchanged," but that is too technical to explain here. A record year for Science.

## Education.

1908 has not been wholly barren. We have learnt where Bosnia is.

## Finance.

The old system of keeping no accounts and never filling in the counterfoils of cheques again answered admirably.

## Games.

The past year marks an epoch in the history of Games. We have retired from football and are not the cricketer we were; but, on the other hand, we have made immense strides in croquet. We improve slowly at billiards. In November we potted the red rather neatly, and everybody said, "There's no getting away from that—he *must* have meant it." As a matter of fact . . . but it would spoil it to explain. In the early part of the year we could have shown you a trick or two in Diabolo. During October we issued challenges to GORON and BURNS—"£10,000 to the nearest relative, win, lose or tie," but luckily they were not accepted. That is all, except that I can no longer jump the ancestral herbaceous border, as the gardener keeps on discovering.

## Hydrostatics.

ARCHIMEDES' Principle—that if a heavy body gets into a cold bath quickly an equal amount of water gets out on to the mat quickly—was demonstrated daily, to the complete dissatisfaction of the man on the floor below, who, however, made a still more important discovery in this interesting branch of Dynamics: viz., that water does not find its own level, but prefers something about ten feet lower down.

## Indigo.

Indigo has maintained its *status quo* throughout 1908. There have been occasions during the year when we had almost decided to be an Indigo planter in Assam rather than stick it in this beastly country. On each occasion the weather cleared just before we had packed the sandwiches.

## Music.

Space and time alike fail us to tell of our notable triumphs upon the pianola in the year that has just elapsed. We have played the *Sonata Appassionata* and *Shuffling Jasper* with equal *verve* and *chiaroscuro*. The fruitiness and nutty flavour of our rendering of *Remorse*—Valse Tzigane, No. L192,999, kindly return by the end of the month—will never be forgotten. In July one of the black notes stuck down and refused to budge for some time; but we got it up at last with the potted-meat opener. I say, I don't think much of LISZT. He has pace and staying power and is a good strider; quite a useful man over timber he might be; but he is a little lacking in—what shall I say? *Adagio con molto espressione ma non troppo*, if you know what I mean.

## Pets.

Walter, the white mouse, perished in May. The doctor said it was too much exercise on an empty—well, he put it

rather crudely. You know what doctors are. And you know how white mice *will* exercise. The tailor said Walter was too small to make up into a white waistcoat, even an evening one, and that he would be hopeless as a tie. I advertised for a white mole, but they seem to be rare. Altogether 1908 was a sad year for pets.

## Thought.

Perhaps the past year was above all a year for Thought. To the pursuit of Thought we devoted many afternoons in many positions. Some people would find it impossible to think properly in one of those hard, wooden office chairs with the corrugated backs, but 1908 proved that the impossible could be achieved—that one could be as busy in these as elsewhere.

## Xylonite.

We did not do any of this.

## Yclept.

We were yclept every morning punctually at 8 (and arose punctually at 9.30) throughout the year.

## Zeugma.

I suppose you thought I couldn't do X. Y. Z. Well, this is just to show you. In the ordinary way, of course, I should have referred to the zeugma under Music. We ordered a low-strung one last month, but it has not yet been delivered.

So much for my record of the past year. Reading it over on this first early morning of the New Year, I feel that I have not spent the twelvemonth in vain. At the end of it I can say truthfully that I am, if not a year wiser, at least a year older, a year fatter. And now, as it is just two o'clock, I will start the New Year well by carrying out my first resolution—that of going to bed *early*.

A. A. M.

"The spacious days of Elizabeth, when the Englishman, half explorer, half warrior, half freebooter, half patriot, ruled the Spanish Main."

From *T. P.'s Weekly*, which is publishing a series of articles on "Literary Taste and How to Form it."

"In accordance with his annual custom, an unknown benefactor walked into the cashier's office of the Church Army last week, handed over a cheque for £500, and left without waiting for thanks."

As great quantities of this parasite are in demand at this season, a word or two from the 'Garden' as to how to, &c., &c.

*Western Daily Press.*

Our own comment would have been that the signature on the cheque might have given a clue to the benefactor's identity

## DONT'S FOR DÉBUTANTES.

## III.—THE ETIQUETTE OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE



REMEMBER THAT IF YOU ARE YOUNG AND UNMARRIED YOU ARE LIKELY TO BE OVERLOOKED; SO MAKE YOURSELF NOTICEABLE FROM THE FIRST. DON'T COME BY ANY TRAIN SUGGESTED TO YOU BY YOUR HOSTESS—ARRIVE AT SOME UNUSUAL HOUR. ABOUT 7.59 (IF THE DINNER-HOUR IS 8) WOULD BE RATHER EFFECTIVE.



DON'T LET THE MEN IMAGINE THAT THE BILLIARD-ROOM IS EXCLUSIVELY FOR THEIR USE, AND THAT WOMEN SHOULD PLAY BY INVITATION ONLY. DON'T PRETEND AN INTEREST IN THE ORDINARY GAME IF YOU DO NOT FEEL IT. A COMBINATION OF BILLIARDS AND HOCKEY IS FOUND BY MANY PEOPLE MORE ATTRACTIVE, AND IS CONSIDERABLY EASIER TO LEARN.



DON'T BE FORMAL OR STILTED IN YOUR LANGUAGE. THUS, SHOULD YOU COLLIDE WITH ANOTHER GUEST ON THE STAIRS, DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT SAY "PARDON ME" UNLESS YOU WISH TO BE MISTAKEN FOR AN AMERICAN. SAY "SORRY, OLD CHAP," UNLESS THE GUEST SHOULD HAPPEN TO SPEAK FIRST, IN WHICH CASE SIMPLY SAY "NAUGHTY!"



ABOVE ALL, DON'T BE SHY. IF YOU SHOULD CONTEMPLATE TAKING A BATH, AND FIND THE ROOM ENGAGED, DON'T SCUTTLE BACK TO YOUR BED-ROOM AND PERHAPS ALLOW A SECOND PERSON TO GET A BATH BEFORE YOU—SIT DOWN OUTSIDE THE DOOR.



## SERIALS FOR ALL.

## IV.

OUR next specimen is from *The Athe-næum*. Its title is

IRENE'S ERROR,  
A STUDY IN REPARATION.

*Principal Characters :*

WELRED RUSSELL, a patient compiler.

IDA, his daughter.

MARTIN CUTTER, a reviewer.

IRENE PANKSNAY, a female novelist.

MOSTYN DASENT, a male novelist.

O'DECIMO, a publisher (known as the Jew O'Decimo).

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Welred Russell, having just completed his *magnum opus* on the protective colouring of postage stamps, goes off to Broadstairs for a week's rest before he begins a new work. He takes the MS. with him to number the pages. While he sits on the esplanade with his daughter, she attracts the attention of O'Decimo, who also is staying there, and he determines to marry her. He therefore contrives a *rencontre* with her father, whose name he knows, and by gross flattery wins his way into Russell's heart. Russell improves the occasion by tendering his MS. for publication, and the Jew O'Decimo is so enamoured that he not only takes it, but offers £100 on account of a 15 per cent. royalty, thirteen to count as twelve, which are better terms than Russell had ever received before. The only condition is that Miss Russell shall bring the proofs every day as they are read to the office. Miss Russell, who meanwhile is secretly engaged to Martin Cutter, a reviewer, temporarily agrees, as she knows it is her father's only chance of getting his book published.

O'Decimo therefore goes off with the MS., and puts it in his safe. It happens that he has there also the last new novels by Miss Irene Panksnay, *What of the Night?* and Mostyn Dasent, her great rival, *The Redness of the Rose*. It happens also that Miss Panksnay, goaded to fury by the success of her rival, and properly indignant at the deplorable tone of some of his purpler patches, has determined to break into O'Decimo's premises and steal and destroy Mostyn Dasent's new MS.

Armed with a skeleton key, she does so, opens the safe, abstracts what she thinks to be *The Redness of the Rose*, and, hurrying with it to Waterloo Bridge, drops it into the Thames. She has now just discovered that it was not *The Redness of the Rose*, but Mr. Russell's treatise on the protective colouring of postage stamps.

## CHAPTER VII.

Irene staggered across the room in a state bordering on mania.

She looked again at the paper, and again read the fatal paragraph:—

Broken into by burglars last night, the safe of Mr. O'Decimo, the well-known publisher, was robbed of a valuable manuscript of that rising author, Mr. Welred Russell. This work, which had occupied Mr. Russell for many years, dealt in the most exhaustive and fascinating way with that alluring theme, the protective colouring of postage stamps. That it should have excited the cupidity of the thief is therefore not surprising; but that the world should lose it is a matter of the gravest import. Mr. O'Decimo has offered a reward of £100 to anyone returning it to him and no questions asked.

Irene was in despair. What should she do? She was a humane and just woman, and her one idea, she repeated to herself, had been to deprive the reading public of a book which she honestly believed to be a danger. And in her foolish haste she had taken away and destroyed the harmless work of a deserving author.

Destroyed?

But had she? How long would it need for Thames water and Thames mud to obliterate and ruin a closely-packed manuscript? Some days surely. There was time even now to dive or dredge.

She started impulsively for the bell, but almost immediately checked herself. Of what use to dive and dredge? It could not be done in private, and to do it publicly would be to brand her deed—her jealousy?

No, rather must she keep her secret, and by all the means in her power make reparation to the unfortunate Welred Russell, the author.

Having thus decided, Irene pressed the electric button.

It was answered by a page. (According to Mostyn Dasent's quip, this was the best page of all her many thousands.)

"Get me the Post Office Directory," she said in the beautiful silver tones that had enchanted so many bazaar audiences.

The boy returned almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Irene fluttered the pages breathlessly till she came to Russell. She looked down the list—

Russell, Charles  
Russell, G. W. E.  
Russell, T. W.  
Russell, Welred

Ah, there it was. She hastily committed the address to her ivory tablet and bade the page blow three times for a taxi.

"It's only once now," said the boy.

"Of course," she said. "How foolish of me! But I am all unstrung."

In a few moments the taxi was at the door and she was on her way to 131, Bloomsbury Street, Welred's address; only, however, to learn that the family was at Broadstairs.

"To Broadstairs!" she cried to the taxi driver.

"Impossible, madam," said he. "I have neither the petrol nor the pluck."

"Then drive me to Charing Cross," she replied.

## V.

Another example is a chapter from the vivid romance now running in *The Tailor and Cutter*.—

LORD SELVAGE'S FOLLY.

*Principal Characters :*

LADY ANGOLA LAPEL, eldest daughter of Lord Kerseymere.

LORD SELVAGE OF CASHMERE, an eccentric millionaire.

SIR WHITE WESTCOTT, a dandy.

THE MARQUIS OF GABERDINE.

PRINCE SERGE DE VICUNA.

MR. and MRS. HOME SPUNNER.

ASTRA CANN, an adventuress.

BHAGGINIS, an unprincipled Oriental, Lord Selvage's evil genius.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Lord Selvage, a wealthy nobleman of great goodness of heart but deplorable taste in dress, has bet his friend, Sir White Westcott, £10,000 that within three months he will be the accepted suitor of Lady Angola Lapel, the reigning *débutante* of the season. Lady Angola, on her side, has promised her father, Lord Kerseymere, that she will never wed a man who wears ready-made clothes. But she is strangely fascinated by Lord Selvage's personal magnetism, and, torn in two between love and duty, begs for a week in which to consider his proposal, and promises to give him an answer at Lord's on the day of the 'Varsity Match, which happens to be the last day of the three months specified in the wager.

## CHAPTER XI.

Lord's on the day of the University Match—a brilliant summer day, when the most *recherché* efforts of Nature were equalled and eclipsed by the triumphs of sartorial art. On all sides one saw the cream of England's womanhood faultlessly gowned, and the fine flower of England's youth tastefully garbed in the height of fashion. It was the luncheon interval, and brave men and dainty women were refreshing themselves, after the strain of two hours' attentive observation, with choice comestibles and sparkling beverages.

Admirably placed, Lord Kerseymere's drag, crowded with a bevy of Society celebrities, attracted universal attention, and Lady Angola Lapel, in a wonderful tailor-made confection, was the cynosure of every eye. But the proud beauty wore a far-away, *distracte* air, and paid but little heed to the gay badinage of Lord Harris Tweedie and Prince Serge

de Vicuna. Nor was her anxiety unnatural, for this was the day and the hour on which she had promised to give a decisive answer to the most opulent of her myriad suitors—Lord Selvage of Caslmere. His generosity was a by-word, but so was his wardrobe. Dressed at times in the height of fashion, he would at others flout the decalogue of Mode by appearing in ready-made suits of the most deplorable cut and pattern.

Suddenly a tremor ran through the vast assemblage. A strange figure was seen approaching the drag. He wore brown boots with black spats, blue flannel trousers, a grey frock coat tightly buttoned across his chest, and—crowning horror—an American grass straw hat. Strong men fainted and delicate women shrieked as he remorselessly pushed his way towards the drag. Alone Lady Angola retained her self-possession, though her features were drawn with agony; and as Lord Selvage—for it was he—raised his infamous headgear and gazed with fond inquiry full in the face of his *inamorata*, she hissed out the single word “No” in a thrilling whisper, and Lord Selvage fell prostrate on the emerald sward.

There was no more cricket at Lord's that day. The news spread with lightning speed to the pavilion, and the rival Blues, by a unanimous vote, resolved to cancel a fixture which had been so horribly desecrated.

#### VI.

Lastly, we may conclude with a severely condensed extract from the remarkable psychological serial which is appearing exclusively in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

#### THE EGG DANCER.

By ALFRED JAMES and HENRY BAGSHOF.

#### Principal Characters:

ARTHUR BELPER, a philosophical statesman.

Mrs. SPANGLER, an American journalist.

HILARY BOLLAND, an ex-diplomatist.

JONAH BRUMFIT, an Imperialist politician.

ANNICE WORPLE, an Eurasian egg-dancer.

LORD HARBINGER, a Tory Democrat.

#### SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Arthur Belper, a Conservative statesman deeply addicted to psychological research, has developed a style so cryptic and complicated that none of his supporters are able to fathom his meaning or intentions. After patiently enduring his masterly ambiguities for several years, they grow restive and resort to the plan of employing Mrs. Spangler, an American interviewer and accomplished hypnotist, to elicit a comprehensible eirenicon from Belper which will satisfy the conflicting demands of the various sections of his Party. The preliminary negotiations occupy Chapters



#### A DETERMINED OPTIMIST.

“WELL, THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THIS 'ERE WLATHER, CHAWWIE, THE FIRES DON'T BOTHER YER.”

I.—XXXVIII, as the result of which Belper consents to discuss with Mrs. Spangler the basic principles of Psycho-Pragmatism, as applied to the re-organisation of the Primrose League.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

The great fact, all the while, however, admittedly, had been his incalculability, since he *had* “supposed” himself, from decade to decade, to be allowing, and in the most liberal and intelligent manner, for the exigencies of political evolution. [Five pages are here omitted, containing 8,000 commas, 7,000 qualifying adverbs, and 16,000 other kinds of words.]

They entered the office together, our young lady and Belper, with a dim consciousness of impending calamity, he, characteristically, admitting himself with his key. [Fifteen pages are here omitted,

describing the silence in which Belper and Mrs. Spangler ascended the lift to the first floor.]

“I believe in the flower,” she broke out. “I feel that it would have been quite splendid—quite huge and immeasurable.”

“So you had the idea of *this*—?”

“Of what?” she quavered.

“Well—of what has happened!”

“But has anything ever ‘happened’? I believed at least you’d have persisted if he had known that both of us had, so to speak, come to ourselves, that is—”

“Then you went so far as to hint—”

“‘Far’ is not the word. I don’t say they love him better,” she granted tremulously after a luminous pause; “but he is grim and worn, and with his great clumsy monocle he does not compare with your adorable pince-nez.”



## OUTPOSTS.

Officer. "NOW SUPPOSING THE PATROL SENT OUT DIDN'T RETURN AT THE PROPER TIME—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"  
 Corporal (after much thought). "SELL THEIR KIT, SIR."

## THE MODERN DRAMATIST TO HIS MUSE.

TEN years ago they used to say  
 "SARDOU'S the drama's hope." But he  
 who  
 Desires to fill the stage to-day  
 Should write his plays like M. BRIEUX.  
 Denounce Peer, Plutocrat and Priest,  
 Rich man and poor man, saint and  
 sinner,  
 Dives dyspeptic at his feast,  
 And Lazarus without his dinner;  
 Set up the pulpit on the stage—  
 The dramatist secure inside it  
 Thumping his cushion in a rage.  
 That is the modern mode. I tried it.  
 Untempted by the golden lure  
 Of popular appreciation,  
 I only lusted to secure  
 A small attentive congregation.  
 Later, I said, a larger throng  
 Will gather round me as a teacher.  
 I only need to pitch it strong,  
 Like Father VAUGHAN, that moving  
 preacher,

Till finally my fame shall spread  
 So wide that, though my coat is shabby,  
 When I am comfortably dead,  
 They'll lay me snugly in the Abbey.

So, scorning critics' blame or praise  
 (Since critics always think it funny  
 That anybody writing plays  
 Should write for anything but money),

I set all thought of self aside,  
 And even, while I could, extracted  
 A certain melancholy pride  
 From ranking with the Great Unacted.

An audience fit but few, said I,  
 A leading man on half his salary,  
 Acting he knows not what or why  
 To a half-empty pit and gallery,—

That is the most I hope at first,  
 One of those orgies on a Sunday  
 Where censored masterpieces burst  
 Like bombshells upon Mrs. Grundy.

I can't pretend to hope that I  
 Shall rouse the interest BARKER rouses  
 When even Mr. GALSWORDY  
 Plays to such *very* empty houses,

But still the drama's vogue is far,  
 Yes, very far from being ended,  
 While Mr. SUTRO's motor-car  
 Costs such a lot and looks so splendid.

Such was my young ambition's dream.  
 But flee ambition, oh, my brothers!  
 Ignore her *ignis fatuus* gleam  
 And realise — with MAUGHAM and  
 others—

'Tis better far to win the bays,  
 The gilded bays, of popularity  
 Than spend your days in writing plays  
 For one performance at a charity.

So I will bow in Rimmon's House,  
 And with my fellows make obeisance,  
 And nothing any more shall rouse  
 My pousy soul from its complacence.

And if as I descend the aisle,  
 Grown rich at last and sadly fatter,  
 I catch the bland and mocking smile  
 Of G.B.S., what does it matter?

I shall have won my piece of earth,  
 My M.V.O., my wreath of laurel,  
 Have sold my soul for what it's worth.  
 They buy it. And we needn't quarrel



## IN THE DARK HOUR.

ENGLAND TO ITALY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1908.





## CHARIVARIA.

MR LLOYD GEORGE'S statement that those who eat plum pudding ought to give three cheers for Free Trade has been successfully challenged with the argument that many of the ingredients are taxed, and those Free Traders who suffered from indigestion on the 25th or 26th ult. now know the reason why.

"Who invented Christmas Carols?" asks *T.P.'s Weekly*. We agree that an attempt ought to be made to fix the responsibility.

During the blizzard a train from Waverley for King's Cross was snowed up at East Linton. It now transpires that one of the passengers was Lord DALMENY. We are sure the snow could not have known this.

"Old Moore" predicts that 1909 will be a "red year." If this refers to noses, it seems likely (at the time of writing) that the prophet will score a success.

By the by, we are sorry to hear that the sale of Comic Noses during the festive season led to one or two regrettable incidents, owing to real noses being mistaken for the imitation article.

It is rumoured from Africa that all the leading wild animals there are arranging a great Marathon Race in the opposite direction for the day of President ROOSEVELT'S arrival.

President CASTRO declares that he will not prevent the new Venezuelan Government from settling outstanding disputes with foreign Powers. This generous undertaking shows him to be a good fellow at heart.

The statement that JOHNSON bears no marks of his great fight with BURNS is denied. According to our information he is black all over.

"SIX UNBRIBABLE COUNCILLORS ASTOUNDING STORY FROM AMERICA." So says *The Daily Graphic*. Is this quite kind and cousinly?

"Boss" CROKER has been interviewed

by a representative of *The New York Herald*. We give two extracts—

(1) Every young man he said should take an interest in politics. And what literature? asked the interviewer. I suppose so said Mr. Croker although I don't suppose that pays much.

(2) I would not be a Member of the British Parliament even if they were to make me President of England he said. "No one can make anything but an American out of me. Personally, we don't want to make anything out of Mr. CROKER, but we do appreciate his childlike candour."

We learn that one of the Women's Suffrage militants was employed while in prison in making men's shirts. The temptation to leave a needle in each must have been almost irresistible.

The Vicar of Southbank refused last week to preach a sermon because, he declared, he was annoyed persistently by a member of the congregation. It is now rumoured that the last mentioned gentleman has received several flattering offers from other congregations to visit their parishes.

The following lines, which we venture to cull from a story in *The Sphere*, would seem to show how important it is to look before you sit—"As he paused an instant half-way up the stairs, his eye caught in the reflected light of the street lamp, lying carelessly where it had been thrown on the window seat, the outlines of a magnificent party wrap with its sable collarette."

"What is a Mining Royalty?" asks a correspondent. Well, we suppose that the plutocrat who is known as The Coal King is one.

A gentleman writes to *The Express* to point out that the thermometer which formerly stood under the clock at the Marble Arch has not yet been replaced. We understand that it is not intended to replace it, the authorities being utterly ashamed of the vagaries of our weather.

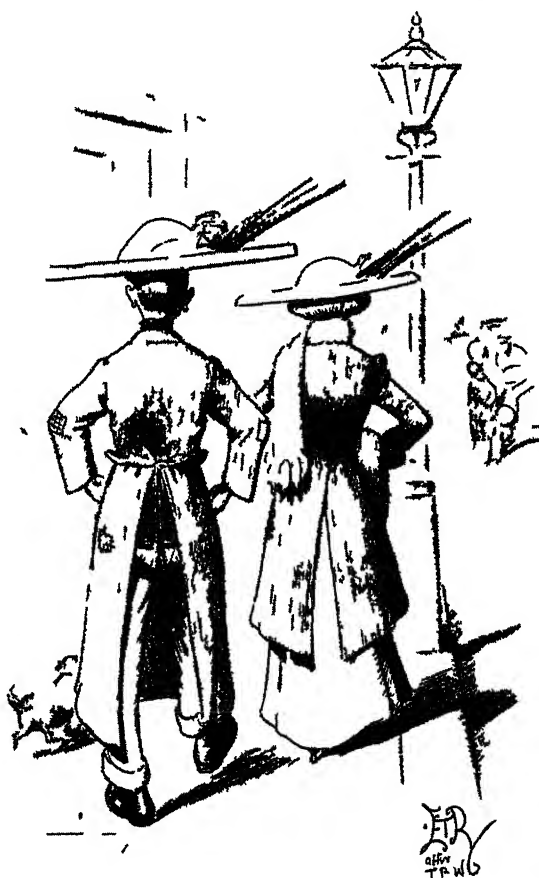
His [BISMARCK'S] disciples have at times used the threat of war as a card in the game but they have never ventured to let the cannon speak.

This is from an article in *The Daily Mail Year Book* called "The Chess Board of Europe." France, we may add

in the same metaphor, has often threatened to lay a stymie, but has never yet ventured to huff Germany for giving a miss in baulk. Hence the score remains at a try all.

Mr Will Crooks M.P. on Saturday paid a second visit to Poplar Workhouse and sang *The Rocky Road to Dublin* to the inmates. The hon. Member was accompanied by Mrs Crooks his son and daughter and other members of his family.—*Daily Chronicle*.

There was going to be no mistake at the piano this time.



UNCONSCIOUS PLACIARISM  
A Case of Mimicry in Natural History recently observed in the London streets.

It was announced last week at Truro that a number of militant Suffragettes would address a meeting in Victoria Square, but none turned up. Cabinet Ministers are now complaining bitterly that they have never been the victims of a cruel hoax of this kind.

Among those who attended a recent At Home of the London Society for Women's Suffrage was Signora CARLOTTA DI CONTO CARD G., who possesses 80 votes in Madeira. This should be one of the Blessed Islands where good Suffragettes go when they die.



## DUMPED DISEASES.

RUSSIAN INFLUENZA.  
MEASLES MADE IN GERMANY.

OUR head-lines demonstrate once again the disastrous results of our quixotic Free Trade policy, and the urgent necessity for Protective measures of a drastic character in the bacteriological world. Statistics show that an increase of 500 per cent. has taken place during the past month in influenza of foreign manufacture, and that this is a deliberate attempt at dumping in these islands diseases for which there is no demand in the country of origin, and which are of no benefit except that they keep the medical faculty in work during a slack time. What have we exported in return? Nothing but a few cases of ophthalmia, flat foot, and anæmia of little commercial value, being the property of rejected aliens with less than £5 in capital.

In spite of a letter from the GERMAN EMPEROR to the HOME SECRETARY, sketching a plan of campaign against the foreign malady, German measles have in places completely ousted the home-grown article, which is preferentially encouraged by only a few patriotic British physicians, though it supplies equally good raw material for the flourishing industry of patent medicine manufacture.

There is, conversely, an alarming falling-off in such an invisible import as the All-British complaint of Maltese fever. With our Crown possessions and colonies we do practically no business except in large cases of sea-sickness, which, as they benefit no one but the catering departments of steamship companies, may in one sense be termed an unproductive industry. We receive nothing from Australia beyond a little "miner's elbow" from the gold-fields, while African maladies are produced almost wholly for local consumption.

There is no reciprocity, no Free Trade within the Empire to cement it together by the means of Preference to All-British ailments. Our Protective measures against hydrophobia demonstrated how easily imports can be controlled. The Empire should be self-contained in the matter of diseases, and not dependent on foreign supplies in time of war.

Let us suffer imperially.

## The New Rain-Producing Explosive.

"The Fifth Dragoons left for England amid numerous explosions of popularity. Rains have fallen fairly generally throughout the Colony." *Queenstown Free Press.*

## IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

SNOW-FLAKES FROM ALL QUARTERS.

[With acknowledgments to *The Daily Mail*]

THE quality of the snow delivered at Sandringham was almost exactly the same as that enjoyed by the inhabitants at Stepney, E.

During the last 40 years snow has fallen in London 34 times under a Unionist Government as against only 18 times when the Liberals were in power.

A Suffragette conceived the novel idea of writing "Votes for Women" in

passenger from a snowed-up train near Dundee. Up to late last night it had not been recovered.

Asked for an explanation of the spell of cold weather a well-known scientist said that in his opinion it could only be accounted for by the low temperature.

Snow has proved such a far better noise-deadener than wood-blocks for roadways that several Borough Councils are leaving it down as an experiment.

There has probably not been so much written about snow for 28 years.

A list of previous Great Snow-storms will be found—

[In other papers.—Ed.]

## HOW THE GOOD NEWS WAS MADE.

"AM I disgracefully late?" whispered Phyllis's mother to our mother, as she came into church alone. (Phyllis is staying with an aunt in Australia.) "I had five letters from Australia, and I simply had to read them all before I could start." "Really?" whispered our mother with unfeigned interest. "Yes, five," said Phyllis's mother, beaming. "And I do hope your rheumatism is better."

"Phyllis is engaged," said our mother to us at lunch.

"At last!" said sister Amy. "How relieved Phyllis's mother will be!" said sister Margy. "How do you know?" said I.

"Phyllis's mother told me that she had five letters from Australia this morning," said our mother, as if no further evidence was required.

"But . . ." said I.

"I could see by the way she said it. Of course she is engaged."

"Of course she is," said Amy.

"Of course," said Margy. Thereupon I withdrew, as I was clearly intended to withdraw, from active part in the conversation.

"One of the letters would be from Phyllis," said Amy, "written before he proposed. She would say that it was still raining and she was enjoying herself frightfully and didn't want to come home a bit. She would write that in the afternoon, and they would go out and post it together. On the way back he would propose, and she would write another letter to catch the same mail. They would go out and post that together. She would be so pleased that she



BRITAIN IN A BLIZZARD.  
MAP SHOWING OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT STORM  
(WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO *THE DAILY MAIL*).

the snow, in Trafalgar Square, with the butt-end of a dog-whip.

Weather experts tell us that we must thank Greenland for the recent cold snap. We fail to see the necessity.

A great deal of the snow at Newcastle, it was noticed, fell direct into the river.

A bumper of cod-liver oil before bedtime is recommended by the medical profession as the "best blizzard beverage."

The fourteen-hole at North Berwick looked quite different owing to the bunkers being full of snow.

A threepenny-piece was dropped by a



## MODERN SPORT.

*Old-fashioned Sportsman (to new Hunt Secretary going home). "WHAT KIND OF A DAY HAVE YOU HAD?"*  
*Secretary (thinking of the "Cap"). "WRETCHED! WORST I'VE HAD SO FAR. ONLY TEN POUNDS."*

wouldn't mind the extra stamp a bit, and he would think it was the nicest pillar-box he had ever seen."

"Two," said Margy. "The third would be from him, saying what a lucky man he was, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and might he come to England to see Phyllis's mother, and Phyllis said if he did he would fall more in love with her than he was with her, and what a sweet girl Phyllis was, and what a lucky man he was."

"The fourth would be from the aunt, telling Phyllis's mother all about his family, with just a post-script to say how glad Phyllis's mother will be, and what a blow it will be to lose her daughter."

"The fifth would be from the uncle, with just a few words about the financial position and all the rest about his cold."

"Whose cold?" I asked.

"The uncle's, of course. I suppose Phyllis's mother will write to Phyllis, saying she cannot bear the idea of losing her. . . ."

"Having sent her out for no other purpose!"

" . . . and though she doesn't want to spoil Phyllis's happiness

she cannot promise anything yet. Then she will write to him a letter, more kind than enthusiastic, saying what a treasure Phyllis is, and that she does not know whether she can see her way to parting with her daughter."

"Isn't it possible . . . ?" said I, boldly.

"No, it isn't," snapped Amy. "Leave him alone; he is only a man. I wish he would go on overeating himself, and not interfere in things he doesn't understand. What shall we wear?"

My sisters went to tea with the De Wintons in the afternoon (with intent) and the De Wintons always sup with the Priestleys on Sunday nights. Violet Priestley is engaged to Jack Hammond, and I met Grace Hammond in town on Monday afternoon.

"I have some news for you," she said, "if you will promise not to tell a soul. I oughtn't really to tell anyone, but you are different." I did not promise anything, but that did not seem to make any difference. "Phyllis is engaged. Isn't it a good thing? Fancy if she had been

sent out all the way to Austria for nothing!"

"Or worse still to Australia!" said I.

"He is a tall dark man with a black moustache. His father is a judge, and his family is the oldest in the colony. Phyllis had written to her mother about coming home, and he went with her to post the letter. On the way back she told him what the letter was about (wasn't it clever of her?) and he proposed then and there. He has written to Phyllis's mother, and promised to settle on Phyllis . . . but I mustn't say how much. Phyllis is coming home at once, and he is going to put his farm straight and follow by the next boat. The wedding will be early in January, and immediately afterwards they are going back to America."

"Why don't they try Australia?" I suggested.

"Same thing," she said. "What do you think of it all, and what am I to wear?"

Later I met Phyllis's mother.

"They tell me," I said, "that you had five letters from Australia

yesterday. Let me congratulate you heartily."

"Thank you very much," she said. "I love letters from a distance, and it is nice to hear from one's little nephews and nieces. Five separate letters describing a children's party they had been to. But I do wish they'd tell me something about Phyllis and when she thinks of coming home."

### IN SUMMER-TIME OR WINTER-TIME.

In Summer-time, in Summer time—

But that was years ago—  
No day was ever long enough,  
For none was ever slow.  
And those who romped and frolicked then  
Through every flowery day  
In cheerfulness and innocence  
Were like the birds at play.  
The birds they had a brighter note,  
The flowers a deeper glow—  
But that was in the Summer-time  
A hundred years ago.

In Winter-time, in Winter-time  
How cheerily went the hours!  
The holly then was all our joy;  
We had no thought of flowers.  
The holly-berries seemed to have  
A brighter tint of red;  
The lawn, so green in Summer days,  
With whiter snow was spread;  
And every cheek with health was flushed  
From sporting in the snow—  
But that was in the Winter-time  
A hundred years ago.

In Winter-time or Summer-time  
What merry songs were sung,  
When every step was light as air  
And every heart was young.  
Then, whether robed in rustling green  
Or cloaked in silent white,  
The trees, the tall familiar trees,  
Looked just supremely right.  
But now the songs are weak and few,  
And nothing seems to show  
As in the old and happy days  
A hundred years ago.

### Too Young at Sixty-Nine.

"The Earl of Leicester, who has just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday and who is the 'Father' of the House of Lords, is one of the most remarkable living examples of family longevity. The long period of 154 years has elapsed since his father was born, and his father was in his sixty-ninth year at the time of his birth."—*Westminster Gazette*.

But surely that cannot be regarded as a fair start?

"In the Peak district of Derbyshire the yesterday was covered to a depth of several inches."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

But, we still ask, where are the snows of yester year?

### THE OLD STYLE IN THE LANE.

*Peter Pan* and *Pinkie* between them don't seem to have done much damage to the old stock-pantomime, if one may judge from the huge audience that sat patiently through most of the *Dick Whittington* show at Drury Lane on New Year's Eve. I cannot say what may have happened during the dinner-hour, but a great deal of patience was needed after that. The songs that I heard, topical or other, were poor stuff, the knockabout business rather tedious, and the humour of the dialogue pretty thin, except when Mr. WILKIE BARD relieved it.



THE HERO OF THE PANTOMIME.  
MR. GEORGE ALI in his great smoking feat.

I can well believe that Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has once more surpassed himself in the splendour and costliness of his scenery and dresses, for that is what she always say; and, indeed, the aldermanic ideal was very sumptuously illustrated in the *Harbour of Gold*, but I would gladly have done with smaller crowds and a little more real dancing, in place of all that trotting and skipping through a maze of stuffy, meaningless manoeuvres.

I have nothing to say against Miss TRULY SHATTUCK, for the courage with which she carries off a name like that disarms criticism, and, after all, she did just what she was supposed to; but one longed to exchange her *Prince of Phantasia* for just a moment of *Pickle* or the *Queen of the Fairies* from His Majesty's. Mr. WILKIE BARD found a godsend in his catch-song, "She sells sea-shells on the sea-shore," which, with the assistance of a confederate in the dress-circle, he tried to make the audience learn by heart. His quiet humour was very pleasant indeed. So was that of Mr. GEORGE ALI, as *Mouser*. Ignoring the

acrobatic traditions of the pantomime cat, he gave a superb exhibition of intelligent reserve. Miss MARIE GEORGE was not given much chance for her gamineries; Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON was humorously conventional as the Principal Boy; and Miss MARIE WILSON made a pretty and natural *Alice*. Those who contrived to hear her voice thought that she sang nicely. Mr. AUDREY FITZGERALD introduced some clever burlesque, but he was meant for better things and better company.

I am half afraid that I have not written with quite that lavish enthusiasm which is expected of (and usually supplied by) the critic of Drury Lane pantomime. I must try again another year.

### THE INCOMPLEAT BURGLAR.

He was at it again last night. I woke with a start, and heard him stealthily cutting a pane out of the French window downstairs. After that he crept into the house, and padded quietly about the ground-floor rooms, appropriating anything that took his fancy. Yet this morning, when I went down to breakfast, the window-pane was putted in its frame again, as neatly as if a glazier had done the job, and nothing was missing.

Strictly speaking, I suppose I ought to have gone down to attempt his capture. But I really don't know what I should have done with him if I had caught him; I am averse from bloodshed, especially in the home, and, with the policeman passing only once in twenty-four hours, there might have been some awkward delay—time which it would be difficult to fill in tactfully—before the moment for giving him into custody arrived. So, knowing by now that he always restores what he picks up, I merely lay still and listened. "It is only honest Burglar Bill," I said to myself. "Presently his better nature will gain the upper hand again, and he will go away, an erring but not a dishonest man."

Before I understood his idiosyncrasy I *did* look for him once or twice, with a poker. But the only result of this enterprise was to excite the dog, who had not heard the intruder, but joyfully welcomed the supposition that a new, a better era was dawning, and that sociability was to be extended henceforth into those dull, small hours that hang so heavily at times on one's paws. Burglar Bill evaded me altogether, and, on the whole, I am not sorry that he never came within reach of my poker.



Urchin (to friend who has gone in). "B-I-I-LL! LEND US YER SKATES; YOU AIN'T USING 'EM!"

Some people say that the changing temperature of the night air can make floorboards creak, and cause staid old arm-chairs or bureaus to kick out. Perhaps; but the night air was never yet cooled that could take a pane out of a window and put it in again. People who doubt the existence of Burglar Bill are cynics, with no belief in the ultimate goodness of human nature; but for the sake of such a belief I cling to my theory of a strong, erring man whose conscience ever pricks him when the really difficult part of his job is over. I can see him doing silent battle with his evil angel in the dark rooms downstairs, the veins on his brow standing out in the intensity of the struggle. Slowly, for it means food and drink to him, he puts back the cruet-stand that he has abstracted with such patient skill from the side-board cupboard; slowly the tears trickle down his furrowed face; then, in an agony of remorse, in altogether uncontrollable agitation, he runs up

a few stairs and down again, plays one muted note on the piano—I have never been able to account for this—and so, having robbed one of nothing but sleep, passes out silently and sorrowfully into the night.

#### Home!

"A tramway car at Merthyr yesterday jumped the rails and broke into the boundary wall of the Drill Hall, where it lodged."—*The Daily Mirror*.

"By counting the number of glasses between the apparition and the first glass the month in which the event required to happen will come to pass may be ascertained"—*Woman's Life*

And so it comes about that the event required to happen is, in the case of toppers, often postponed for many years.

"Lost, Brown Purse Finder please return Ladies' Gymnasium"

A large order. The Finder will have to do it gradually, starting on Monday with the parallel bars.

"Particularly handsome and chaste is a sugar dredger of Empire design. Also very serviceable in navy serge"—*Dundee Courier*

In this line a more popular speciality is a milk strainer, which gives the milk that blue tint so much sought after by connoisseurs.

"The moment of time when one year quietly changes into another we all know, but the beautiful imperceptibility is less evident"

*The Daily Telegraph*

How often it happens that we cannot see the imperceptible!

#### An Impossible Fable.

Once upon a time there was a very rich man who denied himself nothing, entertained lavishly, and lent money to all his friends.

In course of time, although he was very rich, these habits brought him to poverty.

When the friends to whom he had lent money heard that he was impoverished they rallied round him and repaid him everything.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM tired of stories of the German invasion of England; of the landing at Felixstowe (is it?), and the gallant defence by the Mayor; of the rise of all the waiters (slow, easy-going men as they have seemed to me), and the advance upon Epping Forest. I wish that for a change (failing my little romance of the Sandjak invasion of Novi-bazar) somebody would give us the story of a French or an Italian raid. Nevertheless I am grateful to Mr. H. G. WELLS. *The War in the Air* (GEORGE BELL) shows us Germany once more as the aggressor; but this time it is America upon whom her double eagle eye is cast. The accounts of the air-fights do not move me much, but the adventures of the Cockney hero on Goat Island, Niagara, are thrilling. This is *Bert Smallways*, one of the great *Kipps* family, which only Mr. WELLS can draw; and he is so well done that I could have wished he had been the hero of a humbler tale. Until, that is, we got to Goat Island, when I was all for more fighting. *The War in the Air* is an immensely interesting story, well written, of course; but it seems to lack single-mindedness of aim and so does not quite hit the mark. On the other hand it gives the reader an opportunity of deciding by the one book whether he prefers his author as a realist, romancist, or sociologist.

I find myself in a position of some delicacy. I feel certain that it is only necessary to mention the nature of Mr. W. H. MALLOCK's plot in his novel, *An Immortal Soul* (GEORGE BELL), to send him innumerable readers, and yet one cannot furnish the least hint of it without giving away enough to spoil the interest, excepting for those cautious readers who guard against shocks by taking the last chapters of a story first. But perhaps I may mention two subsidiary attractions. There is a most endearing set of people in it, and my own appreciation of them is not, let me confess, affected by the fact that one or two of them owe much to the tactfulness of their former indiscretions. And there are opened several vistas of thought which make the book a good deal bigger than its three hundred and fifty-odd pages, closely printed. If I were to try to build a sort of literary Colossus out of the many novels I have read this last year, Mr. MALLOCK's book would certainly supply the brain for the whole.

Of the making of literary *Peters* there is no end, nor does it appear that some among the older ones lose with time their power to charm. Of such is evidently LUCAS MALET's *Little Peter* (FROWDE, HODDER AND STOUGHTON), who makes his reappearance in a dainty new suit of white-and-gold, with eight most sympathetic and really illustrative pictures by CHARLES E. BROCK. It is a guise in which he will be very welcome at this holiday season. Personally, when I am given a book about a little boy who lived, once upon a time, at the edge of a dark wood, the son of poor but honest parents, and intimate with

charcoal-burners, I incline to think myself defrauded if there is not an ogre or two in the tale and a sprinkling of fairies. This, however, may be mere prejudice, and there is much in *Little Peter* to make amends. *Peter* himself, for instance, is wholly delightful. But for that very reason I object the more strongly to his end. I do not like nice little boys, especially *Peters*, to be carried away by angels in the last chapter. Children have no business with the theory that to die young is the reward of amiability. For one thing, it puts a premium on bad tempers.

*Dan to Beersheba* (HEINEMANN) is the happily-named title of Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN's latest work. To the already voluminous and valuable story of the author's travels in four continents it adds records and descriptions of Burmah, Siam, Southern China, Central America and South Africa, where he made the acquaintance and gained the confidence of CECIL RHODES. The South Africa Company, under that great man's direction, was at the time engaged in annexing the vast territory now known as Rhodesia. Mr. COLQUHOUN was appointed to administrative post with promise of eventually having charge of Mashonaland. His narrative of the advance

of the Chartered Company's force, led by Mr. SELOUS and captained by Dr. JAMESON, is new and full of interest. There are few men of the present day who have journeyed so far as Mr. COLQUHOUN. Fewer still combine with the passion for travel the gift of making the reader share their pleasure, whilst escaping their privations.

There are fairies and fairies, pixies and pigmies, good and bad, but none—according to unanimous youthful tradition—indifferent, and Lady RITCHIE's *Fairy Blackstick* in the



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VII.

LEANDER.

*Blackstick Papers* (SMITH, ELDER) is of the easy-going, garrulous, gossip kind, dainty and easy of movement, agile in speech, reminiscent in mood. She loves to stand meditating on Brighton Parade, that no longer neglected thoroughfare, or to muse in the windows of a house on the front, and there to call up the ghosts of past literature and dead fashions—the literature of THACKERAY, the fashions of a day rather earlier. These *Blackstick Papers*, by THACKERAY's daughter, appearing lately in the *Cornhill*, wisely avoid comparison with the *Roundabout Papers* which THACKERAY himself contributed half-a-century ago to the same magazine, then in its infancy.

Germany, according to *The Standard's* Berlin correspondent, is much exercised as to what Englishmen wear in town.

"The dispute arose at a rehearsal of the English play *Mrs. Dot*. In the first Act some men drop in to afternoon tea at five o'clock with a hostess. The question arose, What would these men wear in such circumstances in London?"

The proper costume would, of course, be a brown-coloured bathing suit, neck to knee. The L.C.C., however, does not encourage mixed bathing at the hour mentioned.

## CHARIVARIA.

MR. ROOSEVELT, our omniscient press informs us, is taking one dozen tooth-brushes with him to Africa. TEDDY'S fondness for showing his teeth is, of course, well known.

Yet in the opinion of many dentists the use of the tooth-brush is inadvisable as it tends to damage the teeth. Curiously enough, small boys have realised this instinctively from time immemorial. Thus may we learn wisdom from the mouths of babes.

From New York comes the news that during the past twelve months no less a sum than £18,186,400 has been given to public institutions in the United States. Mr. CARNEGIE heads the list with £1,487,520, Mr. ROCKEFELLER is next with £586,800, and Mrs. SAGE comes third with £311,927. With a view to promoting similar healthy competition among our own wealthy men, a certain enterprising little news-sheet, we hear, intends to offer a prize of Five Guineas to the millionaire who gives most to British charities during 1909.

"The greatest mistake made by modern educators is that they try to kill imagination in children," says the *Journal de Genève*. The little chicks themselves are all in favour of the abolition of spanking for story-telling.

According to M. LENFANT, who has just issued a work on Central Africa, cannibalism in the Congo is a hygienic necessity on account of the natives requiring salted nourishment. This new theory robs the custom of all grounds of objection—except possibly on the part of the food-stuffs.

The ups and downs of artists' reputations are always interesting. In a competition for pavement artists at the Fun City a "Turner seascape" gained only a third prize.

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER'S protest against the enormous sums which are expended in the purchase of Old Masters has caused keen satisfaction among living artists. When one remembers that for the price of a single Franz Hals the Trustees of the National Gallery might have bought thousands of Louis Wains the scandal becomes vividly apparent.

Nothing but a stern sense of duty could have persuaded *The Daily Express* to publish the following telegram the other day.—"There is no foundation whatever for the statement in *The Daily Mail*—KNOLLERS, Sandringham."

will on record, consisting of about 26,000 words, was proved yesterday. It contrasts with the shortest will of 3 words." Certainly there is a contrast here.

It has often been said that it needs a detective to find a lady's pocket. At a sale last week a detective discovered a pocket which went the whole way round a lady's skirt, and it subsequently excited great interest at Marylebone Police Court.

It is, we hear, doubtful, after all, whether the County Council will erect a stone at the corner of Edgware Road to mark the spot where Tyburn Tree stood.

It is feared that it might prove a source of annoyance to those whose ancestors lost their lives there.

A number of boys were fined at Newport, Mon., last week, for playing football in St. Julian's Church. It does not, somehow, seem the right place for it.

"Employment in Gent's Outfitting and Hosiery; or would go as stocktaking." *Liverpool Courier*.

If the applicant could imperonate income-tax payment in a pleasant and convincing manner, he would be more likely to get a job.



## CAUTIOUS.

(Extract from Policeman's Evidence.)

".... I 'EARD A SUSPICIOUS NOISE—AS IT MIGHT BE THE BREAKING OF GLASS—"

The cry of "Back to the Land of Eden" still goes on during the regrettable displacement of the Palace Theatre's most popular feature. See the following advertisement:—

EMPRESS HALL, EARL'S-COURT.  
FIRST GRAND FANCY and EVE DRESS  
CARNIVAL.  
THURSDAY NEXT. Admission 1s.

The municipal authorities at Rio de Janeiro have prohibited the wearing of any form of headgear in theatres. It is expected that wearers of wigs will struggle desperately.

Suggestions have been invited as to the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the opening of the British Museum. Why not a Dinner to the Mummies?

Says *The Express*:—"The longest

"East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet."  
So runs an old couplet."

*The Tailor.*

We prefer the aged triolet:

"Oh, oh!  
Anto-  
Nio."

"Last week he gave Harr's 3,300 in 10,000 and a beating by 1,213, meaning that he scored during the week 10,000 to 4,513."—*The Daily Mail*.

That's what STEVENSON may have meant, but it's nothing like what he did.

"Lost, Leather Purse, containing Money. Finder rewarded."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

This is one of those self-evident truths which hardly needed saying.



## A GUIDE TO POPULAR EMOTION.

II.

[It will be forgotten that in our last issue we quoted *The Daily Chronicle's* dictum about journalistic "perspective" and its approval of the principle on which an equal space was allotted to the accounts of the disaster in Sicily and the snow-sprinkle at home. We have now to report (on the authority of *The Daily Mail*, which gave nearly half a column of its chief page to the luscious announcement), that "a new standard of lavishness in the social life of New York" was established by Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE J. GOULD on the occasion of the introduction of their daughter MARJORIE to New York society. The entertainment was "the most gorgeous in the history of the American plutocracy, outshining even the famous BRADLEY MARTIN entertainment some years ago."]

In Liberty's chosen patch of earth  
Where all are equal at date of birth,  
Where bullion sprouts in the open air  
And every man is a millionaire—  
If you are anxious to shine aloud  
Above the ruck of the gold-edged crowd,  
It isn't enough to give a feast  
At fifty dollars per man or beast;  
It isn't enough to give a ball  
On an amber floor in a topaz hall;  
Nobody notices things like that  
In the mere routine of a plutocrat;  
Your only hope is to go one more  
Than anyone else has gone before.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE J. GOULD  
(Stars of the New York sky, and schooled  
In the social manners that stamp that spot  
As the ultimate judge of what is what)  
Saw and seized on a lifetime's chance  
Of giving a most exclusive dance,  
A fifty-thousand-dollar rout  
For an innocent daughter's coming-out,  
With 80 flunkies to swell the pomp  
Of little Miss MARJORIE's virgin romp;  
For they meant that the show she made her start in  
Should break the record of BRADLEY MARTIN;  
Dull the splendour and spoil the gilt  
Of the best *début* of a VANDERBILT,  
And reach a luxury past the scope  
Of the courtly functions of old Europe.

True, it is no affair of mine  
How American boomsters dance or dine,  
That Monna arranged to knock the town  
In an "exquisite lavender satin gown,"  
And the Plaza's suite of a score of rooms  
Was a maze of unbuyable orchid blooms  
(Except that I'm sad for the poor young girl  
Launched this way in the social whirl).—  
But the news was flashed on a lordly scale  
For the central page of *The Daily Mail*,  
And it equalled in length the last advices  
Giving the crux of the Balkan crisis!

O. S.

## Answer to Correspondents.

"FOUR SCOTSMEN."—Your request that we should explain the humorous intent of a certain paragraph in a recent issue of *Punch* would have been a most unusual one if it had come from any other quarter; but coming as it does from Scotsmen—and four at a time, too—it must be almost without parallel. If you will send one or more of your names, accompanied by a corresponding number of stamped and addressed envelopes, we shall have pleasure in sending you the answer, which is quite easy. But we must decline your invitation that we should publish it in these pages, as we cannot believe that it would be of any general interest.

## HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I'm going to assume that you haven't done much yet. You've tried to start yourself here and there, and very little good has come of it. Mr. JOHN MURRAY and the rest of them have shown a deplorable lack of enterprise, and the result is that *Hannibal: A Tragedy in Five Acts*, though it was type-written, still reposes in your drawer in company with enough short stories to make a volume, and a sequence of seventy MS. sonnets dealing with all the aspects of life. These publishers are shocking bunglers, of course. They know next to nothing of their own business, and their only way with genius is to distrust and reject it.

Still, what are you to do? You can't force these dull fellows to take your work, and print it prettily, and offer it to the public, and advertise it all over the press of England. You can only hope that some day you may find one of them in a lucid interval of literary intelligence. Then, of course, *Hannibal* will come out, and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE will recognise in it the one thing he has been looking for, and your fortune will be made. All that, however, seems to be a long way off, and in the meantime, as I said, you're waiting. You're even thinking of advertising yourself as a potential secretary to a Member of Parliament, having heard of cases in which a man rose from that position to be a C.V.O. or a member of the British Academy or a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; anyhow, something very brilliant, which was supposed to make a deal of difference to his wife.

Now, I don't see why you should wait any longer. These hints of mine are going to put you in the right way to make money and a name. You will think of them in after life as "Hints that have helped me," and some day, when you pass a certain house in the Goswell Road—it is in the Clerkenwell district—you will observe to your companion that there was once a man who lived in a three-pair back there and knew a thing or two about the literary market. Then, having with difficulty caused your 40-horse-power motor-car to be turned round, you will hasten back to the Festival Banquet in aid of the Society for the Relief of Broken-down Novelists, you being in the chair.

What I want you to do is a very simple thing. First of all you must get out of your head all your silly old-fashioned ideas about modesty and reticence and the young person who holds the record in blushes. Then you are to sit down and write a preface—a fairly long one, mind you. Short prefaces are quite useless for the book you are going to write. Here is a short working model of the shady book's preface. Have I mentioned, by the way, that you're going to write a shady book? No matter; you know now, and there are no more secrets between us.

"It was not without long and anxious consideration," you will begin, "that I determined to write and publish this book. It is the fruit of much thought devoted to some of the problems that lie at the root"—why problems always rest there I don't know, but you must take things as you find them—"at the root of our social system. Men still talk glibly of marriage. Priests mumble their solemn incantations over a ceremony which the most advanced intellects have come to regard with contempt, and which is doomed ere long to disappear both from the conversation and the customs even of the British Middle Classes."

After four pages devoted to this cheery iconoclasm you can proceed like this: "While this book was appearing in a serial form"—it never did, of course, but that's of no consequence—"it aroused a storm of controversy. To the critics who saw in it nothing but 'a farrago of indecency,' I offer the compliment of my scorn. But there are others.



## THE HOT END OF THE WEDGE;

OR, THE BEGINNING OF RETALIATION.

LORD-GEORGE. "IT'S THE POKER I BORROWED OFF YOU. DON'T YOU LIKE IT?"  
PANTALON. "YES, BUT NOT THIS END OF IT!"





*First Poacher.* "HELLO, BILL! WOT LUCK? ANYTHING DOIN'?"

*Second Poacher.* "WELL, I DUNNO; BUT IF I GETS FOUR MORE BESIDES THE WAN I'M AFTER NOW, I'LL 'AVE FOIVE—AN' THAT AIN'T SO BAD."

Hundreds of letters have reached me from those who have groaned under the weight of the world's conventions. They have recognised—I quote from the letter of one whose name as a mother and a worker in the field of social reform is well known—that 'the literary excellence of the book is equalled only by the purity of its motive and the refined directness of its method in dealing with situations which the weak-minded might describe as strong, merely because the artificialities of our lives have made them unusual.' After three more pages of this and a few references to the matchless delicacy of the French, you can wind up the preface.

When you've done this you must write your sample chapter, not the first one, but one of the three great ones in which you defy the commandment which comes between the sixth and eighth, and smash into smithereens all that antiquated moralists have taught. Then you take your wares to a publisher—there are one or two who are on the look out for that sort of thing—and you show him the preface. His eyes will glisten. "My boy," he'll say, "can you write up to this?" Thereupon you'll bowl him over with the sample chapter, and he'll give you a contract at once—£1,000 down on account of royalties calculated at 30 per cent. Then you go home and write the rest of the book.

Of course there are some disadvantages. Some of your friends may cut you. Would-be moralists will hold your name up to loathing and execration. Here and there a reviewer may fulminate against your "disgusting book"—but the book will sell like hot cakes and you yourself will become celebrated and wealthy, especially after you have

discovered the inevitable clergyman who will protest in print over his own signature that the book is the apotheosis of decency, the very consecration of all that is pure and wholesome. So make haste and get to work.

#### FOR MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

[In answer to Mr. Punch's request for the loan of original documents connected with his career, a correspondent sends (unfortunately too late, since the catalogue of exhibits had already been made up) the following epistolary matter, part printed, part manuscript.]

"The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to accept the enclosed contribution. The theme of a village which distinguished itself by refusing to have a pageant has already been presented in *Punch*."

Along with this document our friend kindly sends the lines below.]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Herewith I'm pleased to send  
A document (original), and lend

The same, as you requested, for your show  
(By which I mean the Pageant, don't you know).

The document in question, you will see,  
Contains some lines of your calligraphy,  
Which somewhat tend to mollify the sting  
Always attendant on The Accursed Thing,—  
Which is, as you will probably have guessed,  
"The Editor regrets . . ."—and all the rest.

I'm happy to oblige you, Sir; and, please,  
You needn't send it back—I've lots of these  
Original documents; they number scores.—  
Believe me, Mr. Punch, sincerely yours  
(Trusting I haven't sent it in too late).

P.S.—Please don't return—in duplicate.

## THE CUT-GLASS BOWL.

BEING THE STORY OF ONE OF LIFE'S LITTLE  
DUPLICITIES.

### I.

*Miss Norman-Crudge, of 27a, Kensington  
Palace Terrace, to her newly-married  
niece, Mrs. Livesey, "Rosemount,"  
Warwick.*

April 17, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am not, as you know, by any means satisfied with your marriage, which I consider both imprudent and perilous. Mr. Livesey is not at all the husband I should have chosen for you myself. He is a weak although doubtless amiable man, whereas what you wanted was someone capable of correcting your foibles. He is also, I understand, a Radical and a vegetarian, and probably an Agnostic, and is therefore not in the least calculated to direct your mind as those who really love you would wish. However, since there is no use now in saying any more, I have decided henceforward to consider him as one of the family (although I hope that when you come here to stay you will let me know exactly what he can eat and what he cannot) and cease to criticise; and it is with much pleasure that I am sending you a piece of old glass from my own collection for your table as a memento of my wishes for your happiness.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

### II.

*Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart, of "Leaside," Kains Road, Edinburgh.*

April 18, 190—.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I implore you to tell me what to do. Aunt Mercy having forgiven us, sent me, yesterday, a very beautiful cut-glass bowl, which unhappily came smashed to atoms. What am I to do? Shall I tell her the awful truth that it is broken, or shall I simply say thank you? It seems so dreadful to have to tell her it is broken just after she has written such a letter; but if I don't there is always the chance that she may come to see us and ask for it. Do advise me.

Your loving S.

### III.

*Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.*

April 19, 190—.

MY DARLING CHILD,—Your letter came by the last post and I have not had a wink of sleep thinking about this terrible dilemma. Of course we ought always to tell the truth, but your Aunt will be so vexed, and just after she had come round too. On the other hand she is sure to find it out if you depart from the truth, because no one has ever taken her in. She has been like that ever since we were girls. I think you must be brave, dear, and say that it came

broken, but doubtless owing to a fall in the Post Office and not at all because it was carelessly packed. Yes, I think that is best.

Your loving perplexed MOTHER.

### IV.

*Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.*

April 20, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—How very kind of you! What a beautiful bowl! But I am exceedingly sorry to say that when we unpacked it it was found to be broken all to pieces. The packing was perfect, so it must have been the result of a fall on the way. We are greatly disappointed and distressed, and I am wondering if you can tell me where I could buy another like it.

Your affectionate niece,

SARAH LIVESEY.

P.S.—Joseph, who spent hours last night putting the pieces together, and who joins with me in love and gratitude, says he never saw a more beautiful bowl.

### V.

*Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Vansittart.*

April 21, 190—.

DEAR RHODA,—A most unfortunate thing has happened. I went to some self-sacrifice over my wedding present for Sarah—my motto being that it is absurd to cry over spilt milk, and now that she has definitely taken that very unpleasant man for her husband it is the duty of us all to make the best of it. It was one of my choicest cut-glass bowls and of very unusual design. It left this house in perfect condition, very carefully packed by Yates; but Sarah tells me that when it arrived it was in fragments. Under the circumstances, especially considering how disappointed we all had been by this marriage, I think that had I been Sarah I should have held my tongue and merely have said thank you, leaving me in ignorance as to the catastrophe. But she has been very oddly brought up, and that nice thought for other people's feelings which our dear mother did so much to teach you and me is no longer in fashion. I am, however, sending them another bowl, as I should not like them to be without any memento of me.

Your loving sister MERCY.

### VI.

*Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.*

April 25, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—What is to be done? I am so sorry to trouble you again, but you know Aunt Mercy so much better than I do. She very kindly sent another glass bowl, but by really extraordinary bad luck, that one came broken too. There seems to be a fatality

about it. What can I say to her this time? How can I tell her such an awful truth twice running? Joseph says that it is old glass and cannot be matched; but don't you think he had better try? Do tell me.

Your loving S.

### VII.

*Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.*

April 26, 190—.

MY DARLING CHILD,—I am all unstrung by the new calamity; but I don't think you need hesitate this time. I should just write to thank your Aunt and make no reference to the bowl's being broken at all. I say this, because she wrote me a letter rather complaining that you had told her the first time. She seems to think it would have been kinder to her not to. I was troubled when I got that letter, but now I am relieved, for it makes our duty clear. I do so hope Joseph will be successful in his search; but I fear the worst.

Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—Of course it will be dreadful if Joseph cannot match it and your Aunt Mercy comes to see you. You will have to tell the truth then, I suppose; but it will be easier after some time has elapsed than now so soon after the other. We must hope for the best.

### VIII.

*Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.*

April 27, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—You are more than kind to send another bowl. I can't think where you find such beautiful things. Joseph is in raptures over your taste. We shall never forget your kindness.

Your affectionate niece,  
SARAH LIVESEY.

### IX.

*Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.*

May 24, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am now able, I find, owing to the illness of my old friend Miss Vyner, who was to have come here for a fortnight, but now cannot, to pay you the visit which I have long promised myself. I could come on Monday next by the train which reaches Warwick at 5.48, and stay till Friday quite comfortably. This will give me time to get to know your husband, and, I trust, to esteem him. I should like to have Yates with me, but can doubtless manage without her if you have any lack of room. I am a very easy guest, as I always bring my own tea and shall arrange for bread by post.

Your loving Aunt MERCY.  
(To be concluded.)

THE NEW GAME.—Limping at Orinkia.



# DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.

## IV—THE ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.



**DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH VERBAL PROPOSALS** IF YOU FEEL THERE IS A POSSIBILITY OF HIS SUITING, MAKE THE PROPOSER FILL IN A FORM GIVING FULL PARTICULARS ABOUT HIMSELF, BANKER'S REFERENCE, ETC., AND TELL HIM TO CALL AGAIN FOR YOUR DECISION.



IF YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL AND RICH **DON'T BE BOTHERED BY BEING PROPOSED TO AT ALL SORTS OF ODD MOMENTS, WHEN YOU ARE NOT, PERHAPS, PREPARED TO GO INTO THE MERITS OF THE VARIOUS CASES** SEND OUT CARDS SUCH AS THE FOLLOWING "AT HOME—1ST AND 3RD WEDNESDAYS PROPOSALS"



**DON'T ON ANY ACCOUNT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE CAPTIVATED BY GOOD LOOKS** IF YOU SHOULD FALL IN ANY DANGER OF SUBMITTING TO A HANDSOME LOVER, A GOOD PLAN IS SUDDENLY TO DROP THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET OVER HIS HEAD AND SEE IF HIS ARGUMENTS CONTINUE TO HAVE THE SAME EFFECT ON YOU.



**AND DON'T SHOW ANY MARK OF SENTIMENT IN EXHIBITING YOUR FIANCEE**—ALL THAT SORT OF THING IS HATED OUT. SUPPOSE, FOR INSTANCE, MONEY TO BE ON YOUR SIDE, AND FAMILY ON HIS, A GOOD FORMULA BY WHICH TO INTRODUCE HIM TO YOUR FRIENDS WOULD BE "THE PAIR HAS GIVEN FIFTY THOU FOR THIS—WE THINK IT A WORTHY BARGAIN."



## THE MOTOR MYSTERY.

THE following documents have lately come into Mr. Punch's hands. They are all in the same writing (with the exception of the telegrams), and appear to have been addressed to the same person. In case they throw any fresh light upon recent events in Wales, Mr. Punch, who is determined not to be outdone by his contemporaries, offers them now to the public.

### I.

DEAREST,—I have practically settled it for Saturday week, then it won't be in the papers till Monday, and that gives me all Sunday. The only question is, *Where?* I think the sea, not a river, because they can drag a river, can't they, or something horrid like that? Do they ever drag the sea? Find this out. Probably in the *Encyclopædia* under "Nets." Or what about "Divers"?

Certainly you will have to be with me, and I'm afraid we shall have to have one of the chauffeurs as well. Of course, nice people always believe a lady, but journalists and policemen and horrid people like that are so suspicious, and I think it will be safer if we have a man with us to say so too. Now, can you find a nice place where the road goes quite close to the sea, and where it is high tide on the Saturday night? Do this for me, please. When you have found the place, then you find out about the tide from the local paper—it depends on the moon, I believe. Do we want a moon or not? More romantic, of course, but also more risky.

Write at once and tell me you have done all this for me. I am horribly busy taking a house up here which I have just seen. Rent only £200 a month, which is nothing much, as next January I am coming into a fortune, and my trustees—Oh, but I was forgetting; you know all about that!

Ever lovingly yours.

P.S.—I may have to borrow one of your veils on Saturday week; I know you won't mind; I am quite out of them.

### II.

[Telegram]

Send copy of *Loney's Dynamics* to me here at once. Very important.

### III.

DEAREST,—I hope you got my telegram, and sent the book. I was talking to a man about accidents and bodies going through the air, and so on, and he says they always go in a *parabola*, and that the distance anything goes depends on the *velocity of projection* and the *angle of elevation*, whatever those are, and that you can find out all about it in *Loney's Dynamics*. This may be rather awkward,

but still we all know that if a car runs into anything you *do* want to shoot out in front through the glass; so if you have found a high tide quite close to the road it may be all right. Otherwise we shall have to work it out to see how far I should go. I have just found another house I think I shall buy, so must stop.

### IV.

No, dear; my mind is made up. It isn't only the £2 ls. 11½d. I owe Preston. There are other bills even bigger than that, if you only knew all.

Yes, we shall have to go on with it. I am glad that the dear old car will be with me till the very end. That and the dogs are all I ever cared about. Oh, and diamonds and houses of course. The dogs! Oh, I've such an idea suddenly! Suppose we can't find a suitable road, then—why shouldn't I say I have been swallowed by one of my St. Bernards? It would be just as difficult to locate the body, and so on. You could say you saw it being done—a lady's word, you know, they'd have to believe it. But of course the motor smash *would* be more romantic. I am a little worried about you, dear. If I am going to be thrown right through the screen and into the sea you will have to be hurt a little, won't you? I am sure you won't mind doing this for me. It is these little bits of local colour that journalists and stockbrokers and such people like so much. I would suggest that you and Albert (or whoever we take) should be found *underneath* the car. Of course you couldn't very well have got there by way of a parabola; but ordinary people wouldn't think of that at once, and they would be impressed, I'm sure. They would have the idea anyhow that we were *trying*. Let me know what you think of this.

### V.

DEAREST,—Aren't you just a little *teeny weeny* bit selfish? Of course I never wanted you to break an arm or a leg or anything like that, but I *did* think you wouldn't mind doing a few cuts and scratches for me. Nothing very *deep*, you know. However, if you won't you won't, I suppose. You'll have to have a "miraculous escape" then. In a way perhaps it's as well, because I have decided that the car mustn't be damaged much, and so now, if people say that that's rather funny, you can say, "Well, I don't think so at all, seeing that I wasn't hurt a bit either." But we shall have to break the glass somehow, of course. How do you do this? You might look up "Glass" in the *Encyclopædia*; no, that won't be much good. Dear, I don't quite know what I'm saying; the fact is I'm so bothered by your standing out against the accident, when, if only

you'd been found *unconscious*, half under and half outside the car, everybody would have seen at once that something *awful* had happened.

### VI.

[Telegram.]

St. Bernards have suddenly become very fierce and hungry. Am terrified for my life.

### VII.

MY DARLING,—How sweet of you! I was just beginning to think we should have to do it the other way and was getting things ready for it when your letter came. Of course I shall not be with you when the accident actually happens, but I can trust you, can I not, to make it as realistic as possible in every way? Don't hurt yourself too much, dear—for *my* sake. What a splendid idea about the hat! Can you lend me one? as I have nothing of my own that would quite do. Thank you so much if you would. What a splendid place you have chosen! I don't know what you mean, dear, by saying that there may be *danger*. I shall be quite all right, and if the worst comes to the worst I can simply say that I knew nothing about the accident and wasn't there at the time. Will you get me a book about Australia and send it to me? What weather we are having—so cold! My dear, if it had only been summer! We could simply have gone for a bathe together! But that wouldn't have been so exciting. What fun I shall have reading the papers!

Ever yours most lovingly and gratefully.

P.S.—I hope you will keep the car for yourself as a present from me for your kind help in this business, as I could not very well take it away with me. Perhaps, after all, it would be better if you did damage it pretty well. You might start it at the top of the hill and let it run down by itself. A. A. M.

## MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLES.

ALWAYS abreast of the times, and never afraid of profiting by a good example, Mr. Punch, deeply impressed by the "Claudius Clear Problems" now appearing in *The British Weekly*, ventures to commend to his readers the solution of the following topical literary conundrums.

If Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER had been a contemporary of Dr. JOHNSON, and had called on the Doctor with the view of obtaining a signed photograph for reproduction in the literary page of *The Sphere*, and if Dr. JOHNSON had flatly declined to let him have it, and used the most injurious language about "bookmen," "literary gossip-mongers," &c., state what, in your opinion, would

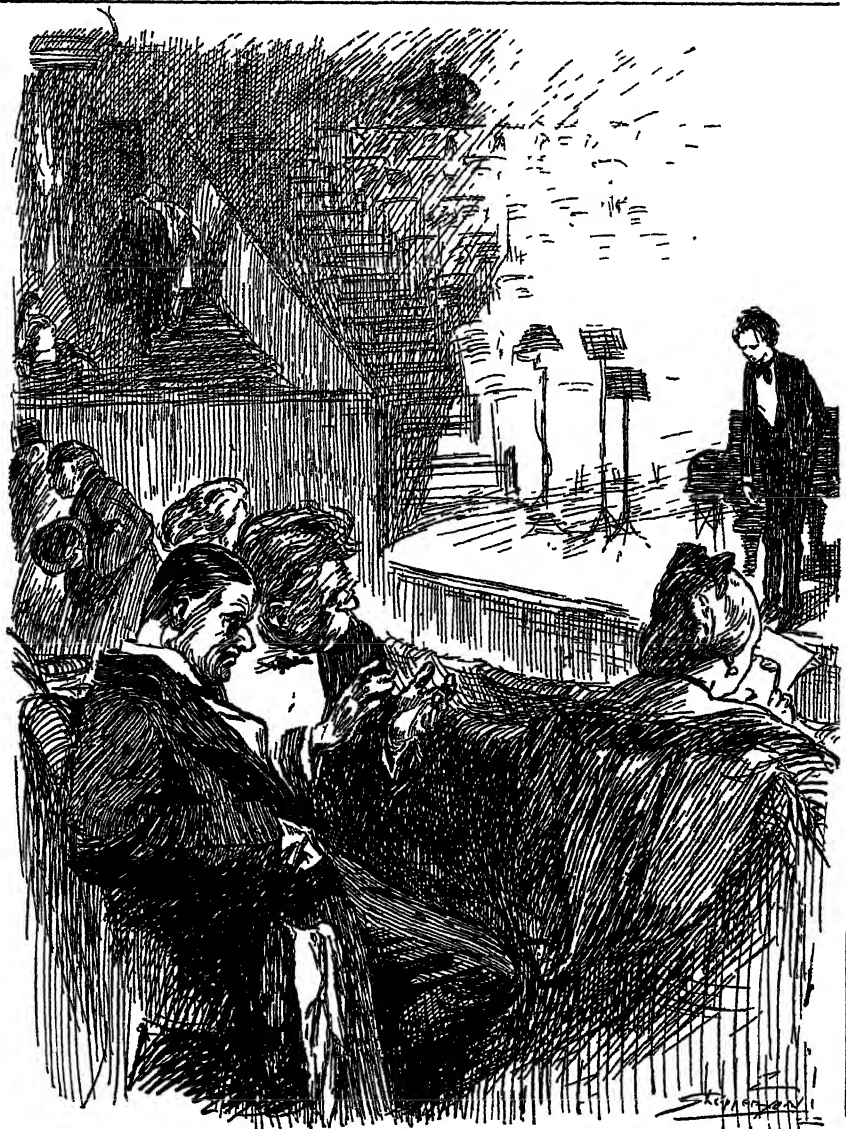
have been the most dignified form of rebuke in which Mr. SHORRER might have signalled his reprobation of Dr. JOHNSON'S gross discourtesy and ingratitude?

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, the famous literary critic, once met Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE in the library of the House of Lords. Mr. SWINBURNE mentioned to Mr. EDWARD GOSSE that he could not understand why it was that no critic had done full justice to the sonnets of Mr. THEODORE WAITS-DUNTON. Mr. GOSSE demurred to this view, but Mr. SWINBURNE said that he must be mistaken, and before an audience including three dukes, seventeen earls, and a viscount, he spoke for nearly three-quarters of an hour in support of his opinion, proving beyond all shadow of a doubt that Mr. THEODORE WAITS-DUNTON was the most outrageously neglected major poet of the century. All this time Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS had a marked copy of *The Star* in his pocket containing an article in which he said that "by the side of the sonnets of WAITS-DUNTON those of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON were the immature effusions of irresponsible ineptitude." What should Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS have done, and why?

Mr. THOMAS BLIGHT, the famous biographer, is engaged, as is well known, on a Memoir of PARNELL, which, in the number and irrelevance of its illustrations, bids fair to eclipse his own most strenuous efforts in this direction. It, as some devoted admirers of the "Uncrowned King" believe, it should turn out that PARNELL were still alive, and he suddenly were to confront Mr. BLIGHT and demand an explanation of his intentions, what ought Mr. BLIGHT to say, and why?

Lord ROSSLYN once met Mr. HENRY JAMES, the novelist, at the house of a well-known Duchess with literary tastes. During the course of luncheon Lord ROSSLYN asked Mr. HENRY JAMES what he thought of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S novels. Mr. HENRY JAMES, with great kindness, proceeded to explain in minute particularity how it was that, by a strange coincidence, he had never been so favoured by fortune as to be able to complete the perusal of one of the novels in question. When Mr. JAMES had spoken for about two hours, Lord ROSSLYN suddenly remembered that he had an engagement in the City at 3 p.m. What ought Lord ROSSLYN to have done, and how?

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, whose evergreen vitality is a constant source of rejoicing to his brother bookmen on both sides of the Tweed, once visited Sir WALTER SCOTT with a view to inducing him to undertake a lecturing tour in America. In the course of their conversation, Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL spoke seriously to the Wizard of the North on the danger of forfeiting his popularity by too rapid



Enthusiast "WE SHALL HEAR MORE OF THIS YOUNG MAN."  
Sufferer. "NOT TO-NIGHT, I HOPE"

production. "My experience and observation," said the eminent journalist, with his accustomed modesty, "have taught me that four things cannot go on—carelessness, idleness, extravagance and headiness. The author who gets a motor-car because his first novel has done well is likely to repent his adventure." "But," mildly replied Sir WALTER, "I have not got a motor-car, nor am I likely to." Ought Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL to have apologised for his anachronism or vindicated it, or said nothing? And if so, why?

When Mr. HALL CARNE was yachting off the coast of Norway a few summers back he lunched with the GERMAN EMPEROR on board the *Hohenzollern*. The talk falling on literature, the KAISER observed, "I have been given to understand that in the opinion of the *cognoscenti* the two greatest living English

novelists are GEORGE MEREDITH and THOMAS HARDY." "Speaking as a MANX novelist, Sire," rejoined Mr. HALL CARNE, "I am with you." What ought the KAISER to have replied, and why?

Extract from a Baboo's letter:—

"On way from Karsim I lost my breakfast for two days consecutively and two days alternately, but it could not make me weak, as I lived on biscuits."

What a fine testimonial this would have made for the Food Reform Association.

The latest news of Miss ELKINS is that she has become a nurse. Her thoughts were probably turned in this direction by the fact that the Duke of the ABRIZZI'S last communication to her was, according to the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, "a cable-gram of 200 wards."



T. H. TOWNEND 1909

Phyllis. "I'M VERY SORRY, BUT I THINK WE MUST BE GOING. ANDREW HAS BORNE IT AS LONG AS HE CAN."

for  
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on the  
moon  
but

## ATCHES AND MEALS.

### EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

In offering their New Match to the public, Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor claim to have solved a problem of universal importance. Without entering into the early history of matches, Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor state with no fear of contradiction that these essentials of every household have invariably failed in one respect, viz., *that they have only been matches*. In a utilitarian age this is not enough. Why, in fact, waste the shaft? The New Match is at once a sweetmeat, a stimulant and a solace. It is most useful to motorists and bicyclists, combining as it does a light meal with a phosphorescent flame. It has deprived night of all terrors, and has rendered the Daylight Saving Bill unnecessary. The difficulty of living on sixpence a day has been solved. For the bedside, seaside and roadside it is absolutely essential. Its shaft is made of the purest vegetable pulp; ten shafts make an excellent soup.

### SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Dr. SALEEBY says: "I have consumed

several of them with most pleasant results. I am recommending them to all children, as no one who has tasted your matches will ever want to smoke. You are national benefactors."

A native of the Balkans writes: "All our best insurrections are lighted with your matches."

Mr. RUNCIMAN wires: "For the destruction of Bills they are most efficacious. No Cabinet is complete without them."

DUNCAN writes: "I have given a box to BRAID."

An Insurance Agent says: "From their delightful aroma I can always detect a fire caused by your matches. Several of my clients use them with very profitable results."

A Public-School Boy (aged 14) states: "If you had to eat the same sort of vile grub they give us you'd know your matches are simply top-hole. They're ripping, especially the pineapple-flavoured ones."

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER telephones: "There are no dead-heads among your matches. A box is always worth two guineas."

Miss VESABEL PANKHURST wires: "We mean to keep the flame burning."

DAISY SMITH (aged 9) says: "I always get one to suck after my medicine. They are just like strawberry jam."

Lord LUCAS writes: "Undoubtedly they are 'Lucus a non lucendo.'" (Messrs. Phewsy and Manstickkor have asked Lord LUCAS for an explanation, but have not received a reply.)

Dr. CLIFFORD quotes: "We have to-day lit a New Match in England which I trust may never be put out."

"Reuter wires from T. Heran that the new Council of State consists of silly members of whom thirty-two are notables and eighteen merchants."—*Upper Burma Gazette*.

We should never dare to talk like this of our M.P.'s.

"On Saturday, certain gentlemen who are interested in the movement were seen by our representative, who was informed that boring operations were carried on. . . . Shafts had been sunk, and a few men were at work."—*North Wales Observer*.

We hope it is a misprint which has caused this to be headed "Golf in Anglesey."



## BELLONA OF THE BALKANS.

SPIRIT OF WAR. "SHALL I GET MY PREY? OR WILL MESSINA MAKE THE NATIONS STOP AND THINK?"







### PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

*Horrid Youth* "Oh, I say! DON'T SAY IT'S 'FANCY DRESS' TO NIGHT! WHAT?"

*Damsel (in chain armor)* OH DEAR NO ONLY WE GIRLS HAVE BEEN SO KNOCKED ABOUT LATELY IN 'KITCHEN LANCERS' WE THOUGHT WE'D BE ON THE SAFE SIDE TO NIGHT

### BACK TO THE GOOD OLD TIMES

RECENT events point to a return to the modes of the above era. The papers have already reported snow in December, a Christmas ghost, and highwaymen, carefully masked, on Hampstead Heath. But we have exclusive information of the further spread of the movement.

The night (according to a wireless from our Cornwall representative) was murky. A yawl under full sail tacked about outside Trepolpen Cove. "There's old Sam's light," exclaimed the skipper, and he put the helm hard over, the little craft leaping forward towards a faint glimmer on the coast. Presently a voice rang out, a thin, cultured monotone—from a muffled figure in oilskins sitting on a keg forward: "Dear me! (or words to that effect) we are on the terrible rocks!"

Once more the weather-beaten salt

put down the helm, and by only a cigar's breadth did the little vessel escape the fearful Barnacle Rocks.

"There's Sam's light," cried someone, indicating a gleam on the port bow, and the little boat felt its way cautiously until at last it was beached on the soft sand of the Cove.

"Ay, ay, Sir," said old Sam from the shore. "I was a wrecker's light once 'pon the cliff, but I've got 'ee in the cave, fast bound the rascal!"

"Wreckers in the twentieth century!" exclaimed the cultured voice in horror. Then it added: "Boys, you will convey the casks and keg to the cave and thence to the secret cellar beneath the Rectory, as usual."

"Iss, sure, Sir," said the skipper with a grin. The Smuggler King (for the muffled figure was indeed he and no other) left the men to unload, and, draw-

ing a pistol, went to the cave to interview the desperado who for mere gain would send his fellow men to a terrible death.

Here in the Cimmerian gloom the two men faced each other and simultaneously each put his hand to his brow and started back in amazement.

"Pass-on!" exclaimed the wrecker. "Pass-on! the Smuggler King! Well, I'm blest!"

"Tielwney—you a wrecker!" said the Rector gravely. "I am ill-pleased to find you here," he added truthfully, "and as a churchwarden your conduct is, I consider, most reprehensible."

The two strong men then shook hands, and swore to let bygones be bygones.

The coming year will be one of Birthdays.  
—*Chas. L. L.*

How these priests dogmatise

## THE ROOFER.

I MARRIED Charles for three reasons. Firstly, I wanted a useful man about the house. Secondly, I wanted someone to look after the luggage and be in attendance generally, when I went away on week-end visits. Thirdly, I wanted literary assistance when, upon returning from those visits, the awful necessity arose of writing the roofers. Charles, in his ignorance, used to call them bread-and-butter letters, showing thereby not only that he was behind the times, but also that he did not appreciate the truth that hostesses must be thanked as much for the loan of their roof as for the use of their bread and butter. Now he knows better, so that, when we sat down to compose our letter of thanks to Mrs. Fanshawe for the week-end we had just spent at her place, we regarded ourselves as sitting down to write, not the bread-and-butter letter, but the roofer.

*Monday.*—The first obstacle was the date; but here we experienced little difficulty, for by combining my excellent recollection of Christmas with Charles's wonderful power of calculating backwards, we got tolerably near the mark. The next part I did entirely by myself, and, I say it without pride, it was the work of a moment to compose the prelude—"My dear Mrs. Fanshawe."

What then? Ah! then we were indeed in the midst of difficulties. I felt that it was now Charles's turn, and Charles felt that it was now time to go to bed. So we addressed the envelope, licked the stamp, and considered ourselves entitled to leave the rest until to-morrow.

*Tuesday.*—It was now to-morrow, and there was my dear Mrs. Fanshawe unthanked and Charles sitting before the fire as useless as only a Charles can be. "Come, Charles," I said, "my peroration is complete and your work still remains to do. Let it be a letter combining the maximum of gratitude with the minimum of gush. Let it be thorough but epigrammatic, hearty but not vulgar, original but not affected, neat but not gaudy. Keep those few and simple directions in your mind and fire away. I will write as you dictate."

"My dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . ."

"That is my bit."

"Your dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . ." he corrected.

"Be a man," I said.

"My dear Mrs. Fanshawe,—There is no one whom I regard as so peculiarly mine, so intrinsically dear. You will therefore forgive me, I am sure, when I refer to you as my dear Mrs. Fanshawe. Mrs. Fanshawe! The bitter-sweet of names! Sweet, because it is yours; bitter, because it suggests, nay, implies,

the existence of a Mr. Fanshawe . . . Violet, I shall have to leave out the 'my.'"

"Charles, dear," I said, "I hate to intrude where I am obviously not wanted, but this letter is supposed to

THE CHIPPINHAM CHAMPION  
WILL MEET ALL COMERS

AS HE IS DEPICTED ON THE WALLS.



PORTRAIT—WHEN COMPOSING ELUSIVE ANSWER TO CHALLENGE.

come from me, and not from you. Pull yourself together."

Charles pulled himself together with a click. "My dear Mrs. Fanshawe . . . Have you got that down? . . . Having stayed, as I have, in all the most stately of our English houses; valuing, as I do, our British hospitality above the price of

pearls and rubies; feeling, as I must, that it is you and your kind that keep that jewel bright, I write (as indeed, how can I not?) to thank . . ."

"Excuse me, little one," I interrupted once more, "what small chance we have of being asked again depends entirely upon our merry temperament and the jocular way we have with us. Begin again."

"My . . ." he began.

"That stands," I said.

"Re recent visit. I am now in a position to inform you that we arrived back in town in comparative safety and good health. I find the fog, on the one hand, still with us, but my silver-backed brushes, on the other hand, missing. I put this down to the carelessness or criminal intent of the official who packed my bag, and must insist upon their immediate restitution, in default of which I shall find myself under the necessity of taking such steps as my solicitor may advise . . . I may take it that you have left your brushes behind?"

"Mr. Marriott," I said indignantly, "how many times must I tell you that your wife is perfect? Of course I have left nothing behind."

"Then we cannot write this letter to-night, for there is nothing to write it about. You should make a point of always leaving something behind."

And so we put it off till the next day.

*Wednesday.*—It was the day after to-morrow, and Mrs. Fanshawe, though still as dear as ever, yet remained unthanked. This Charles, I began to think, was something of an ass. "What do we want to go staying at places for?" he asked; then, a little later: "Omitting the affectionate part, let it run thus: I must thank you for a delightful week-end. We got back to town all right. We are all well here. Is not the weather most seasonable? I hope you are all well there. We are all well here. When I say 'we,' I mean Charles and myself. Thanking you again, I remain yours sincerely, VIOLET MARRIOTT."

"Best-looking of all the Charleses," I said not unkindly, "you are a splendid husband, but no letter-writer. We must telegraph." And so it came to this:

"Fanshawe, Pelton. Thanks for delightful week-end. Too busy to write. Marriott."

## Commercial Candour.

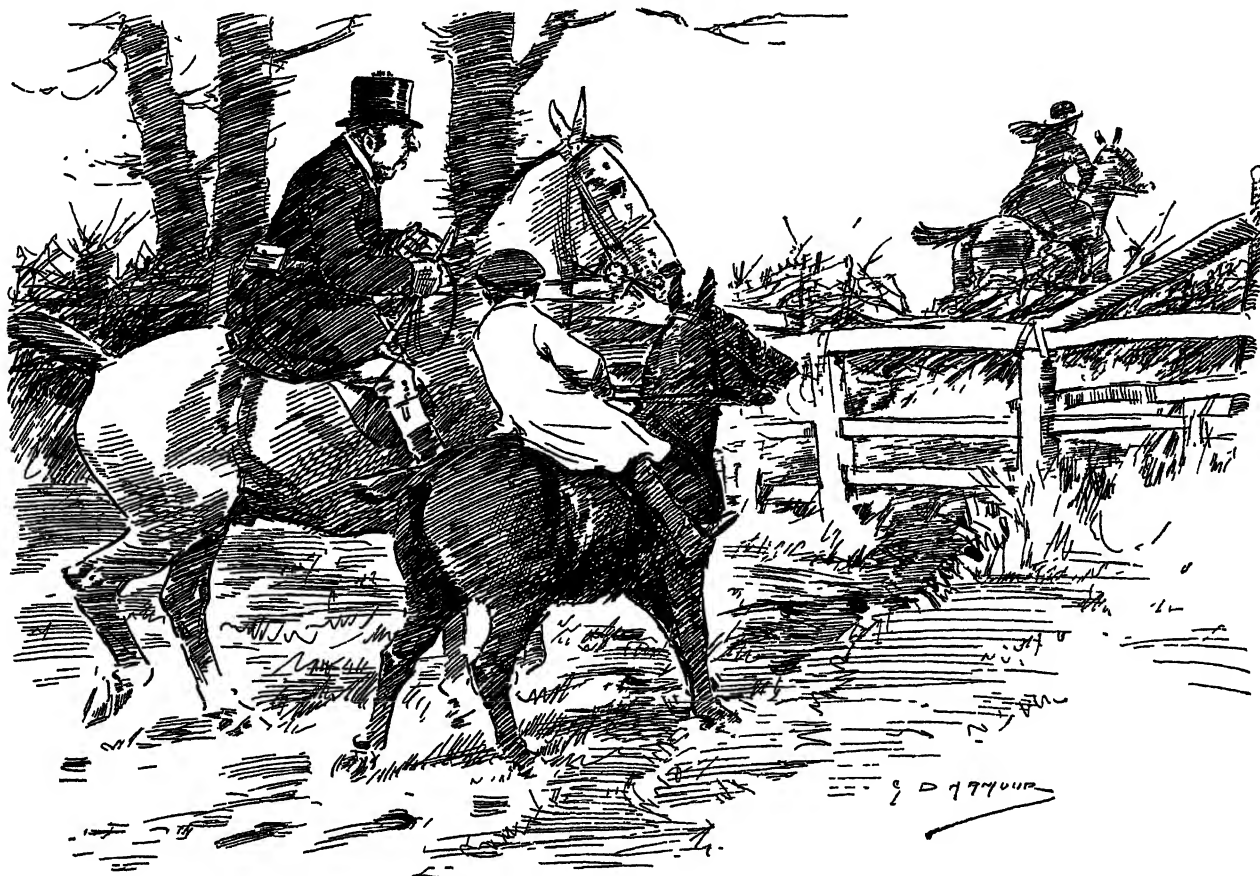
From a notice in a Glasgow picture-dealer's shop:—

"GENUINE ART AT A DISCOUNT."

Seen at a West End sale:—

"Evening dresses can go no lower."

That sometimes has been Mr. Punch's modest opinion.



## TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. 3.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

*Thomas.* "‘Old ‘ard, Master Jack! You mustn’t take that, and Miss Maud she didn’t ought to have."

*Master Jack.* "All right, Thomas, you go first. You’re sure to break it, and then I’ll get over all right."

## A HUMAN-TALE.

It was a dark, damp, uncomfortable January afternoon, no weather for outdoor revelling, and the young fairies began to feel time hang rather heavy on their hands. Finally, when the smallest of all fell into a dewdrop and had to be hauled out by the heels and wrapped in dandelion fluff to dry before a glow-worm, the atmosphere of the Palace nursery became so ominous that the Big Fairy had no alternative but to suggest reading aloud as the only way of keeping them all quiet.

"But what shall it be?" she asked, to which they instantly replied in chorus, "Oh, a Human-tale, please!" because, you know, there is nothing that the young fairies love half so well, especially at Christmas time, as a story about Humans, with, if possible, motors and telegrams and all sorts of magics like that in it. So the Big Fairy produced from somewhere a wonderful human newspaper, that she pretended she had found lying in the grass outside the Palace, and prepared to read.

"What first?" she asked; and the

young Fairies, who were all of them Princesses in their own right, chorused again, "The Court News, of course!" so she cleared her throat and began:

"Court of Bankruptcy—"

"Is he a *very* powerful king?" interposed the smallest fairy.

"Very," said the Big Fairy decidedly; "there’s lots about him here."

"Do get on!" cried the others.

"An examination was held yesterday into the affairs of Josiah Bunting, retail tobacconist and stationer, of 52, Lady-smith Road, Balham, who filed his own petition. Liabilities were estimated at £462; assets, nil—"

"It’s awfully exciting!" said the smallest fairy.

"Debtor ascribed his position mainly to the recent slump in Kaffirs, in which he had been induced to dabble beyond his means—"

"What are Kaffirs?" demanded the smallest Fairy but one.

"Kaffirs," answered the Big Fairy, who was exceedingly well informed, "are a kind of purplish humans, with spears. Something like thistles."

"Go on," said the smallest Fairy,

ecstatically. "Did they slump him on purpose?"

"I’m afraid so—‘and to the fact that he himself had been in failing health’"

"What’s fai—?" began the smallest Fairy, but the reader intercepted her.

"Failing health," she said quickly and firmly, "is a thing humans are in just before a failure. Don’t interrupt. No settlement having been proposed, after some severe comments by the Receiver, discharge was suspended indefinitely. That’s the end of that story."

"It’s rather sad," said the smallest Fairy.

"Fancy if it was all true!" exclaimed the smallest but one.

"Don’t be silly," said the eldest with superiority. "There’s no such things as Humans really. They’re only nonsense."

"I wouldn’t be too sure of that!" interposed the Big Fairy indulgently (such a playful manner she had with children). "There is certainly a place called Balham. I’ve been there."

"Have you!" cried the chorus, awestricken. "Oh, kind, dear Big Fairy, do take us there, too!"

"Why?" asked the Big Fairy. "It's a quite ordinary place, really, just enchanted woods and an ogre's castle or two; nothing out of the way."

"But perhaps," said the smallest, solemnly, "if we went there, and were dreadfully good, and shut our eyes, and imagined hard, we might see them ourselves. The Humans, I mean, and Ladysmith Road, and the Kaffirs, and the Assets and everything!"

"Well, well," answered the Big Fairy, "I was young myself once, and, anyhow, if you can't see that sort of thing in the Christmas holidays, you never can, that's certain. We'll try this very night."

But the smallest Fairy still looked thoughtful. "I don't think," she remarked gravely, "that it was quite kind of the Kaffirs to slump. If we found any, could we ask them not to?"

"You darling!" cried the Big Fairy, kissing her. "Of course we could, and we will!"

What is more, they did.

And if this is not the correct explanation of the sensational boom in the South African Market which floated an astonished Mr. Bunting to his feet again, it is at least as true as many of the reports in circulation about that abode of myths.

### THE CHILDREN'S TREAT.

(VOICES IN THE UPPER CIRCLE.)

*Determined Mother.* Now can you both see?

*Stanley.* Yes, I can see all right.

*Gladys.* I can't see a bit. That big fat man's just in front of me.

*D. M.* Well, don't cry, my bird. (*To stout gentleman.*) Excuse me, but will you kindly change places with your child? You completely block my little girl's view.

*Stout Gentleman.* Eh—what? Oh yes, certainly. Very sorry, I'm sure. (*Changes places.*)

*Stanley.* Oh, mother! He's just in front of me now! Oh! I say it isn't fair. Why should Gladys—

*D. M.* Be quiet. You must just make the best of it. Sit on your coat. There, that's better.

*Stanley.* But his head's in the way still.

*Stout Gentleman* (*moving it to one side in an embarrassed manner*). Very sorry, I'm sure.

*D. M.* I suppose it can't be helped, but it is hard on the boy. Here, Stanley, sit on the bag. (*Pushes string bag containing opera glasses, tin of toffee, brush and comb, sponge and towel, underneath him.*) There, you're all right now!

*Stanley.* But it's so beastly lumpy. (*Wriggles violently.*)

*Gladys.* Oh! mother, do make him be

quiet and sit still. I can't hear a word they're saying.

*D. M.* There's no satisfying you, Stanley. Sit still at once. You shall go home if I have any more of it.

*Voices.* Shh—shh—shh—shh! (*A burst of clapping greets the entrance of a star, during which Stanley stealthily sneaks his mother's and sister's hats from under the seat, places them on the string bag, maintains his position on the top by tightly clutching a strange foot which penetrates from the seats behind, and begins to enjoy the entertainment.*)

*Attendant.* Tea, ices, chocolates! Tea, ices, chocolates!

*Stanley and Gladys.* Oh, mother! Ices!

*D. M.* (*to Attendant*). One cup of tea and two ices. There you are, children. *Half-a-crown*, do you say? Tut, tut. What a robbery! Stanley, don't gobble yours like that. Is it good?

*Stanley.* Not so good as the penny ice wafers at the seaside. Not bad, though.

*Gladys* (*suddenly whimpering*). Oh, mother, it's gone to my hollow tooth. Oh—oh!

*D. M.* Here, drink a drop of hot tea, my precious! Is that better? Stanley, hold Gladys's ice a minute. (*Stanley takes it, but in his anxiety not to miss the knock-about business on the stage, cranes forward and holds the plate slanting, with the result that the ice slips off.*)

*Gladys.* It's better now, Mother dear. Where's my ice, Stanley?

*Stanley.* I don't know. It's gone.

*D. M.* Gone, indeed! You greedy boy, you've eaten it!

*Stanley.* I never!

*D. M.* Where is it, then?

*Gladys* (*whimpering*). I want my ice.

*Stanley.* I haven't got your beastly ice. What shall I do with the plates, Mother?

*D. M.* Put them down on the floor, you naughty boy. I should be ashamed.

*Voices.* Shh—shh—shh! (*Stanley puts the plates on the floor. Subsequently, owing to excitement caused by the funny man, he treads on them and breaks them.*)

*D. M.* There—you careless child! I knew you'd do it. Push the pieces right under the seat at once.

*Gladys.* Oh, Mother, oughtn't we to tell the attendant?

*D. M.* Be quiet, Gladys. Certainly not. Do as I tell you, Stanley. We'll put our hats on now; it's nearly over, thank goodness! Where are the hats? (*Searches wildly—unseats Stanley and discovers their battered remains.*) You wicked boy! Never will I take you out again. You make my life a perfect burden!

(*Curtain descends.*)

*Stout Gentleman.* Very good performance. Never laughed so much in my life. (*Puts on his hat.*) Good heavens! what's this on my head? (*Snatches off his hat to investigate, and turns round to D. M. with pink streams running down his face.*) Really, Madam, I must protest at your allowing your boy to play tricks with my hat. You ought to keep him under proper control.

*Stanley.* It's Gladys's ice!

*Gladys.* I want my ice!

*D. M.* (*glaring at Stout Gentleman from under her broken hat-brim*). Proper control, indeed! I think it is for you to explain how my child's ice, for which I paid a shilling, comes to be in your hat?

*Stout Gentleman* (*flinching before her fierce aspect*). I can't explain it, Madam. It's a most extraordinary thing!

*D. M.* It is indeed, and very hard on my little girl. However, it's no use to her now. Come along, my bird. Now then, Stanley, make haste. (*Hustles them out before her, leaving the Stout Gentleman mopping his head and face with a large bandana handkerchief and shaking the remains of the melted ice out of his hat on to the floor.*)

### TOLD TO THE SEA-HORSE MARINES.

[By private cable from Our Own New Guinea Correspondent.]

Papua, Jan. 8th, 1909.

FROM a Report of the French Geographical Society which has just reached us out here I gather that a lecturer from Mexico has been explaining to that learned body the use of the turtle as a marine motor, affixed to a canoe and fed with fish. To show how this idea may be developed among really civilised races, I will tell you of a thrilling episode in connection with a neighbouring island off the North of Australia. Marine monsters are here habitually used for naval purposes, a two-power-standard in porpoises being maintained against the neighbouring islands, and a fleet of 30-knot sharks being kept permanently in harbour in case of invasion; indeed a deficiency in armoured swordfish once led to the downfall of the Ministry.

The island I speak of, in which I take an intelligent interest, had with great difficulty tamed a gigantic five-thousand-mackerel-power whale, and by fitting it with electric light, jury masts and turrets had established its naval supremacy and demonstrated the superiority of whale traction in war, besides solving to a considerable extent the problem of unemployed mammals.

War suddenly broke out, and we had just mobilised our fleet of turtle-destroyers, when to our horror the enemy sprang upon us a *Dreadnought*





## O. A. P.

He (filling in claims for himself) and wife) "QUESTION FOWER — 'DER' WOF DU OI PUT IHFERT, MIS-SUS?"  
 She "I DUNNO NOT IFR CONSCIENCE'LL ALLOW IOW TO PUT, BUT IT PUTS ME DOWN A PRIMITIVE METHOD!"

sea-serpent of the most modern type, heavily armed with jelly-fish and rigged with a fighting top filled with native bowmen firing dum-dum boomerangs.

It was a moment for action. We reversed our trusty whale, submerged him, and using him as a submarine passed right under the enemy's fleet. To procure a number of electric 500-volt eels and return to the scene of action was the work of two or three minutes. We submerged the whale once more, after loading the immense cavity in its mouth with the electric eels. Getting abeam of the sea-serpent we despatched the whole battery of them after the manner of torpedoes, and in a few seconds the war was over.

We are now developing a fleet of airships drawn by albatrosses on the heavier-than-air principle, and I will go on to describe —

[No, no. I can't believe you any more.—Ed.]

*The Times* has been having a series of articles on "The Metropolitan Police." This brings up to date the old catchphrase, "If you want to know a Policeman ask *The Times*."

## OXFORD IN LONDON.

## I.

Time was (in fact, a month ago)  
 When I was not as other mortals,  
 But looked upon the crowd below  
 From out supreme Olympic portals.  
 We of "the Book, the Triple Crown,"  
 Usurped the gods' imperial frown,  
 And if you wait a moment I'll  
 Put it in Stevensonian style:

*All, all around is ours, we cry,  
 The Broad, the Turf, the Corn, the High,  
 The Isis and the Eights;  
 This is the world, and we hold trumps;  
 For us the counter-jumper jumps,  
 For us the waiter waits.*

## II.

Indeed, 'twas so. Not *Chatter*' self,  
 Although possessed of greater riches  
 (The rhyme is obviously "pelf"),  
 Had our sublime dominion, which is  
 What keeps the townsman in his place,  
 Denotes us as Another Race,  
 And makes the shopman, rapt in awe,  
 Bow to our great unwritten law:

*Wear Norfolk coat and flannel bags;  
 If gown at all, a gown in rags  
 Thus shop. And though you've spent*

*Merely a penny on a card,  
 Don't take it with you; this is barred.  
 See that you have it sent!*

## III.

O blissful term-time! Then our nods  
 Sufficed to ratify and clinch all  
 A horror strikes us we were gods,  
 But was our godhead just provincial?  
 For now reluctantly we find  
 That we are merely humankind;  
 Our racial difference is naught—  
 Which is much less than we had thought  
 The London tradesman does not guess  
 That we are better than we dress.  
 In fact, he values us  
 No more than others, from whose purse  
 He pockets twice what we disburse,  
 With only half the fuss.

## Indian Notes.

"The Raja Raja Bahadur yesterday shot two leopards and the Chhota Raja Bahadur, one measuring 6 feet, 5 feet 3 inches, and 5 feet 10 inches, respectively, thus giving relief to the villagers."—*The Statesman*.

"In conclusion I would say one or two words to my boys. There is an old Greek motto *γινώσκω σεαυτον* 'Know thyself'—*Deean Herald*.  
 The compositor did his best.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE story of the life of Dr. Jameson (HURST AND BLACKETT), told by Mr. SEYMOUR FORT, is useful as throwing light on some episodes of modern history. It describes in detail the early advance and settlement on the choice lands of South Africa of the Chartered Company under the inspiration and leadership of CECIL RHODES. The chief attraction of the book will, however, be found in the personality of its hero. Settled in Kimberley in practice as a doctor, JAMESON became in brief time administrator of a territory as big as Great Britain, led a raid across the borders of a friendly nation, was cast into prison, and lived to be Premier of a State in which Britons and Dutch dwell together in comparative amity. The madness of the Raid was brought out in strong light a few years later when the power of England was strained to its utmost in the effort to accomplish a task lightly undertaken by Dr. JAMESON with his troop of five hundred irregular horse. It is evident from Mr. FORT's friendly narrative that the Doctor, fresh from triumph in Matabeleland, was a trifle enlarged. He had grown to believe in his star, as did another and greater Raider. The result was that he came a disastrous cropper, played blindly into the hands of the astute OOM PAUL, and hurried on what was perhaps an inevitable war. Admitting this, Dr. JAMESON comes out of it all plucky, light-hearted, chivalrous, careless of personal interests in pursuit of the imperial projects of CECIL RHODES. Born a Scotchman, he is in all respects nearer akin to the typical Irishman known to CHARLES LEVER.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VIII.

OMAR KHAYYAM AND HIS "THOU."

"She placed the decanter of brandy and a tumbler on the table beside him. Then she left the room again." So ends the last paragraph of *The Gorgeous Isle* (MURRAY), by GERTRUDE ATHERTON. And then? Then, presumably, Byam Warner, British West Indian poet and drunkard, began to put on paper what he believed to be the most beautiful poem ever conceived. Never, he had told his newly-wedded wife, had he written a line except under the influence of stimulants, and, when he fell in love with her and swore off alcohol, the Pierian spring automatically dried up. If he did not drink neither could he write. Once the honeymoon was over the old cravings returned, and the girl who had married him in order to wean him from the bottle, unable to bear the sight of his sufferings, determined, at the risk of ruining his body, to save his soul from becoming atrophied. So she brought forth brandy in a decanter and left him to his poem and his fate. The picture may be true to life. It certainly reads as if it were. But in spite of its cleverness and the gorgeous framework of island scenery and West Indian manners and customs of seventy years ago, it seems to me unnecessarily depressing. I prefer my brandy in a liqueur-glass or else diluted with soda.

It must, I think, be rather nice to be Mr. EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR; not, however, because he has written *Glentyre* (BLACKWOOD), but because, having done so, his power of self-appreciation, and perhaps also the applause of his friends, were such as to persuade him that the general public would derive six-shillings' worth of entertainment from its perusal. How splendid to have friends like that! Did they actually laugh, one wonders, at the crocodile mistaken for a prehistoric monster, or at the lantern lecture, or at the habit, common, apparently, to many of the author's personages, of tumbling down upon the very slightest provocation? Enviously, and with the best will in the world, I must confess my inability to follow them. Indeed, to speak by the book (a sufficiently weighty fashion in this instance!) the attempt to make a Scots *Cranford* of the village chronicles of Glentyre seems to have been doomed to failure from the outset. Honestly, Mr. SELLAR has not quite the touch for this kind of thing; and though, to do him justice, here and there traces of a genuinely comic idea are discernible—the old lady who has been told that she "understands gentlemen" is a case in

point—his humour may be compared, in homely but familiar metaphor, to a very small Scotch diluted with such a prodigious quantity of flat wordiness that the result can hardly be other than insipid. Still, it is always dangerous to dogmatise upon laughter, and possibly amongst the impressionable folk north of the Tweed even the funniments of *Glentyre* may earn their tribute.

"She had never seen a man like that before. . . . Then he looked up and smiled—and she had seen no smile like that before." The lady in question was certainly only a little girl; but little girls have a

habit of growing up, and meantime they sometimes fall in love. At any rate, the heroine of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* (CONSTABLE) does so; and Mr. JOHN FOX, in this his latest novel from Kentucky hills, makes both her and her lover—who was none other than the unknown Knight of the Winsome Smile—as attractive as true heart can wish. The book is a careful study of developing character as well as a delicate romance with a lawless background. And since Cupid does not here make his puppets breathe their vows with too much of a nasal twang the ordinary Briton, who is equipped with a colossal ignorance of the vocabulary of the Wild West, will find no difficulties of dialect to vault over. A most enjoyable novel.

"A very pretty table decoration for the dinner table is a winter scene carried out by using what will appear a frozen pond, made from a large oval or oblong mirror frosted over with a sponge dipped in a bath of Epsom salts and beer, using as much of the salts as the beer will take up in solution."—*The Evening News*.

The writer should try again. With a little thought a better use for beer could be found than this of mixing it with Epsom salts and making a bath of it.

## CHARIVARIA.

Now that Turkey has agreed to accept monetary compensation for Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina there are rumours that a number of Irish patriots have conceived the bright idea of raising a fund for the redemption of the Emerald Isle. It is realised that, in view of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget difficulties, the present is the ideal moment for the offer.

"The Government," we read, "has placed an order for 20,000 chairs at High Wycombe." The Liberals have got into such a habit of losing seats that this seems to be a wise precaution.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS is having some trouble in finding a suitable title for the new Gaiety production. "The Latest Girl" has been proposed. Might we suggest, following up this line of thought, that "The Last Girl" would please a great many playgoers?

A German gentleman has bequeathed the sum of £27 a year for the maintenance and benefit of his cats Lotte and Peter "during their joint lives, or the life of the survivor." For each of them the temptation to do away with the other must be enormous, as it would mean doubling the survivor's income.

The testator above referred to was "Professor of Indian Tongues at Berlin University." Meanwhile at Chicago University they are still in need of an endowment for a Professor of Ox Tongues.

Owing to the difficulty of obtaining advertisements, *The Express*, the weekly organ of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, East Dulwich, which was issued at the price of one farthing, has ceased publication. This should dispose of the rumour that the price of some of our leading halfpennies is to be reduced.

Hitherto only poor clergymen with large families have benefited by Mrs. ANN CARR'S benefaction, but an order just issued by the Charity Commissioners

states that in future large families will not be insisted on. We are pleased to say that as the result of enquiries we find that there is no truth in the report that since this decision of the Commissioners many poor parsons have been throwing away quantities of their children, having no further use for them.

The L.C.C. Medical Officer of Health has been enquiring into the Fly Pest. He reports that in one instance a wedding appreciably increased the number of flies. If the bride and bridegroom were flies, this is scarcely remarkable. On the other hand, if it is a human wedding that is referred to, is it not possible that many

*The Westminster Gazette*, after announcing the forthcoming revival of *The Gondoliers*, says: "In response to numerous requests Mrs. CARIE hopes, too, to do *The Yeoman of the Guard* again before terminating her present season, and therewith bringing her long connection with the Savoy to an end; and this also will be welcome news to many." We are sure that *The Westminster Gazette* means right.

Says *The Daily News* in an article on a lady chauffeur:—"Miss O'NEILL invited *The Daily News*' representative for a trial run. Loading up at Mr. MILLS' garage, the car," &c., &c. That expression "loading up" makes us

wonder whether our contemporary's representative was no less a personage than Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON!

Another of Life's Little Annoyances! Extract from a contemporary:—"In the report of the Bishop of LONDON'S address on Friday we regret that the word 'not' was accidentally omitted from a sentence which should have read: 'I do not dissent from Church government, Church creed, and Church sacraments.'"

Answer to a Correspondent:—No, you are mis-

taken in thinking that the Duke of BRONTË is Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER'S *nom-de-guerre*.

Judge WILLIS of the Southwark County Court has recently stated that he has never seen a telephone, has never travelled on a tube railway, and did not know that the London General Omnibus Company ran motor-omnibuses. Little things like these would naturally escape the notice of the Law. *De minimis*, as the saying is, *non curat lex*.

With a view to disposing of a popular misconception, we have been requested to state that, in order to take the oath in Scotch fashion, it is not necessary to wear a kilt.

Mr. FERGUS HUME'S new novel is entitled *The Devil's Ace*. This card should easily beat our old friend "The Deuce."



The latest "Star" (being interviewed). "IN FACT, I MAY SAY THE AUTHOR IS QUITE IMMATERIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF A PLAY. IT DEPENDS SOLELY ON US. LOOK HOW WELL SOME OF US PULL EVEN OLD SHAKESPEARE THROUGH!"

of the guests arrived in this kind of vehicle?

At the Hertford Bankruptcy Court last week, a debtor who had been in business as a horse-breaker attributed his insolvency to the increasing use of motor-cars. These, of course, do all the breaking now.

A correspondent writes to us to point out that an illustration in last week's *Graphic*, described as "The First Drawing of Old Age Pensions," is nothing of the sort, being just an ordinary photograph.

Mr. GEORGE EVANS, an Aberystwyth antiquarian, in giving evidence last week before the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments in Wales, mentioned that some old Welsh castles were now used as village hen-roosts. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, we understand, has made a note of the fact.

## IN THE OLD LION'S DEN.

[To Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT BIRMINGHAM.]

["I do not suppose that a great city has ever fallen into the grasp of such a narrow-minded set of politicians. In their political opinions we can discover no single generous principle of government or philosophy—nothing but push, grab and caucus from start to finish. They have deserted one party to pervert the other"]

*Mr. Winston Churchill's speech to the Li'era's of Birmingham]*

Stout fellow! Sportsman unafraid,  
Who with a courage fine and rare  
Stepped forth and said: "I come to beard  
The Lion in his native lair!"  
(Knowing full well the Lion wasn't there.)

Somewhere, you knew, far off he lies,  
Stretching his worn limbs in the sun,  
Watching with grave and patient eyes  
The slow hours pass him one by one,  
Loath to believe his fighting days are done.

So you were safe enough from him;  
And, since his heart has lost its heat,  
You 'll get no answer, straight and grim,  
Such as of old was wont to greet  
Whoso assailed him, being indiscreet.

Sharp lessons you've already learned,  
Things that deserters get to know,  
Though scarce your party-coat was turned.  
And payment taken, when the blow  
Fell from the hand of Fate that struck him low.

And now, while decent lips are dumb,  
And ancient feuds in shadow fade,  
Flushed with your office-spoils you come—  
Price of disloyalty earned and paid—  
And cast at him the name of renegade!

"No generous motive marked his schemes?"  
Have you forgotten, past all trace,  
Dazed with your own ambitious dreams,  
How he surrendered power and place  
So best to serve his loved Imperial race?

Enough! For him, he cannot need  
Our poor defence to guard his fame;  
And as for you, you 'll have your meed—  
The swift and sure recoil of shame,  
The wound of weapons turning whence they came.

O. S.

## WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY.

*Ship-wrecked.*—Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible.

*Baby, cat asleep on face of.*—Remove cat.

*Train, run over by.*—Remove train, using force if necessary. Upon release, acquaint nearest station-master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

*Pantry, burglar in.*—Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform League's latest publication on Free Food Fallacies, and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite cracksmen will at once turn over a new leaf, and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

*Crime, having committed, or being suspected of.*—Apply to nearest music-hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "star" turns, and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.

## HEALTHY LONDON.

REMARKABLE TRIBUTES.

DESIROUS of testing the evidence recently submitted by various eminent authorities as to the extreme healthiness of London, Mr. *Punch* has made it his business to interview a number of aged residents. The results, which indicate a remarkable consensus of opinion favourable to this view, are here appended.

Miss Arabella Burble, of 10, Marine Parade, Hoxton, interviewed by our representative, attributes her longevity—she is in her 109th year—to the combined effect of the metropolitan climate and a rational diet which she has followed for the last seventy years. Up to the age of 78 she was a non-smoker, but, beginning with penny Pickwicks, she has since developed a taste for tobacco in all forms, and now seldom consumes fewer than 50 cigarettes in 24 hours. For solid food she relies on pickled tulip bulbs and charcoal biscuits, washed down with ammoniated quinine. Run over a few weeks ago by a motor-bus, Miss Burble walked home without assistance, and wrote with her own hand a letter to *The Hoxton Gazette*, describing the invigorating results of her experience.

Mr. Jonah Whale, of 11, Paragon Buildings, Poplar, is another concrete example of the extraordinary healthiness of the metropolitan climate. Born in Norfolk, he was a puny child, and suffered indescribable agony from rheumatism, coleopteritis, metatarsal strabismus and other incurable complaints, until, in his 88th year, he moved to London and took a charming little bijou residence in Poplar. From that day to this he has never known an ache or a pain. In his 95th year he developed a beautiful tenor voice, and, on the occasion of the visit of our representative, sang all the latest songs from the pantomimes, including "*She sells sea-shells by the sea-shore*," with a *verve* and articulateness that might have done credit to a popular preacher. Mr. Whale, though slim in his youth, is now a man of massive proportions, with raven hair, and a ruddy complexion. His memory is so good that it is a common practice of his, after reading *The Daily Mail*, to chant the entire contents by heart in a minor key, accompanying himself on a Norfolk biffin.

Albert Bostock, of 17, Maeterlinck Road, Haggerston, a burly nonagenarian with a voice like a bass tuba, ascribes his perfect health to the exhilarating climate of London. The only time he was seriously ill was during a cruise in the Mediterranean, when the morbid purity of the atmosphere seriously affected his nerves, but a bout of London fog speedily set him to rights. His favourite recreation in past years was to travel on the Underground between Baker Street and Portland Road; latterly he has found the inhaling of acetylene fumes in motor-buses an invaluable cure for depression.

Marischka Palacky, the wonderful Hungarian child pianist, whose recitals have excited such an amazing *furor* during the last few weeks, was interviewed by our representative in the gorgeous suite of rooms which she occupies at the Hotel Schmitz. Marischka, who is only six years of age, though greatly struck by the intellectuality of British audiences, is still more deeply impressed by the splendid salubrity of the atmosphere of London. "Since I came here," she observed in her charming broken English, "I have felt ten years younger. Indeed I am certain that, on the principles of harmonic progression, if I were to live in London till I was 100, I should still retain all my old infantile *abandon* and *élan*. But even if I only manage to spend six weeks in London every year I shall be able to surmount the difficulty enshrined in the famous saying, *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*." Here Mlle. Palacky paused to refresh herself with a box of caramels, and, apologising for the brevity of the interview, returned to her study of Cicero's *De Senectute*, a work which she is translating into Magyar.



Bernard Partridge.

## A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "THAT'S A BEASTLY SIGHT, CONSTABLE; CAN'T YOU DEAL WITH HIM?"

CONSTABLE. "NO, SIR. 'E AIN'T DONE NOTHING DISORDERLY, SO I CAN'T SAY AS 'E'S BROKEN THE LAW."

MR. PUNCH. "THEN IT'S TIME THE LAW WAS ALTERED."

[The Times, commenting upon the Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the operation of the Inebriates Act calls attention to the inadequacy of the law as it relates to drunkenness in its earlier stages "The time seems to have come for abandoning the system, which has hitherto prevailed, of practically condoning public drunkenness when it is unattended by riot or manifest disorder."]







SCENE—Great Court of Trinity, Cambridge

American Visitor. "SAY, YOUNG MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME THE DI-MENSIONS OF THIS YE-ARD?"

### THE LITERARY INSURER.

I SAW the little man hanging round my house, and as he had an acquisitive look I became suspicious and strove to get indoors before he tackled me. Unfortunately my latchkey jammed.

"Pardon me, but I believe you are Mr. Flinders, the distinguished author?" said the little man politely.

"My name is Flinders," I answered shortly; "what do you want?"

"I wished to see you with regard to insurance."

My face brightened. "My dear sir, I am insured against fire, burglary, accident and death. I can face the prospect of housemaid's knee or appendicitis with calm. If my cook broke her neck it might spoil my dinner, but it wouldn't break me. Nor do I care if the Government sets a time-limit of fourteen years on my copyrights, for I sell them all outright."

"I am glad to hear it," said the little

man; "but are you insured against literary perils?"

"Literary perils! What are they?"

He thrust a prospectus into my hand. "There you are—see the risks. Five pounds a year covers you against them. Look at our liberal benefits! £500 if 'Claudius Clear' discovers that you were intimate with the Rev. ALEXANDER McTAVISH of Drumlanrig in early life, and writes an article explaining his influence on your work. £750 in case Mr. CHESTERTON deliberately and with malice aforethought reviews your book and frightens away readers by weaving an incomprehensible fairy-tale around it; with an additional £500 should he conclude with a poem. £1,000 insurance against the chance of any reviewer making the comment, ruinous to a modern novel, that 'this book is one which may safely be given by any father to his daughter.' £2,000 if a note appears in *The Bookman* to the effect that the success of that rising novelist, Mr. Flinders,

must make Mr. JOSEPH HOCKING and Mr. CROCKETT tremble for their laurels. £3,000 compensation if the photographic press prints an artistic study of fog with the legend, 'Mr. Flinders, the popular novelist, at work on his new romance.' £5,000 if a Bishop declares in public that he has been more moved by your latest work than by anything published since Mr. GUY THORNE's *When it Was Dark*. And last, but not least, £10,000 for your heirs should Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER publish your housemaid's recollections of you, your private correspondence with your butcher, and other intimate literary documents." The little man pulled out a fountain-pen and began confidently to fill up a receipt form.

"Though a distinguished, I am still a poor author," I said; "yet if I had but one five-pound note in the world it should be thine."

THE NEW AMERICAN GAME FOR BRITISH PEERS: "Pop-in-Law."

# THE CUT-GLASS BOWL.

BEING THE STORY OF ONE OF LIFE'S  
LITTLE DUPLICITIES.

(Concluded.)

I.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 25, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—A dreadful thing has happened. Aunt Mercy has written to say she wants to come from Monday to Friday of next week to see us and get to like Joseph. The terrible thing is the glass bowl, because poor Joseph has never been able to match it, chiefly on account of the smallness of the bits, which we kept, but which the glass people cannot manage to put together satisfactorily. I am not at all strong just now, and the prospect of having to face Aunt Mercy and tell her about the bowl is too dreadful. What shall I do? Is it safe to tell her we cannot have her? Please telegraph.

Your loving S.

II.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

(Telegram.)

May 26, 190—.

Sympathise very deeply. Better ask aunt postpone visit.—MOTHER.

III.

Mrs. Livesey to Miss Norman-Crudge.

May 26, 190—.

MY DEAR AUNT MERCY,—I am so very sorry, as it would have been a great pleasure to have you here under our roof, but both Joseph and the doctor think I am not quite strong enough for a visitor just now. Not that I am at all ill, but I have been rather run down and I might not be able to look after you and take you about as I should wish. So, dear Aunt Mercy, I hope you won't mind postponing your visit for a little while. Your affectionate niece,

SARAH.

IV.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

May 26, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am sorry to hear of your poor health, but you must not think that the fear of being left too much to myself will deter me from my project of seeing you and your husband—with perhaps a peep at the bowl on the table! It will interest me to explore Warwick alone, and I shall be glad also to do what I can to nurse and amuse you. The only difference it will make is that I shall now certainly bring Yates, as she is so clever with beef-tea and jellies, and is a perfect nurse.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XIV.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 27, 190—.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—It is no good, as the enclosed letter will show you. Joseph, who is furious, wants me to write again and say it is something catching; but Aunt Mercy would be sure to find out. I am taking a strong tonic and preparing for the worst.

Your loving S.

XV.

Jane Yates to Mrs. Livesey.

May 30, 190—.

(Telegram.)

Miss Norman-Crudge in bed with influenza. Visit must be postponed.—YATES.

XVI.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

May 30, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—I am nearly off my head with joy. She is not coming. Yates has telegraphed that Aunt Mercy is in bed with influenza. Joseph was so excited that he insisted on my having some champagne for lunch, although of course not joining me. I don't seem to mind anything now, although I suppose it will all begin over again.

Your loving S.

XVII.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

July 15, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I want you to be so good as to do me a little service. There is to be a bazaar here next week in connection with the new organ for St. Michael's, and as I want it to be a great success I have undertaken to arrange a small but tasteful exhibition of old china and glass and perhaps a little choice furniture in one of the smaller rooms. The bowl which I gave you for a wedding present is so excellent a specimen of its style and period (although inferior to the one which you said arrived broken) that I should like to include it. The bazaar lasts only three days, so that you would not be deprived of your treasure for more than a week altogether. I enclose a postal order for half-a-crown to defray the cost of transit and professional packing.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XVIII.

Mrs. Livesey to Mrs. Vansittart.

July 17, 190—.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—It is all over now. I have told Aunt Mercy that the bowl is broken. I had to do it because she wrote asking to borrow it for an exhibition. Joseph would not let me worry about it any more. He said there had been trouble enough about the wretched thing and he would settle

the matter once for all; and this is what he helped me to write. I send it to you in case you see Aunt Mercy and she asks you any questions:—

"DEAREST AUNT MERCY,—I am very sorry that I cannot send you the bowl, because unhappily it no longer exists. It is broken; and by a curious chance it happened on the very day that your visit to us, to which we were looking forward so keenly, was postponed. (This is a dreadful story, dear mother, but I seem to have been telling nothing else for years.) At the time that Yates's kind telegram was brought saying you were ill in bed and could not come to us after all, Joseph was carrying the bowl up to my bedroom with fresh roses in it, as we always made a point of never letting the parlourmaid touch it. (This about the parlourmaid is literally true, dear Mother, although it sounds like another!) As both his hands were full he told Mills to open the telegram and read it to him, which she did, and no sooner did he hear the sad news than the bowl slipped out of his hands and was utterly smashed. We have the pieces still, but the mending people say it is impossible to put them together again. I hoped that I should not have to tell you, dear Aunt Mercy, but perhaps it is better to have done so. One does not like to deceive, even out of consideration for another's feelings. Both Joseph, who is naturally very unhappy about it, and I hope that you will not think it necessary to give us another present.

"With much love, I remain,

"Your affectionate niece,

"SARAH."

There, dear Mother, I think that that must be the end anyway, whatever happens. I will tell you what Aunt Mercy says. Do come and see us soon, dear.

Your loving S.

XIX.

Miss Norman-Crudge to Mrs. Livesey.

July 18, 190—.

MY DEAR SARAH,—I am of course very sorry to think that both my beautiful bowls have ceased to be, but the very natural circumstances of the destruction of the second one help to reconcile me. Poor Joseph, I do not wonder he was upset. I shall not make the experiment of giving you glass again, but I hope to see something more durable when next I visit my old furniture dealer. The exhibition, you will be glad to hear, promises to be a great success, even without the bowl.

Your affectionate Aunt MERCY.

XX.

Mrs. Vansittart to Mrs. Livesey.

July 20, 190—.

MY DARLING SARAH,—I was so glad to

get your letter, with your Aunt Mercy's enclosed, and to feel that everything is now all right again. It shows how important it is to tell the truth, for until she knew it was broken there was no peace of mind for any of us. I am sure I have suffered almost as much as you. My one fear is that when I meet your aunt when she pays her annual visit to Scotland next month I shall forget what happened, and that might be terrible. I can't help feeling it will be safer if I know nothing about it at all. Yes, that is best.

Your loving MOTHER.

P.S.—I reopen this to say, remember, darling, I know nothing about it at all.

### A SAD CASE.

In a recent lecture on "Insect Life," Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN is reported to have said that "he had seen a Death's Head Hawk-moth in a hive, very much intoxicated and giving vent to squeaks. It was surrounded by an admiring crowd of bees, evidently much impressed by this vocal demonstration."

We have received the following letters on this subject. The first is one of indignant protest from the insect in question. He says:—

"I have read with the greatest annoyance and disgust the libellous statement attributed to Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN. In the strongest possible terms I repudiate the dastardly suggestion that I was drunk on the occasion mentioned, and I may add that I have been a life-long member of the Young Abstiners' Union. The courtesy extended to Mr. DUNCAN in admitting him, as a privileged guest, to the concert referred to has been ill repaid. He has accused me of intemperance and he has held his hosts up to ridicule. As a matter of fact I was in perfect voice on that particular night, and my friends the Bees expressed themselves in the most flattering terms with regard to my rendering of 'Put me among the Girls.' This performance Mr. DUNCAN coarsely and ignorantly describes as 'squeaks.' His ill-considered sneers have done irreparable harm to my career as a professional vocalist (for terms and Press notices see small bills), and I have instructed my solicitors to commence an action for heavy damages against him.

Yours truly, ACHERONTIA ATROPOS."

Miss Mellifica Apis writes:—

"As a member of the audience at the concert described by Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN, I should like to say there is not a word of truth in his amazing statement that Mr. Atropos was inebriated on that occasion. Mr. Atropos sang with rare charm and feeling, even for so gifted an artist, and I think it is a great shame



The New Maid. "YES, SHE'S AT HOME. DOES YER GIT SHOWED IN, OR DOES YER SIF 'ERE?"

that Mr. DUNCAN, who was invited only as a special favour, should so abuse the hospitality of the hive."

"A Follower of Mrs. CARRIE NATION," in the course of a long and vehement letter, says:—

"Mr. MARTIN DUNCAN's graphic picture of the nauseating orgy which he witnessed in a bee-hive is an object-lesson which degraded man would do well to lay to heart. Here we have the disgusting spectacle of a company of bees, all, probably, more or less under the influence of liquor, applauding and encouraging the maudlin antics of a hopelessly intoxicated moth who hiccoughs tunelessly and obscenely before them. It is terrible to think that even blameless insects should have come under the awful Drink curse. And who invented the Drink? Man! Man! Who, in the first instance, tempted and encouraged the insects to drink? Man again! Filthy, drink-sodden man. . . ."

[Our Fair Correspondent's language here becomes so intemperate that we

are obliged to curtail the rest of her letter.—ED.]

Interviewed by a representative of the London News Agency, Mr. Atropos said that he had nothing to add to the letter which he had sent to the Press. Asked if he could give any reason for Mr. DUNCAN's extraordinary statement, Mr. Atropos said that he regarded it as the outcome of professional jealousy. Mr. DUNCAN had intended to address the Bees on "The Proper Care and Feeding of Larvæ," and was annoyed to find that they preferred to listen to his (Mr. Atropos') performance.

The Secretary of the Variety Artists' Federation informs us that Mr. Atropos is not, and has never been, a member of that Society.

### Military Language.

"In this volume (John Murray) which deals with the preparation for the classical account of French literature, Mr. Arthur Tilley accomplishes in a damnable fashion an arduous task."—*War Office Times*.

## THE CONTRACT.

"Come, Peggy, put your toys away; you needn't shake your head.

Your bear's been working overtime; he's panting for his bed.

He's turned a thousand somersaults, and now his head must ache;

It's cruelty to animals to keep the bear awake."

At this she stamped in mutiny, and then she urged her plea, Her wonted plea, "A little time, a minute more, for me."

"Be off, you little rogue of rogues," I sternly made reply;

"It's wicked to be sitting up with sand in either eye.

"To bed, to bed, you sleepy head; and then, and then—who knows?"

Some day you'll be a grown-up girl, and lovely as a rose.

And some day some one else will come, a gallant youth and gay,

To harry me and marry you and carry you away."

At this the storm broke out afresh:—"You know I hate the boys;

They're only good at taking things, and breaking things, and noise.

No, Daddy, please remember this, because—I—want—you—to—

I'll never marry any boy; I'll only marry you."

"Agreed," I cried—the imp, of course, had won the bout of wits;

Had gained her point and got her time and beaten me to fits—

"Agreed, agreed,"—she danced for joy—"we'll leave no room for doubt,

But bind ourselves with pen and ink, and write the contract out:—"

*This is a contract, firm and clear  
Made, as doth from these presents appear,  
Between Peggy, being now in her sixth year,  
A child of laughter,*

*A sort of funny actress,*

*Referred to hereinafter*

*As the said contractress—*

*Between the said contractress, that is to say,*

*And a person with whom she is often good enough to play;*

*Who happens to have been something of a factor*

*In bringing her into the world, who, in short, is her father,*

*And is hereinafter spoken of as the said contractor.*

*Now the said contractress declares she would rather*

*Marry the said contractor than any other.*

*At the same time she affirms with the utmost steadiness*

*Her perfect readiness*

*To take any other fellow on as a brother.*

*Still, she means to marry her father, and to be his wife,*

*And to live happily with him all the rest of her life.*

*This contract is made without consideration,*

*And is subject to later ratification.*

*The said contractress had it read through to see that nothing*

*was missed,*

*And she took her pen, and she held it tight in a chubby and*

*cramped-up fist,*

*And she made her mark with a blotter cross, instead of signing*

*her name;*

*And the said contractor he signed in full, and they mean to*

*observe the same.*

"Now give me, Peg, that old brown shoe, that battered shoe

of yours,

I'll stow the contract in its toe, and, if the shoe endures,

When sixteen years or so are gone, I'll hunt for it myself  
And take it gently from its drawer, or get it from its shelf.

"And when, mid clouds of scattered rice, through all the  
wedding whirl

A laughing fellow hurries out a certain graceless girl,  
Unless my hand have lost its strength, unless my eye be dim,  
I'll lift the shoe, the contract too, and fling the lot at him."

R. C. L.

## THE SHAKSPEARE HOUR.

THE four rows of bright, intelligent faces looked up at me with apparent interest. This, however, is apt to be deceptive, as the British schoolboy has a marked genius for assuming a concentrated attention to his work, while in imagination he gets outside a huge dough-nut or scores a brilliant goal amid loud cheers. So I asked Green major to tell me the meaning of the word "paraphrase," which I had just explained with my customary lucidity. The absurd art of paraphrasing is still cherished by examiners, so that I am forced to allow my unfortunate young pupils to twist and turn the beautiful lines of SHAKSPEARE into hideous prose. This is the sort of thing that happens:—

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And sillon dalliance in the wardrobe lies"

is transmuted into "Now all the young men in England are quite excited, and have put away in the clothes-cupboard the silk shirts that they were accustomed to lounge in." Green major thought deeply, then said, with a burst of intelligence, that it meant turning Shakspeare into decent English. I left paraphrasing and went on to something else.

We are reading SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry V.* together, more, perhaps, on account of a future examination than because of Mr. LEWIS WALLER'S revival at the Lyric, but my young pupils delight to hear about him, and about KEMBLE, and MACREADY, and KEAN, and the other great actors who have assumed "the port of Mars" and cried (according to one bright youth who was reciting the passage), "Once more onto the beach, dear friends, once more." Now, however, being a little put out on account of the paraphrasing, I felt that we ought to discuss something less pleasant to them.

So I turned to the subject of Prologues. "Another name for Prologue," I said, "is Chorus, which may stand either for the man who delivers the Chorus or Prologue, or for the Chorus or Prologue itself." I felt sure that this very clear statement could not fail to impress itself on the most stupid boy, and therefore I considered myself at liberty to employ the Comparative Method as recommended by the Board of Education. ("Collocation of Subjects," as the Board so happily term it.) It was, besides, a suitable opportunity for administering a little general culture. "The Chorus of the ancient Greek Drama," I remarked with that proprietary air which superior knowledge is apt to impart, "differed considerably from the Shakspearean Chorus. It consisted of a large number of persons who remained in or about the orchestra throughout the performance and at intervals passed lyrical comments upon the action of the play." And so I warmed to my subject, and told them of the Chorus of *παρόνται ὁμοφρόντοι* that I had seen in *The Clouds* of ARISTOPHANES a few years ago at Oxford, and I touched lightly on Bradfield and the performance of Greek plays in general. Then, with an undiminished flow of language, I explained the uses of the Chorus in *Henry V.*, how that its duty there was to apologise for imperfections of apparatus and scenery and for the inadequacy of the stage to represent with any degree of verisimilitude the "vast fields of France," and also to stimulate the imaginations of the audience by relating what had occurred between the Acts, and so to fill up the gaps or interstices in the relation of events.





Swimming Instructor. "No! NO! NO! FADDS! USE YER LEGS VIG'ROUS, YET GRACHUL—LIKE THIS 'FEE!"

As the four rows still looked intelligent. I decided to enjoy the fruits of my toil, and so I mopped my brow and said, "All those who know anything about a Chorus will put their hands up."

About three hands were raised, among them one belonging to Brown, a quiet little fellow who always sat in the extreme corner of the room, on account of which peculiarity I had named him, somewhat wittily, "Puer in angulo." I nodded at him, and he at once began: "Please, sir, I know a chorus; it goes like this:—'What is the use of loving a girl, if she don't love you——'" "Stop!" I roared, for I was indeed shocked by this unseemly and cryptic outburst of vulgarity, and, turning hopefully to Green major, whose hand was still waving in the air, I asked him what were the duties of the Chorus in *Henry V.* "Please, sir," he replied, "to apologise for the play being written, and to get people to go and fill up gaps between the Acts."

The SHAKESPEARE Hour was not yet completed, but "that day no longer did we read therein."

#### A Motor-car that knows its way about.

"A well-equipped motor-car, with two ladies in it, one of them bearing some resemblance to Miss Charlesworth, drove up to one of the principal hotels and took rooms."—*Daily Chronicle.*

In Siam, when your electric light goes out, the remedy is simple, as seen in the following notice:

"Bangkok. Sir, for the case that your electric light should fail we beg to send you enclosed a postcard which please send us at once when you find your light out. The Company will then send you another postcard. Yours truly, Manager, Siam Electricity Co., Ltd."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Arthur William a'Beckett.

BORN 1844. DIED JANUARY 14, 1909.

FRIEND of our hearts, who never made a foe!  
Old comradeships renew their former spell

As now into the Silent Land you go;

And round the Table, which you held so dear,  
Laughter is hushed and all our pleasant cheer  
Changed for the lonely, last, sad word, "Farewell."

#### More Cliff Mystery.

A new light is thrown upon the question of Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH's age by *The Birmingham Evening Despatch*. It would seem from the following passage that she is not so old as some of us feared, though her extravagance may not have been underrated:

"The box left at Snow Hill has been found to contain nothing but stationery and all kinds of writing materials of an expensive kind."

#### Annus Mirabilis.

We are glad to see that the statement in *The Church Times* (quoted in our last issue), to the effect that the present year is "one of birthdays," is not a piece of purely clerical dogmatism. *The Observer*, whose attitude is secular in the best sense, confirms this view. "This is the marvellous year," it says, "of anniversaries."





1 Weary Willie. "I'D SOONER WALK UP 'ILL THAN I WOULD DOWN, ANY DAY—IT DO THROW YER INTO YER BOOTS SO."

### THE PERFECT PEDAGOGUE.

["Rugby Blue, young and unmarried, required at large Public School for at least one term. Football is the chief subject, but elementary Latin, English, and Mathematics are also looked for—Apply, etc. —"]

Advt. in "The Spectator."]

Be silent, ye scholars of Isis,  
Ye Senior Wranglers, be mute!  
We have no use for you—  
What we want is a Blue  
Who can teach young ideas to shoot.  
The player of subtle devices,  
Not the student of Latin and Greek—  
The art of the scrum,  
Not the lore of *Lit. Hum.*,  
These, these are the things that we seek.

We want no studious ass  
With spectacles on nose,  
No diligent crammer  
To hammer  
At grammar  
And Ciceronian prose.

For Football is the class  
To which we pay attention,

And if our boys but learn to pass  
Their parsing needs no mention.

Of course, if he boasts any sense, a  
Headmaster will scarce hope to get  
A Blue who is quite  
Unattacked by the blight  
That so ruins the 'Varsity set.  
He'll forgive some acquaintance with  
*mensa*,

He will smile if you've met  $\delta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\tau\delta$ ,  
He will even perhaps  
Please to pardon a chap's  
Having heard of *λελυμένος*  $\delta$ .  
If faults like these you own  
Pray keep them well concealed;  
Just show off your muscle  
And thus 'll  
You hustle

Your rivals off the field.  
No matter though you're known  
As Wisdom's very image,  
Keep dark the crime until you've  
shown

Your prowess in the scrimmage.

We might perhaps possibly pardon  
A knowledge, if not too profound,

Of the problem to solve  
If you wish to evolve  
The number of pence in a pound;  
Nor would we be terribly hard on  
A person who had to confess  
That he'd studied *Twelfth Night*,  
Helped by ALDIS and WRIGHT  
And the excellent Clarendon Press.  
But wisdom so austere  
We should not greatly miss:  
If you've muscle and sinew  
Within you,  
Continue  
To base your claim on this.  
Though Learning may be dear  
To those who love to hug her,  
It is our clear conviction here  
The end of man is Rugby.

### Journalistic Modesty.

"I only wish at the present moment I could convert myself into a dormouse till the genial weather arrives, and I daresay many of my readers would warmly welcome such a proposition."—Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, in "The Graphic."



### SUBSTANCE FOR SHADOW.

SULTAN OF TURKEY. "AFTER ALL, A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BALKANS."





### THE 150TH BIRTHDAY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[In spite of the decision of the authorities not to celebrate this interesting occasion the more spirited of the ordinary occupants of the Museum are reported to have got up quite a nice little dance after closing hours. The Assyrian Court Band (Nimrod's Own) played delightfully throughout the evening. As an illustration of the good feeling and camaraderie prevailing between the different departments we may mention that it was conducted most ably by the Discobolus, who threw himself into the performance with his accustomed vigour.]

#### A SKY-CODE.

AFTER duly considering the various suggestions thrown out at the Aeroplane Dinner last week as to the necessity of framing some Rules of the Air, we feel bound to recognise the futility of endeavouring to enforce the same, and therefore content ourselves with emitting the following Pious Aspirations, more or less *sotto voce*, in view of the imminence of these supermen:—

There should be no speed limit, every

aeroplane being encouraged to disappear over the horizon as quickly as possible.

Parties desirous of colliding should be free to do so, if they select a pond or lake to fall into.

Full play should be given to air-hogs, as spills are good for trade, and the old prophecy that pigs might fly must be fulfilled.

"The Mount Aerarat Marathon" might be proposed as a suitable title for the next long-distance air-ark race.

Rules of the road would seem super-

fluous, as at 300 miles an hour—the pace aimed at—you must take your chance, and won't have time to see which way you are going.

Offenders against the law, when caught, should be taken up by the aero-police (to a convenient height) and dropped on to a Suffragette meeting or other riotous concourse. This will explain what is really meant by "a bolt from the blue."

"Fly and let fly" should be the motto of aerial sportsmen.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

JANUARY IN TOWN.

Park Lane

DEAREST DAPHNE,—A good many people have come back to town after doing their Christmassing. Those with kiddies have

almost *had* to do it in the country, for of course there are holiday-joys in the village that can't be got elsewhere. D'you know, my dear, that "helping" at a children's party isn't at all bad fun?—let alone the feeling of benevolence it gives one! Stella Clackmannan gave one for her youngsters at Clackmannan House the other evening, and (it only shows how good and unselfish people are and how fond of children!) quite a big crowd of us turned up to help.

We worked tremendously hard to keep things going, and Stella said it was simply most awfully sweet of us, but that she could have wished so many of us hadn't danced, "because," she added, "most of the weenies stood by and didn't venture into the crowd, and those that did got knocked down!" Fancy, you know! When we'd been so good and self-denying in coming to help! I couldn't have believed Stella would be so *odiously* ungrateful.

Oh, my dearest and best, where *do* you think I had tea the other day? You'd never guess. *In prison!* Isn't it lovely! But I must begin at the beginning and tell you all about it. You must know that Dickie Sandys, since her affair with Dolly de Lacy came to nothing owing to the flirtatious

propensities of her granny, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has gone in wildly for Woman with a big W, has joined the Suffragettes, if you please, and has been clamouring for a vote in a louder and shriller soprano than any of them. She's one of the chief caryatides that support the Woman's Temple (isn't that a splenny simile? I can't think how I came to think of it!)—one of the great shining hopes of the sisterhood, and occupies

quite a unique position among them for this reason—the Ramsgate peerage is one of those that can go down through the female line, and Dickie being an only child, it follows that she'll one day be Countess of Ramsgate in her own right; and when that time comes she

use bombs, and she advised them to do the same as regarded their own individual requirements. She was put in Golliway Gaol in consequence, as a first-class misdemeanant, which means that she's allowed to do herself very well. They've given her a drawing-room of

sorts; and a lot of furniture and pretty-pretties have been brought up from Ramsgate House; meals are sent in from a neighbouring hotel, and she's the use of her own motor and drives about the neighbourhood as much as she likes. She's writing three books: *Bombs or Votes*; *The Cry of a Martyr* from Golliway Gaol; and *Manners and Customs of the Suburbs*.

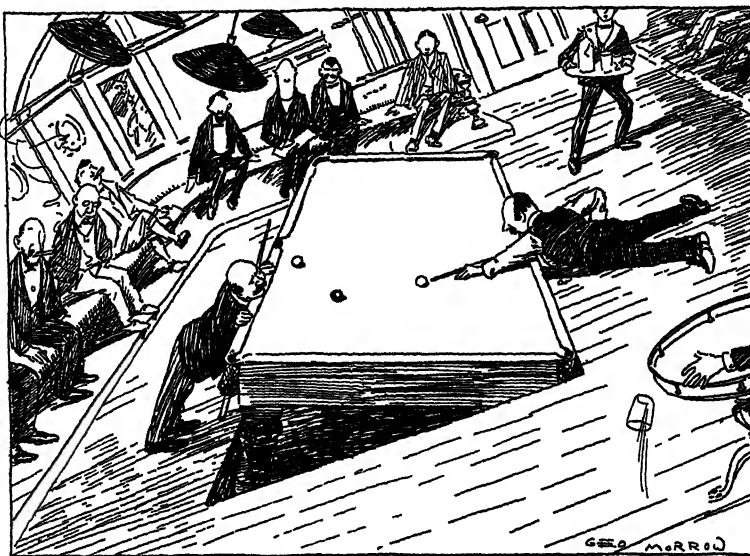
She was at home to her friends last week, and a number of us motored up to Golliway. There was a long string of cars outside the gaol, and a crowd of natives had collected to stare. Inside I found a mob of Dickie's personal friends as well as a contingent of Suffragettes, Dickie herself in a simply sweet Olga Fiton afternoon frock, and servants from Ramsgate House carrying round tea and nicies. "Why, Dickie," I said, "I'm most *immensely* dispy! I expected to find you dressed in broad arrows, and skilly, and all that sort of thing!" "Not much!" said Dickie. "You forget, Blanche, I'm a first-class misdemeanant." "I see, my dear! And that means a rather amusing time in a fairly comfy suburban hotel—with the crown of martyrdom thrown in!"

I saw some of the shining lights of the Movement, including Miss

Lily Slapperton, who once hid in the room where a Cabinet Meeting was to be held, and then came out of her hidey-hole and threatened them with a hat pin if they wouldn't consider Woman Suffrage.

"Well, Dickie," I said before leaving, "I *won't* wish you may get the vote, my dear, for I know that wouldn't be friendly; if you got it, it would be a case of 'Othello's occupation's gone,' as Hamlet says; there'd be no more fun,

## USES OF THE BILLIARD TABLE AT SEA.



I—LEGITIMATE FOR PLAYERS.



II.—NOT LEGITIMATE FOR STRICTLY PASSING PASSENGERS WHO WANT SOMETHING LEVEL TO SIT ON

promises to take her seat in the Painted Chamber and make it a House of Lords and Ladies, or know the reason why not! (You can imagine how the one would-be *hereditary* legislatrix is cherished among them!)

In the meantime she's out for the vote. She addressed a big crowd of rowdies on the Embankment one day and told them if she couldn't get what she wanted *without* bombs, why, she'd



no more rows and crowds and notoriety for any of you. Confess now, Dickie, that if you'd got it you'd be utterly and hopelessly wretched!" And Dickie winked the other eye and whispered, "You've touched the spot, old girl."

There've been several weddings in town lately, the most sensational being that of the young Duke of Land's-End yesterday. He made a Competition of himself in *Daily Thrills*, and married the girl whose photo got the most votes from the paper's readers. *Daily Thrills* has boomed enormously, I hear, since the "Duchess's Coronet Competition" started, and the owners have paid Land's End something immense. People were simply killing each other at St. Agatha's yesterday to get a look at the *Daily Thrills* Duchess and her bridesmaids (the six girls next her in the voting).

Ever thine,

BLANCHÉ.

### FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

(A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE.)

October 2, 1909.—The Army Aeroplane was brought out of its shed at Aldershot to day in splendid weather. The machine travelled well along the ground for fully 100 yards. Colonel Cody was, as usual, well satisfied with the results, but decided, before attempting a flight, to re-instate the radiators (which weigh about 100 lbs. each) in the position they occupied in November, 1908.

January 14, 1910.—The Royal Engineers (under the supervision of Colonel Cody, the aviator) brought the Army Airship out of its shed to-day and ran it successfully round a portion of the golf course. The radiators (which weigh about 110 lbs. each) have been altered, and the machine seemed to run very smoothly. A cyclometer attached to one of the wheels showed that the Aeroplane had covered nearly 1,400 yards (mostly uphill). Colonel Cody was naturally very much pleased with the results of the trial, but explained that, owing to the frozen state of the ground, no attempt at flight was possible. A tyre was unfortunately punctured on the home journey.

November 9, 1911.—The Army Aeroplane underwent a further trial to-day on Laffan's Plain, the object being to test the new tyre which was recently fitted. The trial was satisfactory in every way, and Colonel Cody is confident that, should the new position of the radiators (which weigh about 120 lbs. each) prove satisfactory and the great box-like wings act as he expects, there is no reason why he should not remain in the air for quite a quarter of an hour. Two first-class Brazilian Aerocruisers passed over the Plain at an altitude of 400 feet during the trial.



*Mr. F. H. (who is entertaining some of the smaller tenant-farmers):* "I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING YOUR DINNER, MR. DOPPIN?"

*Mr. D. (unsuccessfully attacking a marrow-bone):* "THANK YE, SIR, I'VE 'AD A RIGHT GOOD DINNER, BUT BLOW ME IF I 'AVEN'T DRAWN A BLANK THIS TIME, FOR THERE BEINT NOWT ON THIS 'ERE JINT!"

June 21, 1912.—Not since the summer of 1908 has the Army Aeroplane had such a successful trial. Spectators on Laffan's Plain had a splendid view of the famous machine as it came towards them flying, without apparent effort, the Union Jack! Colonel Cody is now certain that he has at last solved the problem—which has puzzled him for some time—of returning to *terra firma* after a flight. As a result of further calculations the radiators (which weigh nearly 130 lbs. each) have been shifted forward to recover balance.

May 10, 1916.—The "Semper Eadem" (as the British Army Aeroplane has been christened) created a sensation to-day at Aldershot. Hauled on to the golf course by a detachment of Royal Engineers the machine was given a brief rest in front of the bunker guarding the seventh hole. Colonel Cody then started the engine and gave the order, "Let go!" The Aeroplane leapt forward like a thing of life and landed on the green in one. There seems to be no doubt that it was in the air for at least three seconds. (A bystander with a stop-watch made it four seconds.) Colonel Cody was naturally jubilant, and, looking up at the squadron of Bulgarian Aerodestroyers which happened to be passing, expressed the opinion that the "Semper Eadem" had come to stay!

[Yes, but where?—ED.]

### ROMANCE IN 1908.

ALL the market statistics hitherto published to illustrate last year's trade having neglected the internal economics of fiction, it is hoped that authors of novels will study the following list of fluctuations and regulate their output for 1909 accordingly:—

*Manufacture of Yarns.*—Threadbare, thrice-spun, and doubtful varieties have showed no sign of diminution, but there has been a great decrease in the weaving of the original fabric. The employment of local colour (foreign, colonial and provincial) for the purposes of this industry has been enormous, Devon and Cornish being in especial demand. American spots have declined.

*Characters.*—Males opened silent strong, but tended latterly to loquacious epigrammatic. Heroines variable and uncertain all the year. Self-realisation and introspectiveness unchanged. Neurotic tone well maintained.

*Incidents.*—The motor trade has given an enormous stimulus to this industry. Home railway accidents have hardened, avalanches inclined to fall. Elopements (all kinds) brisk; idylls scarcer.

*Didactic interludes.*—A very heavy turn-over.

### PHILISTINES AMONG THE PROPHETS.

I FORGET exactly how I got there, and never in the world shall I understand how Gwen got there. For the rest, they were obviously artistic and literary folk. When the men discuss their innermost souls and the women approach all subjects from a strictly logical point of view, you may be sure that you are not dining with people whose only passion in life is mixed hockey. For myself, I have just sufficient acquaintance with my soul to belong to either party; but Gwen's cheek was too delightfully rosy and herself too sweetly fresh to belong to anything but the Opposition.

We both, without conspiracy, acted at first on the say-nothing-but-look-wise policy, and as to our mouths it was "Admission only on Business. No Exit." The others being qualified and willing to do all the talking, we got along nicely by merely putting in a "Yes" or "No" now and then. Security, however, breeds carelessness, and about the savoury I said "Yes" at the wrong place and much too loudly. I tried to save myself from exposure by substituting a fit of coughing for an explanation, but they knew, and Gwen knew, and she, being a woman, set about to desert me in my distress and to glorify herself by fraud and misrepresentation.

Maeterlinck was the topic upon which she did it. Careless of the fact that Maeterlinck might be poet, puzzle-game, Belgian general, hero of a decadent novel or foreign competitor in the Marathon race, she ventured to express disapproval when all the others were emphatic in praise. Her disapproval was so vague that it might have applied to any of the above descriptions. "Of course," she said, "I speak with but superficial knowledge. I have only just begun to form a definite opinion. I am only on the edge, as it were. But as far as my study of the matter has gone I am bound to confess that I have felt a curious want, a sense of something lacking. It would be absurd to deny the many obvious merits, but I do miss that—what shall I say?—that *je ne sais quoi*, that nameless something, which I certainly expected to find." "Ah," said one of the Genuine, "I too was disappointed at first. But I changed my opinion as I advanced in knowledge."

"He might have told you," I whispered to Gwen, "what this Maeterlinck is;" but Gwen, affecting not to hear, turned to the last speaker and begged him to reveal his inward self upon the point.

After the ladies had gone, they gave me a cigar and a match, and told me, as clearly as they could without putting it

into words, that I should hear from them again when they wanted me. Then they gathered together and discussed the pictures at the Exhibition. "Was it not," was the last word, "the most delightful collection of modern times, as far, at any rate, as the British Section was concerned?" When they thought it was nearly time to join the ladies, one of them asked me what sort of a year it had been for the crops. I awoke with a start and was just warming up to the subject, when a movement was made, and we were in the drawing-room before I had even done with the hay.

We found the ladies discussing TURNER and Impressionism, and there was Gwen sitting right in the middle of the sofa and saying, "Oh, do you think so?" with such self-possession that they were all deceived and myself left boiling. "Shall hypocrisy and deceit so prevail?" I thought, and forced myself to her side.

"Did you," I said, "go to the Exhibition?" "I believe I did," she answered without enthusiasm, and looked as if this awful man was going to talk to her about the Flip-Flap. "And did you," I said, "find anything there to please you?" No, she thought she had not. "Not even the pictures?" I pursued relentlessly. Then she fell. "No," she said with a tolerant smile, "the Oleograph and the Christmas Number Presentation Plate are all very well for the people, but I confess they leave me chilled to the bone." "Indeed," I said, and turned to include in the conversation the George Eliot at the other end of the sofa. "I am trying to persuade Miss Harmer that the pictures at the Exhibition were the most delightful collection of modern times, as far, at any rate, as the British Section was concerned." G. E. forgave my past and came up to the scratch like the good sportsman she was. "Why, of course!" she cried. "Surely you liked that? Think of the exquisite—" And while she poured panegyric into Gwen's right ear I kept on whispering "Oleograph" and "Christmas Number Presentation Plate" into the other ear. Gwen's punishment was just about as bitter as it could be, and it would have been longer, only she made such a half-hearted show of fight.

Presently I got her into a corner by herself. "Were there any pictures at the Exhibition?" she asked. "And if so, where?" "I do not know," I answered candidly; "I never saw any." "Then," she said, "you are a deceitful wretch, and I hate you." "And justly," I admitted; "but I shall not leave you until you tell me what Maeterlinck is."

With that she gave in completely. "I believe," she said with an irresistible smile, "that it is a place on the Con-

tinental where one takes the waters. What is your handicap at golf?"

Philistines may be Philistines, but they are not without cunning of a low order. With some ingenuity and address I managed to see a good deal of Gwen after that, and finally made my *ex-parte* application in a cosy wood by the ninth hole, but right out of bounds. The Court demurred but finally granted my petition, and I was, with the other ten thousand, the happiest man on earth. "Gwen," I declared, "you are an angel, and, if they've got good golf there, we'll spend our honeymoon at Maeterlinck."

### THE PRAYER-MAT.

THE rug arrived—a wondrous thing; Its blended colours seemed to bring The glamour of an Eastern Spring  
To cheer a London Christmas;  
One almost sees some pious Khan Kneel on it by his caravan,  
East somewhere, say, near Teheran,  
When Suez was an isthmus!

I note your rather flattering thought—  
That since its web and weft were wrought  
Where Hafiz sang and RUSTUM fought

My hand might try to harp it:  
To this I'd say my modest Muse  
Would very certainly refuse  
To harp—or even wear her shoes—  
On such a magic carpet!

It tells of far-off city gates  
Where swarthy traders fill the crates  
With sun-dried store of figs and dates  
For juvenile excesses;  
I see the Persian roses bloom,  
I sniff the camel's chaste perfume,  
And hear the tuneful bulbul boom  
In flowery wildernesses!

It paints for me the shiny East,  
Mysterious, pagan, unpoliced,  
Where Muezzins call to Fast or Feast,  
Where minaret and dome are;  
And when its conjured visions tire  
And vanish in the sinking fire  
They leave behind an old desire—  
An echo from your OMAR.

I want you, then, O friend of mine,  
To come to-morrow night and dine;  
You'll find the fitting flask of wine,  
The necessary verses  
(No, *not* my own!), a loaf of bread,  
Or else a brace of birds instead,  
'Twill need no "Thou" to crown the spread  
If you will share these mercies!

"You cannot touch the history of England for a hundred years without a Bath."  
*The Westminster Gazette.*  
Anyhow, you oughtn't to.



"OH, AND I SAY, LAURA, BEFORE I LEFT TOWN, MRS. HUGH WILSON GAVE ME THREE ENORMOUS PEARS FOR YOU. I ATE ONE IN THE TRAIN, SAT ON ANOTHER, AND GAVE THE THIRD AWAY. DON'T FORGET TO WRITE AND THANK HER!"

### BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Me and Girlie hope you are quite well. We are quite well. Mamma is well. Papa is well. Willie, the parrot, is well, but not quite so well as Mamma and Papa.

Please, *Mister Punch*, why don't you start a "Corner for the Children" in your old paper? Me and Girlie wrote the following lines between us; me all the first and second lines, and Girlie all the others. I think of things to say about things, and Girlie thinks of more things to say about the same things which will rhyme with the things I have just said. Here it is:—

#### A POEM.

A little robin sat one day  
Upon a little tree.  
You could not see its little ears,  
They were not there to see.

His breast was striped with ruddy red,  
His little eyes were blue.  
He wept with plaintive note because  
His rent was overdue.

The landlord came that sunny morn;  
He saw a dreadful frown  
On Mrs. Robin's face, who was  
Arrayed in gorgeous gown.

But the landlord did not want the rent,  
And the robins in their glee  
First hopped around upon the ground,  
And then flew up the tree.

We can do this sort of thing for you every week for next to nothing. You might call it "Chit-chat for the Chicks," or what not. I am thirty-two next birthday; Girlie is nearly forty. Girlie has been a law reporter, a sub-editor of "Scientific Mens," editor of a sort of weekly notes for piggyish young men called "Shoulders to the Wheel!" and a sporting prophet. Now he sticks to the juvenile, and sometimes he is Girlie, sometimes Auntie Sue. He likes being Girlie best, but doesn't mind being both. He says perhaps you wouldn't mind him writing little tales about faithful dogs (as Girlie), and saying how sweet they are (as Auntie Sue). Anyhow, we are Yours at a guinea a week,  
Two TINY TOTS.

### Scandal in High Life.

"The Duke of Roxburgh has left Floors Castle, Kelso, to pay a short visit to the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh at Broommouth Park, East Lothian."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

An adjacent paragraph in the same column informs us that

"The Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh left Broommouth Park, East Lothian, to-day for London."

The coincidence is certainly very remarkable.

### London's Riviera; or, the New Cure Resort.

"The Countess of Aberdeen is now convalescent, and it is expected her Excellency will be able to proceed next week to Brixton for a change before the Castle season."

*The Scotsman.*

"In 1730 'The Manchester Gazette' entered on a life of thirty years, in the course of which, however, it changed its name and appeared as 'The Manchester Gazette.'—*Daily News*.

Had a further change been found necessary we think a very suitable title would have been "The Manchester Gazette."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

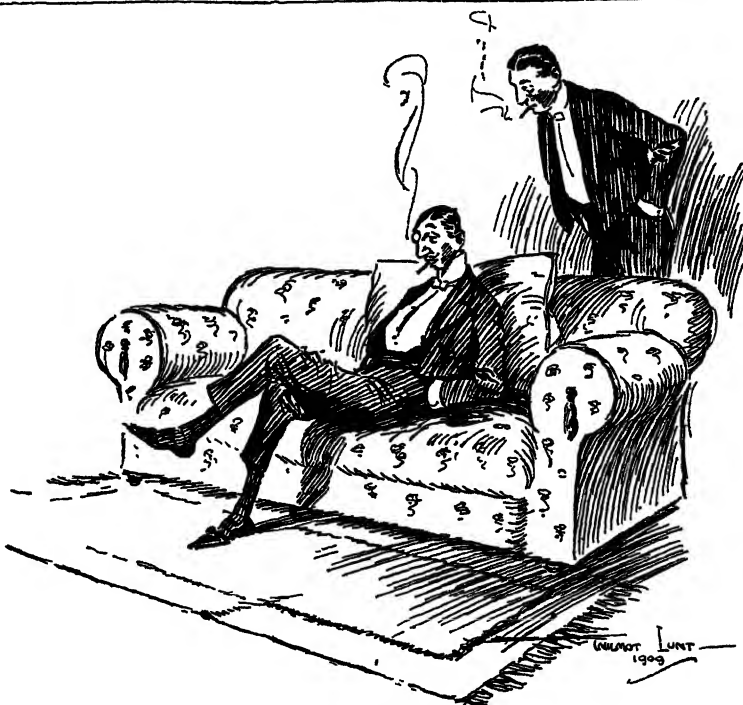
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SCEPTICS who, in spite of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING's pronouncements, are still unwilling to admit the existence of a definite boundary between East and West, should read *The Prince of Dreamers* (HEINEMANN), where FIORA ANNIE STEEL has painted the pageant of the Court of *Jalâl ul din Mahomed Akbar*, a contemporary of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The clash of incongruous ideals is here effectively illustrated. Akbar himself was a bit of a Socialist in his way, and mingled a taste for advanced political theories with a very thorough-going Oriental mysticism. The plot turns on the adventures of a diamond, which was delivered to William Leedes, jeweller, of England, to cut, and passed to and fro (together with a pair of paste understudies) amongst the members of the royal harem and other intriguers with such celerity that, if I had been asked at any moment, "Under which thinable is the King's Luck now?" I should have got it wrong every time. Notable figures in the conspiracy are *Atma Deri*, the Charan, holder of the King's honour, and single-minded in her devotion to him, and *Siyah Yamin*, her sister of the Veil, a lady who was not by any means so good. There is also *Khodadâd*, a Prince of the Târkhâns, and anyone who does not yet know how a Târkhân is tried by his peers and punished should make all haste to find out. But in the dazzling riot of Eastern colour which the authoress knows so well how to produce I must take exception to her habit of allowing characters to drop into colloquial English, and even make puns in that comparatively vulgar language. Nor can I feel that *Auntie Rosebody* is a sufficiently dignified paraphrase of *Gulbadan Begum*. When I am in the East, among Râjpûts, I like to remain mystified all the time, and the more arrow-marks there are over the tops of the letters the better I am pleased.

If somebody offered a prize to the author who should invent the greatest number of laughable situations in a fixed time and Mr. STORER CLORSTON competed for it, I think that he should win with something to spare. His situations might not be the funniest, but they would be funny enough. I can imagine a hearty man reading *A County Family* (MURRAY) in a railway carriage and making the journey intolerable to his fellow-travellers, for the book is food for those who like to laugh roaringly rather than to smile. Success, after some generations of adversity, had returned to the *Seaton-Glastonburys*, and when Sir William S.-G. died there were no haughtier people upon earth than his daughter and two sons. When, however, these proudlings found

that Sir William had not only made his fortune from the Gilt Electric Pill ("With a box in the waistcoat pocket drowning is the only death") but had also spent nearly all of it, their self-esteem received a rude buffet. At first they were maddened by the attentions of Mr. Dennison, an old friend and fellow pill-maker of Sir William's, who offered them charity; but the sons quickly understood that it was a question of Pill-money or Poverty, and accepted everything at a gulp. But Diana S.-G., possessing a fine distaste for anything connected with pills, refused Mr. Dennison's offers of assistance, and we leave her clinging to her ideals. A hazardous position for an inexperienced and impoverished maiden, but she has my approval.

MISS MARY CHOLMONDELEY must have hugely enjoyed writing the Preface to *The Lowest Rung* (MURRAY), in which she pillories the noodles who have persecuted her by sécing in themselves or their friends or their enemies the originals of various disagreeable characters in her novels. How one envies her the priceless satisfaction of quoting the furious neighbour who informed her that "We all recognised Mrs. Alwynn at once as Mrs. —, and we all say it is not in the least like her!" Two other dear ladies of the same intellectual calibre were seriously offended with her because she denied what they "happened to know"—that the review of her first novel which appeared in these columns was written by a tradesman of the village in which they were born to blush unseen. There are several more delightful things in Miss CHOLMONDELEY's Preface, which, to my mind, is the best part of her book. But the four stories by which it is



## OUR THINKING CLASSES.

Augustus. "HALLO! FREDDIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Freddie. "OH—JUST MAKIN' A FEW MENTAL NOTES, DRAH BOY."

followed are all excellent, and rich in types in which new claimants will soon be found to recognise their own speaking images.

A Birmingham bookseller heads his catalogue with the words, "All that is beautiful, fair in form or workmanship—for that alone my shelves find room." The first book in the list is *Kelly's Post Office Directory*. Evidently there is one man in Birmingham who is convinced that beauty is truth, truth beauty.

MISS CHARLESWORTH quoted MILTON upon her Christmas card, according to the Press. May we suggest another quotation from the same poet?—

"And now was dropped into the western bay.  
At last she rose and twitched her mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

"Blue" is of course poetic licence for red.



## CHARIVARIA.

WHILE we have never doubted President ROOSEVELT's pluck, we must confess that we never guessed he would dare one day to tell Americans that the Briti<sup>sh</sup>er is not yet played out.

Statistics published in the *Journal Officiel* at last show a rising Birth Rate in France. This is all the more gratifying, coming, as it does, at a moment when she is restoring the guillotine.

The number of births for the period covered by the statistics exceeded, we are told, that of deaths by 11,000, and it is rumoured that a grateful Government intends to give each of these extra infants a box of sweets and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

A bear which had escaped from a circus created some excitement in Paris last week. For a time, we understand, he passed himself off as a motorist, but he was ultimately recognised and captured.

Miss VIOLET CHARLESWORTH succeeded by a ruse in eluding a number of England's smartest journalists who were waiting for her in a Glasgow hotel. But our Press, to its credit, will not allow itself to be slighted with impunity. The next day the following head-lines appeared in one of our most widely circulated halfpenny dailies:—

## THE CHARLESWORTH FARCE.

WOMAN'S ESCAPE THAT HAS BECOME A BORE.

This is the Sale Season, when the most astonishing bargains may be picked up. For instance, we learn from the Sanjak of Novi Bazar that two large Turkish provinces have just been given away to an Austrian customer for two and a-half million pounds Turkish.

It really does seem criminal, and somebody ought to hang for it. No sooner have we got a nice new Army Aeroplane as the result of infinite thought and labour than some foolish person tries to make it fly, and of course it gets smashed.

The Army Council has allotted the sum of thirty pounds for instruction in gardening to the soldiers of the Middlesex Regiment at Mill Hill. The Peace Society, we hear, is delighted, taking this to be the first step towards turning swords into pruning-hooks.

Meanwhile, we believe that it is not impossible that in our next war instructions will be issued to our men when they throw up trenches to make them more sightly by planting, say, a pretty bordering of lilies of the valley.

Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN has presented to the British Museum a collection of 2,500 prehistoric weapons. We believe that this is the largest collection outside the one in use in our Territorial Army.

to blame if he cherishes illusions as to the acceptance of his MS.

A representative of *The Daily Express* has been making experiments as to the effect of a gramophone upon the animals at the Zoo. He let off CARUSO on the mandrill. "The mandrill," we are told, "gazed fixedly for a few seconds, languidly shook his head from side to side, and then, picking up an apple, retired to his pole and started munching." The effect of CARUSO in the flesh is slightly different. With our gallery gods it takes the form of oranges.

An interesting wedding is to take place shortly in New York under the auspices of the Women's National Progressive Suffrage Union, when a militant

Suffragette is to be married, the knot being tied by a lady clergyman, assisted by lady ushers. The bridegroom will be present by special permission.

The German Government has received an official apology from the Liberian Government for the insult offered to a German packet-boat by the local Navy, *The Lark*. In spite of this we understand that Germany intends to press on the increase in her Navy.

Prince BÜLOW's

speech in favour of his Royal Master has caused quite a revulsion of feeling in Berlin, and it is, we hear, not impossible that the Committee appointed by the Reichstag to consider the question of regulating the KAISER's authority will allow his Majesty one telegram and one interview per year.

The dumping of foreign hops continues. Mr. GEORGE MAHRER has introduced a new Viennese dance into *The Merry Widow*.

The question whether there is a future life for animals is again being debated. If it be decided in the affirmative, cats will then have the enormous allowance of ten lives.

## Commercial Candour.

On a Birmingham window:—  
"—'s Genuine Sale. The first for 16 years."



THE BARMAID QUESTION.

SIDE LIGHTS ON FRONT VIEWS.

"Account must be taken," says the Official Report on Afforestation, "of the increasing consumption of timber per head of population." We had feared for some time past that the number of wooden heads was on the increase.

The Strenuous Life again! A footballer, while engaged in a game last week, became the father of triplets.

"C. B." having complained in the previous issue of *The Author* that MSS. are often returned in a dirty condition, an Editor writes as follows in the current number:—"I should like to inform 'C. B.' that I never allow MSS. to be marked in my office. If he likes to send me something, I can assure him that *he will get it back almost as good as new.*" The italics are ours. After this fair warning, "C. B." will only have himself



## SIC NOS NON NOBIS.

[To an old friend, these reflections of middle-age on the making of forests for the benefit of posterity]

AH! how often you and I, my Gerald,  
Taking count of Time's appalling pace,  
Watching those insidious signs that herald  
Chronic apathy of form and face;  
Noting how our legs are not so lissome  
Nor our waists so waspish as of old,  
And the joys of youth how much we miss 'em,  
Vanished like the Age of Gold;—

When, amid a younger race that hustles  
We are hampered by rheumatic pains,  
Or remark a looseness in our muscles  
And a touch of torpor in our brains;—  
We have sucked a coward's consolation  
From the thought that, when the final blow  
Falls, as threatened, on the British nation,  
We shall not be there to know.

'If,' we say, "for but a few more lustres  
She can still contrive to rule the wave,  
Still to 'worry through' against the thrusters  
Who design for her a watery grave,  
We shall see no Teuton missiles raining  
On our disillusioned flank and rear,  
While the Territorials go in training  
Just too late by half a year."

Other little things at present dim in  
Shadows where the Future plies its loom—  
Government by Socialists and Women,  
With the Second Chamber blown to Doom—  
When we contemplate these fearsome bogies  
Hovering in the distance, "Ha!" we say,  
"Not in *our* time; not for us old fogies;  
We shall then have had our day."

Yet a boon there is I fain would borrow  
From the far years where it lies in store:  
When the saplings which we plant to-morrow  
Spread their shade about the forest floor,  
When, with lattice-work of leaves above her,  
And the song of birds in woodland air,  
Every lass goes Maying with her lover,  
I could wish we might be there.

But, when back again from out waste places  
Merrie England plucks her childhood's hours,  
Not for us will they, the linked Graces,  
Lead their pageantry in Summer bowers;  
Not for us the flame of Autumn's dying,  
Nor the loveliness of Spring's new birth;  
You and I, my friend, will then be lying  
Very quiet under earth.

O. S.

"Vernet les Bains, a charming spring resort in Pyrenees; sunny, dry climate; private parks; fishing, tennis, music, excursions; rheumatism, gout, sciatica, eczema, complexion, bronchitis."—*Advt. in "The Standard."*

New Arrival. What's the gout like here?

Habitué. Can't say; haven't tried it. But the sciatica's top-hole.

"There was one son of the marriage—a little boy."—*Daily News.*

Doctor. I am happy to inform you that you have a son.

Father (excitedly). Boy or girl?

Doctor. Boy.

Father. Big or little?

Doctor. Quite little. [Father faints and is carried out.

## NOTES ON THE ANTI-MOTOR SHOW OF 1909.

THE promoters of the Anti-Motor Exhibition are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. They have brought together the finest collection of anti-motor devices and appliances which has yet been seen under one roof, and the popularity of the show is assured.

The more important of the exhibits, of course, are those of a protective nature, and here we would specially commend the "Spiky Turtleback," an ingenious contrivance which enables the pedestrian to walk along country roads in serene indifference. Briefly, the arrangement in question resembles a huge steel dish-cover, studded on the outside with twelve-inch spikes. It is attached to the wearer's back by means of springs and straps, and affords perfect protection against the heaviest and fastest of cars. Armed with one of these outfits, the pedestrian, when taken unawares, simply flings himself down on the road, and retires, literally speaking, within his shell, cheered by the pleasing reflection that if anyone is hurt it will be somebody else.

Another admirable invention, specially designed for exceptionally virulent anti-motorists, is the "Vesuvian Jacket." Made of gun-cotton, with detonators as buttons, this useful garment will effectually dispose of the car which happens to run over its wearer. Incidentally, it would, of course, dispose of the wearer as well, but, as the old adage has it, it is impossible to make omelettes without breaking eggs. Besides, the "Jacket" is really intended more as a safeguard than as a blower-up of inconsiderate triflers. Its colour scheme, red and yellow stripes, serves as a danger signal, and it is fairly safe to assume that even the most vicious road-hog with such a warning before his eyes would risk ripping his tyres off rather than run into it.

For nervous anti-motorists, who prefer to be passive rather than active resisters, we can highly recommend the "Aerial" outfit shown by the Pedestrians' Protection Society. This useful arrangement consists of a small balloon which is attached to the pedestrian's shoulder by means of light steel chains and a pair of heavy leaden weights. Upon the approach of a too strenuous car the act of touching a spring releases the weights. They fall to the ground, and up goes their proprietor, to descend again when the danger is past. The apparatus is made in four sizes: "Chestertons," "Heavy-weights," "Light-weights," and "Barriers."

At the stall of the Anti-Motorists' Supply Association, Ltd., there is displayed a most useful and up-to-date "Pedestrian's Repair Outfit." It comprises one wooden leg, one artificial arm, ten yards of sticking-plaster, one quart bottle of arnica, and a stretcher. No pedestrian should venture abroad nowadays without having at least one of these outfits about him.

Whilst glancing over the exhibits at the Association's stall, by the way, we noticed a new and revised edition of that invaluable work, *The Anti-Motorist's Book of Phrases*. Compiled with the assistance of a Naval officer, a retired Anglo-Indian colonel, and a Suffragette, this handy little volume gives, in parallel columns, a list of expressions suitable for anti-motorists under all possible conditions. Every purchaser of a copy is presented with a small megaphone, in order that he, or she, may be able to make his, or her, remarks heard by the occupants of the car which has rendered them necessary.

In our next article—

[There will be no next article.—ED.]

## "TRESPASS ON A WELSH RABBIT FARM."

*The Estates Gazette.*

We can picture the intruder stalking his unsuspecting prey with a piece of toast in one hand and a pepper pot in the other.



## A CHOICE OF PLANKS.

[The chief plank in the Unionist programme is Tariff Reform.—See *Daily Press*, *passim*]

THE CONFEDERATE KING (to LORD ROBERT CEIL). "TAKE THE OATH, OR OVER YOU GO!"





Mother (to children, who have come to be inspected before going to a party) "WELL, DARLINGS, YOU LOOK VERY NICE; BUT OH, BABY DEAR, I THINK YOUR HAIR IS RATHER OVERDONE"

Elder Sister "OH, MOTHER, DO YOU THINK SO? ALL THE BEST BABIES ARE WEARING IT LIKE THAT THIS YEAR"

### SIDELIGHTS ON THE "SHOVER."

MR. PHILIP GIBBS, writing in *The Daily Chronicle* of the 21st inst., devotes an exhaustive article to the portraiture of the "Shover" as a new type of humanity and romance. He is "a very god, or devil, of noise;" at once hero and valet; and enjoying peculiar facilities for eaves-dropping. "The owner of a thousand guinea car is at the mercy of the man to whom he pays thirty shillings a week, for knowledge is still power, and the chauffeur not only knows everything about the inside of his master's machine, but sometimes a good deal about the inside of his master's life." If Mr. PHILIP GIBBS's mordant characterisation of this new type of humanity be correct, the "shover" is a reserved, rather silent, sinister man with a hard mouth, keen, restless eyes and a sallow complexion. We have been at pains to verify this view by consulting a number of representative men and women, and are now able to lay before our readers the results of our investigations.

Miss ELSIE CRAVEN, interviewed at His Majesty's Theatre, was most indignant with Mr. GIBBS for his unsympathetic

portrait. "My 'shover,'" she said, "has a lovely complexion. I call him 'Mr. Pinkie.' I hold him, in fact, in the deepest affection, he is so deft and 'dinky.'"

The POET LAUREATE expressed the view that Mr. GIBBS's portrait was untrue. His 'shover' was the kindest of men, and in three years had never killed a hen. His eyes were gentle and his hair was sleek, the ruddy glow of health adorned his cheek. In short he stigmatised as full of fibs the article of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS.

Mr. GIBBS's assertion that the "shover," although a servant, "treats all the other servants with haughty insolence" is deeply resented in many of the most *recherchés* servants'-halls. Thus Miss CAROLINE DELORME, head lady's-maid to the Countess of N——, remarks: "Ensnconced behind his glassy cover, as dapper as a golden plover, our 'shover' is a perfect lover."

Mr. BERNARD SHAW takes acute exception to Mr. GIBBS's invidious comparisons between cabmen and chauffeurs. The former, according to Mr. GIBBS, speak "the kindly language of the stable, Elizabethan, even Chaucerian, in its

candour and realism and picturesque imagery," while the "shover," when among his fellows, uses a strange technical jargon which cannot be understood by the multitude. Says Mr. SHAW: "A man who talks Elizabethan is little better than a heathen, and even clumsy and coarser is he who frames his speech on CHAUCER. Chauffeurs are made of finer clay (see *'Energy Straker* in my play, who was, you will recall, *au fait* with writers such as BEAUMARCHAIS), and only minds effete and flabby deplore the passing of the cabby."

Lastly, Sir OLIVER LODGE expresses his views on the subject in the following interesting psychological conundrum:—"If the 'shover,' according to GIBBS, though earning inadequate 'dibs,' is a hero and valet combined, the problem that puzzles my mind is whether, when facing a cold down to zero, the valet half thinks the other a hero?"

### "Ishebtraittle in Japan."

Daily Dispatch Headline.

Further details of this well-known Celtic chieftain's tour will be awaited with interest.

## THE PANTOMIMIC TOUCH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having lately returned from a round of provincial and suburban theatres, I feel it is my duty as your deputy-sub-assistant dramatic critic to tell you what I saw there. [Do.—EDITOR.] It is at best only a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that I can put before you, but it is the view of a bird which has just seen six different pantomimes in a week, and has retained in its mind only a confused impression of those episodes which were common to all of them. I shall call the piece *Aladdin*; the title is really of no account, but it is useful for purposes of reference, copyright, libel, etc.

### ALADDIN.

#### ACT I, SCENE 4.

Enter a *Low Comedian*, dressed as a man. He is followed by a *Still Lower Comedian* dressed as a woman. The—

[EDITOR. *One moment. I thought they always began these things with Scene 1?*]  
CRITIC. *I don't think so. Anyhow they are always at Scene 4 when I arrive. Of course I have a hasty dinner first, you know.*

EDITOR. *Ah, I've done it that way myself.*

S. L. C. walks across the stage in what he calls his "disables" (*loud laughter*), and then turns his back to the audience to show that he has some garment on the wrong way round. He retires amidst frantic applause.

L. C. (*confidentially to the audience*). Do you know my friend Brarn? What, not know Brarn? Ah, I should like you to know Brarn—'e's a good chap, Brarn. I must tell you a funny story about 'im. You will laugh. (*Chokes with laughter himself.*) Well, Brarn—tee-hee-hee-hee—hee—Brarn (*recovering himself with an effort*) was 'aving breakfast with a lord—just 'aving a bit of breakfast, you know, same as you or me; and this lord—tee-hee-hee-hee-hee, Brarn and a lord!—well, he said to Brarn, "I trust that—haw—egg—haw—is a good one—haw—Mr. Brown;" and Brarn, very nervous, you know, looked up and said, "P-parts, my lord, are excellent." (*Shrieks of laughter.*)

[EDITOR. *That story is old.*

CRITIC. *I fancy it must be.*

*Aladdin*, the principal boy, comes on, amid friendly cheers from an audience which is always glad to see a real lady again.

*Aladdin*. And now to find the lamp, and then to marry my own dear Madge! Ah, I wonder if she still loves me!

Song—"Madge."

[EDITOR. *Did Aladdin marry a Madge? I had forgotten.*

CRITIC. *He called her Madge.]*

Madge, Madge,  
I've come to cadge, cadge,  
I want your heart, I do.

Say, say,

You love me, May, May—

[*Short for Madge.*—EDITOR.]

Oh, say that your heart is true.]

At the fifth encore, which consists of three claps from an enthusiast in a box, who has mislaid the chocolates he meant to give her, she returns with the fireman's little child, who sings the chorus, very flat. Deafening cheers, and a sort of feeling that she is a good girl after all. *Pit* and *Pat*, the two ambassadors, come on. *Pit*, without obviously having been insulted, knocks *Pat* down.

*Pat* (*getting up*). You do that again and you'll repeat it. (*Correcting himself.*) Repent it.

*Pit*. Oh, I'll repent it, will I?

*Pat*. Yes, you'll repent it.

*Pit*. Oh, I will?

*Pat*. Yes, you will.

They sit down and play the mandolin together very cheerfully.

#### SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *You're not going to give us all the scenes?*

CRITIC. *This is a very short one, just to keep the audience excited while the scene-shifters are busy.]*

Enter the *Spirit of Evil*. He announces in a very loud singing voice that his wicked plots are going well. He is followed by the *Good Fairy*, who says that, on the contrary . . .

#### SCENE 6.

*Madge*. Ah, I wonder if *Aladdin* will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left his little girl!

Song—"Antonio."

[EDITOR. *Good, I can hum this.*

CRITIC. *I've heard it twenty-four times. So can I.]*

The *Still Lower Comedian* comes in with the Cat.

*The Cat*. Meow.

S. L. C. No, you can't go out to-night. You went out last Thursday. Yes, and came in with the milk, too. And you the father of a family.

[EDITOR. *Is there a cat in "Aladdin"?*

CRITIC. *Don't be silly; how could they get that joke in if there wasn't?*

All the artistes come on to the stage. When the manager gives the signal that everybody is on, the curtain comes down.

#### ACT II.—SCENE 2.

[EDITOR. *Hallo!*

CRITIC. *Sorry, I simply had to have a cigarette.]*

*Madge*. Ah, I wonder if *Aladdin* will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left his little girl!

[EDITOR. *You ass; we've had this.*

CRITIC. *I'm sorry. A slight mistake.]*

*Madge*. Ah, I wonder if *Aladdin* will be true to me, or if he will leave me as Antonio left Sue.

Song—"Sue."

*Pit* and *Pat* come on. *Pit*, an ambassador of uncertain temper, knocks *Pat* down.

*Pat*. Don't you touch me.

*Pit*. I shall touch you if I want to.

*Pat*. Yes, but I don't want you to.

*Pit*. Oh, you don't?

*Pat*. No, I don't.

*Pit*. You don't.

They sit down and juggle with extraordinary dexterity. The *Low Comedian* follows them.

L. C. Oh, such a funny thing has happened. You will laugh when I tell you. Tee-hee-hee-hee. You know our old man; well—tee hee-hee-hee—hee—it was so funny—

[EDITOR. *NO. I am quite firm about this. NO.*

CRITIC. *Perhaps you're right.]*

#### SCENE 3.

*Aladdin*. And now to find the lamp and then to marry my own dear Madge. Ah, what a dear, sweet Yorkshire (*Lancashire, Leamington, Notting Hill, etc., according to circumstances*) lass she is!

SONG—"A Yorkshire (*Lancashire, Leamington, etc.*) Lass."

#### SCENE 4.

S. L. C. . . . Bless you, I know all about that; I've been married six times. (*Loud laughter.*) Six times, I 'ave. First there was William. Ah, 'e was a corker, 'e was. A fair gazeekaslosher. 'E used to come 'ome . . . etc., etc.

#### SCENE 5.

[EDITOR. *Let's leave this out.*

CRITIC. *They always did when I was there.]*

#### SCENE 6—GRAND FINALE.

The band plays for five minutes while the members of the chorus find their places. Then the chief characters enter in pairs, and are greeted with varying degrees of applause, two policemen, whom nobody has seen before, being particularly popular. Finally the *Good Fairy* addresses them all in heroic couplets.

[EDITOR. *Does an heroic couplet really end the business?*

CRITIC. *Yes.*

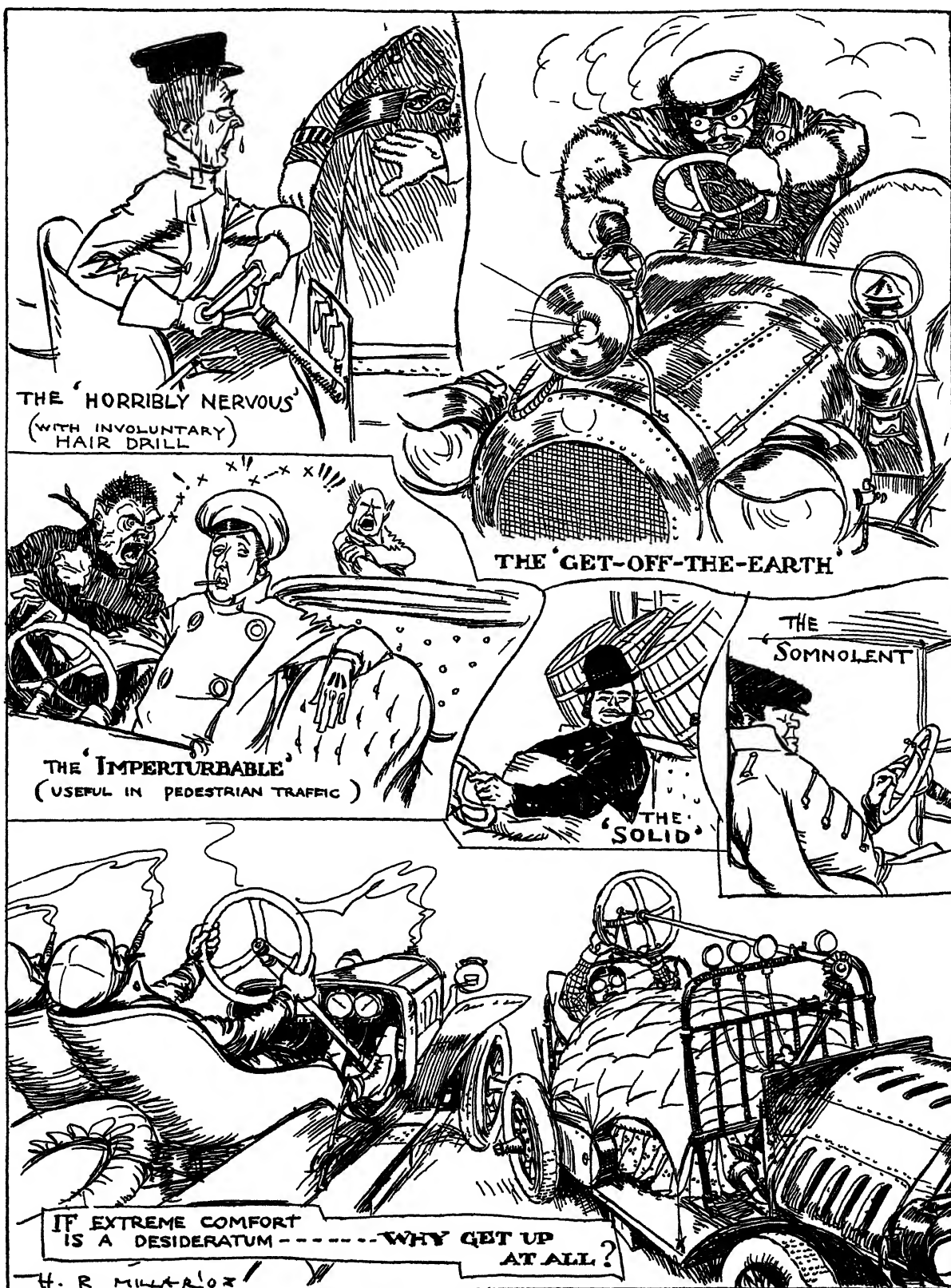
EDITOR. *Then you might try your hand at one just to make sure.]*

Friends, may I say what pleasure I have had in

Presenting here this story of *Aladdin*?

A. A. M.





SOME WHEEL POSES.

## THE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

HE did not grudge the pretty penny stamp  
Upon the note whereby he guaranteed  
To go and dance with Them of Leamington;  
He did not rue the very vast expense  
Of cabs and fares and cabs and tips and cabs;  
He did not shun the labour and the shame  
Of vain endeavour and absurd result  
That dancing meant to him, who much preferred  
His bed to all the ballrooms in the world;  
All these he counted worth the bearing for  
The bright and witty talk between the turns.

From May he learnt that she had met his sister  
And thought she was a very charming girl  
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:  
That she had also met his other sister  
And thought she was a very charming girl  
And liked the man to whom she was engaged:  
Had even met his brothers once or twice  
And thought that they were very charming men  
And liked the girls who were engaged to them.  
Had there been time she was prepared to like  
(He saw it coming) even his heart's choice  
But for the fact that it was not yet made.

Grace, hearing that he came from London, thought  
That London was a most delightful place,  
And spoke at length from inner knowledge of  
The Larger London, which, it seemed, consists  
Of Euston (Station and Hotel), The Park,  
And Daly's and a taxicab or two.

Kate loved "The Merry Widow," hated hockey:  
Jane loathed "The Merry Widow," loved her hockey:  
Joyce cared for neither; Amy liked them both.  
(To think that but for this eventful night  
He might have lived his unenlightened life  
In gross mistake or darkest ignorance  
Of all that does most nearly touch the soul!)

Gladys had been to Brussels (he had not);  
She had not been to Amsterdam (he had);  
But neither of them ever went to Rome,  
Yet both knew Liverpool extremely well.  
She knew the Shaws and he the Robinsons,  
Who both most oddly lived at Liverpool.

Connie had been to seven dances, Nell  
To nine, and Violet to seventeen  
(Of which six, being for infants, did not count).

At supper Phyllis said, and only said,  
But said it very often:—"Thank you, no."

And Doris, last and best, agreed with him  
That gas was nicer than electric light,  
That candles gave a nicer light than gas,  
That home, sweet home was wholly lit by gas,  
A nicer light than was electric light,  
But, on the other hand, less nice than candles,  
That it was time they had another dance,  
That candle-light was not as nice as gas,  
Nor gas as nice . . . Ah! there's the band again.

Thus on the morrow he returned to Town  
With mind refreshed by interesting facts  
And subtle jests and wonderful ideas.

"Children can hear high notes to which even keen-eared elders in the prime of life are dumb."—*Daily Mail*.

## IN THE CONFEDERATE CHAMBER.

"But are you quite sure——"

I was going to ask if it was quite safe for me to proceed any further on my desperate mission, but my companion interrupted me.

"Hush," he whispered, "don't talk so loud or you might be discovered. Of course the mask and the black cloak make you look just like one of us, and I know you agree with us heart and soul—everybody does—but it's best not to raise your voice. They're all the kindest creatures in the world unless you contradict them or argue with them, and then they carry on like mad things. Even —— (he mentioned the name of a great statesman from Worcestershire) "is a regular LEO when he's roused. Ha, ha! You see it, don't you? So please be very careful about arguing in here. Besides it wouldn't be any good. They lured poor CHIOZZA MONEY in here yesterday; told him it was to be a fair and square debate, and he was to be allowed to talk for an hour. Of course he never had a chance. They gagged him and bound him and sat him in that chair and read Tariff Reform pamphlets to him for a couple of hours. Plucky little chap, you know, is CHIOZZA; but, Lord bless you, it wasn't a bit of good. He might just as well have taken it quietly. Anyhow, he won't want to come back. No, he didn't faint—just had a couple of apoplectic fits, and then they let him go."

At this moment I heard a series of blood-curdling yells from a dim corner of the chamber. "Good heavens!" I said under my breath. "What's that?" "Oh," said my friend, "that's one of the worst cases we've ever had to deal with. He comes from Norwood—name of BOWLES. They're giving him the torture of the sixth question, feeding him on Australian wool soaked in Australian Burgundy to try and make him say 'Preference,' but he's an obstinate beggar. They'll have to get the Retaliation wedges into his legs if they mean to shake him. Listen."

A solemn voice was now heard in a sort of chant:—"Prisoner," it intoned, "the Confederacy is strong, but it is generous. If you will now say 'Pref.' only one syllable, we shall be satisfied."

"Never," said a voice in the feeble but dauntless tones in which I had some difficulty in recognizing the accents which have so often delighted the House of Commons. "Never. You may proceed with your work."

"Torturer," sang the solemn voice, "give him a pound of wool and—yes, that will be the quickest way—strap him to a Norwegian window-frame and put a pipe of British tobacco in his mouth."

There was a slight struggle, but the terrible masked figures soon prevailed, and my poor friend had to go through the dreadful ordeal. His cheerfulness was seemingly unimpaired by his sufferings, and he cast many a proud Free Trade glance at his relentless persecutors. "It's a pity," said my guide, "a great pity. He'll have to toe the line in the end, you know. They've all had to. Look at BALFOUR. He stood out quite a long time, but when we put the Birmingham screw on him he caved in. He's often with us now. By the way he's to preside over his cousin's examination to-morrow. Cousin ROBERT's not an easy man—far from it—but we've got everything ready for him, racks, wedges, red-hot poker, shirt of English-made tin-tacks, and broken glass for his feet. My dear chap, it'll be a regular beano. I've got a spare ticket for the show. Won't you come?"

But I had seen enough, and with a few hasty words of thanks to my amiable conductor I hurried from the chamber.

"Holland has nine miles of canal for every 100 square yards of surface."—From "*Things You should Know*," *Glasgow Evening News*. Many a happy home has been wrecked through ignorance of this small point.

## THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

[After describing a paper read before the Eugenics Education Society, presenting statistics of the marriages of first cousins, *The Journal of Education* says. "Teachers should bear in mind that the abnormal stupidity of Smith *minor* may be due to Smith *père's* ignorance of Eugenics"]

O DREADFUL Doctor, cease to frown  
And fling your cane away!  
Turn, turn your ruffled shirt-sleeves  
down!

Birch not the brat to-day!  
Ah, strike not while your blood is hot,  
But pause, I do beseech you,  
And, while you may, consider what  
Eugenics have to teach you.

A puny boy that scarce can stand,  
His knees are trembling so,  
Watches the weapon in your hand  
In terror-stricken woe.  
Ah, Doctor, pause while there is time  
And let the babe be pitied!  
What is the unpardonable crime  
Smith *minor* has committed?

He is, no doubt, a dreadful dunce—  
But what could you expect?  
Kind Doctor, spare the rod for once,  
And, if you please, reflect.  
He scarce deserves so grim a fate  
For being stupid. Rather  
Your vengeful rod should castigate  
Smith *minor's* guilty father.

Right well do you deserve the tawse,  
For black your crime, Smith *père*!  
You flouted all eugenic laws  
In marrying Smith *mère*.  
Eugenic maids around you grew;  
You might have had a dozen,  
And yet you needs must go and woo,  
O fool, a full first cousin.

But let us not be hard. Perchance,  
Smith *père*, upon the whole  
Your crime was rather ignorance  
Than villainy of soul.

In your young days no forms were filed  
By learned statisticians  
To show the world what sort of child  
Results from what conditions.

But those dark times are swept aside.  
Smith *minor*, when he warms  
With Love's young dream, will be supplied

With blank eugenic forms;  
And when he comes to take his place  
At dinners and at dances,  
He'll hand a form with courtly grace  
To any girl he fancies.

And when the forms have all been  
checked,

And each assigned due weight,  
Smith *minor* will with care select  
The most eugenic mate.

Then, Doctor, spare, as kindness bids!  
If little Smith is stupid,  
He may beget eugenic kids  
Without regard to Cupid.



## OUR SPOILT BARBARIANS.

*Lady Dorothy* "I WONDER IF YOU'D BE GOOD-NATURED ENOUGH TO COME DOWN TO US FOR THE WEEK-END ON FRIDAY. WE SHALL BE SHOOTING THE COVERTS."

*Young Blood*. "AH, YES. I KNOW 'EM. COOKS ONLY, I PRESUME? WELL, TO BE QUITE FRANK WITH YOU, LADY DOROTHY, IT AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH."

*Lady Dorothy*. "THEN PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T MIND COMING LATER ON FOR A FEW DAYS' HUNTING?"

*Young Blood*. "SORRY. NEVER HUNT OUT OF LEICESTERSHIRE."

*Lady Dorothy*. "WELL, THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO ME, ANYHOW; IT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU"

## HORSE-POWER.

[The horse which recently kicked down many yards of the parapet of the bridge at Maidenhead is said to have caused much local criticism of the whole structure. It is hoped that the following lines may attract the attention of the critics]

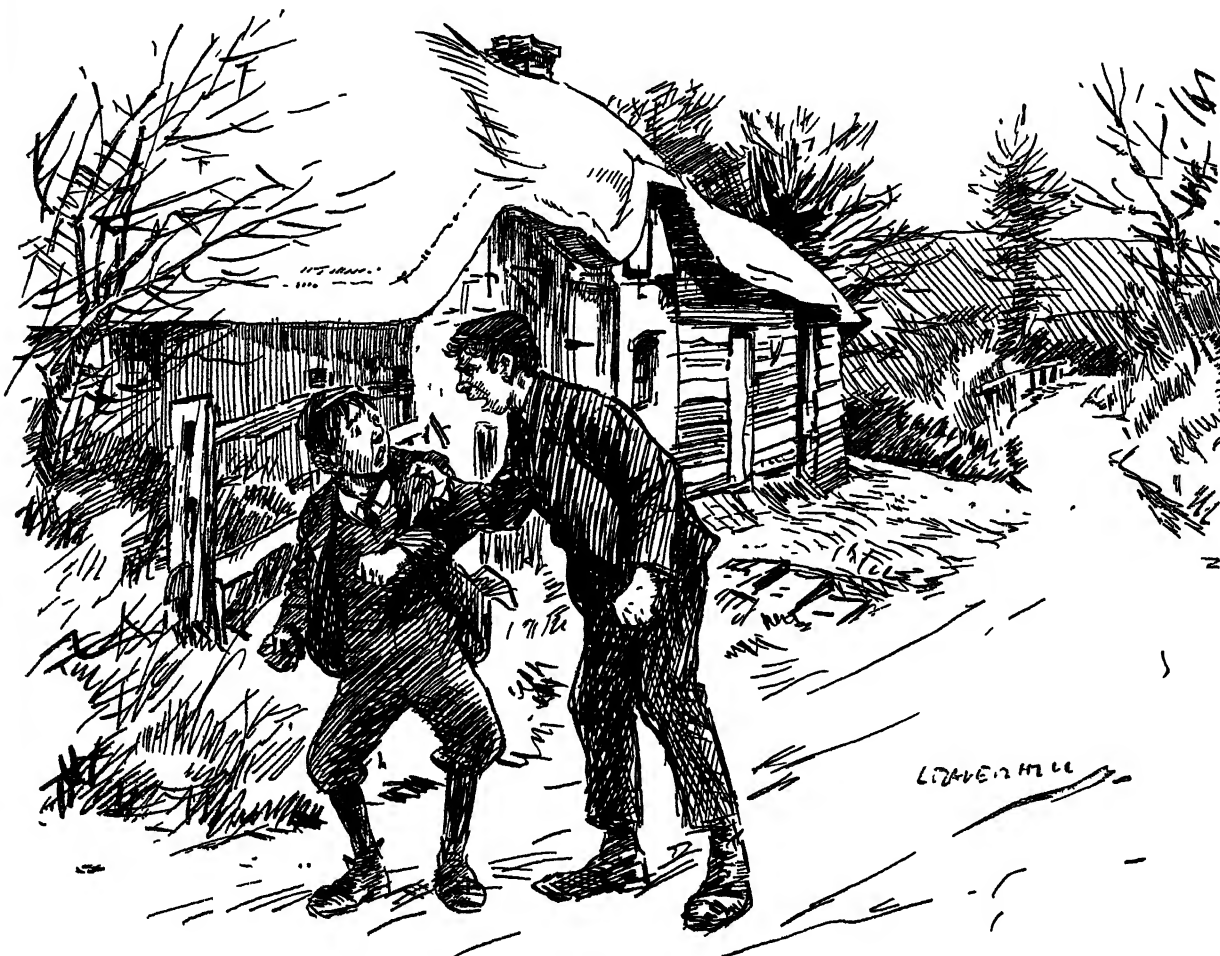
If a bridge is wrecked, shall the architect  
Never escape the blame?

If a few yards fall, must the masons all  
Share in a common shame?

Perish the thought! They built as they  
ought,  
They built for the stress they knew;  
It was well designed against flood and  
wind,  
Or the punt with a Cockney crew.

But the kick of a horse—O mystic  
force!—

What shall withstand the shock?  
Only a bridge with a parapet ridge  
Specially planned *ad hoc*.



## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

"WAS IT YOU AS CHUCKED THAT THERD STONE AT ME LAST NIGHT? TELL THE TRUTH NOW, AN' IF YER SAY IT WASN'T I'LL 'IT YER 'ARD!"

## THE WHITE PHEASANT.

It is wild, it is wet, it is windy,  
The daylight's beginning to fail,  
And through the bare branches are booming  
The gusts of a gathering gale,  
And over the tree tops in majesty sailing  
He comes—the White Pheasant—the wind in his tail!

'Twas in June the first time that I saw him,  
A ball of the creamiest down,  
When the coops in the park were surrounded  
With dozens of babies in brown,  
On the slope by the keeper's that faced to the sunshine,  
Ere yet came the Autumn with blood on her gown.

On the morning they shot the home coverts,  
It was then that I saw him again,  
When he soared in the pride of his plumage  
Where the guns were lined out in the lane,  
Aloft in the blue, showing bright as a snowflake  
Unscathed by the pellets that pelted in vain!

He passed on the wings of the morning,  
O'er barrels uplifted to slay;  
But I met him again in the turnips,  
For he rose at my boot the same day;

He found me unloaded—I'd blazed at a rabbit—  
And went, unsaluted, his vagabond way.

And now, the last chance of the Season,  
He swings o'er the firs straight and tall,  
While swiftly the dusk of the evening  
Spreads out on the woods like a pall,  
And I wait in the wind for this final appearance  
'Ere the curtain (a fire-proof!) descends over all.

Bang! Bang! in the boisterous gloaming  
The powder blows back in my eye,  
And he's gone on the track of the sunset,  
Flying strongly and ever more high;  
Well, if in the meantime a fox doesn't get him,  
Good-bye till we meet in November—good-bye!

## The Limit.

A Southport tailor, having had some of his goods damaged by a water burst, advertises a Salvage Sale with these words:—

"ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE—Here we have a similar case, only on a smaller scale, for which there is no remedy only practical and sympathetic help. Mr.—, under the circumstances, feels sure the public will, as hitherto, show their sympathy by their orders."





### AFFORESTATION'S ARTFUL AID.

WOOD NYMPHS. "THANK YOU SO MUCH. THIS'LL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR US IN YEARS TO COME."

EX-UNEMPLOYED. "THAT MAY BE, MISS. BUT WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT IS, IT'S MAKING A JOB FOR ME TO-DAY."







## THE TARIFF REFORM SKATING-RINK.

## MINISTERS AS SCHOOLBOYS.

THE remarkable reminiscences contributed to *The Daily Mail* by a school-fellow of Mr. HALDANE, describing the WAR MINISTER as a boy of a substantial figure and wearing knickerbockers with red stockings, have brought us a number of supplementary recollections of Mr. HALDANE's colleagues. From these we select the following as perhaps most vividly palpitant with momentous actuality.

## MR. ASQUITH AND THE CABBAGE LEAF.

SIR,—Though nearly forty-four years have elapsed since “we twa . . . paddled in the burn” together, or, perhaps, I should say, “thegither,” I still preserve a distinct recollection of the PRIME MINISTER at school. Even then he had a robust figure, and generally wore check trousers and side-spring boots.

Few people nowadays associate Mr ASQUITH with cricket, but as a matter of fact he was a very useful “curly” lob bowler, while the imperturbable serenity

of his countenance had a disconcerting effect on those who bowled at him. I remember that when he played cricket he always wore boots in preference to shoes, and sported a blue belt which set off his figure admirably. He was, I may add, the first boy in the second eleven at the City of London School who ever wore a cabbage leaf in his cap to guard against sunstroke. When this was brought to the notice of Dr ABBOTT, he at once observed “Mark my word, that boy’s brains are worth protecting, and he knows it.” EZRA JOPE.  
*Great Gable, Tulse Hill.*

## MR. BIRRELL'S PANTS.

SIR,—It was my good fortune to spend a year in the middle sixties at the same school with Mr. BIRRELL, whose taste in dress remains vividly impressed on my memory. Sturdy and thick-set in figure he affected the peg-top trousers then in vogue, and on Sundays generally wore a blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a maroon plush waistcoat and a beaver hat, the *tout ensemble* being stylish in the extreme.

Admirers of Mr. BIRRELL will not easily associate him with sport, but in those days he was a crack shot with a saloon pistol and kept several guinea-pigs as well as silk-worms, the latter doubtless foreshadowing his distinction at the Bar. PHIL AUGUSTINE.

*Amersham, Bucks.*

## MR. LLOYD-GEORGE AS ATHLETE.

SIR,—It was my privilege some thirty years ago to be a class-mate of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at Llanystymdwy School. He was then, as now, slim and spare of figure, and wore sage green pantaloons with sand-shoes.

Few persons would believe that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was, as a boy, a dashing three-quarter back. I shall never forget a wonderful run that he once made, turning and twisting like a humanised eel as he dodged all his opponents—some of them men of colossal stature—and finally landed the ball behind the goal-posts. A whole holiday is still granted to the school on the anniversary of this marvellous exploit, which has been the subject of countless pamphlets.



COMPETITION FOR THE DESIGN OF THE GREAT PYRAMID. THE JUDGES DISCUSSING THE RELATIVE MERITS OF THE COMPETITORS' WORK.

I have never seen him in Parliament, but his attitude in class when answering a question was extraordinarily impressive. With hand uplifted and head erect, and eyes turned back as if delving into the inmost depths of his subliminal self, he would chant his answer in a rich fruity tremolo that hypnotized the master, and invariably secured for him the maximum marks. I can still repeat some of his impromptu poems, which elicited from the headmaster the witty remark that, if he had lived in the reign of AUGUSTUS, he and not VIRGIL would have written the *Georgics*.

(Rev.) TONY PANDY.

*Criccieth, N. Wales.*

#### A NEUTRAL-TINTED TYPE.

SIR,—I have only a vague recollection of the present FOREIGN MINISTER at his and my private school, and, like many of his school contemporaries, often wonder that he should ever have risen to eminence. Unobtrusive in dress and manners, he never said or did anything furnishing materials for good "copy." He was actually fonder of fishing than cricket, and, in general, entirely failed to model his life on the great principles enunciated by Mr. PETER KEARY in his splendid manuals of efficiency. These reminiscences will, I think, explain why it is that the FOREIGN SECRETARY cuts

such a meagre and unimpressive figure in the personal columns of our enlightened democratic press.

*Balham.*

AIRY EYLES.

#### WALKS IN LIFE.

THE Roller-skate Walk, introduced by Mrs. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH and Miss ETHEL ROOSEVELT (says the Washington correspondent of *The Evening Standard*), promises to outshine the Gibson Walk in popularity. It is a cross between the military tread of the chorus girl in comic opera and the glide of the premier toe dancer. The ball of the foot is planted first, the legs are kept straight, the body erect on the hips, and as far as possible the walker glides.

This looks a little complicated, but is nothing to some other modes of progression we have lately heard of. For instance, the Bangor Flit is a compromise between a motor-car spill and "shooting the moon." After giving one wild look, the flitter glissades as fast as possible to the nearest railway station, and, before knowing where or who she is, is found, say, at Oban.

The Aldershot Scoot is a combination of "ducks and drakes" and an earthquake. For the first half-second it is all plane sailing, and then something gives way and you come violently to

mother earth. After a month of repairs, you begin again and repeat the evolution, covering quite a lot of ground—with *débris*. It amuses foreigners.

The Banana Slide tempers the delights of the *trottoir roulant* with the abruptness of a bomb explosion. It can be practised anywhere where there is a pavement and a crowd of appreciative small boys, and is largely affected by elderly foot passengers.

The Ski-who-must-be-obeyed Shuffle unites the gait of a dancing bear with the struggles of an inverted cockroach, when the effort to compass a Telemark Turn lands the performer in a snow-drift.

The motto which appears at the head of the menu at a Folkestone hotel is *Semper Idem*. This is translated by the guests as "Mutton Again."

#### Charity to Man and Beast.

The successor to the late Raja GOKUL DAS has, according to *The Pioneer Mail*, announced that he has "remitted the debts of his tenants to the extents of one lakhs of rupees," and "presented a set of *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the library of the station of a village for feeding stray cows and other cattle in that station."

## THE WHOLE ART OF SHOOTING:

BEING SOME OBSERVATIONS OF A  
DEAD SHOT.

["*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"]

OPINIONS differ as to the principal reason which should determine every young Briton to become a good shot. Some will tell him that he may at any time be called upon to defend his hearth (unless he uses gas-stoves) from the foreign invader.

Others will tell him of the glories of Sport for Sport's Sake. And here his aunts will remind him of the miseries of Pneumonia for Wet Feet's Sake.

Yet others will tell him of the delight of sending a friend a brace of peewits, tapirs or wombats.

Still others, who have shot themselves sick in their downy days, will tell him that the costume alone justifies the thing.

After some study of the various allurements, one can but think that there is something in the dictum of this last class—something almost true in what they say.

The kit's the thing. Although a considerable amount of shooting may be done in the Home Counties, beginning in quite mild seasons of the year, don't let this fact weigh for anything when you are getting your outfit. Get something heavy enough for the rigours of the Arctic Circle.

A shooting-coat is called so because it is a thing you wear for potting, or bedding-out, or an odd day's window-glazing (just as riding-breeches get their name from being used for promenades on the Marine Parade).

It should be built of Harris, Donegal or Hampstead tweed, lined with walrus-hide, faced with corrugated-iron, and trimmed with virgin cork. Refuse all substitutes for the last material; it floats.

According to your tailor, the shooting-coat, "what is a shooting-coat," must have plenty of pockets. A fair allowance is fourteen, though Mr. F. C. SELOUS, one of the biggest big-game men, specifies fifteen in his books. The idea of having so many pockets would appear to be as follows: One can put all the impedimenta of every-day use—nail-nippers, pipe, pouch, cigarette-case, match-box, keys, office dittoes, time-table, card-case, pencil, fountain pen, eraser, note-book, to mention those that occur most readily to mind—into the pockets of one's shooting-coat. Put each in one pocket. Have a place for every individual thing, and keep everything in its place. Then, just as a bird, beast or fish comes down wind, or up wind, or in any direction relative to the wind, affording one a shot, one can say,



## "MURDER WILL OUT."

Host (to son of a new neighbour). "GOOD HEAVENS, BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOOT A FOX?"

Boy. "OH—ER—I DIDN'T KNOW. WE ALWAYS DO AT HOME."

"Tut tut! I believe I've left my keys behind!" fumble in one's pockets, and so manage to let the bird, beast or fish get well out of range.

By executing this manoeuvre you achieve many most desirable ends. You save a cartridge—two, if the bird, beast or fish is travelling slowly—give yourself the satisfaction of *knowing* you'd have potted it if you'd fired, and prevent your fellow-guns airing their pretty wit at the expense of your elevation, or trajectory, or parabola, or something. Now it is to be hoped the student sees the reason for such a multiplicity of pockets.

Each pocket should have a box-pleat running vertically down the centre, and at least one leather button on its flap. These buttons should be nearly spherical,

of at least an inch in diameter, and weigh about two ounces each. The back of the coat should have expanding pleats, a cowl, aneroid barometer and Cape-cart hood.

Some sportsmen favour tails—others prefer a peaky semi-Directoire cutaway. This is a matter of taste.

The sleeves, at the shoulder, should be leg-o'-mutton, *ruché*, and cut on the bias. Detachable non-skid epaulettes may or may not be worn. At the wrist both sleeves should have bear-skin cuffs, the hair about four inches long. This prevents wounded birds falling down the sleeve and gives the coat a natty appearance.

Now for the nether garment. Breeches are most in vogue now, with a sliding seat (whose use will be found when one

has hurriedly to vacate a lofty elm's topmost fork, in rabbit shooting). They should be constructed of gopher corduroy, pitched within and without, and should have an easily-identified symbol neatly crevel-stitched in red silk, so that one can tell which is the front. Most handy, this, when dressing for kingfisher shooting, which necessitates early rising on dark mornings. It is usual to cut shooting-pants with two legs. The man who, when ordering trouser-ines for shooting, fails to specify a double allowance of brace buttons fore and aft, is guilty of contributory negligence.

The best footwear for shooting is a pair of brown brogue shoes, with red enamelled tongues, and spur blocks. Some prefer pumps, I know, but I stick to my guns in this matter, and plump for brogues. Socks of the piston-ring or *aurora borealis* pattern are *de rigueur* just now; they should match, be worn à l'insouciance, and be free from open-work as to the heels.

Gaiters you must have. The hedge-sparrow, though able to relish a joke with the best of birds, has a rooted aversion to bare knees, and, as even Blossie and Crackwell seldom turn out a pair of gunning-shorts that come below the *patella*, the man who goes afield with exposed knees takes his puncturable epidermis in his hands, so to speak. The gaiters must be of wart-hog hide, tanned with Squarson's vinegar and coal tar. This gives them that rich, fruity appearance so pleasing to the refined palate.

The vest is a matter of opinion. If you wear shirts and things, there is really no need to employ a waistcoat, except your natural desire to avoid being mistaken for a tar from *H.M.S. Buzzard*.

Your tie should be very fierce. You may drop across a tiger at any time, and although the human eye is well known to exercise a wonderful influence over the giant cat of the Midlands a gunner with even two eyes is not so well prepared for an encounter as he who wears a decided Paisley tie. Such at least is my reading of the evidence.

Now for the sportsman's head. You may wear a polo cap, a pith helmet with a Trinity (Dublin) band, or a Gibus. If your purse is to be considered, you can get some very maidenly effects in green felt Tyrolese chapeaux. Personally, I always affect a tweed roundabout. As this is your shooting hat, let yourself go a bit, and decorate it with three or four shillings'-worth of fishing tackle. Half-a-dozen trout casts, a paternoster or two, a Texas Devil spoon-bait and a landing net (not necessarily on the handle) are the least you can sport. Remember that the hat proclaims the sportsman. The uneasiness aphoristically associated with

the head that wears a crown is nothing to the *tristesse* of a man at a big shoot who wears a simple sun-bonnet, just like one of H. V. Esmond's heroines.

Now comes the matter of a gun. If you are going to shoot only now and then, over week-ends (and some of my happiest Sundays have been spent among the roots down Harpenden way, bowling over caterpillars), make shift with a pair of hammerless ejectors. But if you are going to follow the calendar, and shoot from partridges to parrakeets, right round the year, you cannot do better than get a Daisy air-rifle from Jamage's, alongside the blind newsvendor's cabin, in Holborn. You may take it as being true that a really good gun cannot be got for a smaller sum than three half-crowns, unless you hang round auction-rooms and get a Manxman to bid for you, when you see something good in the catalogue. The gun is everything—even more. A guest who turns up at a country-house with a bow and arrows, catapult, or even a "footpad's terror" Derringer, is not reckoned very smart in these days.

In selecting a game-bag, get one of those Canadian-Indian articles from Dossenheimer's, in Shoe Lane. They may be distinguished at sight by the fringe, which is of wigwam or wampum. I have a sneaking preference for the latter. This game-bag should not be too large. If it will accommodate a couple of ten-pointers (as the sportsman designates the larger-built chaffinches) it will probably serve your purpose.

Now for ammunition. If you take the trouble to run down to Whale Island you can often pick up some old Service stuff cheaply. It is simply a matter of squaring the Admiralty office-boy. But be sure you know the bore and stroke of your weapon. Those most commonly in use are 90 m/m by 120 m/m, with mechanically-operated inlet valves and ample water-jackets. If you turn up at a shoot with a '22 Belgian clavicle-smasher and two hundred rounds of 4.7 blank, ten to one the other fellows will think you are a green hand. Speaking of colours, Sir HIRAM MAXIM has laid down the law that the colouration of cartridge-cases has little bearing upon the effectiveness of their contents. I always use pink; but VIRCHOW has argued with some force that they should really chime in nicely with one's socks or tie.

I find that the limitations of space will not allow me to say anything about the use of the gun, but that is, after all, a trivial matter; it's the costume and the implements that really count.

#### Regrettable Tragedy in Denmark.

"HAMLET ENGULFED BY MUD."—"Daily Mail" Headline.

#### GREAT ARTIST'S EARLY DAYS.

##### PATHETIC LECTURE.

THE last of the deeply interesting series of lectures on "The Altruism of Art" was delivered by Professor the Right Hon. and Reverend Sir Halbert Fircorner at Olympia on Friday night.

The Professor, who wore the uniform of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, of which he is honorary bandmaster, devoted his address to a recital of his early struggles and the conquest of difficulties which might have daunted a less intrepid and versatile artistic descendant of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

His first studio, said Sir Halbert, was the disused stable of a giraffe, being some 12 feet square and 24 feet high. Yet it was in this circumscribed area that he set to work on his famous picture, *The Last of the Great Eastern*. For that canvas it was necessary for him to fix a seat halfway up one wall and strap himself into it while he painted sideways. But one day, in order to work at the bows of the vessel, he had to fix his seat 20 feet from the ground, and, one of the straps breaking, he was precipitated head-first into a barrel of burnt umber, from which he was extricated with great difficulty by a passing policeman, who heard his shouts and rushed in to his assistance.

A strange feeling of drowsiness came over him, premonitory of a total eclipse of his powers. But the picture had at all hazards to be finished for that year's Academy—the only question was how? To stave off the feeling of lassitude, he drank strong coffee every five minutes for three weeks, while to build up his strength he purchased an electric battery, a keg of cod-liver oil, and fifteen peach-fed Californian hams. So the great work was done, and a gleam of sunshine irradiated his gloom when an unknown patron purchased the picture for £5,000 before it was sent into the Academy, where it was the cynosure of every eye. Within a week of the opening of the Academy he had received letters of congratulation from two crowned heads, three archbishops, seventeen belted earls, and the late Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.

At a later stage in his career, when he had painted 300 portraits of M.F.H.'s in 300 days, an unsympathetic critic declared that "Fircorner could paint men, but he could not paint animals." Incensed by the injustice of this remark, he retorted by painting his famous and colossal canvas of *The Animals entering the Ark*, which completely paralysed his detractors. Although it was now more than fifteen years since that picture was painted, it still held the field as



the largest and most exhaustive representation of the great Noachian enterprise, and to this day he still received commissions from menagerie proprietors in both hemispheres on the strength of it.

At a still later stage another critic declared that Firconer could never do anything on a canvas less than 20 feet square—referring, doubtless, to a series of colossal groups which had excited the envy of incompetent contemporaries, and caused several overrated old masters to turn somersaults in their family vaults. Here again his answer proved that the brush is mightier than the tongue. In the space of six weeks he painted on a canvas exactly the size of a threepenny bit a picture containing portraits of every single member of the House of Lords. The exertion was tremendous, but he kept himself going by using a Samson Chest Developer which increased his girth by 17 inches, and when the picture was exhibited he was at once elected an honorary member of the Microscopical Society and Historiographer Royal to the Mint. Subsequently he received so many Orders that it became necessary for him to assume the title of Reverend, which harmonized at once with his appearance and the spiritual character of his work.

The Right Honourable Professor then gave a vivid account of his experiences as honorary conductor of the band of the Blue Bavarian Cuirassiers, illustrating his narrative with solos on the double-bass, the piccolo, the tenor trombone and the slide trumpet. He finally gave a daring exhibition of his skill on the trapèze, danced a pavane, accompanying himself on the castanets, and brought down the house by singing Wotan's *Abschied* in costume, with a beard of prehistoric bushiness and volume.

## BELLES LETTRES TAKEN FROM LIFE.

### I.

EXTRACT from the correspondence of an Indian native who is anxious for his son to join a motor-car class:—

SIR,—Most respectfully I beg to say that I had been brought up in respectable family who was very loyal and faithful to the Government. . . . I have a robust vernacular educated consisted with little English language. He is eighteen years old. He is so obidant, thoughtful and upright in discharging his duties that he has always been found Prettylight on his perch. Having sufficient mental and corporeal faculties, he is cordially desired to be admitted in it (the motor-car class). I should highly be obliged if you would kindly



## AN ECHO OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

"I DO MISS MRS JONES SHE TOLD ME ALL THE NEWS OF THE PARISH"

"OH, THAT WAS ONLY GOSSIP—NO TRUTH IN IT"

"WELL, THERE, I LIKED TO 'EAR IT. TRUTH OR LIES, 'TWA'S ALL NEWS TO ME"

order him to be admitted in it. Expecting for your favourable reply,

I have the honour, &c.

### II.

Extract from letter to clergyman asking advice about Old Age Pensions:—

SIR,—I am very sorry I made such a mistake in my first letter, forgetting my maiden name, which was ——. I was born 1837 or 38. I was very much worried at the time.

According to a writer in *The Sphere* "the road-hog is rapidly becoming a *rara avis*." This settles once and for all the question whether pigs have wings.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If you are not quite sick of the subject may I make one final suggestion with regard to the Welsh Motor Case? Having just read the dead lady's latest account of the accident, I wish to propose that the tablet "*To the Memory of Miss VIOLET CHARLES-WORTH*," presumably already ordered, should be proceeded with.

"Mrs Florence Smithson sang tiny ballads when only a dot of three, and has been on and off the stage practically ever since."—*Southport Society Notes*.

It was a very cautious editor who put in "practically."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN, on almost the first page of *Lady Letty Brandon* (LONG), we are told by "ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH" that her heroine possesses an illegitimate elder sister, *Janet*, who is her exact double, nine novel readers out of ten will suspect that they are embarking upon a tale of mistaken identity. It is a suspicion, however, which far underestimates the truth. *Lady Letty Brandon*, finding herself temporarily freed by the departure for Africa of her elderly and unlovable husband, herself goes to Italy, where, in the name of a friend, *Miss Blundell* (assumed for no very clear reason), she marries *Maurice Brooke*. So far so bad; but shortly after the birth of a son to the pair in Florence the success of her scheme is threatened by the arrival in that city of husband No. 1. With really admirable tact she decides to carry off the situation by pretending that *Brooke* has actually married *Janet*. It is a little difficult at first, and unfortunately confusion, bad enough in Italy, becomes worse confounded when all parties return home; *Sir Wentworth* and *Lady Letty* to Windover Court, and *Maurice Brooke* and his wife (who is really *Lady Letty* too) to a cottage on the estate. After this one's mind breathlessly refuses to follow the heroine in her Protean adventures. It is hard to believe that a writer of the reputation of Mrs. LEE-HAMILTON can have intended us to take seriously the troubles of a lady who has to keep "running round" like the soldiers in a stage procession; and when the heroine, after presiding as hostess of Windover at a dinner to which *Maurice Brooke* is bidden as a stranger to herself, dashes across the park in time to receive him at the cottage on his return, and hear his comments upon her supposed double, I myself laid the book wistfully aside.



Johnny. "RUMMY-LOOKIN' FILLAS THEY MUST HAVE BEEN IN THOSE DAYS—WHAT?"

Whenever Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON  
Puts forth a novel it's a snip  
(A phrase from racing) that the plot's an  
Artistic piece of workmanship;  
Thus, though *The Flower of the Heart* is  
Based on a thickly peopled patch  
(Another word for plot), all parties  
Come ultimately up to scratch.

By that I mean, to put it clearly,  
That every one who shows his face,  
However distantly or nearly,  
Is absolutely worth his place.  
Swells, parsons, sharps, or law-abiders,  
There isn't one of all the crew,  
Though some are pretty rank outsiders,  
Whom I would run my pencil through.

The story (METHUEN) treats of wooings  
Clandestine, coupled with a strange  
(To me) entanglement of doings  
In Bucket-shop and Stock Exchange.

The author's tackling of finance is  
For him new ground, but I shan't miss  
His old adventurous romances  
If all his new come up to this.

It is not an easy thing nowadays to think out a new villain, but I believe Mr. PERCY WHITE has done it. In *The Rescuer* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), *Athelstan*, a young man with dark hair and penetrating eyes, is making the most of the fact that the late *Edgar Maitland*, whom he assisted in scientific research, believed himself to have discovered the existence of visible, or at any rate photographable, brain waves. *Maitland* dies before the discovery is ripe for publication, and on his death-bed he entrusts his widow and *Athelstan* with the duty of seeing it through. *Athelstan*, having originated the thing in the first place by deluding *Maitland* with a faked photograph, keeps up the deception by hinting vaguely at success in the near future. Meanwhile he does himself very well, aiming at the widow's fortune through her daughter's hand, or, failing that, her own. Matters are thus when the rescuer turns up. He is an old friend of *Maitland*, a soldier, and pretty shrewd, and the way in which he gradually fetches up against *Athelstan's* stronghold makes for pleasurable excitement. Knitted with this conflict there is a good deal about N rays and similar deep stuff, which is presented so skilfully that I felt I must unconsciously have been master of the subject all the time.

The eight stories which Mr. B. L. PUTNAM WEALE has collected under the title of the first, *The Forbidden Boundary* (MACMILLAN), show him to be far abler at fiction than many authors who have made their reputation, as he has, by studies of fact. That Mr. WEALE knows the Far East inside out every page of his book testifies; but one can make the same criticism of his romance that

could be made, and I don't doubt has been made, of his treatises. Knowing his ground, he can point to its dangers, but he is not quite so happy at defining remedies. So in the longest of his stories, *The Adventurous Frenchman*, he suggests in a very racy fashion the perils of a contrabandist during the Russo-Japanese war; but he either skates over the details of their surmounting, or else finds a rather too easy way out. But the interest of his book is, for me at least, quite independent of its adventures. Mr. WEALE conjures up the country with rare skill, and peoples it, apart from certain diabolically omnipotent Celestials, with real living beings.

### Who's "Who"?

"In the Norse myth Thor, benevolent among the gods and lover of fruitful lands, warred greatly against the giants and drove them to the North, who, in their evil nature, troubled the Earth with ice"

*Westminster Gazette.*

"Good," muttered Armand Roche to himself, hiding a smile beneath the false black beard which he always carried in his portmanteau in case of an emergency.—"*Daily Mail Feuilleton*" (recently concluded). This, of course, is a much cleverer trick than the ordinary one where you keep outside the portmanteau.

## CHARIVARIA.

It is denied that the Albert Medal is to be bestowed on Sir JOHN BELL, who saved his life the other day by clinging to the fore part of a motor-cab which had knocked him down.

At Cambridge a "taxi-cab" has been constructed in accordance with a recently discovered specification of a vehicle which had been in use in China in the third century. It registers distances, we are told, with considerable precision, and records them by the beating of a drum at the completion of each "li," or Chinese mile. The "li," we are further told, is about a third of an English mile. So, curiously enough, is the mile of some of our modern taxi-cabs, to judge by our experience.

It is rumoured that Miss VIOLET CHARLES-WORTH is to make her appearance on the music-hall stage. This will surprise no one. We have had the trick cyclist there for some time, and the trick motorist was bound to come.

One thousand skulls, many of which are centuries old, have been arranged on shelves in the crypt of Hythe parish church, where they may be inspected by the public. At last our watering-places seem to be waking up to the fact that if they are to compete successfully with foreign resorts, they must offer additional attractions.

It is now thought that the violent agitation of the seismograph last week, which led to the rumour of an earthquake greater than that at Messina, originated in London and was caused by one of Messrs. ——— motor vans.

The *Pull Mall Gazette*, which has been publishing a series of letters from artists complaining bitterly of neglect, threw them the following crumb of comfort the other day:—

LORD ROBERT CECIL.  
NO CUTTING THE PAINTER.

The Fellow of the Zoological Society

who wrote to *The Times*, the other day, to complain of visitors who irritate and tease the animals did not mention a peculiarly gross form of cruelty which is of daily occurrence. We refer to the parading of a number of thoughtless plump persons in front of the man-eaters' cages, within sight of the animals and yet out of their reach.

Two hoopoes were seen flying around Penge parish church last week. In the opinion of the superstitious the visit of these *rara aves* to our shores presages the return of the crinoline.

Kingdom does so. Still, as a set-off to this, the French Club, we believe, has some aeroplanes which will fly.

"I think that the Old Age Pensions Act," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE last week, "has been a success beyond the dreams of its warmest friends. We anticipated 500,000 pensioners; there are very nearly 600,000 in weekly receipt of five shillings." Yet the average taxpayer is a curiously undemonstrative animal. Anyone would think from his demeanour that the Act had been a failure.

During the recent fog a member of the criminal classes suddenly smashed one of the windows of a jeweller's shop in Oxford Street, and, putting his hand through the aperture, seized a diamond-and-pearl tiara, and ran away. The police will therefore be obliged if anyone who meets a rough-looking man wearing an artistic tiara will at once communicate with them.

And a most mortifying incident happened in Savile Row. Taking advantage of the fact that the hall door had been left ajar, a passer-by entered Sir CUTHBERT QUILTER'S house, and stole a despatch-box. The box, which was locked, closely resembled a jewel-case, but contained nothing but papers. When the thief subsequently discovered this his remarks are said to have effectually dis-

persed the fog in his immediate neighbourhood.

At Sutton Ferry a motorist lost his bearings, and dashed through the window of a tailor's shop. According to one account which reaches us the intrepid motorist did not, however, lose his head, but remarked nonchalantly to the astonished tailor, "Oh, I want a new suit of clothes, please."

Reading in her newspaper the announcement

PRINCE ALBERT IN SICK BAY,  
a dear old lady remarked that she supposed that that was the latest name for the Bay of Biscay.



## RESOURCE.

Customer (after vainly trying for some time to pick up his change—a threepenny bit). "ERE, GIMME A CIGAR."

When a new Associate of the Royal Academy is elected some of the Academy models dash off with the news, and the first to arrive with the glad tidings at the house of the fortunate artist is, by custom, rewarded with a guinea. It says much for the honesty of artists' models as a class that no case is known of one of them having obtained this guinea by false pretences from some obscure and wealthy amateur. Let us hope that this is not merely because the idea has not yet occurred to those concerned.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* to point out that, while the *Aéro Club de France* does not admit ladies to membership, the *Aéro Club of the United*

## THE NEW OPERATIC CRITICISM.

INFECTED by the vivacious example of Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, the operatic critic of *The Times* has discarded the old traditions of sobriety, and, in a notice of WAGNER's *Götterdämmerung*, has lapsed into the now familiar blend of classical allusiveness with up-to-date argot. At this rate of progress we may soon expect to see criticisms in the following vein blossoming forth in all the bravery of large type:—

## CARMEN (VERY) SECULAR.

"'Pagan, I regret to say,' said Mr. Pecksniff," and Pagan is certainly the *not juste* to apply to *Carmen*, performed with the utmost *brio* last night at Covent Garden. But the ethics of opera are not those of—let us say—Brixton. The famous cigarette factory at Seville where *Carmen*—*belli teterrima causa*—worked did not come under the supervision of any Factory or Workmen's Compensation Acts. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*—cigarette girls are a nice quiet set, "I don't fink"! Besides, *Don José* did not belong to the Territorial Army. If he had worn a simple uniform of khaki instead of those *épatants* yellow breeches, no complications would have ensued. But, as Mr. HENRY JAMES remarks, "There you are!" Spain is not Suburbia, and, given these tropical premisses, events are bound to move forward to the inevitable *peripeteia*. Besides, *Carmen*, though at the outset a rather squalid and tawdry personage, grows in stature as the drama advances, until at the end she has become one of the supremely great figures of tragedy where *Antigone* is to be found, along with *Dido*, *Cordelia* and VIOLET CHARLES-WORTH.

Mme. Pippa de Dietrich, who undertook the title rôle last night, has undoubtedly an arresting and vivid personality. Though she lacks the grandeur of CALVÉ—the sublimity which, as LONGINUS says, is a reverberation of magnanimity, she moves and sings with a sort of inspired *canaille* which is vastly refreshing. Only the most stoical of eremites could resist the corybantic seduction of her dancing; and *Don José* was no plaster saint, but a simple human Spanish "Tommy." It is, in fact, the old, old story of Belle and the Dragoon, in which the latter is bound to come off second best when the *tertius gaudens* happens to be a famous bull-fighter. Antonio—we mean *Escamillo*—was brilliantly played by Signor Caldanino, the famous Basque baritone, who bears a most curious resemblance to Mr. C. B. FRY.

The mounting of the opera was at once realistic and picturesque, but we cannot

refrain from expressing our poignant regret that the example of RICHARD STRAUSS—and let us add RICHARD WAGNER—of introducing live stock on the stage was not followed. A Bull Ring without bulls is an oxymoron *in excelsis*. Surely the resources of Leadenhall Market would have been equal to the occasion. The tavern scene, again, was somewhat lacking in orgiastic élan, and compared with the latest exponents of the art, some of the dancers seemed to suffer from a positive plethora of garments. But, as Mr. PÉLISSIER says, "the sun's still shining in the sky," and if NIETZSCHE is right in his aphorism, "*Il faut Méditerraniser la musique*," no fault can be found with this auspicious revival. We may note that as a practical proof of the Syndicate's honourable determination not to indulge in any preferential treatment, the name of one of the *dramatis personæ* had been thoughtfully changed from *Mercedes* to *Carburetta*.

## FORGOTTEN HEROES;

## OR, "STILL RUNNING."

[The French submarine Z has just been found to have been lying forgotten for three years.]

RUMOUR reaches us that Austria has explained the billeting of a force of hers on a town in Macedonia during the last three months. The force had been despatched from headquarters with general orders to annex territory, and in the hurry of re-arrangements in the Balkans had been overlooked. Austria has now offered to withdraw the troops unreservedly, and regard the incident as not having occurred.

Extraordinary excitement is reported to have been caused in German military circles by the disappearance of two entire regiments of infantry from a garrison town in Westphalia. The order countermanding the march was handed to the EMPEROR for examination, passed on by him to the CHANCELLOR, transferred to the SECRETARY FOR WAR, forwarded by him to the Foreign Office, where it appears to have been lost. The regiments continued their march, in the face of every opposition, through Poland and across Russia, being aware that disobedience of their orders would be fatal. When last heard of they had just fought a terrific engagement with a savage force of four times their number in the centre of Tibet, and were continuing their advance by forced marches in the direction of Eastern Japan. The incident is naturally taken as an "unfriendly act" by all the Powers whose territories they have invaded, and furious wireless messages are being hourly despatched in the attempt to stop them. The force had really been intended to act as a

guard of honour to the mayor of a small town a few miles away.

Great anxiety is felt as to the Army aeroplane *Casabianca*. In order to retrieve previous failures, she was sent up with directions to break all existing records. She has now been round the world three times, and when last seen was passing over Orkney and Shetland at a rapid rate, the crew working with desperation, but apparently much exhausted. They mistook frantic signals of recall for encouragement to renewed efforts.

## WILLIAM'S LICENCE.

DEAR SIR,—As the owner of Toby, that easily first (Latin, *facile princeps*) among educated dogs, you will be interested to hear of the exploits of my dog, William Shakspeare, and more particularly since some notoriety has recently been accorded by *The Daily Chronicle* to a dog which went to a post-office and procured its own licence. This is a feat which my dog performs regularly every year, not merely, as *The Chronicle* dog did, "standing up to the top of the counter" and handing in a note with money, but actually going behind the counter and selecting the paper himself from other similar ones relating to foreign postage, filling it in with his name, address and pedigree, and paying spot cash on the transaction. Further, having obtained the licence, he files it away in a safe corner of his kennel. But this year the Divine William, as he likes to be called, surpassed himself. Some time ago I had the misfortune to receive a bad half-sovereign, and through inadvertence William took this coin when he went on his annual visit to the local post office. He did not discover the error until he was too far on his way to turn back—the office is some seven miles from my house. At first he was nonplussed (I confess it), but he quickly decided what to do. Jumping on a passing omnibus he barked for a twopenny ticket and successfully tendered the half-sovereign in payment. Then with 9s. 10d. he proceeded to do his business, bringing back 2s. 4d. change. I should mention that in former years it has been my custom to give him twopence for himself, so that, believing him to have deducted this honorarium, I accepted the change as correct. Such is William's modesty that it was only through overhearing an after-dinner talk in dog Latin between him and the gardener that I learned the truth. My first impulse was to reprimand him severely, but I refrained, for, after all, one cannot expect a too high degree of morality in dumb animals.

I am, etc.,

WILLIAM'S OWNER.





Bernard Partridge

## THE JUNKER BUNKER.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON, PRINCE?"

PRINCE BÜLOW. "BADLY, THANKS."

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "WELL, I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR BUNKER; YOU SHOULD SEE 'EM ON MY COURSE AT HOME!"

[The Death-Duties scheme in Prince Bülow's Budget is vigorously opposed by the Prussian "Junker."]







### THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

STUDY, SHOWING HOW ONLY THE WILLOWY TYPE IS LIKELY TO SURVIVE THE STRESS OF MODERN TRAFFIC

#### SOLILOQUY IN BERLIN.

OUT! so it's gone, that fiftieth birthday, gone  
With all its flags and flowers and crowds and cheers,  
Its salvoes and processions, beat of drums,  
Its blare of trumpets and its regiments  
Massed to salute me, and its loyalties,  
Its Burgomasters and its brother-Kings—  
Gone like a breath, and I am left to face  
The dread insistence of the further years.

Well, well, the prospect seems to narrow in;  
The limitless expanses grow defined,  
And I can see, as men of fifty see,  
The dark broad river which the others crossed,  
And which I too must some day cross alone.  
What trophy shall I bear to the other side,  
What symbol of my duty and my deeds?  
Bismarck? Aye, what of him? The only man,  
The indispensable, whose head was crowned  
With wreath on wreath of conquest and renown;  
Lion of Varzin, thunder-cloud of doom,  
Sole stay of Empire, rock of German might,  
Removed beyond the shocks of circumstance;  
Eternal monument of glory—pooh!  
I raised my hand and brushed the thing aside;  
And I did well, as every man must own.  
And the too clamorous people—what of them?  
Their meetings, congresses and Parliaments,  
Their murmurings and obstinate complaints

And all the babble of the orators?  
Police for them—aye, that's the only way—  
Police and prison or a foreign land  
For those who being German strive with me.

Silence, they say, a little silence, please,  
From this too swift and most impulsive King.  
The ways are narrow, and the fog lies thick  
To hide them, and to move is to be lost.  
Yea, but a King, since King he is, must know  
What path to tread; his eye alone can pierce  
The clouds of darkness, and his voice alone  
Can hail and guide them where they ought to go.  
Wherefore I know this silence is not good.  
While all the discontented loose their tongue,  
And rave against him, shall the King be still?

And I have kept the peace. Was that well done?  
I know not, but I know I kept the peace.  
I whose blood boiled to hear the clash of swords,  
At whose command a million men would spring  
Obedient to the conflict; I, whose soul  
Was made for glorious battle, who could lead  
• Ten thousand thundering horsemen to the charge,  
Have kept the peace, while others urged to war.

And so the years are gone, the fifty years,  
And every day was filled with care and toil,  
And at the end, with all too little done  
And nothing for remembrance, I remain.

## ANOTHER OLYMPIC GAME.

AN attendant skated up to me and touched me on the shoulder. "You mustn't go so fast, sir," he said. "It's dangerous when there are so many people about."

"My good man," I began, turning to him indignantly. Then my feet left me suddenly, came back with a great effort the wrong way round, and gave it up altogether. . . .

The attendant lifted me kindly.

"Thank you very much," I said. "If you will hold me tight, I will go on with my sentence. Thank you. Well, then, I was about to say that it wasn't at all my own idea going as fast as that, and that nobody realised so intimately as I how dangerous it was. Thank you again. Now if you will be so good as to push me off, I think I shall be able to show you something."

He gave me a push, and I sailed right down the course into a strange lady, apologised, and came down heavily. She struggled for a moment and then decided to sit down too.

"I'm very sorry," she began sweetly. "I expect it was my— Hallo! But how splendid!"

"Good morning," I said. "I'm simply meeting everybody here to-day."

"In London," said Miss Middleton with an air of detachment, "one is always running into one's friends. Now, are you going to lift me up or must I scream for help?"

"I am going to lift you up," I said, and I took her hand, pulled myself up by it, pulled her up, and sat down very violently again. "There you are," I added; "and now, if you will have me dragged to the side, I will explain all."

We got to the edge somehow, and clung on to the rails.

"This is most awfully bad for me," I began. "The things I say when I fall down. Oh, it doesn't do at all, you know. And I used to think myself such a quiet and well-spoken lad."

"Now your true nature is revealed."

"Ah, yes. It brings out the old Adam . . . or something rather like it . . . every time."

"You should have a man," said Miss Middleton; "I did, and I made him fall down. I felt so proud."

"I had a man once, but I simply couldn't bring him down, though I did try. I must have showed him all the holds. I put the wrist-lock and the neck-clutch on him."

"Twice round the wrist is once round the neck," said Miss Middleton; "twice round the neck is once round the waist; twice round the waist is—"

"As a last hope I introduced him to the half-Nelson touch. It was useless. Come on, let's take the floor again."

I took the floor at once on letting go of the rails, and Miss Middleton, who, it seemed, had had a day's start of me and was therefore much more steady, helped me up again.

"Thank you very much. I'm wearing quite a place in the back of my head. It's so tiring."

We skated slowly down the length of the course. That is to say, we started slowly, but at halfway we were going much faster than I liked.

"I have a secret to tell you," I began.

"Oh, do," said Miss Middleton. "Tell me the romantic secret of your birth. What they call *sotto voce*."

"Yes, I'll tell you that another time. What I want to say now is this. I can't stop and I can't turn. Do you think, before we get to the end, you could explain one or the other to me?"

"I believe you can do both at once by putting one foot behind the other."

"Oh, I know that way all right. But then there's the bother of getting up again."

"Then suppose we free-wheel so that we shan't be going so fast when the accident happens."

"I think so. You know, these things want brakes really . . . Do you see that woman in red, straight in front, leaning against the rails?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing . . . I wonder if she's a mother."

"Sure to be. A lot of girls and one boy at Cambridge sort of mother."

"Oh . . . I think I shall say I knew the boy at Cambridge. Would you care about coming too?"

"No, I must try to turn."

"You don't mind my not stopping and picking you up? I simply must go and see this woman."

"All right. You may say I was at school with one of the girls, if you like. Gladys. Good-bye."

I rolled relentlessly on. There was a crash behind me, but I dared not look back. I had other business on hand.

It was bound to come. . . . It was coming . . . coming . . .

Prior!

"I'm very sorry," I murmured for the two hundred and eighty-fourth time that day, "but I knew your son slightly—I mean my daughter Gladys knows Miss Midd—The fact is," I said in a burst of candour, "I'm only a beginner at this."

"Doesn't matter at all," she said with a motherly smile. "Guess we're all falling about to-day. Very pleased to have kept you from hurting yourself."

"Thank you very much," I said for the three hundred and ninety-third time. I put my hand to my head, realised suddenly that I had no hat on, and fell down violently. . . .

"Thank you very much," I said; "I'm

giving you a lot of trouble, I'm afraid. Good morning."

"Well," said Miss Middleton when I caught her up again, "I fell down all right. How's Gladys?"

"I made a mistake; I didn't know them, after all. I say, will you do something for me?"

"What's the matter? Of course I will."

"I've been thinking, and I fancy I've made a discovery. Now I want you to say something rather startling to me. Quite suddenly, you know."

"I can't think of anything, not like that. Except that your great uncle's died and left you a million pounds and a pair of roller skates."

"No, that isn't at all the sort of—"

"Your tie's all crooked."

I went down with a crash. . . .

"Well," said Miss Middleton, as we clung on to the side, "was that all right?"

"Perfectly," I said, with enthusiasm. "That's my discovery, that the whole thing is mental. If we could only keep our minds quite placid we should be all right. When I tried to take off my hat to my American friend and found I couldn't, I went down like a log. So I did just now. By the way, my tie isn't really crooked, is it? No; I thought it couldn't be. Well, now let's roll round the room perfectly easily together, holding hands and fixing our thoughts on something calm and soothing, which has nothing to do with skating."

"Mother," suggested Miss Middleton.

"Try again."

"Cod-liver oil."

"All right. Now then, are you ready? Go! . . . Do you know, it's a very funny thing, but I don't think I had ever realised that a cod *had* a liver."

"I once had a gold-fish, and it drank up all its water and died of indigestion, because we found it dead in the morning at the bottom of an empty bowl. Which looks like liver."

We were simply skimming over the floor by this time.

"There was once a halibut," I began.

We swept round a corner in style.

"A funny sort of fish," Miss Middleton was saying as we completed our eighth circle, "something like a—what are they called? Oh, yes, a skate."

My feet gave a sudden jerk.

"Oh no, no," cried Miss Middleton, "I didn't mean a skate—it wasn't a bit—I mean I—"

It was too late. The fatal word brought it all back to me. My feet leapt up into the air, and all the rest of us took their place upon the floor with one loud comprehensive bang . . .

The band slowly started the National Anthem.

A. A. M.

## CONSOLATION.

As the body of William Smith was leaving the cemetery chapel on its way to the grave, an elderly gentleman of aristocratic mien alighted from an electric brougham, and after a word with an official joined the little band of mourners.

William Smith was moving more slowly than he ever had done in life, for he had been a commercial traveller noted for his briskness until double pneumonia set in.

Mrs. Smith had seen her husband infrequently, and then only for brief week-ends, but she respected him deeply, was grateful for the position to which he had raised her, and, weeping steadily now at the graveside, had accepted grief as her destiny.

The ceremony over, the stranger approached Mrs. Smith in an attitude of sympathetic courtesy, and offered her his arm to the gate. He told her how highly he had always valued her husband, how completely they had understood each other, and how different everything had been since they parted.

The widow listened with respect and satisfaction, in no way embarrassed by her ignorance of the gentleman's name, for her husband naturally had had many friends unknown to herself, although this one certainly seemed to be both in attire and in address far removed above her idea of the majority of them, several of whom were indeed present.

"If there is anything I can do, Mrs. Smith," said the stranger as he shook her hand at the entrance, "you must write to me. You will see that I have moved to another town house," and handing her his card he lifted his hat with a gesture of reverent courtesy, stepped rapidly into his brougham, and was driven away.

The widow looked at the card, and reeled. It was that of the Earl of Borrodaile.

One by one, as the high tea progressed, anecdotes of the Earl of Borrodaile came to the memory of this guest and that—his wealth, his career, his wild oats, his famous or infamous ancestry, but most of all, recurring and recurring, his perfect manners, the unmistakable affability of your true nobleman, as compared with the supercilious condescension of the spurious political breed, with a word for the modesty (or craftiness) of the deceased in keeping so distinguished a friendship a secret from his older pals.

The next day one of the guests sent the widow not only a cabinet photograph of the earl but also his caricature, by no means unkindly done, from *Vanity Fair*. These pictures, one in the parlour framed in gilt, and one in Mrs. Smith's bedroom



*Mrs. Flanagan.* "AN' SO YE'VE GOT A PENSION—I WILL COME IN VERY HANDY."  
*Mrs. Muldoon.* "I NIVER WAS MORE SURPRISED IN ME LIFE, ME THAT NIVER SAW A SHOT FIRED IN ANGER."

in plush, may now be seen, with the widow often before them pointing them out to her friends and callers, with suitable memories not only of the peer himself but of his intimacy with her husband: except for a shining drop of pride perfectly the mistress of herself, serene in anecdote. For by the infinite mercy of Heaven she has never learned that the Earl of Borrodaile was under the impression that he was consoling the widow of William Smith, his old pensioned valet, whose funeral had been in progress only a few yards distant at the same time.

"Mr. Keir Hardie has travelled night and day from America to reach the conference."—*The Morning Leader*  
Some men would have stopped the ship while they slept.

"Convenient Houses, 2 minutes sea, 4 station, 5 Bedm."—*Advt. in Daily News.*  
We should have preferred something a little nearer the bedroom.

## Instead of Gold.

SIR FREDERICK TREVES having recently brought to notice the high intrinsic value of radium, as well as its curative value, we think it may become necessary soon to revise certain well-known proverbs and phrases, and we make the following tentative suggestions:—

All is not radium that is energetic.

As good as radium (applied to a sleeping child).

He has a heart of radium (this for certain uncles and benevolent gentlemen generally).

Pound wise, tube-of-radium foolish.

Take care of the pounds, the radium will take care of itself.

Speech is golden; silence is radiumen.

We may add that those who have been in the habit of selling their souls for gold will probably not be affected by the alteration, as the value of the souls in question is not likely to tempt higher bidders.

## "UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT!"

(From a private diary which may, quite possibly, remain unwritten.)

April 1st, 19—. Always knew the will of the People must prevail some day. But not so soon as this. To think that all the Means of Production, Distribution, and Exchange are now completely Socialised, and Labour emancipated from domination of Landlordism and Capitalism, without so much as a blow being struck! Why they should have chosen my humble self as President is beyond me. Of course, the name of Alaric Poshford was familiar enough to them in connection with a certain power of impassioned eloquence, combined with unusual lucidity in explaining the economics of Socialism. But I could almost wish Social Revolution had arrived more gradually. Labour Party rather forced my hand. So many details that I should have liked a few more years to think out. Have chosen Comrade Sowerbutts, Grafftey, Bilger, Sleece, Yem, Crowl, and Kloppski as Members of my Inner Council. None of them, perhaps, men of quite first-rate intellectual capacity, but all grand workers and accustomed to act under me. Sowerbutts will undertake Home Departments, while Kloppski—being at home in several Continental languages—will be the very man for what used to be called the Foreign Office. Comrade Grafftey, who as a former East-End Guardian has had considerable experience in financial management, would like to be in charge of the Exchequer. He may be competent. Better leave it open for the present, perhaps.

April 2nd. Comrade Sowerbutts has found hopeless confusion in all the Public Offices. And none of the permanent officials there to afford the slightest information! Some of them might have stayed on long enough to show us the ropes. They seem to have taken our denunciations of the Bureaucracy much too seriously. Well, we can do without them!

April 3rd. Comrade Yem proposes Revision of Fares on the recently Nationalised Railways. No distinction of Classes, and Return Tickets to anywhere for half-a-crown. Have them, by all means. We can afford it now, with no dividends to hamper us. And I observe that traffic returns on the S.E. & C. especially, show enormous increase for last few weeks.

April 4th. Making splendid progress! No more Unemployed—or even Unemployables! All earning skilled wages in the innumerable factories, industries, etc., taken over by State as going concerns. Our revenue ought to reach a tidy figure by end of month. But daily outgoings for free meals, free clothes, old-age pensions for everybody over forty, and so forth, work out at rather more than Comrade Grafftey anticipated. No matter. Can't we levy a super-tax on all the idle rich? Annoyed to find there are none. All left country by now, with everything they could realise! Cowards! Capitalist employers, too, have transferred their works to Colonies or Continent, instead of showing manly confidence in their fellow-citizens' sense of justice! But perhaps Comrades Crowl and Sowerbutts were unnecessarily frank about their intentions. Crowl says, finely, that "Ship of State will ride the lighter now the rats have abandoned it." All the same, we could have done with a few of the richer rats on board.

May 1st. Received Deputation at my official residence,

Eleusis Lodge (formerly Buckingham Palace), from leading Trades Unions, Industrial, Co-operative, Benefit, and Building Societies. Thought, at first, they had come to offer congratulations—but they hadn't. Seems they've been getting uneasy as to security of investments from which much of their income formerly derived. Reminded them that Labour had long ago declared itself for Socialism; that, from Socialistic point of view, all interest was Robbery. That they no longer required funds, as the State in future would do all they had been instituted to do—and do it a precious deal better. In short, as I put it to them pleasantly, they couldn't expect to have their cake and eat it too. Deputation thanked me, and withdrew.

May 2nd. Re-housing Problem solved by settling Slum Population in the various unoccupied West-End mansions. Some little friction, owing to all the families wanting the drawing-room floors. And they will insist on using the banisters for fuel! Issue Manifesto calling on Citizens to protect their own property.



### HEARD IN THE STRAND.

Voice of Conductor (through fog). "ROOM FOR ONE ONLY!"

May 3rd. In Council. Comrade Grafftey reported that the depleted state of National Exchequer renders it advisable to cut down all but absolutely necessary expenses. Comrade Bilger moved that, private property being now abolished and all incentive to crime consequently removed, the State should economise by dispensing with Police Force. Seconded warmly by Comrade Kloppski, who had never seen any advantage in having Police. Comrade Sleece moved amendment to include Army, Navy, and Territorial Forces, pointing out that a Socialist State, having no frontiers, logically requires no defences. Carried *nem con*. Find that Kloppski has sent out messages to all the principal nations, informing them of our glorious Social Revolution, exhorting them to follow our example, and assuring them of our unalterable determination to regard them as Brothers. Quite right, only he might have consulted me first. The only notice Foreign Governments have taken of our friendly overtures

has been to recall their Ambassadors. Let them! We have no desire for intimate relations with a pack of alien diplomatists with whom, as aristocrats, we could have little in common. But offensive, all the same. We are not dogs!

June 1st. Comrade Grafftey can't make out why so little money comes in. Returns from all our Socialised Industries (with exception of State Distilleries and Breweries, which, in spite of complaints of deterioration in quality of liquor, do show a slight profit) most unsatisfactory. Sleece says present working shifts far too short. A Citizen has no sooner looked round and grasped general idea of task expected from him before his two hours are up and it's time to knock off. But surely he must have leisure to develop intellectually and morally—in short, to taste the joys of life! And what about all our disbanded soldiers and sailors? If we're to find employment for them, the shifts will have to be shorter, rather than longer. Bilger says we can't ask decent citizens to labour side by side with persons they regard as no better than "hired murderers." Still can't understand why our output is so small and sales so limited. Sleece says because our Citizens don't put any vim into their work. Then why not appoint overseers to keep them up to it? Better not, perhaps—the People might resent it.





Visitor "AND SO YOU'RE LEAVING PARIS OF COURSE YOU'VE BEEN TO THE LOUVRE?"

Fair American. "YES, I BOUGHT THIS COLLARETTE THERE."

Visitor. "AH, NO. I MEAN THE PICTURES, Y' KNOW."

Fair American. "THERE, MOMMER! I SAID THERE WAS A GALLERY BY THAT NAME!"

June 15th. Must find money somehow. Grafftey reports our Gold reserves are running very low indeed. And Klopiski admits he doesn't know a single foreign financier he could trust to float a loan for us. Disgraceful how the National Credit has been lowered by the infamous band of brigands who formerly mismanaged the country! We might try using a paper currency—but would our Citizens stand it? Klopiski has brilliant idea. Our Fleet useless to Us—but ought to be worth something to some State benighted enough to attach any importance to command of the sea. Offers to approach representatives of foreign Powers on the quiet, if we will leave him perfectly free hand. Gave him full power to negotiate on behalf of State.

July 1st. Over-rated as I always considered the British Fleet, I did think it would fetch more than it has! But Klopiski assures me it was the best offer he could get for it. One more instance of the scandalous manner in which the late so-called Admiralty swindled a long-suffering nation! Fortunately Klopiski was sharp enough to stipulate for cash down.

Aug. 1st. Useless to mince matters any longer. Have issued Proclamation to the People, telling them plainly that a State can't go on paying its members fancy wages for producing articles for which there is no demand, and that we are not even exporting enough to obtain sufficient foodstuffs in exchange. So, unless all Citizens abandon industrial labour as useless, and take to tilling the soil energetically at once, we shall be within measurable distance of starvation in six months!

Aug. 2nd. Believe, even now, there would have been no serious disturbances but for rumour that a formidable foreign navy was preparing to steam for our coast. Klopiski, at some personal inconvenience, put off a voyage he was taking to Buenos Ayres for reasons of health, and endeavoured to calm mob by announcing method by which he had relieved them from the intolerable burden of our bloated armaments, and assuring them that the foreign fleet was merely coming with the peaceful purpose of conveying home its country's purchases. Unluckily, lamp-post only too convenient! . . . Citizens are now betraying Socialism by electing Committee of Public Safety from the very class of professional butchers they so lately regarded with loathing! The spirit of militarism is again rampant. Fleet and Army being rapidly re-organised. Worse still, a violent mob is besieging Eleusis Lodge and clamouring for their President and his colleagues! Where they will find them I don't know. I shall be under the biggest State-bed. But how long—how long?

F. A.

"At the time of the fire the thermometer stood at zero, and in endeavouring to extinguish it several firemen were severely frost-bitten."—*The Autocar*.

This habit of defending itself fiercely when attacked is one of the most noble traits of the thermometer.

"Acting Sub-Lieut. R.N.R. has been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant."—*The Morning Post*.

There are so many men in the Service with these initials that it was a mistake to leave out the surname.



*The New Vess President.* "THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS IN THE MESS THAT MIGHT BE GOT RID OF. NOW THERE ARE TWO BAROMETERS; THEY CAN'T BOTH BE WANTED."

*The Old Mess Sergeant.* "WELL, THE ONE IN THE HALL-ROOM, SIR, IS WHAT TILLS THE WIND, AN' THIS ONE IN THE 'ALL, SIR, IS FOR THE OFFICERS TO TAP."

#### GENUINE HOWLERS.

[FROM A GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.]

DEFINE the meaning of the following words:—

*Patriarch.*—Person from whom one is descended.

*Hiatus.*—The Science of the Aspirate.

*Homœopathic.*—A Home for invalids.

*Palliate.*—To tickle the taste.

*Mediæval.*—Early times in the year 600 A.D.

*Arctic.*—Appertaining to the Arctic Regions.

*Herbaceous.*—One who eats grass.  
*One who lives on grass.*

*Inhibit.*—One who lives in the water.

*Prestidigitator.*—Someone who finds out prestiges.

*Carpe Diem.*—Daily bread.

*Flora et Fauna.*—Pleasures and trials.

*Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cælum.*—The well-aimed arrow reaches the sky.

*Quod Erat Faciendum.*—What has he done?

*Obiter Dicta.*—Writings of the dead.

*Sub Rosa.*—Under the starry sky, in the dew.

#### SOLITUDE.

LATELY, when bidden to a Children's Party,

Just at the hopeful dawning of the year,

The answer I despatched was prompt and hearty—

I felt quite fit to stand around and cheer,

Beaming in Mr. BIRRELL'S blandest way  
Upon the infants, though I might not join their play.

Some men there are can make an orange pigling

With easy art; others can play at bear;

Spontaneously, without self-conscious wriggling,

One daubs his face and rumples up his hair,

Purveying such buffoonery and noise  
As titillate to mirth all little girls and boys.

On such an one I saw chair-anchored matrons

Gaze genially, with mild approving smiles;

I heard a murmur, as of concert patrons,  
"Such a nice touch with children, Mr. Byles!"

Sharp envy wrung me; I felt quite annoyed

Where I stood cornered, somewhat bored, and unemployed.

Is it my fault that youthful Lubin-lu ing  
Affects me with no impetus to sing,

That longing for a pipe needs stern subduing

While I should be immersed in Jing-a-ring?

Am I to blame because I feel depressed  
Among four dozen kiddies, all so nicely dressed?

Elsie, we often have our private gambols;

Agnes, our six-year friendship has no flaw;

Kathleen, my infant guide in garden rambles—

To me your lightest wish or whim is law.

But when I meet you, so to speak, in bulk,

Somewhat I feel, like Mr. Bowling, "a sheer hulk."

Children, farewell! and may you never suffer,

When middle-age upon your brow has scored

His wrinkles, that depression of the duffer

Who blames none but himself that he is bored;

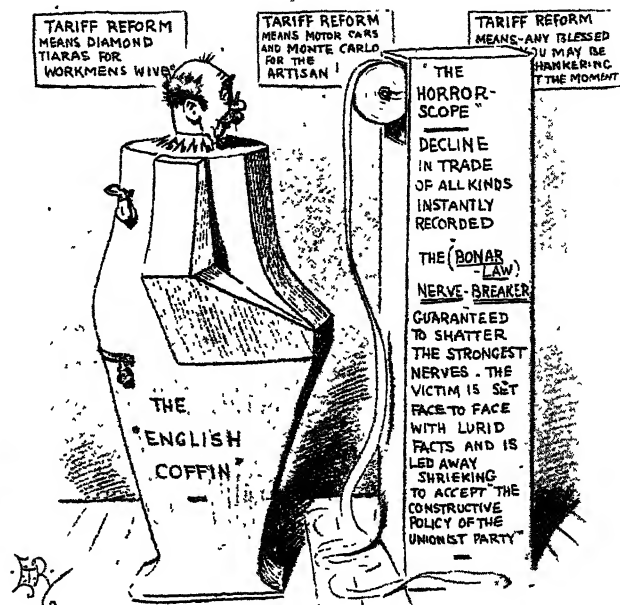
May you at forty have the knack of play  
At Children's Parties—or the tact to keep away.



### A HOME FROM HOME.

ALIEN ANARCHIST (to Home Secretary) 'EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT YOU HAVE ALWAYS MADE US SO VERY WELCOME THAT I HOPE YOU WON'T ALLOW THIS REGRETTABLE INCIDENT AT TOTTENHAM TO INTERFERE WITH OUR CORDIAL RELATIONS. MY COMRADES FORGOT; WE ARE PERMITTED TO PLOT HERE, BUT OUR MURDERS SHOULD BE DONE ABROAD.'





## HORRIBLE SCENES IN THE "TORTURE-CHAMBER" OF THE "CONFEDERATES."

[An adjunct so much in keeping with their methods, if not already existing (in some subterranean chamber in the Houses of Parliament), must surely be in contemplation.]



## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

IN THE PLAYGROUND.

Villa Sans-Gêne, Casinoville.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Behold your Blanche revelling in sunshine and blue skies, while you, poor dear, are beset with anti-cyclones and V-shaped depressions or else beastly fogs. Josiah's in Central America on business—one of his Companies is financing a revolution or a republic or something out there; so I took the opportunity to nip over here with Bosh and Wee-Wee, for my delicate chest will *not* stand an English February.

There's quite a nice lively set here. No don'ters among us. Know what a don'ter is, my sweet? Primarily, it's a person who says "Don't"; secondarily, it's one whose presence puts the brake on. *Husbands* are almost *always* don'ters. Wee-Wee's the only wife I know who doesn't consider her husband one. But they're quite an extraordinary couple. They don't consider a holiday a bit spoilt by being together. I said something about it to them yesterday, and Bosh said, Yes, he supposed it was a bad habit they'd got into.

We're all stuck on *Systems* here. It's the chief topic. I've got a System, of course. I don't know whether I could make you understand it, you quiet, little mouse. I double the stake when I win and treble it when I lose—and wait for the law of equilibrium! Bosh says it's like the famous Berenger System, only more daring. I asked if Berenger made his fortune. Bosh said, No, he died a beggar—but *that* was because he couldn't wait long enough for the law of equilibrium.

Wee-Wee goes in chiefly for roulette. Her System is to look for tips everywhere; a bit of thread on the carpet, a cloud in the sky (only there aren't any) she turns into a number, and goes and backs it. And she dreams too. Such fun, my dear! The other night she dreamed a number, and, like a donkey, mentioned it to Bosh at breakfast. At our usual time she and I went to the Rooms distractingly got up, and covered with mascots and lucky charms. She was all excitement about her dream number. We met Bosh just coming away. "Thanks, little woman," he said to Wee-Wee. "I backed your dream-number, and it's come up three times. Look at my spoils!" "What!" screamed

Wee-Wee. "You've used my dream-number, and worn out the luck, and now it's no use my going to back it! Oh, how wicked to rob a poor woman of her dreams in that way! Call *that* being a husband?" "No," said Bosh, coolly walking off; "I call it being a winner—quite a different thing." It's the first time I ever knew them nasty to each other; but they're all right again now. Still, I think Wee-Wee's temper is just the teeniest bit spoilt by so much roulette. For instance, when she and I were discussing the Fancy Dress Dance at the Casino to-morrow night, and she said she and Bosh meant to go as Rouge-et-Noir, I made the innocent remark, "Why not go as the other thing—Trente

sure enough there was a run on red, and your Blanche was a happy little woman!

Clinton and Clytie gave a freak lunch the other day. We all pretended we belonged to the submerged tenth, and tried which could talk most slang. Clinton was easily first with his "Tenderloin" patter. He was got up as a New York tough, and Clytie as a toughness. I went as an East-End Sally-girl, with a little shawl and an apron, and "fevers." Bosh and Wee-Wee came as paupers. ("It's only anticipating a little," Bosh said; "it's what Wee-Wee's passion for roulette will soon bring us to!") Melanie de Chateauxvieux and her Comte (didn't I tell you they were here?) were Apaches, and after lunch they did an Apache dance that went with a bang.

Oh, m'amie, the sea and sky are so divinely blue to-day that, as I said when some of us were strolling on the Terrace just now, it's enough to make even a sensible person a poet. "Yes," said Bosh, "the Mediterranean's a very decent ocean; most people rave about it, though comparatively few can spell it. Wee-Wee wrote a poem about it when we were 'mooning in these parts ages ago; she put two d's in it, I remember."

Whom d'you think I met in the Rooms the other evening, my dear? Professor Dimsdale, who lectured to us at the "Fitz" on the Noumenon and was the first to teach us that nothing is a bit like itself! "Why, Professor," I said, "you

the playground! I thought you were always in school!" "Ah, dear lady," he answered, "I am not here as the rest of you giddy children are. I am studying the *Science of Chance*; and also, as a mental philosopher, observing the operation of expectation and disappointment on the human mind and countenance."

I simply love the way he talks; but when I repeated this to the others Bosh sniffed and said he'd watched the Professor playing, "and he didn't seem to care twopence for the minds and countenances of the people round him; and as for studying the *Science of Chance* he was just playing in the ordinary way, using the commonest Martingale, and seemed gladder at winning and angrier at losing than anyone at the table!" But the men never will do justice to the dear Professor!



## AFFORESTATION.

First Oddfellow (reading). "By THE NEW SCHEME, EMPLOYMENT WILL IN TIME BE FOUND FOR 90,000 FORESTERS; NOT A WORD, MARK YOU, ABOUT US ODDFELLOWS AND BUFFALOES!"

et Quarante?" and she turned quite catty.

Clinton Vandollarbilt and his sister Clytie are here. Clytie has just divorced her fourth husband, and she says she means to quit marrying now, and live her own life. Clinton's as nice a boy as ever. He doesn't come to the tables much; he says it's rather lost its charm since he broke the bank two years ago. Clytie never comes, because her husband before last was the Hereditary Something of Casinoville, and she says it wouldn't be considered correct. Clinton has his aeroplane here, and has taken me some trips; and oh! he's given me such a dilly mascot!—a heart made of a large ruby. (That's the best of a place like this; you may accept the loveliest things from people, and so long as they're just called *mascots* it's all right!) The first night I wore the ruby heart at the tables I took it for a tip, and



Sportsman (dismounting from lent horse, and delighted to find his second horse at hand after forty minutes of "the best") "TELL YOUR MASTER THIS HORSE IS A 'RIPPER,' I NEVER HAD A BETTER RIDE."

Groom (neuly imported). "BEDAD, SOR, I CAN SAY THE SAME OF YER OWN LITTLE MARE, FOR SHE'S JUMPED FENCE BY FENCE WID YE ALL THE WAY."

I hear that long waists and panniers are to be worn and that we're to keep our elbows close to our sides also; that a small, demure smile will be correct. I don't care for the prospect, and it's made Wee-Wee quite ill, for the Directoire was peculiarly *her* day out.

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

#### ON OMENS (MEN'S AND WOMEN'S).

"SIR,—Sunday last was the second anniversary of my daughter's birth, and I caught a fully-fledged butterfly, which is still alive and flourishing, in her bedroom. Butterflies are an unusual phenomenon at this time of the year, and I am curious to know what it signifies as an omen."—*Daily Express*.

[If we receive any more letters like the following they will be destroyed.]

DEAR SIR,—This is indeed a "year of anniversaries," and yesterday was the 86th anniversary of my grandfather's birth. He was very much perturbed because an exceptionally fat robin came and stared at him through the window for fully a minute and then flew away without a word. I would like to know if any of your readers have had a similar weird experience. H. L. SAMS.

21, Parsifal Mansions,  
Turnham Green.

DEAR SIR,—Last Monday my little daughter was exactly a year old, and on going into the nursery what was my surprise to see a mouse disappear behind the skirting. My wife and I have neither of us ever seen a mouse in this room before (although we have had them in the kitchen), and we cannot help feeling that there is more in the incident than meets the eye. My little girl knows nothing about it and is up till now quite well. J. B. PHIBBS.

102, Tregarthen Road,  
West Kensington.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing your interesting correspondence on "Omens," I thought your readers might like to hear my experience. Some time ago our cat presented us with kittens (triplets), two of which we had made up our minds to drown as soon as they were old enough to stand it. On the very day fixed for the carrying out of the sentence, my youngest boy, whose fourth anniversary it was, had a miraculous escape from wetting his feet in the Serpentine. Needless to say we took the hint and the kittens were spared, and we are now firmer believers in omens than ever. HERBERT J. MINCHIN.

17, St. Swithin Street,  
Edgware Road.

DEAR SIR,—My wife's mother is a great believer in omens and considers it especially lucky to see a donkey on her birthday. Her birthday was yesterday, and she saw a donkey on Westminster Bridge—although I was not with her at the time. Taking the Underground from there she inadvertently got into an "Ealing Non-stop" instead of an "Inner Circle." At Ealing the donkey brought her the usual luck, for she found a shilling on the platform, and she eventually arrived home, tired but triumphant, 7½d. to the good!

COLIN STRANGE SIMPSON.

8a, Bella Vista Mansions,  
Gloucester Road.

From a Calcutta advertisement sheet:  
"THE SLEING: made of pure India rubber. Patched with teakwood. Playmates for boys. Bird and dog may be hurt."

How well they understand boys in India.

From a purse calendar:—

"March 30. Sir J. Lubbock born.  
April 30. Lord Avebury born."

We know nothing against March as a month for birthdays that it should be considered unworthy of a man when he reaches the peerage.

## AT THE PLAY.

## I.—"OUR MISS GIBBS."

NEVER was there a man more fortunate in the loyalty of his *clientèle* and his critics than Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at the Gaiety. Let him give them pretty faces, pretty frocks, pretty scenes and pretty music, and they are very simple creatures to please. It doesn't matter if his author's ideas—such as the love of a budding Earl for a shop-girl—are as old as the everlasting hills; or, worse still, are six months behind the times, as in the reproduction of the White City, or the revival of the craze for amateur burglary. Are not the old favourites all there? Is not *Our Miss Gibbs* no other than *Our Miss GERTIE MILLAR*, who by any other name would be as sweet? Is not Mr. EDMUND PAYNE just himself again, though he may imagine that he is disguised in the local colour of a Yorkshire lad? Is not Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junr., as fatuous as ever? Do not the two admirable "sets"—Garrod's Stores and the Court of Honour at the White City—offer the old familiar liberty, to individuals and choruses, to behave in the foreground as they would be expected to behave in no conceivable spot in the universe? What more could one ask?

Of course you need to be an *habitué*, as I am not, to be in perfect touch with these conditions. Thus, though Mr. EDMUND PAYNE is always an irresistible figure and an incomparable humorist, I could not share the hilarity of the Pit over his opening pleasantries. But to them it made no difference what he said or did, so long as he said or did it. Then there is Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, junr., with his established reputation for playing the sportsman of the silly-ass school. Yet to the cold eye of the comparative stranger there is something curiously unfunny in his methods. Still, I like his reserve; he never "presses" or pretends to be amused by himself. And he sings one song with a capital chorus in praise of music's power as demonstrated by the fiddler-conductors of Hungarian bands.

Miss GERTIE MILLAR, in the character of a Yorkshire lass, has a song with one most fascinating note in the music of the last line. But the best was a duet between her and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE on the charms of their Yorkshire farm, and nothing could be more moving than Mr. PAYNE's appeal to us to come and sample its beauties for ourselves.

I hope Mr. IMRE KIRATFY has been invited to see his White City, and that he had a better seat than mine—a chair in a passage, with a large section of the stage well out of my line of vision. Even from that coign of disadvantage I

could see the gentleman who personated him under the thin pseudonym of Mr. *Amalfy*, and though I have never consciously beheld the great universal im-



A YORKSHIRE LASS AND LAD

MISS GERTIE MILLAR AND MR. EDMUND PAYNE

provisor in the flesh I cannot believe that this stage dandy did any justice to his miraculous gifts.

*Enfin*, a very passable evening's distraction for those who are in the vein and a comfortable stall. O. S.

## II.—"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME."

*An Englishman's Home* is announced on the programme as "By a Patriot." I don't know if that gives everybody else the feeling of horror and shame that it gives me. A "Patriot" is generally defined as "a man who loves his fatherland." To wish to distinguish yourself from your fellows as a man who loves his fatherland; to wish to talk about your love for your fatherland to anybody—I cannot understand it. Has the man no secret places in his heart? And is there nothing that we may take for granted about him? How, I wonder, would he feel if he saw a play described as "By a Pure Woman"?

But this is to be old-fashioned. Of course I know really that in these days a "patriot" means simply "a man who believes that Germany could successfully invade England." Well, the author may be right to call himself that; yet I cannot see why he should wish to remain anonymous; for he has written a tremendous play, to which anybody might be proud to put his name. It is impossible to describe fully such a mixture of laughter and tears, throbs and thrills; unnecessary to give the bare outlines of the plot, seeing that all London knows by now that it deals with the invasion

of this country by a foreign power. But it is only right to say that the author has presented his case for national service with such rare tact that the play would be void of offence even to the most violent anti-militarist.

Yet there was in my mind all the evening the feeling that the lesson was not so effective as it was meant to be. This, I think, was largely due to the fact that the Bad Young Man, vulgar but cheery, who spent his spare time watching football and deriding the Volunteers, was so delightfully human that one could not help being attracted to him; while the Good Young Man, who spent his spare time learning to defend his country, was such a stagey figure and made such conventional speeches that one was unconsciously repelled by him. Had the Good Young Man been cheery and companionable, and the Bad Young Man not only vulgar but unreal, then. . . . But the author, I fancy, was too scrupulously fair to take that advantage over his opponents.

Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH plays the cheerful bounder *Geoffrey*, and I shall not attempt to express my admiration of his fine performance. It is tribute enough simply to have singled him out from the remarkably clever cast which interprets the play. I hope the compliment will not be weakened if as an afterthought I add a special word of praise for Mr. MAX LEEDS, who is delightfully funny as a Volunteer lieutenant. And this reminds me: *Geoffrey* is rightly held up to contempt for ridiculing the Volunteers in the First Act, and yet all through the Second and Third Acts the author is doing the very same thing himself!

Still, a wonderful play. Wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.

P.S.—I almost forgot to say that from a military point of view, the most wonderful bit of work of the evening was the manner in which I found my way to Wyndham's in the fog. M.

"There is no institute of its kind in existence anywhere except the one in Paris. Thanks to the munificence of Sir Ernest Cassel the new one in London will be the finest in the world."

"Every year the all-round shooting of the Navy has improved, but never has it reached so high a level as at present."

These two extracts from *The Daily Chronicle* have an honourable place in our forthcoming book, *The Journalistic Touch; or Piling on the Praise*.

"As soon as he felt himself safe in the saddle, he virtually stepped into the Pope's shoes in Germany."—*The Englishman*.

A curious scheme of life this gentleman must have planned out for himself.



Retired Colonel (Indian Army, just arrived at small seaside town with an idea of settling there). "WHAT KIND OF PLACE IS THIS?"  
Cabby "OH, IT'S A NICE ENOUGH LITTLE PLACE, SIR, BUT IT'S SO OVERRUN WITH THEY ANGLO-INDIAN COLONELS!"

### CHAR-R-M.

Young Jenkinson seated in an armchair by the fire reading the evening paper, Young Mrs. Jenkinson seated on the hearthrug at his feet looking into the fire. They have been to see "What Every Woman Knows," and Young Mrs. J. has been very thoughtful all the way home.

Young Mrs. J. Oh! put that old paper down. How can you read an evening paper when you've just seen a play that makes you think?

Young J. Makes you think what?

Y. Mrs. J. That there's a good deal in what she says.

Y. J. What about?

Y. Mrs. J. About "Char-r-m." Don't you remember she said that, however plain a woman was, if she had *charm* her plainness didn't count, and however pretty she was if she hadn't *charm* her good looks didn't count either. And I was wondering if you knew any woman, for instance, who really had *charm*. (Looks up at him sideways.)

Y. J. (putting down his paper and filling his pipe). Let me see. Well, there's Kitty Creighton; I should say that soft, babyish way of hers is "*charm*." Shouldn't you?

Y. Mrs. J. Oh, dear, no! That's not *charm*, that's *silliness*. Kitty's very sweet, but that childish manner of hers

is obviously put on, and *charm* must be natural and unconscious.

Y. J. Well, then, Mary Merrick, your hockey friend. There's something irresistible about her high spirits. Isn't that *charm*?

Y. Mrs. J. Good Heavens, no! No one in his senses could call Mary's rough, blunt manner *charm*. She's a ripping centre forward, but she hasn't got a vestige of *charm*, dear.

Y. J. Well, what about Mrs. Frank Woods? Isn't there *charm* about her smooth, caressing voice and quiet, deliberate movements?

Y. Mrs. J. My dear! Mrs. Frank Woods is quite a nice person, but she's got about as much *charm* as an Alderney cow.

Y. J. Then there's Tina Broadlands, with her original ideas and quick repartee. I think that's *charm*.

Y. Mrs. J. (shaking her head slowly). No—that's *cattiness*. There's no *charm* in always trying to be cleverer than anybody else.

Y. J. Well, you won't deny that Mildred Maxwell has *charm*. Look at all the men running after her.

Y. Mrs. J. Running after her! I should say it's the other way about, and if she catches one it will be the result of industry and perseverance, certainly not *charm*.

Y. J. Then the only remaining candi-

date is Young Mrs. Jenkinson. Has *she* *charm*?

Y. Mrs. J. I can't tell you that. The possessor of *charm* must be unconscious of it.

Y. J. But if I said that, in my opinion, she *has*, would you contradict me?

Y. Mrs. J. Darling, you know I *never* contradict you!

In a recent issue of *Punch* there appeared a paragraph in which, through an error of a correspondent, the authorship of a certain article in *The New Age* was attributed to Sir HENRY COTTON. From a letter addressed to us by Mr. H. E. A. COTTON we learn that he, and not Sir HENRY, was the author of the article. We beg to offer our best apologies to Sir HENRY COTTON.

An applicant at the Croydon Court was advised to see the missionary the other day, the Clerk adding, according to a contemporary:

"If he thinks it a proper case we will have a warrant issued and the fishmonger laid by the heels."

As an alternative we would suggest that he might be laid by the h'oysters.

### Making a Southerner of Him.

"Scot Wanted; Bags Supplied."—*The Scotsman*.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*Patricia Baring* (CONSTABLE) was a little Australian girl who began to keep a diary before she was nine years old. She kept it so well and spelled so correctly (even the long words) that, if you ask me, I think Miss WINIFRED JAMES, who also comes from the land of HILL and TRUMPER, kept it for her. In fact, the book reads as if it were largely composed of Miss JAMES's reminiscences of her own (geographically) far-off childhood. It reveals a charming character and many pretty and pleasant thoughts. But, apart from the spelling difficulty, I don't believe that the earlier chapters could have been written by *Patricia* herself. Little pitchers may have long ears, but what runs in at one has fortunately a knack of promptly running out at the other. *Patricia* couldn't have remembered all those long conversations. When she is a little older she becomes more possible, and even more charming. If I had been a young man on the spot I should certainly have been at her feet with the rest of them. But think how difficult it is, artistically speaking, for a modest little woman like *Patricia* to tell us, in her own words, how clever and fascinating and pretty the young men found her. She (or Miss WINIFRED JAMES) has to adopt all manner of devices to keep up the illusion that she is ignorant of her own charms. And the devices are so transparent. They don't even take me in, and I am not nearly as intelligent as *Patricia*. The story ends on a painfully modern and tragic note, which is as though the last movement of a MENDELSSOHN symphony had been rewritten by STRAUSS. Miss JAMES should avoid discords and the use of the first person singular if she wishes to fulfil the undoubted promise of *Patricia Baring* and *Bachelor Betty*.

I commend *A Holiday Touch* (GEORGE BELL) to all budding story-writers in search of a model of the sort of thing that appeals to magazine editors on the other side of the Atlantic. A light touch—the holiday touch, in fact—Mr. CHARLES BATTIE LLOOMIS undoubtedly possesses. Gently satirical, mildly sentimental, or downright farcical (his own words, on which I dare not try to improve), his stories are always cheerful and generally amusing, even when they have a touch of pathos. I like best "The Unheard Wedding March." *Mariana Leighton* had waited so long at the nuptial altar for her husband that was to have been that at last all the wedding guests had stolen from the church, murmuring, like the other *Mariana*, "He cometh not." All, that is, save one, and he a stranger in the land. To him *Mariana* owned that this was the second time *Chauncey Haversham* had left her in the lurch. A week before, as she was dressing for the ceremony, a wire had arrived to say that he was unavoidably detained by a sudden invitation to see SARAH BERNHARDT act. *Mariana* recognised at once that

the chance of seeing the great actress for nothing was too good to be lost. Besides, it might help him with his French. To-day, so he told her on his tardy arrival, he had simply forgotten his engagement, owing to a press of business at the office. But meanwhile the sympathetic stranger had been making hay rather quickly. "*Mariana*," he said—after a conversation of less than four hundred words, containing a definite proposal about half-way through—"May I call you *Mariana*?" "You have," was *Mariana's* terse but satisfactory reply; after which what chance for *Haversham* the Unready? The little story seems to me quite good fooling, delightfully typical of American humour and Mr. CHARLES BATTIE LLOOMIS.

A great part of Mr. R. P. HEARNE's book, *Aerial Warfare* (LANE), is devoted to a very interesting and lucid exposition of aeronautical theory and practice, but the keynote is to be found in the sentence, "Already the German people have given to ZEPPELIN several hundred thousand pounds—invested the money in him, hoping that the speculation will give the necessary 'dividend.'" The dividend is the profit to be gained by giving Great Britain the best hiding she ever had, and, says Mr. HEARNE, "it is with a sickening feeling that the growing apprehension of impending war between Germany and England has to be admitted." Against our danger we have the cheering statement of Sir HIRAM MAXIM (who contributes an Introductory chapter) that in his judgment "balloons can never be of any real value either in peace or war." In which case, since Count ZEPPELIN is devoting his attention to dirigible balloons as distinct from aeroplanes (for which Sir HIRAM does see a future), Germany would seem to be backing the



Primeval Extortionist. "ERE, WOT'S THIS?"

wrong horse. And it is further satisfactory to note that the old Roman *usque ad caelum* principle of land-ownership is still in force, so that for the present if Germany should start flying over our heads we can have the law of her for trespass. Seriously, however, there is a great deal in Mr. HEARNE's book which military authorities would do well to study.

Although the youthful hero of *The Adventures of Louis Blake* (WERNER LAURIE) tells his own tale, no charge of immodesty can be brought against him. Indeed, LOUIS BECKE has kept such a tight hold upon *Louis Blake* that I am not only convinced of the possibility of these adventures, but also have a pleasing sensation that one might oneself have taken a part in them without signal failure. "You would have found it quite easy, if you had ever lived in the South Sea Islands," *Louis* the Second seems to say, and I am prepared to believe him. I have to disapprove of *Louis* the First in one particular; for, after an amusing opening, I came (on page 18) to these ominous words, "I must now go back in my story for a space," and he does, and the space occupies sixty-four pages. For the rest, the book may be strongly recommended to boys, for it is full of life and the *joie de vivre*, and it contains incidents enough to satisfy the greediest appetite.



## CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the decision which has been arrived at in South Africa as to the Capital is not a very satisfactory one, it is undoubtedly more practical than the proposal that Capetown should be the Capital on Mondays and Tuesdays, Bloemfontein on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and Pretoria on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. \* \*

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL declared at Nottingham that the Unionists have no policy on unemployment. Mr. CHURCHILL is mistaken. The Unionist policy is to provide unemployment for the present Government. \* \*

If the latest statement about the KRUGER telegram be correct, the KAISER's plight is even worse than it was. Not only may he not send any telegrams in the future, but he is to be deprived of one already sent. \* \*

Mr. JACK BINNS, of the liner *The Republic*, has been dubbed "The Wireless Hero"; surely this appellation belongs by right now to Someone Else? \* \*

Poor Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE! His Budget difficulties increase. Last week some burglars stole from a Manchester post-office a safe containing £40 for paying Old Age Pensions. \* \*

Paris has spoken. Breadth instead of attenuation is to be the note of the new fashions, and stout ladies who, owing to their inability to wear Directoire costumes, have been in hiding in forests and on inaccessible mountains, are now flocking back to Town. \* \*

The War Office has now perfected its plans for providing hospitals for our home defenders in the event of invasion. We understand that kind-hearted enemies will now have less compunction in coming over. \* \*

The Berlin police have given permission to a German lady who has a moustache and whiskers to wear man's clothes as her appearance in female garb gave rise to public annoyance. Have we here, perhaps the Super-suffragette?

The fog again? Extract from *The Daily Mail* fashion page:—

NOVELTY OF THE WEEK.  
Black "Chokers" for Evening Wear. \* \*

By-the-bye, a man who was charged with stealing a watch from an old gentleman during the recent fog put forward the disingenuous defence that the fog was so dense that he could not see what he was doing. \* \*

"Part of the ancient cathedral," we read, "has been discovered at the rear of a house in Priory Row, at a depth of ten feet." It seems a mean kind of theft. \* \*

In *The Nation's* advertisement columns "The Old Swan," Manchester, mentions as its chief attraction—"Best and most

more attractive." We have now received a letter, too long for insertion, from "Claphamite," challenging the latter part of the statement.

## HOW THE BAD NEWS WAS MARRED.

"NEVER!" said Aunt Emily.

"Fact," said Miss Todd.

"A flat in Sloane Street and a motor!"

"M-m-m," nodded Miss Todd.

"But," objected Aunt Emily, "his salary *can't* be more than seven hundred and fifty."

"And then there's the cottage in the country," chimed in Aunt Catherine.

"And the houseboat," added Miss Todd with a smile.

"Poor things, I pity them," said Aunt Emily.

"Had *she* any money?" asked Aunt Catherine.

Miss Todd said, "Why, she was only a country vicar's daughter, and one of twelve."

"Some people seem to be able to live on credit nowadays," remarked Aunt Catherine dully.

"And just think how she dresses!" sighed Aunt Emily.

"Isn't it foolish?" said Aunt Catherine.

"Mark—my—words!" said Miss Todd.

"The crash is bound to come," said Aunt Emily.

And then the crash came. I broke it to them that *he* had private means.



"AND GRASPS THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY CHANCE"—Tennyson.

reliable train information." And next week, we take it, we shall have a rival hostelry informing us that what it does not know about omnibuses is not worth knowing. \* \*

While playing a rapid passage last week at a recital in New York, PADREWSKY split the nail of his right forefinger, and, according to *The World*, has made a claim for £1,000 against the Society in which he is insured. The effect of this will probably be that in future an agent of the Society will attend every performance, and will shout out, "Gently!" whenever the pianist shows signs of becoming excited. \* \*

Last week a correspondent wrote to *The Daily Mail* stating that "Naples, Rome, and Florence are about as safe as Clapham Common, and a great deal

## UNKNOWN SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

(With apologies to the *Daily Papers*.)

MR. F. E. LACEY.—I am in a position to deny the report that Mr. CLEM HILL's withdrawal from the Australian team is due to the refusal of the M.C.C. to allow his brother to field for him in Test Matches.

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON.—Procrastination is not the *only* thief of time.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.—No (loud laughter).

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.—I did not say that if I were a King I should change my name to Bernard Dotty. I think I should make an excellent King.

## HER RETURN.

*Being a wholly imaginative anticipation of the Proceedings at the Palace on the historic night.*

It has come at last, the long-desired evening, the evening of Her re-appearance. How long we have waited, but how rich our reward! Not only all the old dances that we love so much, the Biblical hornpipe as of old round that charming property from TUSSAUD'S, but new ones too, more convulsively spiritual, more devoutly delirious, more sacredly serpentine than ever.

Before the dancing began, an ode to the Artiste from the emotional pen of Sir ERNEST CASSEL was read by Sir JOHN FISHER, containing these memorable lines:—

"Barefooted Bacchanal, would that I were  
KIPLING,  
To celebrate thy marvellous arm-rippling."

As She entered the theatre by the stage door, it might be stated here, more than 1,000 photographers blocked the way, some with cameras, others merely waiting to make appointments. She was also waited upon by a deputation of hosiers asking that in one dance, at any rate, she would wear stockings or their trade would be gone. The letters awaiting Her totalled 3,425, and there were 873 telegrams of congratulation. During the evening 114 floral tributes reached the theatre.

The new dances were four in number, and in them She personated in turn PHARAOH'S Daughter in her famous fandango known tastefully as the bull rush; JEPHTHAH'S Daughter in her final macabre Hebrew fling, on hearing of her father's vow and her own fate; URIAH'S wife in her *pas de liberté* after the battle; and JEZEBEL in her defiant tarantella before a waxen ELLIAH—all new and all marvellously restrained (not only in dress) and full of Scriptural tact.

What an evening!

Needless to say, every one was there; all the old admirers and many new: a portly and handsome Canon in his stall following every movement with all his accustomed reverence and rapture. "It was like reading the Bible by flashes of lightning," he said afterwards; the PRIME MINISTER in a private box; Mr. WALKLEY, inarticulate even in French or Greek in his ecstasy; and a deputation from the Bible Society. There were also all the critics, the AGENT-GENERAL OF CANADA, Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P., and the Mayor of Frogna.

At the end of the turn the applause lasted fourteen minutes, and She was led on eleven times. Free restoratives were then distributed in the theatre, ambulances removed those admirers who were too far gone to remain any longer, and the programme proceeded. Late at

night she was drawn to her residence at Frogna in a carriage from which the horses had been removed, the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. WALKLEY, Mr. ALFRED BUTT and a number of other ardent gentlemen taking their places. Never was such a triumph.

## A DOG'S LIFE.

[According to an order which has just been issued, any dog found in the streets within the Metropolitan area unaccompanied by its master within one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise will be liable to seizure by the police.]

Ye brindled bulls and chow-dogs,  
Ye poodles, poms and Skyes,  
Ye bandied crew of Scotties too,  
I summon you to rise.  
It is the moment now, dogs,  
To listen to my call,  
Whether ye be of pedigree  
Or no degree at all.

These bipeds in the manger  
Threaten a fearful fate  
To any hound that toddles round  
The streets a little late.  
Our liberty's in danger;  
Gay dogs must be unknown,  
For after dark no canine spark  
May wander forth alone.

No more, 'mid flying motors,  
Shall we be free to work  
The gutters where delicious fare  
Is always sure to lurk.  
The tasty tails of bloaters,  
The cod-heads we adore—  
These are delights at which o' nights  
Our tails shall wag no more.

No more the midnight cabby  
Shall raise his "Tally-ho!"  
When Irish Pat rounds up the cat  
That would a-wooing go.  
Henceforward Tom and Tabby  
May court at ease and gloat  
O'er our grim doom who can but fume  
To hear their wooin' o't.

No longer may a bow-wow  
Fed up with fender joys,  
Steal off to meet along the street  
The rowdy-dowdy boys.  
There'll be a horrid pow-wow  
Unless he's pleased to stew  
Beside the fire with no desire  
To sow an oat or two.

Our masters mean to keep us  
Cribbed in convention's pen,  
Prim, *comme il faut*, until we grow  
E'en duller dogs than men.  
With bitter wrongs they heap us,  
Regardless of our rights—  
Each dog, they say, still has his day,  
But we demand our nights.

"He has not forgotten that the young lion cub is spotted almost like a tiger."—*Daily Telegraph*.  
Instead of being striped like a leopard.

## BRIGHT SUGGESTIONS FOR DARK EVENINGS.

*To make a Whatnot.*—This is really a simple matter. Procure a piano-case and, having removed the piano, take to pieces. You will now have more than enough wood for your purpose, which you may proceed to carry out in accordance with your own ideas. Individualism should be the dominant note in your work. Having done it, varnish, and invite your envious friends to view your handiwork.

*To make a Suit of Clothes.*—Remove old suit. Take a bale of cloth and cut off bits and stitch them together until it fits. Add as many pockets as your requirements call for. Paste lining on inside of suit and cut hole at top to allow head to protrude. Many a good suit has been spoiled by neglect of this point. Complete with hat, boots and Ascot tie; these had best be purchased, and give a very dressy appearance.

*To prepare a Coat of Arms.*—The usual way to set about this task is to send a cheque to the Pursuivant of Fees, Family Herald's Office. This indefatigable official will send a beautiful Coat warranted to fit any person who does not care to appear in plebeian shirt-sleeves. You may, however, save expense by preparing the Coat yourself in the following manner. Take a few art lessons from a good ticket-writer, and on some mill-board draw a shield. Embellish this with suitable designs. For instance, if your family is extremely old (as no doubt is the case), draw a Flood; this makes a very nice quartering. Other effective designs, emblematic of your chief attainments and characteristics, are a case of fish-knives argent (athletic distinction), view of Boulogne (travel), entrance to local Polytechnic (the Arts), Wimbledon Common (military prowess)—and so on. Other themes will suggest themselves as you go on. Finish off with appropriate motto, such as *Solvitur Dorando*, or *Sapo Simianus togas non lavat*. The general effect is very pleasing.

*A useful Reference Book.*—Think of as many words as you can beginning with A, such as arquebus, Algernon Ashton, "Answers," and so on. There are many others. Write them down with suitable explanations, and proceed in this manner through the alphabet. Towards the end, your task will be rendered surprisingly easy by the fact that there are practically no words beginning with X, Y, or Z. There is money in this idea, for a reliable book of this kind would sell well, and many publishers would be glad to consider your MS. In any case you will have broken the monotony of bridge-playing and pantomimes.



## THE NEAR-EAST PANTOMIME.

"THE FAIRY BRUINA; Or, THE IMPECUNIOUS TURK, THE RELUCTANT BULGAR, AND THE OUSTED AUSTRIAN."

THE FAIRY BRUINA. "LO, I DISPERSE THIS WARLIKE  
SITUATION  
FOR ME A MOST CONGENIAL OCCUPATION."

THE WAR DEMON "I'D HOPED THE EAST IN BLOOD-  
SHED TO EMBROIL,  
BUT THIS SMALL CHEQUE MY PLANS WILL COUNTER-  
FOIL."





"OH! I DO LOVE 'EM IN THOSE HATS - MULLIS THEY CALL 'EM."

### BINNS OF THE "REPUBLIC."

[Mr JACK BINNS, of the White Star liner *Republic*, declined the offer of an engagement at a New York music-hall at £200 a week in the following terms.—"I can't act. I'm a wireless operator, and I don't want to be made a tin god"]

BINNS, wireless operator, by fear of death undashed  
When his liner with another in mid-Atlantic clashed,  
Stuck to his job and did it for fourteen hours or more,  
And proved the means of bringing several hundreds safe to shore.

BINNS, wireless operator, on touching Yankee soil,  
The wiles of lion-hunters found it precious hard to foil;  
For if he went to see a play they brought him on the stage,  
And the practice of embracing him in public was the rage.

BINNS, wireless operator, continually threw  
Cold water on his worshippers, but still the frenzy grew,  
Till a music-hall proprietor, considering him a freak,  
Came and offered an engagement at two hundred pounds a week.

BINNS, wireless operator, is not a millionaire,  
But the loss of self-respect involved was more than he could bear,  
So in spite of all the blandishments of BARNUM and his tribe,  
He firmly but politely refused the tempting bribe.

BINNS, wireless operator, you simple British soul,  
Whose name is worthy to be inscribed on Valour's golden scroll,  
Most truly may your countrymen of your achievements say,  
"Tu saltem bene meruisti de Republic!"

### Commercial Candour.

From an Investors' Exchange circular:—

"We give advice free, and if no business results, no harm is done."

### MONOLOGUES.

(Designed to anticipate and prevent talking on the part of shop-keepers and others)

#### I.—THE BARBER'S SHOP.

Good morning. I want a shave, please. It is rather a chilly morning, but I do not think it will rain. I take no interest whatever in professional football or in horse-racing. Mind that spot. Neither you nor I know anything about the GERMAN EMPEROR. Your razor needs stropping; it may be a wonderful little razor, but it needs stropping. Spray and powder, but no alum block. I do not want a shampoo. Nor a singe, friction, or anything else that you do. I have no money to buy soap or razors. Good morning.

#### II.—THE HOSIER'S SHOP.

I want a collar measuring 16 by 2½, and only one. I don't care what reduction you make on half-a-dozen, I will not have more than one. I see you are about to say that you are bringing out a new line in shirts containing improved features suggested by your customers, but I tell you as man to man that I do not want any shirts. And further, I say to you solemnly that I will not be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied into buying any shirts. There is nothing more that I wish for now except to get out of your shop. I refuse to discuss the weather. How much? Thank you.

#### III.—THE DISTRICT RAILWAY BOOKING OFFICE.

Temple, and I don't want a guide to the country walks that can be reached by your railway, thank you.

#### IV.—THE TUBE LIFT.

Here is my ticket. I won't smoke and I'll stand clear of the gates.



## THE MOUSE.

I THINK this story is going to be an apologue, because I have always intended to write an apologue, and something seems to tell me that I shall manage to do it this time. Of course I know that an apologue must have an application. In the old-fashioned sort there was never any mistake about the application. There couldn't possibly be two opinions as to what the man was driving at; and when you got to the end of the story you were quite comfortable. "Aha," you said to yourself, "that's a nasty one for the Socialists, that bit about the fox and the lion," or, "I wonder what the House of Lords will think about the crocodile and the swimmer; it's a fairly nasty knock." That, as I said, was the old-fashioned sort. But there's a new kind that has come in recently. It leaves you guessing. You can't quite make out whether the writer is having a hit at the GERMAN EMPEROR or only expressing some opinion or other about Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST or BERNARD SHAW. I don't say my apologue is going to be exactly of that kind, but it will be somewhere near it. You'll be able to apply it to anybody you like (or dislike, for the matter of that)—your coachman, your chauffeur, your housemaid, your wife, or the Chairman of the local branch of the Tariff Reform League. Anyhow, I may as well begin, and you can decide the rest for yourself later on.

There was once a mouse. I am not acquainted with its family history, for I only saw it, so to speak, from the outside, but it seemed a very amiable little mouse, confident and frisky, and as neat and quick as a mouse can be. It lived somewhere in the hinterland of the wainscoting in the dining-room, and sometimes, when the human family was at breakfast or lunch, it would suddenly pop out and glide along the floor, or even scale a side-table and dart about or pause for a moment, as if it had remembered some very important business that ought to be attended to. When they saw it the children stopped talking and held their breath, and then one of them would whisper, "There's our dear little mouse," and then with a quick flash the mouse had scurried off under the old grandfather's clock that ticked away for ever and ever so slowly and solemnly.

Now in this house there was a butler. His name was Black, and he had once been a dragon. At present he was a very stout man, and you couldn't fancy him riding a horse, except, perhaps, one of the huge horses which used to draw the brewers' drays about the lanes. Mr. Black did not like mice. He had heard about this particular mouse, and he did what any other butler would have done. He decided that the mouse ought to be caught, and he got two traps and set them in the dining-room. This was in the morning before breakfast. There was a piece of cheese in one trap; the other had a scrap of bacon. I shouldn't have dreamt of touching either, but then mice are so different.

When the children came down to breakfast they immediately saw the traps, and they ran to the Lady-of-the-house and asked her what these funny machines meant. And the Lady-of-the-house said they were meant for a mouse. If the mouse got into one the trap would go snap and pin the mouse down very tight. "But will the mouse like that?" said the youngest child. And the Lady-of-the-house said "No; the mouse wouldn't like it at all;" and she took the two traps and sprung them, and then she opened the window and threw them both into some thick bushes that grew close by. And soon afterwards the mouse paid his morning visit, and was well received as usual.

Now when the butler came in to clear away the breakfast things he saw at once that the traps were gone. He looked for them under side-boards and tables, thinking a mouse might in its struggles have dragged each of them away; but of course he didn't find them—only made himself hot

and angry. When he was angry his mind, curiously enough, always turned to the boy in buttons, who was his household slave. "That varmint of a boy," he said to himself, "has been up to his tricks again. He's took orf the two traps to have some game of his own with them." Then he went into the pantry, where he found the boy, and taxed him with taking the traps and converting them to his own use. The boy poured himself out in honest denials, but Mr. Black was not to be mollified. He said it was a clear case, and he took his old razor-strop from its hook and applied it not at all lightly to the boy, who wriggled and protested, but all in vain. "If they'd given you more of this sooner," said Mr. Black, "I shouldn't have to trouble with you now."

In the meantime the old mother-cat left her six-weeks-old kitten in the kitchen, and, proceeding along the passage, made her way into the dining-room. She also had heard of the mouse, and her decision had been the same as the butler's, though she was accustomed to work without traps. She paused on the hearthrug to arrange her toilet. Then she crouched low, her eyes gleamed, she flicked her tail from side to side and made a swift spring. There was a tiny squeak, and the cat said, "I've got him," or cat-words to that effect.

Listen, however. The kitten, a pertish youngster, had issued from its basket and had, after an interval, followed its mother into the passage, where it stopped to reconnoitre by the pantry-door. It was at this moment that Mr. Black, having finished his strop-swinging, came out flushed but triumphant. He did not see the kitten; the kitten failed to avoid him, and the butler's foot descended heavily on the little animal. With a shrill squawk of terror and pain the kitten extricated itself, and Mr. Black, impeded in his stride, lurched to the ground. The cat heard the sound of her off-spring's woe. She dropped the mouse and raced to help. The mouse, more frightened than hurt, dragged itself to safety, and the Lady-of-the-house, coming suddenly into the passage for a consultation with the cook, found the butler prostrate on the floor.

Now the only person who was thoroughly pleased was the boy—and he had had the strop. The cat wasn't pleased; the kitten was far from pleased; the mouse had escaped, but there was no pleasure about it; the butler had suffered in his dignity; and the Lady-of-the-house was amused, but puzzled, for she knew that the hole-in-the-carpet alleged by the butler did not exist.

"Silly old fathead," said the boy, "that'll teach him to come his strop-games over me."

## OUR SWEEP.

Like other sweeps, when starting his career,

He early learned the motto of his trade;

He saw it at the entrance, well displayed,

"Abandon soap, all ye who enter here!"

And judging by his looks it would appear

He read the grim commandment and obeyed,

For still his face grows darker, shade by shade,

More manifestly sable, year by year.

He rises early and is moved to song,

This much he has in common with the lark;

Thereafter the resemblance isn't strong,

For any one who hears him may remark

His notes are few in number and belong

Midway between the bellow and the bark.

"George Gray, jun., recently made 464 off the red ball."—*The Daily Mail*.

It must have been this player who recently lost the red and made 101 off the white.

**LEARNING MADE LUCRATIVE.**

[With apologies to "The Evening News."]

**START READING HERE**

THIS IS WHERE IT BEGINS.

We have decided to award no fewer than 100 scholarships to our boy and girl readers (either sex), children of newsagents alone excepted.

The scholarships will entitle the lucky little winners and the unlucky little losers to go in for any profession they like—the Church, the Law, Army and Navy Stores, Post Office, Bee-keeping, River Police, &c., &c., thereby relieving their parents of their presence at home, and obtaining a huge start in the Marathon race of life.

There is, of course, a sort of preliminary examination, but if you can spell "accommodation" and words like that there is nothing to fear. Filling up the Voting Coupons is the principal thing.

N.B.—No son, daughter, mother, employee or other impedimenta of a newsagent can be a candidate.

**WE WANT SUBSCRIBERS**

to have all the benefit.

A voting coupon will appear in this paper every day after Feb. 29th, but not till then.

On that day full particulars of the preliminary examination will also be published.

Every reader (barring newsagents) has a vote.

3 years' subscription entitles you to ...	2,000 votes.
6 years' subscription entitles you to ...	4,000 "
12 years' subscription entitles you to ...	8,000 "
15 years' subscription entitles you to ...	10,000 "
	and a medal.

The position of the leading candidates will be published every day. It will crowd out a good deal of matter which we would otherwise have to pay for, but we will willingly do this for the sake of our little scholars.

When the subscription is paid, the candidate's name will immediately be entered on the register of candidates for the preliminary examination.

**THERE IS NO FEE FOR THUS REGISTERING A CANDIDATE'S NAME.**

The scholarships will of course be awarded to the candidate obtaining the most votes, and any candidate can of course vote for him or herself.

No newsagent can be a voter—at least he must give up being a newsagent first.

No boy or girl need hesitate to enter this novel competition on the score of ignorance.



Mother. "WHY, ETHEL, YOU MUSTN'T BE SAD ON YOUR BIRTHDAY. WHAT IS IT?"

Ethel. "WELL, TOMMY 'LL BE EIGHT NEXT MONTH, AND THEN HE 'LL BE A YEAR OLDER THAN ME AGAIN, AND I 'VE TRIED SO HARD TO CATCH HIM UP."

**IT'S MONEY THAT COUNTS.**

N.B.—No girl, woman, or other female engaged to (or by) a newsagent is eligible for the competition.

Fuller particulars next week, but

**GET YOUR MONEY READY NOW.**

"Old Reader.—Yes, a man who works down a coal mine is called a collier."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

To think of the years and years "Old Reader" has been taking in the paper and wondering whether he dared ask this question.

"I myself a week ago jumped on a car at Somerset House and had alighted at Temple-avenue before I realised that I had not paid my penny."—*Daily News*.

Quite right; the fare is a ha'penny.

From the prospectus of an Indian conjurer:—

"An attractive sight and strange to see that is done through mesmerism and magic—  
How, to hold the firing bullet by the hand—  
To mention the secret after feeling the pulse—  
To Break the watch into pieces and to show it again in the same state."

We have always felt that we could do the last without any trouble.

**Things you Ought to Know.**

"A Jemadar of the Zhob levy corps has deserted from the Saradarga post with 22 sowars. The Jemadar is a Jogezi Kakar."—*Reuters's Telegram*.

This is indeed a painful surprise. The very last thing we suspected the Jemadar of being was a Jogezi Kakar. Even now it may not be too late for him to withdraw.

## DISCIPLINE FOR SERVANTS.

DEAR Mamma's plan for disciplining her servants was not a success. It was a good plan, but we never had the proper kind of servant.

The idea came to Mamma when first the new Workmen's Compensation Act came into operation. She took out a policy against July 1st, and said it was a splendid opportunity to begin an entirely new *régime* in kitchen control.

Up to then, as dear Mamma said when outlining the scheme, she had no *hold* over the servants—no way of punishing them. Her plan was a combined system of punishments and rewards. Each servant, in addition to her regular wages, was to receive—if entitled thereto, as Mamma said—five shillings a month Conduct Money. Every time a maid incurred Mamma's displeasure a small fine would be inflicted and deducted from the five shillings.

Mamma was most enthusiastic about it. She went to the stationer's and bought a little note-book bound in red leather. On the cover she had stamped in gold lettering:

### CONDUCT REGISTER.

At the head of the first page was printed

#### COOK-GENERAL.

##### FINES.

And halfway through the book

#### HOUSE-PARLOURMAID.

##### FINES.

Two new servants came in just then, and dear Mamma explained the system to them and showed them the book. They were very pleased, and the cook-general told Mamma it would "fairly keep her on the 'op." Though rather vulgarly put, that, as dear Mamma said, was the right sentiment, and she expressed the belief that her servant troubles were at last at an end.

A rough scale of fines was agreed upon—one penny, for example, for each minute late. Papa said that was a bit steep, but dear Mamma said: "If discipline is not discipline, what is it?" Papa said: "I leave it to you, partner," and went to bed. This was the first night of the new *régime*.

The servants overslept themselves next morning and came down an hour late.

Dear Mamma was very distressed about it. You see, sixty minutes at a penny a minute is five shillings, and there was the whole Conduct Money gone at one fell swoop. A conference was held in the kitchen, and dear Mamma, on emerging, announced that the iron rod of discipline had been temporarily relaxed. She had most kindly agreed to overlook the offence, and a fresh start was to be made.

That was at half-past nine.

At a quarter to twelve, while running blithely down - stairs, dear Mamma put her foot on the dustpan, carried away a rack of Zulu assegais in a wild clutch to save herself, and sat down very abruptly indeed.

There is no need to repeat what she said to the house-parlourmaid, but she ended up by saying, "And your whole five shillings is gone—*Gone!* understand that clearly!"

If you will believe me, the girl went upstairs, put on her hat and jacket, and walked straight out of the house!

Rather to dear Mamma's surprise—for it is her experience that servants always combine together against the mistress—the cook-general quite took her part over this unfortunate incident. She said that Mamma was well rid of the house-parlourmaid, because the girl had been very rude behind dear Mamma's back about her good conduct money, and had said she would demand it at the end of the month whether she earned it or not. The cook-general went on to say that for her part she would much better appreciate the scheme if Mamma would give her her five shillings now. She said it would seem much more like a reprimand to her if she actually had to hand over a fine than if she were deprived of money she had never so much as seen.

Partly because there seemed something in this theory, and partly because she was afraid the cook-general might object to being single-handed, dear Mamma agreed, and gave the five-shillings—also permission to pop out and post a letter to a friend who might be willing to take the vacant situation.

"The girl is a treasure," said dear Mamma, as she watched her turn the corner with the letter in her hand.

At half-past eleven that night two policemen brought her to the house quite incapable. It was most wretched. Of course we could not have her in, and she was taken to the police-station.

We had never lost two servants quite so quickly before, and Papa said it was all through the Conduct Money scheme, which hurt dear Mamma very much. She said that with such wretched servants it had not had a fair trial, and when the next maids came in she explained everything to them and started it again.

At the end of the month fourpence was due to the cook-general and a penny to the house-parlourmaid. They were very rude about it, and actually refused to take their rewards. Dear Mamma, however, talked them over, carried forward the fourpence and the penny, and they promised they would set themselves not to lose a farthing during the coming month.

Dear Mamma had hardly left the

kitchen when the cook-general dropped and broke a plate.

Mamma turned back. "Ah, Mary, Mary," she said with a kind smile, picking up the conduct-register, "that's threepence."

"Ho! is it? Well, that's sixpence," said the girl, and deliberately dashed a second plate on the floor!

The fine for rudeness was a shilling, but dear Mamma thought it best not to enter it just then. The way in which things mounted up after that was extraordinary. Dear Mamma just entered them as they came, but in adding them up she found to her horror that the cook-general owed her £1 3s. 7d., and the house-parlourmaid owed her 19s. 11½d.

It was while dear Mamma was explaining this to Papa and begging him for once in his life to go in and speak to the servants that there came from the kitchen a loud crash followed by terrific screams.

We rushed in, and there was the cook-general executing a fascinating little dance on one leg round and round the table. She collapsed on a chair presently, and then it appeared that she had upset the kettle and scalded her foot. The doctor said it was trifling, but she said that a very similar shock, only not quite so bad, had killed her aunt, and that for months and months the mere sight of a kettle would set her all of a tremble.

We sent her home, and then the young man from the insurance company, after interviewing her, came to see us. Dear Mamma and I watched him go jauntily down the drive, and then Papa came in. Papa's lips were flecked with foam. He could hardly speak.

"Whatever is it?" dear Mamma cried.

"It's this Conduct Money of yours," stormed Papa, using a regrettable adjective. "On the policy I said the girl's wages were £1 10s a month, but she tells the Company she was receiving £1 15s., and the Company is going to repudiate the claim! Of all the——!" and so on.

Our case comes on next week. Dear Mamma is living with her mother and Papa is preparing to file his petition in Bankruptcy.

According to *The Times* there is now on view at 167, Piccadilly, "a fine mounted hippopotamus." But it does not say who is the rider. Can Mr. G. K. C— have taken to the saddle?

**Making the Beautiful yet More Beautiful.**

"Lady knits lovely gentlemen's silky ties."—*Hearth and Home.*



### SWEET MEMORIES.

*Pension Enquiry Officer.* "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE?"

*Applicant.* "WELL—ER—SIR, YOU SEE I USED TO BE A COOK! GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS! BESIDES, IT WAS A GOOD MANY YEARS AGO, AND HE WAS A SERGEANT!"

### WHAT EVERY GOLFER KNOWS.

GONE are my accustomed jolly,  
Dimpling smiles, and in their place  
Ugly lines of melancholy  
Play the mischief with my face;  
No, I do not mourn a folly,  
Nor a merited disgrace,  
Fortune has not handled me severely,  
Scandal has not soiled my precious  
name,—  
Worse, far worse than either, I am clearly  
Off my game.

Drives are pulled or sliced to blazes,  
Putts are off the line and short,  
With each shot my mashie raises  
Turf enough to build a fort;  
Till the caddie-boy betrays his  
Wondering pity with a snort,  
And I burn with thoughts I dare not  
utter,  
And I long to seize him by the head,  
Treat him as a ball, and with my putter  
Lay him dead.

Courage! Shall a pilule shatter  
My established mental state?  
Rather it (I mean the latter)  
Shall in trouble prove me great;

Courage! Mind is more than matter;  
Man is master of his fate;  
Boldly will I smite the ball, and slam it  
Whizzing to the middle of next week;  
Mind is more than—There, I've only  
(Bother!)  
Smashed my cleek!

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

*Steak farci.*—Procure some new bicycle tyre (*it must be new*) and apply heat until it is the right colour. Stuff with comic snips; add laughing gas to taste, and serve with suitable facetiae. This simple dish will cause the greatest merriment among your guests.

*Mock Duck.*—Purchase good-sized duck at a respectable toy-shop, remove cog-wheels and immerse in boiling water until ready. Employ a ventriloquist to quack while the meal is in progress. This is a capital dish for informal gatherings.

*A nice Sandwich.*—Take a loaf of bread (any kind of loaf will do), bisect it and insert some watercress. A capital dish for bazaars and charity dinners.

*Poor Man's Pie.*—Throw a stone through pastry-cook's window and

secure nearest pie. Then run very fast. Eat while running, and deposit dish anywhere convenient.

*Haggis.*—Take the viscera of any Celtic animal and, having desiccated same, enclose in cheese-cloth. Serve with bagpipe accompaniment and references to BURNS. Many a pleasant party has been made to "go" in this way.

From *The New Reformer* (Madras):—

"At such times of self-renunciation in our own life, it is only supreme renunciation that appeals to us; and anything short of that, we feel, would be an inadequate support and stay for the soul. George Eliot realised this fact, and in the 'Milk on the Floor,' where life goes very hard with her heroine and all the world seems against her, the novel represents Maggie Tulliver as turning . . ."

A new reform indeed; and what a mess it makes of the old index joke, "'Mill on Logic,' 'Ditto on the Floss.'"

"We congratulate Capt. Sandys on having added his name to that noble band of intrepid navigators who have circumvented the globe."  
—*Weston-super-Mare Gazette.*

Other intrepid navigators simply take in *The Evening Standard.*





### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

*Farmer (to lad put to ploughing for the first time)* "WHAT ON EARTH BE AT, MESSIN' ABOUT ALL OVER THE PLACE LIKE THIS?"

*Farm Lad* "WULL, YOU TOLD I TO LOOK AT SUMMAT AN' GO STRAIGHT TO IT, AN' I BIN TRYIN' TO FOLLER THIC THER COW TILL I BE TIRED, AN' NOW I BE WAITING FOR 'ER TO LIE DOWN!"

#### RESCUES FOR THE RICH.

For souls as blithe as birds in May,  
Whose balance at their bank is such  
That, if the business burst to-day,

The news would not excite them much,  
How sad to see our millionaires  
Pursue the treadmill of their cares  
And lose the cream of life in Mammon's  
clutch.

These have not felt the scorn for bills  
That comes of being stony-broke;  
They cannot taste the calm that fills  
The coster as he flogs his moke;  
The deep imperishable bliss  
Of writing deathless verse like this  
Is not for them—nor that of carting  
coke.

But should we scorn our fellow-men  
Merely because their lot is woe,  
And leave them unassisted when  
They pine for succour? Goodness,  
no,  
The wail of outcast plutocrats  
In marble halls with Persian mats  
To honest British hearts is bound to go.  
Is there no high-strung altruist,  
Devoid of words and windy sham,  
To lead a small subscription list  
And all these welling tears to dam:  
To found a farm or outdoor home  
Where kings of trade may till the loam  
And feed on turnip-tops and bread-  
and-jam?

Far from the gilded haunts of wealth,  
There they might live in joy untold,

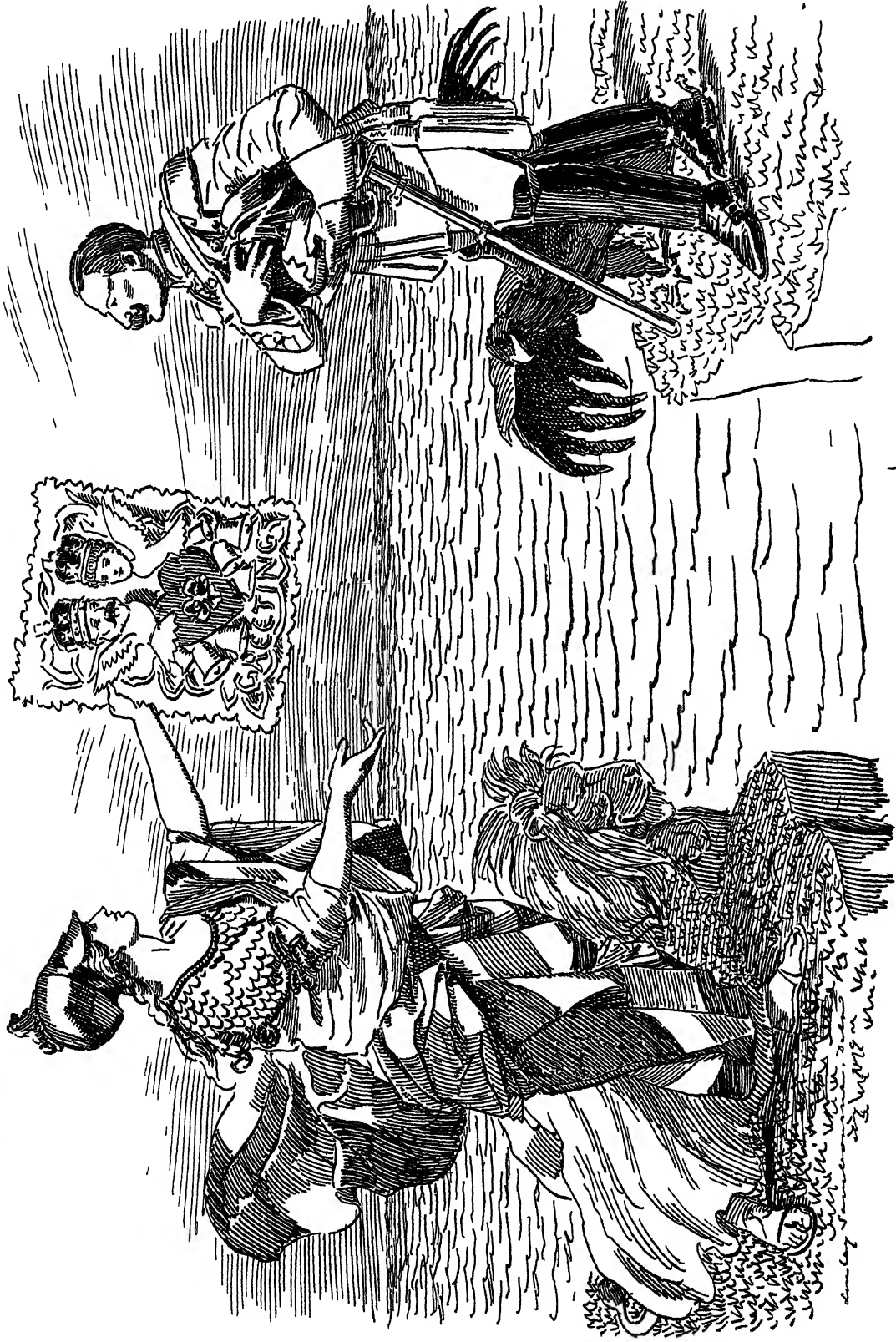
And doubtless benefit their health  
By long communion with the mould,  
While I'd be glad (since love ordains  
Self-sacrifice for others' gains)  
To ease them of the burden of their  
gold.

A waiter in the Folkestone hotel  
referred to in a recent number of *Punch*  
writes to say that the hotel motto,  
"*Semper Idem*," does not mean, as we  
thought, "Mutton Again," but "No  
Change."

"Lawson launched a large piece of time and  
saved the boy"

It is well known that a piece of time  
saves nine, and this boy was only six.







## THE DAILY PAR.

(With acknowledgments to the ingenious Office Window of "The Daily Chronicle")

A *propos* of the new patriotic play, it is interesting to note that "An," the first word of its title, *An Englishman's Home*, is by no means an unusual article. Quite a number of successful plays, and a few failures, too, have had "an" in them. Queen An, as this writer observed at a luncheon party at his Club yesterday, is thus by no means dead.

\* \*

To call oneself "A Patriot," as the author of *An Englishman's Home* does, is not, by the way, a new departure. There have been Patriots before. A book entitled *This Little Isle*, published in 1835, a copy of which lies before the writer, is attributed to "a patriot," and it is generally understood that the poet CROSE once wrote a pamphlet under that interesting pseudonym. The great days for jokes on the subject are, however, over; but there was a time when every disturbance in Ireland was wittily called a Pat riot.

\* \*

The author of *An Englishman's Home* has not the same reasons for shunning publicity as had JOHN HOME, the author of the play which gave rise to the patriotic ejaculation, "Whaur's your WULIE SHAKSPEARE noo?" who might be called the Scotsman's Home. Men who take pseudonyms have various reasons for doing so; not the least of which is that they do not want to be known. But "A Patriot" has been found out already.

\* \*

The success of *An Englishman's Home* cannot fail to recall to the minds of many of our readers the *furor* caused a few years ago by the publication of a not dissimilarly-entitled work, *An Englishwoman's Love Letters*. That, too, by a strange coincidence, was anonymous, but it turned out to be the work, not of a major in the Army, but a gentleman of letters. The coincidence goes further than at first sight one would think, for what is an Englishman's home but his house? and the author of *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* was a Mr. HOUSMAN.

## THE KING OF THE CASTLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My poor, dear Papa went mad last Wednesday. When he and Mamma went up to the theatre in the evening he seemed all right, but on Thursday morning he was a different man. After breakfast he told us to keep our places. I thought he was going to begin family prayers again, as he usually does early in the year. But



LORD DALMENY sings:—"I'M FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS,  
YES, I'M FOLLOWING THE DEAR OLD DAD!"

instead he told us that an Englishman's house was his castle, and that while we had neither moat nor drawbridge we must see to it that our castle was defended from the invader. He was awfully solemn, and added that at least it should be said of his house that it was defended—to the death, if need be; and that made Phyllis cry.

We soon discovered that Papa thought that the house was about to be surrounded by foreign soldiers. I don't know where he got it from—I could see nothing about it in the paper. Instead of going to the City he went up to the

High Street and bought a rusty old gun from a second-hand shop, and the ironmonger's boy came with a truckful of barbed wire. All the afternoon Papa made Norman and Peter help him to hammer stakes in the lawns and flowerbeds round the house, while Phyllis and I were told to look at the gun and try to master its mechanism—for even the girls, he said, had a part to play. The gun was very rusty and wouldn't work, and we made our hands in a fearful mess without finding out anything. And the two boys, besides hammering their thumbs, got muddy and hot and cross.

The next morning Papa woke the boys at six, and made them go out on to the lawn to drill. Norman had the gun, and Peter a broomstick, because he is so little. They came in to breakfast crosser than ever. In the evening they had to take the barbed wire and stretch it between the stakes—constructing entanglements, Papa called it. It was left out all night, and next morning, after drill, they took it all in again, only to repeat the thing all over again at night. That has gone on ever since, and their clothes and hands are in a fearful state because of the spikes. Norman is so cross because Papa won't let him have any cartridges until he is sixteen, and says that for the present he must practise putting the gun to his shoulder and aiming.

Every now and again Papa takes Phyllis and me into a corner, and says we must be brave, and show stout hearts, and stand by the men to help them all we can. He has made us sleep in the back attic, which he calls the West Watch-tower, where, he says, I am to practise watching.

Phyllis gets so frightened, she can't sleep. And on Saturday, being a half-holiday, we had barricading practice, which meant dragging the furniture across all the doors and windows, and piling it up as high as we could.

Mamma looks so anxious and puzzled about it all. What do you think it means? Is it serious, and will it last, do you think?

Yours affectionately,

JOAN TRASKELL.

Lashgrove Lodge, Streatham.

## LITERARY HELP.

SOME of our contemporaries, taking compassion on the literary aspirant in his difficulties, are prepared to furnish him, by way of help, with a candid criticism of his efforts. So good an example is worthy of imitation, and to-day we offer the following comments on MSS. that have been submitted to us:—

JOHN MILTON.—You seem to have a certain facility in turning out blank verse, but your poem *Paradise Lost* is insufferably long, and full of wearisome classical allusions. We feel sure that no editor would accept it. And yet there are ideas in the poem. You might, we think, have made a good deal more of Adam's first meeting with Eve. The piece, too, would be greatly improved by the use of suitable headlines, such as

Was it Love at first sight?

Interesting Story of how the First Man met the First Woman.

Was Eve a Suffragette? (N.B.—This last headline, though irrelevant to the poem, would be sure to prick the public attention in these troublous days, and we cannot too strongly insist that the only test of a work is its selling capacity. This is a point too often overlooked by beginners like yourself.)

No, we do not think you have enough ability to win a Limerick prize.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.—Your play *Hamlet* is not without merit; there are indeed passages in it of which no practised hand would be ashamed, and we have little doubt that, if you persevere, you will in time write stuff good enough for the provincial stage. What we especially like about this little effort is that there is plenty of blood in it. We suggest that you cut out all the soliloquies, and tone the language up more.

ROBERT BURNS.—There is no demand for the Scotch dialect poem: even the Scotch dialect story has gone out of fashion. Your only chance of success would be to have a few of your efforts set to music, and then forward them to your countryman, HARRY LAUDER, in the hope of his bringing them out at the Halls. You seem to have a leaning towards sentimental verse: you might develop this vein, taking as a model *In the Twi-Twi-Twilight*.

Study the works of the late GUY BOOTHBY and *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

PERCY B. SHELLEY.—Your lines are very fair, but you are by no means happy in your choice of subjects. You must study the popular taste more. The public does not want Laments: you should give them something in the style of *Put me among the Girls*. You would perhaps do better in prose. Why not try your hand at a football story for the magazines?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.—Do not be discouraged though your efforts have so far met with rejection. Have you read the verses, *Will you love me in December as you do in May*? Take these as a model: we think you are quite capable of rising to this level... Yes, a really good coster song, witty and up-to-date, would be sure of acceptance.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.—We have glanced through your *Rasselas*. You appear to have set out with a very hazy idea as to whether you would write in English or Latin, and the result is a grotesque mixture. Before beginning a work, it is always well to decide what language you will write it in.

ROBERT BROWNING.—We should not advise you to write songs for the music-halls. Your style is not direct enough to get home on the public's heart.

"Well-concealed entrenchments are mentioned as becoming more evident every day."—*Western Morning News*.

This is not another joke against the Volunteers by a Major in the Regular Army, but an extract from the *Western Morning News*' summary of Instructions issued to the Aldershot Command.

"Author of dramatic and successful serials wishes to meet publisher willing to consider same."—*The Athenaeum*.

Perhaps he would consider the publisher best by making no reference to his serials when they meet.



THE TORTURE OF THE RACK.

FRANCIS BACON.—The public does not read essays. If you aspire to be a leading-article writer, you must acquire a snappier style. No, we do not allow that anyone can be the author of another man's plays. To be the author of a work, one must have written it oneself.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—Your story *The Vicar of Wakefield* is exceedingly tame, and we do not think any editor would take it. The public is more interested in burglars and detectives than in vicars. But you are capable of improvement, both in style and plot.



### "INSULT OR INJURY."

*First Farmer.* "WHAT FOR DO YE ALL GO RIDIN' OVER THE MIDDLE OF THAT FIELD? VARMER LIKE YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IT WOR YOUNG SEEDS."

*Second Farmer (with old score to work off).* "LAW BLESS US, ZO IT BE! WELL NOW, I COULDN'T ZEE UN FUR DANDELIONS."

### TYING THE WHITE TIE.

(BY THE COLONEL.)

MORE matches, I suppose, are won and lost through correct or faulty manipulation of the neckwear than through success or failure in any other department of the costume; and in response to numerous appeals from my readers, I have drawn up some rules which, with a little practice, should enable the ordinary amateur to obtain a fair modicum of proficiency in this difficult stroke.

*Choice of Implement.*—Select a tie with a fairly whippy shaft (the stiff kind supplied by so many laundries are impossible for a beginner) and a large head; you may please yourself as to the amount of bulge, but in any case the blade should be capable of being passed through a two-inch ring.

*The Stance.*—Plant both feet firmly on the floor in front of the mirror (which should be full length), turn the toes slightly inward, loosen the knees, and let the whole body be as supple as possible.

*The Up-swing.*—Tie a double slip-knot

and take the left-hand end slowly backwards over the right shoulder, keeping your eye firmly fixed on the underneath side of the head of the collar-stud, and your hands well away from the body; at the top of the swing the blade of the tie should be parallel with the ground, and one foot slightly lifted. Always remember that what the up-swing has been, the down-swing will be, and never lose sight of the stud.

*The Down-swing.*—Keeping the left shoulder slightly tucked in, throw both arms away, loop the two ends, knot firmly, and come well through with the body. If you have followed my instructions carefully a beautifully long straight cravat will be the result, probably halfway to the pin. Never mind a few failures. Rosin the hands well, alter the stance a little, re-adjust the links, and start again.

### Territorial Forethought.

"The Commanding-officer invites all members of the detachment to a supper at the Lyn Valley Hotel; dress, uniform, without belts."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

### THE PAGEANT MASTER SPEAKS.

MR. PUNCH's Pageant having come to a close, he takes this opportunity of thanking his many friends for assisting, not only by their loans of articles of interest, but also by their presence in such numbers, in making the Exhibition so memorably successful.

"Exmouth are due to receive a visit from Exmouth, but though a stubborn game is assured, if Exmouth can reproduce the form they displayed against Albion last Saturday, there should be no doubt as to which way victory will go."—*Western Morning News.*

In spite of this, however, we are inclined to pin our faith to Exmouth.

The following testimonial is circulated by an Indian sports stores, and has led, we understand, to a huge increase of business:—

"Dear Sirs,—The balls were ordinary and I think they were not much below their class for the price paid for them. The Solution was not very bad either."



## GLASS WITH CARE.

This is the story of how I sent some real German glass from Berlin to England through the German parcels post.

It doesn't sound exciting. But wait.

It started with a letter from my sister.

"... And, oh! I have heard they make very good glass in Germany, and now while you are in Berlin you might get me some real German ware to add to my collection ... the real bottle-green, mind."

So, of course, I had to. There was a shop in the Leipzigerstrasse that had "January Sale on account of Death," in the window, so I went there, secured an assistant, and she showed me some glass.

"Is it expensive?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, very expensive. For the Mister sees it is the very best glass."

"I wouldn't mind if you showed me something a little cheaper, you know," I hinted.

"And yet the Mister is an Englishman, *nicht wahr?*" Her opinion of our race sank considerably. But she showed me some more.

The price was certainly less than the first, and there were plenty of people buying it; and as I know nothing about glass I decided to have some too.

"I will take a cup and saucer, and a glass," I said.

"Pay at the desk, please."

It was easy enough to pay at the desk, but quite a different matter to get one's goods afterwards. Behind the delivery counter five men—in uniform, of course—were wrapping up and handing the articles that had been sold to an excited crowd struggling in front of them. In the course of time I was forced by pressure from behind against the counter, and there I held on and watched. It was most interesting, especially as a mathematical exercise. On an average seven articles were handed in to the men every ten seconds; on an average each man handed one article out every ten seconds. Thus in an hour's time there would be 720 people in front of this counter waiting for their purchases. It was now eleven, the shop closed at eight; so at closing time there would be 6,480 people waiting. Really it was *extremely* interesting. Now, allowing that the sale lasted thirty days—but here one of the men snatched the receipt from my hand, wrapped the cup and the saucer and the glass up in a piece of tissue-paper and flung them into my arms. My hold on the counter being loosened the lady behind, whose resolution had thrust me into my advantageous position, flung me out and occupied it herself.

So that was all right. All I had to

do now was to get a box, put the glass in, and post it. It sounded easy, but in Germany one never knows. . . . I went into one of the large *Warenhauser*, where they sell everything from a white elephant to a cardboard-box—no, not to a cardboard-box, for I asked the door-keeper after I had sought the right department in vain, and it appeared they did not sell such things.

"... But if the Mister buys something, he will be given a cardboard-box," he ended magnificently.

So I went into the toy department and bought a doll which I didn't really want just then, and with it the necessary box.

And now I only had to post it. Only!

I went into a post-office. They are annoying things, German post-offices, for there are a lot of little windows, each for a different purpose, and you have to find out which is the window you want.

But this time I discovered the parcels receiving window at once. There was a nasty-looking man behind it—the sort of man who would score off you if he could.

"I want to send this to England," I said.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"Samples without value," said I. Most parcels you send to England are that, and if they are not, they are—But you shall hear.

He took it somewhere into the back of his den, and after a little while returned and barked, "No, it's not."

"Then it's a packet of value," I said. (That was what I was going to tell you just now.)

"No, it's not," he barked again.

"Oh, very well, then you have me. I give it up. Call it what you like, but send it to England."

"*Ausgeschlossen*," said he, and shut his window with a bang. I knew what *ausgeschlossen* meant. It means you can't smoke a pipe in a smoking carriage. It means you can't go into a free museum without fetching a free ticket from a place three-quarters of a mile away. It means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it's the shop side and you want to look at the shops; or it means you can't walk on the left-hand side of the pavement even when it isn't the shop side and you don't want to look at the shops. *Ausgeschlossen* means a lot of things like that. So I didn't try to fish him out of his lair again. I could see he had taken a dislike to my parcel from the first. I resolved to work it off on someone who could view it with an open mind.

At the next post-office the parcels department was fronted completely by glass, and one could see everything that

went on behind. There was rather a nice old man at the window. That is, he looked nice.

"I want to send this to England. It's samples without value," I said.

He took it and weighed it, and had a chat with another man there about it, and then he came back and said, "I'm sorry; it's not."

So he had found it out, too.

"Then it's a package of value."

"No, it isn't that either."

"Well, anyhow, I want to send it to England."

"Just so. Now take my advice, my friend," he said. (I translate freely from the German. I have been doing that all along, you know.) "You are young, and you are an Englishman, and you are not equal to tackling the German Postal Regulations by yourself. You take it back to the shop where you bought it."

"Oh, I can't do that," I said, and looked at my watch. "At the present moment there are something like fifteen hundred people waiting to be attended to in that shop."

"Well, then, take it to any German friend and persuade him to help you; but if you rely merely on yourself you will never get rid of that parcel."

So I took it to my tobacconist, and he explained that a sample without value had to be under five hundred grammes, which my parcel was not; and a *Wertpaket* had to be in a wooden or stout cardboard box, sealed at the ends, which my parcel again was not. So far as the German post-office was concerned it was nothing, it was an impossibility.

Well, between us we packed each thing in a separate cigar-box, for he hadn't anything big enough to hold them all, wrapped them up, addressed them and sealed them. Then I took my three packages back to the old man.

"Now they are packages of value," I said.

He took them in and weighed them.

"I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you, but they are not," he said.

"Why on earth not?"

"Because they only weigh four hundred grammes each, and a *Wertpaket* has to weigh five."

It is an Englishman's boast that he never knows when he is beaten. I took those three boxes into a gunsmith's next door to the post-office.

"I want three hundred grammes of lead shot in three separate lots of one hundred each," I said.

The gunsmith, fearing the worst, helped to repack my parcels with a combination of nervousness and kindly care that was almost touching.

I took them back to the post-office in triumph.

"Now they are all right," I said.



## HIS FIRST ROUND.

*Nervous would-be Golfer.* "WHERE DO I GO NOW, BOY?"

*Caddie.* "TH' LINE 'S BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH LEDDY COUNTING FROM YOUR LEFT"

The old man weighed them and congratulated me.

"Four mark eighty, please," he said.

Close on five shillings seemed rather a lot to pay to send three pieces of glass to England; but I did not mind. I had succeeded in the herculean task.

"Might I ask how you brought them up to weight?" he said.

I told him.

"Then it will be three mark extra, please."

"Whatever for?" I asked.

"Duty on the export of ammunition," he said.

I know now why the German Post Office puts its officials in a glass case. It is to prevent their being assaulted by infuriated foreigners.

"And look here," he added, as he picked up the three mark, "why didn't you wrap the three boxes in one piece of brown paper, and send the whole as one *Wertpaket* for one mark sixty?"

Why, oh why didn't I buy a revolver when I was in that gunsmith's?

And to-day I had another letter from my sister . . . "The parcels arrived quite safely; but what funny notions of packing boys have. Fancy putting lead shot in with glass! And, Tommy, you must have misunderstood me. I wanted real German glass. This is bottle-green,

and very nice and all that, but it has got on the bottom 'Jorbett and Jebb, Stourbridge, England.' It seems rather a pity to send glass all the way from Berlin back to within twenty miles of where it was made. . . ."

What's the good of Germany being a Protectionist country?

What's the good of Germany, anyway?

## LINES FOR A BIRTHDAY.

You said, "I know you cannot get  
Me half the pretties you would like to;  
Three extra gowns, a tiarrette,  
A pianola, and a bike too;  
You can't give me those things for  
which I pant—"

I murmured, "True, my love, I know I  
can't."

I waited, anxious and dismayed,  
As on some raft the last survivor—  
Your ultimatum, thus delayed,  
Might still disintegrate a fiver—  
And heard these words of easement and  
good cheer—

"Write me a little Birthday Ode this  
year."

Ah, if your milliner would take  
A rondel for each blouse or bonnet;  
If men who butcher and men who bake  
Accepted, "on account," a sonnet;

If gas and water men endorsed your  
views,  
I'd write in any meter they might choose.

How pleasant, too, on quarter day,  
Instead of cheque or golden pieces  
To hand the landlord for his pay  
A "Pantoum of Repairing Leases,"  
And hear him blithely chant it down  
the street,  
Before I file his much-esteemed receipt.

An empty dream; the bills pour in  
For goods that tradesmen say I  
ordered;  
Duns in the doorway raise their din,  
Daily my goings-out are wardered.  
Take, dear, this thought for birthday  
diadem—

"I owe you even more than I owe them."

## Commercial Candour.

"About a quarter of a century ago a new  
stamp business came into existence and steadily  
forged ahead."—*From a circular*

From a Queen's Hall programme:

"This mood, he tells us, was fostered by  
reading Bulwer Lytton's 'Rienzi, or The Last  
of the Barons.'"

A sequel, if we remember right, to  
*Harold's Last Days at Pompeii*.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As a rule the republication of political speeches is not a profitable enterprise either for the publisher or the reader. JOSEPH COWEN, for some time Member for Newcastle, was an exceptional man, and exception is created in the case of his utterances on public affairs. His *Speeches* (LONGMANS), edited by his daughter, deal with the stirring events dating from the Bulgarian Atrocities of 1876 to the General Election of 1885, the last great triumph of Liberalism at the polls under the leadership of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. COWEN accurately described his position in the political world when, addressing his constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle, twenty-nine years ago, he said, "I am not a conventional adherent to the fashionable Liberalism of the hour, but I am a lifelong Radical by conviction, sympathy, training and taste." Above all things he was what is to-day known as an Imperialist. Some of his finest speeches harped on the theme of the Empire. Amongst non-official Members of the House of Commons he

was the last survivor of the small tribe of orators. He did not often speak, but he never joined in debate without lifting it alike in spirit and in eloquence to the highest level. One of his most memorable efforts, deeply moving a crowded House, was his speech on the Bill by which DISRAELI conferred upon his Royal Mistress the title Empress of India. This does not appear in the present volume, but may not be omitted from the complete edition of his speeches promised by Miss JANE COWEN.

*The Story of Virginia Perfect* (METHUEN) can be

divided into two parts, before and after the death of *R. Perfect* ("Working Jeweller. Clocks and Watches repaired on the Premises.") Concerning *Perfect* there is little to say except that he lived at 17, Madrigal Street, Clerkenwell, and was entirely unworthy of his name. His philanderings, however, gave *Virginia* ample opportunities to display forbearance, and I was beginning to think that she was far too patient a wife, when an accident made her a widow. Up to this point I feel that Miss PEGGY WEBLING has drawn an almost naturally faultless heroine. But afterwards I have no complaint to make. Removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of Clerkenwell to that of Bohemian London, *Virginia* gains in power without losing a jot of her simple purity, and both in her devotion to *Keble* and in her struggle for daily bread she is most engaging. The minor characters (artists and artisans) have been drawn with scrupulous care, and among them all I give my whole-hearted allegiance to *Virginia's* quaint, imperturbable boy—a sculptor in the bud. Miss WEBLING is to be congratulated upon a book which is at once fragrant and unconventional.

There is a great deal to be said for the intensive cultivation of small plots when the gardeners do their work as well as EPRHA WHARTON. *The Hermit and the Wild Woman*

(MACMILLAN) is a collection of stories of which all but the first deal with minor psychological problems of a kind that only good craftsmen can hope to make interesting. The name-piece, which is rather more pretentious, and has a mediæval legend for subject, is written with a delicate simplicity that reminds me a little of some of ANATOLE FRANCE's stories in *L'Etui de Nacre*. The wild woman had been expelled from a convent for the unpardonable sin of secret ablutions (she used to steal out at night and bathe in a marble tank), and so she came to live in a cave near that of a recluse who had long ago subdued his only sinful temptation, that of writing sacred verse. The tragedy occurred when the hermit discovered that his friend had not, after all, mortified her vanity, but occasionally took a bath in the river. The remaining studies mostly deal with matters of conscience (either artistic or pecuniary) among widely differing American types, and only one (perhaps the least successful) with the conventional theme of romance. It is hard to believe that a quite ordinary young Englishman could have deluded the wife of an American professor into supposing he was in love with her, merely in order to use the pretext of their flirtation as a reason

for breaking off his engagement to a girl at home. I don't know if there is a vacancy for a hermit anywhere to-day, but if so, such a young man would be given every inducement to fill the post.

The love-affairs of a second-hand Bloomsbury bookseller, who is middle-aged at that, hardly seem at first sight very promising materials for a novel. Nor does the lady's father, a drunken reviewer—can such things be?—help the more temperate critic very greatly in his appreciation of W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE's new novel, *A*

*Soul's Awakening* (LONG). The soul is awakened at the price of a tragedy; and, as is sometimes the case in real life and almost always in fiction, the woman pays. The book opens so lightly and easily that some readers may resent the tone of the later chapters; but however that may be, Mr. SHORE's people have interested me considerably. They ring true; they act and speak naturally. And if the fate of the heroine seems rather forced at the end, it is something to be thankful for that a story which in cruder hands might have left an unpleasant taste behind is both readable and enjoyable.

"During the fifty years that have elapsed since Darwin published his 'Origin of Species' the fertility of his conceptions has been evident in fields that did not lie far within the great scientist's marginal consciousness when he was feeling his way towards the lofty generalisations that were to revolutionise man's estimate of his relation to his environment."—*Glasgow Herald*.

It was at the word "environment" that the office-boy gave a shrill whistle, and came up bashfully with a slice of lemon on a plate.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.  
LAST WEEK."

—Theatrical Poster.  
Otherwise, *The House that Jerry Built*.



Roadmender (as the local Professor of Hygiene hurries past). "THERE 'E GOES. CATCHIN' 'IS DEATH FOR THE GOOD OF 'IS 'EALTH."

## CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has been visited with floods of such magnitude that many inhabitants of that country began to fear that their Emperor had made yet another mistake, and that their future was not on the water but in it.

"King Edward has been forging a chain of friendships," says a contemporary: "the Kaiser was the missing link." While deprecating such language we can only suppose that the writer penned these words after seeing *The Daily Mail's* muzzotint entitled "The Kaiser's Happy Smile."

Times certainly do change. As a witty Frenchman omitted to remark, the *mot d'ordre* in his country was once "*Embrassez les Anglais*": now it is "*Embrassez les Anglais*"—and in Germany it was formerly "*Reprochez les Anglais*": to-day it is "*Rapprochez les Anglais*."

Referring to the Navy, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE informs us that, so far as Liberals are concerned, they will never concur in the inclusion of the United States as one of the two hypothetical Powers against whom we ought to build. This, as we have hinted at before, would be all right if the fact that the Americans love us were as well known in America as it is here.

Meanwhile it is said that many Liberals are now of the opinion that the Sea Lords ought to be abolished. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.*

At the opening of the National Convention in Dublin last week, Mr. JOHN REDMOND pointed out that Ireland's capacity for self-government would be judged by the conduct of that assembly. This statement was followed by a really capital *mêlée* owing to Mr. CREAN, M.P., attempting to punch the chairman's head.

The Southend Town Council has

decided that the Summer season this year shall consist of eighteen weeks, as compared with sixteen last year. The idea, we take it, is that Summer is sometimes so late that it is ashamed of putting in an appearance at all.

"The White City," it is said, will be found to be white no longer when the next exhibition opens. For some time past there have been rumours of scandals.

There is surely an ugly misprint in the following reference to a certain classical dancer:—"It is said that numbers of society ladies feel strongly

No fewer than 3,500 dogs took part in Cruft's Dog Show last week. A suggestion from a dear old lady that these should march in procession, two abreast, through the heart of London, reaches us too late to be acted upon this year.

By the way, the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT showed some Golden Retrievers. "If only they were Gold Retrievers!" his colleague, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, is said to have sighed.

It is again rumoured that the crinoline is coming back. If so, with a little ingenuity the discarded Merry Widow hats might be converted into new skirts.

The Union Society of Cambridge has passed the following motion by a majority of 92:—"That this house would strongly approve of the immediate granting of the B.A. degree to women in this University." In our opinion they ought to be required to pass the necessary examination first.

Meanwhile the Suffragettes have scored another victory. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has informed a deputation of commercial men that in his opinion *both* sexes should be made amenable to restraint under the bankruptcy laws.

The session of the Austrian Parliament closed amid scenes of wild excitement, the Czech deputies bringing into the House several pairs of cymbals, trumpets, drums, signal whistles and rattles. Indeed any stranger who had happened to look in would have imagined, we are told, that he was assisting at the latest opera of Dr. RICHARD STRAUSS.

"It is surely a strange coincidence that within a few months of the MILTON tercentenary celebration this country should to-day be commemorating the centenary of DARWIN."

*The Morning Post.*

How dare a poet and a scientist be born within two hundred years of each other?



Alchemist (to herb-dealer). "METHINKS THOU ART OVERCHARGING ME FOR THE LIVER-WORT ROOT."  
Herb-dealer. "NAY, GOOD SIR, BUT REMEMBER THAT I HAD TO GATHER IT ON ST. STEPHEN'S NIGHT IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, WITH MY RIGHT FOOT ON A TOAD AND MY LEFT IN A RUNNING STREAM, WITH THREE VIPERS IN MY RIGHT HAND, KEEPING MY EYES SHUT, AND REPEATING THE PATERNOSTER BACKWARDS, WITH MY FACE TO THE NORTH AND MY BACK TO THE EAST."

tempted to follow her example and appear in the streets in flowing Grecian robes, with scandals on their feet."

Messrs. NELSON have just published a volume of Essays by Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, with a statement to the effect that the selection has been approved by the author and may be taken as an anthology of his work. It is significant that there is no reference in the volume to Mr. BIRRELL's Essay in Irish Government.

The Society for the Destruction of Vermin is preparing a Bill under the provisions of which Public Rat-catchers may be appointed. As a correspondent points out, in every German town there is a municipal Rathaus.



## A BUDGET LETTER.

DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE,—You will be glad to hear that I have just sent along my little contribution to your fund. Don't fritter it away in *Dreadnoughts*—spend it wisely and cautiously; you might buy one Old Age Pension with it and still have a trifle over for the Territorials. I won't tell you exactly what you would have over because you might find that I had paid too much, which would break my heart; or that I hadn't paid enough, which would break me altogether. All I say is, Be careful. Don't be led away into riotous extravagance, and don't think, because I have done this for you, that Lord ROTHSCHILD and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE are going to do as much.

Now, my dear LLOYD-GEORGE (excuse the familiarity, but I expect to owe you more next year than I shall ever be able to repay), I hear that you have got to raise another twenty millions, and that you don't quite know how to do it. Of course twenty millions seems a small sum to me, but I can understand that to you it is something of a problem. I wonder if I can give you a few helpful suggestions. Anyhow, they are meant kindly.

I saw in the papers the other day an article on "Simplified Spelling"—a delightful subject. In the new era, you know, instead of spelling a word like "desiccated" with two "sics" we shall spell it somehow else—I don't know how for the moment, but at least it will be much easier. Well, this method is going to save time and raw material; time because you won't have to stop and think, and raw material because most of the words will be shorter and won't want so much paper. An eminent statistician calculated in this article that if it is adopted all over England (by which I take him to include Scotland and Ireland), there will be a saving in the year of time and material equal to—what do you think?—*twenty million pounds!*

Now, my dear old soul, what more do you want? There's your money. Make the simplified spelling compulsory, and you rake in the twenty million. Where you rake it in from I don't quite know. Under the new law I should have begun this letter "Dere LLOYD-GEORGE," but I am sadly afraid that I should have squandered the extra time in sleep and used the extra paper to light my pipe. But then I can never understand these economic statisticians. I read a little time ago that in the last fog London lost seven million pounds; well, I know, speaking for myself alone, that I lost thirteen-and-sixpence and a tie-pin, and they would have pinched my watch as well, only I had left it at home; but the

statistician didn't make any reference to that at all. No, he said that one shop in Regent Street had lost a thousand pounds because the fog had prevented Lady ROSENSTEIN from going out and buying a tiara; and another had lost a penny because you and I hadn't bought our *Westminster*. He almost seemed to forget that you and I had kept our coppers, and were going to spend them the next day.

And so, perhaps, there may not be so much in the simplified spelling scheme. Let's try another.

The Government, it is my firm opinion, gives too much away. It has been giving licences away up till now, and if it is really going to sell them next year it will have begun none too soon. But think what a lot it might do in this direction. Take anything—take margarine. I have never (intentionally) dallied much with margarine, but I believe it has to be inspected and stamped and so on by the Government. But suppose that, instead of being merely passed as bearable, it were actively recommended. Suppose it were stamped, "As spread by Mr. LULU HARCOURT, who finds it tasty," or, "Lord ALTHORP loves it"? How gladly would tradesmen pay to have their wares so registered.

I hope I'm helping you. Now I'm going to weigh in with another suggestion. What is it which is inflicted upon us several times every day and which none of us ever wanted once? (Even if you answer this correctly there is no free scholarship). *Leading articles*. Put a tax on leaders and you will benefit humanity. Really the tax would only need to go on certain words—*Scope*, *Drastic* and *Inalienable*, and the idea could then be extended so as to reach novelists and others. A slight duty on *Authentic* would bring in a million or so from Mr. E. F. BENSON; one on *Athwart* another million from Mr. WELLS. I take the following extract from a report of one of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's recent speeches:—"It was a Government of terminological inexactitudes. (*Laughter.*)" A man who can say a thing like that, just three years late, and an audience which can laugh at it, should be heavily fined. Duty would have to be paid on all such outworn phrases.

A tax on beards has been suggested many times; the only point of debate is the amount of such a tax. I have just worked it out for you as follows:—

The average man (this doesn't mean you or me) works 1,500 hours a year. If he has to shave every day he works another two hours a week—say 100 hours a year. The bearded man has that extra 100 hours for financially, as opposed to aesthetically, remunerative work, and therefore makes one-fifteenth

more money per annum. Hence if one-sixteenth of this increased income were extracted from him he would be brought down to the level of the clean-shaven man. In other words, *beards should be taxed one-and-threepence in the pound*. I hope that is clear and helpful.

I have some more ideas for you, but perhaps the time is hardly ripe for them; they are a little too revolutionary. One was that members of both Houses should pay £600 a year for the privilege of making laws. The Commons might get the money from their constituencies whose views they represent; the Lords, representing nobody, would of course have to find the money themselves. Another suggestion was that married men should be taxed. A third—that double-barrelled names should pay duty—will be more kindly made, my dear GEORGE, to your successor.

But by now you have nearly all the money you want. Calculating it roughly, indeed, I find that I have suggested to you the means for finding £19,999,999 19s. 11d. My last idea is that there should be a tax, *pro rata*, on all futile suggestions made to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I enclose a penny stamp, and remain,

Your humble benefactor,  
A. A. M.

## SOCIETY SNIPPETS.

(By our very discreet Chronicler.)

"There has been a great increase in the taste for sweet things in every rank. I hesitate to mention the gilded spot in which I have heard of bread and jam at tea."—*Manchester Guardian*.

A BLOATER for Sunday breakfast is becoming a regular feature in certain exalted houses. Hashed mutton and rice is also rapidly currying favour with the best people.

Simplicity in food is now the fashion. Sheep's hearts are slowly but surely finding their way into those of Society. I will name no names, but only yesterday I happened to hear the Duchess of B— say, "Sheep's hearts are more than coronets, and simple steaks than Norman blood."

Tripe is not generally associated with the wearers of purple and fine linen, but a little bird tells me that a well-known nobleman was heard to order this savoury dish at the Ritz one day last week. The small bird very wisely withheld from me the nobleman's name and address.

A ducal mansion is not exactly the place one would expect to find "sausage and mashed" figuring on the menu; nevertheless this toothsome if somewhat homely dish was the *pièce de résistance* at a dinner given last night by the Duke of— Well, never mind.





“WHEN THEY DO AGREE—”

GERMAN SOLDIER } (together). “MOROCCO! WHAT’S MOROCCO? COME AND HAVE A DRINK!”  
FRENCH SOLDIER }





*Customer (paying the weekly book.)* "DEAR, DEAR! I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE ARE IN THE MOTOR, MR SWIFTING?  
*Dutchman.* "OH, THEM THAT THE RED HOUSE IS LET TO; OF NO FAMILY WOTEVER; MAUVAY REESE, AS THE FRENCH SAY."

### CHELTENHAM WATER.

[Mr FORD MADOX HUFFRER has written to *The Times* to apologise to Cheltenham for having reflected on its water-supply, in his recent book, *Mr Apollo*. He was thinking, he says, of another town.]

So this is the man who tried to dam  
 The water-supply of Cheltenham!  
 You may take, if you like, your cursive pen,  
 And add to the rhyme a final n:  
 That is if you think it'll pay to follow  
 The reckless model of *Mr. Apollo*,  
 A fancy of HUFFRER's—he went and spun it,  
 And now he wishes he hadn't done it.  
 For the Cheltenham folk they upped and said,  
 "He's crabbed our water; we'll have his head.  
 Our water's the purest ever seen;  
 In fact it's a regular *Hippocrene*,  
 A glassier *Fons Bandusia*,  
 With a Cheltenham touch that makes it be  
 The best you can find from sea to sea."  
 So they went for HUFFRER and made him acknowledge he  
 Owed them a downright handsome apology,  
 Which I summarise, changing his prose to rhymes,  
 From the letter he sent to Thursday's *Times*.  
 For the words that he then and there wrote down  
 Declared he referred to a different town,  
 Not theirs, with its well-known pure supply,  
 And he said he was sorry—so am I—  
 But he didn't (which left me but half content)  
 Say which was the town he really meant.

### THE PHILOSOPHIC FIGHTER.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, JACK JOHNSON, the coloured pugilist, has been very unpopular in New South Wales since he defeated BURNS for the World's Championship. He has explained, however, to an interviewer that when distressed by adverse criticism he has found much consolation in the works of SHAKESPEARE, BUNYAN and MILTON.]

O rare JACK JOHNSON! mightiest with the fist!  
 You're not, I think, unused to nasty knocks, sir;  
 But were you really hooted at and hissed,  
 My chocolate boxer?

Hissed from the gallery-bench and from the stall!  
 Though "upper cuts" you're frequently allotted,  
 That was "the most unkindest cut of all"  
 (SHAKESPEARE . . . you spotted?).

Still, you've a brain of philosophic turns:  
 Firm is the soil your peace of mind is built on;  
 And, when you feel you've done enough to BURNS,  
 You take on MILTON;

When, too, because its favourite got whacked,  
 You're slated by the Press—that Yellow Ogress—  
 'Tis sweet to think your temper's kept intact  
 By *Pilgrim's Progress*.

But oh! there's one thing would be sweeter still—  
 The dash of yeast to leaven all the suet—  
 If only MILTON, BUNYAN, ay, and WILL  
 Could know you do it!

## COALS OF FIRE ALL ROUND.

BEING ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE  
DUPLICITIES.

I.

*Sir Dashwood Holmby, K.C.M.G., to Hugo  
Leigh, of the Treasury.*

January 3.

DEAR OLD MAN,—There is to be a dinner to Bankes on the 26th, at the Belvoir Hotel. I hope you can be there. He is a silly ass, of course, and personally I bar him a good deal, but one can't very well stay away without its looking like an intentional slight; and as a matter of fact I am getting the wretched thing up. You will come, won't you? It will be a good dinner anyway.

D. H.

P.S.—Dunsmore will make the speech of the evening.

II.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*

January 5.

MY DEAR DASH,—If you can guarantee the dinner I will come, but I don't much care for the Belvoir cooking. The flavour is abstracted somewhere *en route*, and they know nothing about the temperature of claret. As for old Bankes, I not only dislike him, but I distrust him, which is worse. He is a tuft-hunter and a minx. However, the Department must hold together, I suppose, and since he's leaving us we may as well be decent. I am glad you got Dunsmore. He is always fluent and amusing, and amiability and lying come easy to him.

Yours, H. L.

III.

*Sir Dashwood Holmby to Hugo Leigh.  
(Telegram.)*

January 26.

Lady Dunsmore suddenly ill, so Dunsmore absent to-night. Am in bed—influenza. Count on you make speech—absolutely no one else.

HOLMBY.

IV.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.  
(Telegram.)*

January 26.

Lowest trick on record, but rest easy in your malingering. I will do it. Some day you shall repay.

LEIGH.

V.

*Hilary Bankes, C.B., of the Treasury  
to his father, General Bankes, The  
Lindens, Great Malvern.*

(Extract.)

January 27.

Lord Dunsmore was to have proposed my health, but owing to the sudden illness of Lady Dunsmore (a very charming woman) he was prevented from

attending at all. Another Treasury man, Hugo Leigh, whom you have no doubt heard of, an authority on netsukes and one of our best tennis players, took his place. I had always thought that Leigh disliked me, but one can make strange mistakes in that way. His remarks were charming. He touched on every side of my career, the literary as well as the administrative, and even quoted a stanza from my "Pearl Fishers."

VI.

*Hilary Bankes to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*

January 26.

MY DEAR HOLMBY,—I cannot go to bed after this, to me, most memorable night without thanking you for all you have done, and expressing the sympathy that Mrs. Bankes and I have for you in your illness, and also saying how very felicitous and flattering were Leigh's remarks on my poor character and career. I had no notion that he felt so warmly towards me.

Again thanking you and wishing you a speedy recovery,

I am, very sincerely yours,  
HILARY BANKES.

VII.

*Hilary Bankes to Mr. Hugo Leigh.*

January 27.

MY DEAR LEIGH,—The kindness of your speech quite overcame me, and I fear I did not succeed in the least in conveying my real feelings to you last evening. Pray accept my deep gratitude. It will give Mrs. Bankes and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us on the 30th at eight o'clock. There will be only two or three picked guests besides yourself.

Yours very sincerely,  
HILARY BANKES.

VIII.

*Hugo Leigh to Hilary Bankes.*

January 27.

DEAR BANKES,—I am sorry to say that I am engaged on that evening. I am glad my remarks gave you pleasure.

Yours sincerely,  
HUGO LEIGH.

IX.

*Hilary Bankes to Hugo Leigh.*

January 28.

MY DEAR LEIGH,—Mrs. Bankes and I are extremely sorry that you are engaged on the 30th. She is so very anxious to meet you that I am emboldened to name two other dates, February the 5th and the 8th, on one of which we are hoping you will be free. On either night you will find some very nice people here, carefully chosen, to meet you.

Yours very sincerely,  
HILARY BANKES.

X.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.  
January 30.*

MY DEAR DASH,—You have done for me for ever. After trying for years to lead a clean life and say what I mean, I am now a public liar, all through your trickery and machinations; and what is worse, I have Bankes as firmly fixed on my back as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. I am become his dearest friend. Every post brings me a letter inviting me to dinner, and—meanest trick of all—mentioning more than one date, so that I shall have to go at last. There will be a dedication to me in a few days for certain. All his grandchildren, if he has any, are to be named Hugo. Why, oh why, can't we tell the truth?

Your miserable enemy,  
H. L.

P.S.—I hope you are worse.

## RAMBLING.

ALFRED pronounced himself entranced with the project. It was, of course, not a project at all, but a disease, and Alfred had sickened for it.

I remarked that walking (old style) had always an especial charm for me, but Alfred said at once that this was not walking, but Rambling. I believe that my walking was Rambling—just that, and that Alfred's Rambling was mere walking—a dull business—but it was not one of the times when he listens. He bent the binding of the book back and placed it before me.

The requirements for correct Rambling (not walking) were quite moderate and were clearly set down. The Rambler was recommended to provide himself with a pair of stout boots; a half-a-crown; the Historical Companion to the Series, cloth, One Shilling; and the Special Map, paper, One Shilling.

"Only sixpence left," I remarked, trying to put a cheerful face on things; but Alfred reproved me. We might almost have been surveyors, so serious was his attitude to the project.

However, despite my misgivings, it was with a light heart that I eventually walked out of the station with my friend into the early promise of a wintry morning. The book that had bulged his pocket was produced, and we agreed it would perhaps facilitate matters if we tore out the leaf containing the Explanation of the Map, and kept it handy for reference. I set myself to master it.

— denoted a main road; ---- a bridle path or lane; ..... a foot-path, and so on. The Map was not very well printed, I thought (at a shilling), and the difference between ..... and ---- seemed sometimes infinitesimal; but in case of need a foot-note told how use

could ingeniously be made of the hands of one's watch adjusted according to the position of the sun. This was Rambling.

But Ramble No. Seven was our concern, and first we had to follow the road, climb a stile upon the left, and pursue the path for a quarter of a mile. Alfred went first, holding the Guide in one hand and the fluttering Map in the other, and I followed, firmly grasping (in my hand only, not in my mind's eye) the Explanation and the Historical Companion. We kept to the winding ribbon of path, not daring to look unto the right or left for fear we should miss the spot where a little twiddle, like a worm trying to look over its shoulder, marked (on the Map, not on the path) an alternative way which we had decided to take. We ascertained its position exactly, but saw no sign. I took the Map from Alfred's reluctant hand for a closer inspection, and it was later on that I discovered that we had been deceived by a fragment of tobacco ash, and I had not the heart to tell him.

Luckily at this time a man in a Norfolk suit approached us along the path. In every line of his comfortable figure reposed the quiet content of the country-side, and we asked him with confidence to direct us. He was exceedingly kind, and offered us minute directions.

If we retraced our steps, he told us, we should presently climb a stile and reach the main road and the station. We thanked him, of course, but implored him to direct us in the way from which he had come. Strangely enough he seemed to know nothing of it; he shook his head and refused even for one moment to glance back at it, but ever pointed onward in the road he (and apparently all) must take. He did not see me lightly tap my forehead, but as he passed on we noticed a little book reposing in the hand (the one that wasn't pointing onward) behind his back.

"For Ramble No. Seven (reversed) see p. 35."

So we pressed along the path we were on and at length gained a hill-brow (where a friend tells me there is an entrancing view), and stopped to adjust our course to our Guide. We were to bear to the left into a lane and continue until "two stately elms" were reached. As we entered the "----" we had to step aside for a jolly carter and his team and a creaking load of timber. 'Tis an honest rural sight, and as we stood and watched it in the dancing light our spirits revived and we felt the better for it. Thrusting the Historical Companion into my pocket, I linked my arm in my friend's and we followed the rustic lane. But soon we had to confess ourselves at fault. There



Waiter (whose attention has been called to a gross error in addition). "VERY SORRY, SIR; BUT EVEN IF YOU HADN'T FOUND OUT THE MISTAKE, THE FIRM WOULD HAVE BENEFITED, NOT ME." Diner. "THEN YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE!"

were no stately elms to be seen. Upon rising ground it was impossible for even two paltry little trees to be anywhere at hand without our suspecting it. A hardy son of the soil approached whistling, but one shrinks from admitting that one is searching for two gigantic trees.

Alfred knew I was watching him. He frowned a little and read the passage aloud two or three times. Some pert little cloudlets romped by together above us. I thought one of them smiled, and a light broke in upon me.

"Alfred," I said with conviction, "the jolly carter has taken our trees."

For the rest of the day we just walked about in any direction that occurred to us. But that is not Rambling.

"In seven visits to the table yesterday afternoon Stevenson scored the 749 points to take him to the schedule, his average therefore working out at the minutest fraction below 107 per innings."—*Daily Mail*.

The writer should take a more hopeful view of short division.

#### THE ARTFUL DODGER.

SLACK and half impotent he stood,  
Yet with alert observing eyes;  
The opportunity was good,  
He snatched the guarded prize.

Across the level field he broke  
Light-footed, sound of wind and limb,  
Aghast, the startled crowd awoke,  
And howled at sight of him.

He doubled through the hue and cry  
With feet that swerve but never slip,  
The treasure money could not buy  
Held tight within his grip.

Wild apparitions breathing fast  
With arms outstretched to check his flight  
Rushed at him, yet he flickered past  
And spread them left and right.

Then while the crowd their thunder roared  
Like crash of breakers on our coasts,  
He also came to ground, and scored  
A try between the posts.



## THE WAY TO WEDLOCK.

["There are probably some thousands of young women in Bristol with certificates of competency as teachers, wives, scholars, and many of them cannot find husbands. From the Clifton Suspension Bridge there casts herself a girl—hundreds of feet into the Avon; emerges alive. She has eighteen offers of marriage. We find Mme. Steinheil, who, on the mere suspicion of having murdered one husband, is receiving offers of marriage every day from young men with a view to the picturesque."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

DOMESTICATED damsels we,  
Good Mrs. BEETON's rules  
We've studied in the L.C.C.  
Continuation Schools.  
We've proofs to show how much we know,  
Then come, young men, to us if  
You want to meet a clever, neat,  
Domesticated housewife.

But what is the point of our cooking a joint, or learning to make a steak tender?  
Why worry our heads with the making of beds or striving to polish a fender?  
It is all thrown away, for the youths of to-day decline to wax keen and ecstatic  
Over gifts such as these; what they want, if you please, is something more melodramatic.  
If you're hunting a mate, you should try to create some intensely exciting sensation,  
Which will boom through the press till your pictures obsess the wondering thoughts of the nation.  
People don't seem to mind what's precisely the kind of the feat that may win notoriety:  
It is excellent if you go over a cliff and vanish awhile from society,  
If your only pretence is a sane common-sense, as a spinster you're likely to drift on,  
But the suitors arrive thick as bees in a hive if you leap from the bridge down at Clifton;  
And many a maid with the poison has played when the thought irresistibly stirred her  
That the men in a cue would be waiting to woo if she'd only committed a murder.  
Yet perchance, after all, we should pause ere we call these youths all the names we've a mind to;  
There is something, perhaps, to be said for the chaps for doing the things they're inclined to.  
If a man weds a maid who is thoroughly staid and always sane, sober and sensible,  
The monotony serves to get right on his nerves till her virtues appear reprehensible;  
But should she be known, pretty dear, to have shown a penchant for poison, it follows  
The monotony goes when her husband well knows he must watch every mouthful he swallows;  
His life is possessed of a freshness and zest, and his wits will grow brighter and brighter  
When he never can tell if that curious smell is oxalic or spirits of nitre.

Domesticated damsels we  
Will call ourselves no more;  
We've done with pots and pans, we're free  
Of culinary lore.  
Henceforth our time we'll spend in crime  
And, if we 'scape the halter,  
The men will flock about the dock  
To lead us to the altar.

Our Monaco Correspondent sends us the following Summary of Life—a Paradox of Monte Carlo:—*Tout manque, tout passe.*

## A CONVERSATION-MANUAL FOR THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

## Notice to the Public.

HAVING observed certain statements in the Press to the effect that Dr. GARNER, of Chicago University, is now engaged in compiling a Vocabulary of the Simian language as spoken by the Larger Apes, *Mr. Punch* feels it only due to himself to inform his readers that he has long been labouring in the same field as the learned American Professor, and that his "Complete Handbook of Colloquial Phrases Current in Polite Monkey Society" is already in the hands of the Printers.

This important work—revised and corrected by no less an authority than the Principal Baboon of the Royal Zoological College at Regent's Park—will enable visitors to the Monkey-House to converse fluently with the residents in their own tongue, and thereby get into closer touch with them than has hitherto been practicable.

It is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the advantages of promoting a better understanding between two races which have so much in common, and the two specimen dialogues which follow will serve to illustrate the general scheme of the manual.

Intending students will soon discover that Monkeyish is not so difficult as it looks, provided they are careful to follow the phonetic pronunciation as indicated in the text.

## I.—TO PAY A VISIT TO A MANDRIL.

*Visitor*. How are you, my dear friend? I trust I find you in good health?

[Tschirô, 'Owg-ôsitôl-Kôkki? (or if intimate) 'Owârya-meôl-dhâniv-ûrsiti-tchum?]

*Mandrîl*. Thank you, I am fairly well, and delighted to see you.

[Ubîbi-lôd!]

*Vis*. I really must compliment you on the brilliancy of your complexion. Your nose is such a charming colour-scheme in vermilion and ultramarine!

[Aî-sêh. Hiu-'av-gottarummi-reddn'-blâhkonk-ôhl-tschappi!]

*Mand*. And you, too, my dear Sir, are looking remarkably well, I am glad to see.

[Hya-gôhm'n-lûkbatya-gelâhs.]

*Vis*. Pray do not let me interrupt you if you are busy just now.

[Dôhm-mîn-dmè. Hiukip-onskrat-chinôlf'la.]

*Mand*. I was just engaged in some rather intricate researches—but they can wait.

[Mufftimma-gêhn! Auf'l-nippilitl'-jonni-ou-'ot!]

*Vis*. Would it not be as well to take some means of sparing yourself these excessive exertions?

[Uilô-ullô-ou-'ot-prâhis-khîting-spôwdah?]

*Mand*. I doubt it, Sir. Life would be insipid indeed if I were deprived of my customary pursuits.

[Nôtiphainô-it. Itsdul-lânuff-hirassi-tismibhoi. Ou-'otthadooshudi-dûffi-laustaultha-lottovem!]

*Vis*. Then I will leave you to follow them. Farewell, dear friend, and best wishes for your success!

[Tâdalû! Gûd'untinôl-boi!]

*Mand*. Many thanks. Good-bye, dear Sir. You will excuse my going to the door with you, as I have pressing business to attend to.

[Jeshiu-khlîraout'n-lemnia-lohnouilliah! Ou-rêh. Got-timma-tlast!]

## II.—TO VISIT A SMALLER MONKEY.

*Visitor (Male or Female)*. Good afternoon, Sir. How do you do? I have taken the liberty of bringing you some slight refreshment which I hope will be acceptable.

[Pocahilf-'ellazen. Khooju-ôûitta mâhrib-iskit?]

*Monkey*. You are very kind, Sir (or Madam), but I have little or no appetite to-day.



## THE POETRY OF MOTION, 1909.

THE "BORSTON."

[Yahbah-tékhitéhm. Fährfeddúp-ou-ith'm-af-am!]

Vis. Then may I offer you a Barcelona?

[Lahaik-amùn-khinut-téh?]

Monk. Excuse me, but it is not every brand that agrees with me.

[Éér-aiséh, ou'ottayugh'-ivvinussar-ottenun?]

Vis. You will find these excellent. I have them specially selected and imported for my own use.

[Kacholdofit. Aitelya-itortabi-gúdat-thà-práhisai-péhd.]

Monk. You don't say so. Then I will try one on your recommendation.

[Húaral-iah! Tséhmóhls-tuffapennia-bâghatta-bhúnstahl. Stind-ji!]

Vis. Pardon me, but are you in trouble of any sort? You have such mournful black eyes.

[Ou-ódja-lúhkinza-mizrah-bellabh'outéh?]

Monk. On the contrary, Sir (or Madam), I am quite in my usual spirits.

[Sóh'djû-ifai-kud-getáchya.]

Vis. I cannot help fearing that you do not find your present society quite congenial. Is that so?

[Dhúthi-uthahm'-unkhi-spúhlya-téhl?]

Monk. Not entirely so, I confess. It is difficult to form any real friendships here.

[Sikkanin'settah-bahndersahr. Sobhistli-kliki!]

Vis. I am sorry to trouble you, but I fancy you have taken my hat-plume (or my pince-nez) by mistake.

[Hee-ya! Ou'-ottahu-dhuin? Jeshiud'-roppit-djithrmi!]

Monk. Have I really? I was quite unaware of it. Is this what you are referring to?

[Ai-desséh. Dóhnjah-ou-'ishya-magettit?]

Vis. This is too bad! One of your friends has run off with it now.

[Konf-oundhit (or, dhráttit). Lúkhattim!]

Monk. Dear me, so he has. If you will excuse me a moment, I will go and explain matters to him.

[Snihkt-itássih! Ou-aitillikatchim. Eelgetta-thikkirinam-innit!]

Vis. Well, now you've got it back, perhaps you will kindly hand it over before it's completely ruined.

[Ou-illieuleg-gohûmis-tchiffuslit-telbéghur!]

Monk. Do not distress yourself about it. It is of no importance. Must you really be going?

[Oá-ráht. Dhúnn'oo-ithit. Pikuttap'-eecis. Ukangowéh-nowóhls-tikkinthamud.]

Vis. I fear so. It will be some time before I am again in your neighbourhood.

[Hiu-dóhn-ketchmi-kúmmín-iragin.]

Monk. Good-bye, dear Sir (or Madam). I hope that on the next occasion you will make a longer stay so that we may see more of you.

[Gáhn-yi-ortabibi-hindtha-báhrsya-sélef!]

F. A.

In moments of great enthusiasm a man's mind may be so filled with the one idea that he forgets trivial details which bear distantly upon it. A recent recruit to the Territorials has just sent this note to his colour-sergeant:—

"Sir,—Will you please wire to your headmaster to say that I cannot join the Territorials as I have a broken elbow which I forgot to mention at the time."



### MY WORD IS LAW.

Constable. "NOW THEN, MOVE ON HERE, AND DON'T MAKE A CROWD ON THE PAVEMENT."

Loafer. "BUT TWO AIN'T NO CROWD."

Constable (emphatically). "ONE'S A CROWD, IF I SAY SO! MOVE ON!"

### JUST LIKE THEIR LUCK.

The *Daily Chronicle* recently narrated the circumstances in which Mr. CHARLES CRIVELLI, a Soho hairdresser, has picked up for a few shillings a genuine Titian. These *trouvailles*, we are glad to say, are of almost daily occurrence in Soho and the neighbourhood, as may be gathered from the following well authenticated cases.

Mr. Julian Swoggle, a Venetian blind-maker, is the fortunate possessor of a priceless Greek statue which he picked up literally for a song in the Euston Road.

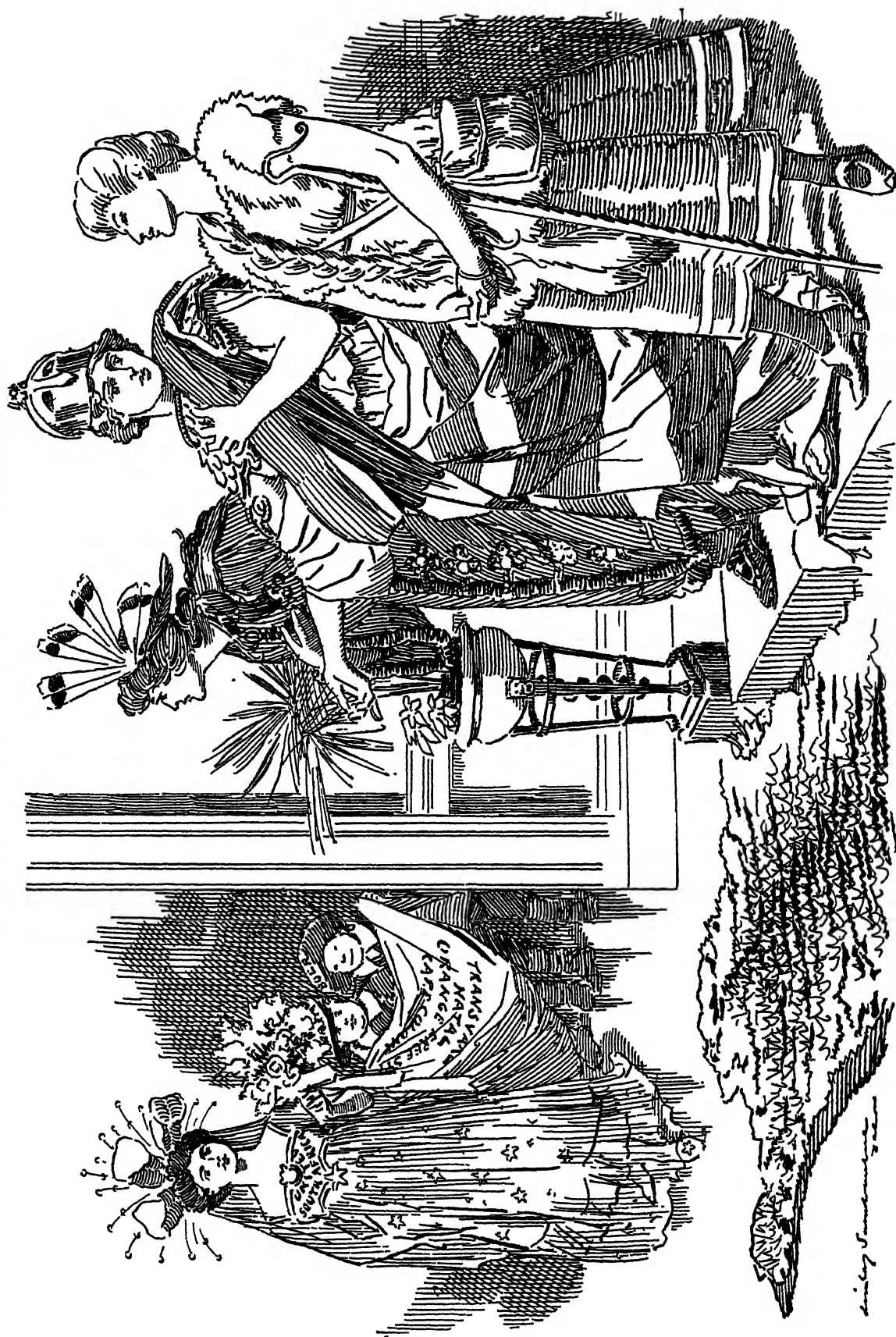
"I was walking along the road in question the other evening," explains Mr. Swoggle, "humming '*Antonio*,' when a monumental mason accosted me and said, 'Do you want a life-size statue for nothing?' 'You're kidding me,' I answered. 'Not a bit of it,' said he; 'I want the room, and if you'll cart the thing away, it's yours for nothing.' To cut a long story short, I took the statue away in a lorry the next day, and when I'd got it home and given it a bath sure enough there was the signature PHEIDIAS carved on the plinth."

We understood that Lord ARMSTRONG has written to Mr. Swoggle congratulating him on having become the possessor of a genuine and incontestable Pheidias. The necessary restoration is now taking place, as the statue, which represents a wrestler, lacks a nose, chin, both arms and the greater part of one leg, and before very long some Mr. Pierpont Morgan or some other opulent Mæcenæas will have the opportunity of purchasing a masterpiece.

Mr. John Burdekin, an artificial sausage-skin manufacturer, recently picked up a magnificent diamond tiara in romantic circumstances. It was put up for sale at an auction in the Strand as "portions of a chandelier," and knocked down to Mr. Burdekin for 3s. 6d. On taking it home the owner accidentally dropped his purchase from the top of an electric tram, and to his amazement not a single one of the glass drops was smashed. This excited his suspicions, and after consulting a Dutch expert in Spring Gardens, he was delighted to find that they were diamonds of extraordinary size and lustre. Among the connoisseurs who have already pronounced the diamonds genuine are Lord

ARMSTRONG, Monsignor VAY DE VAYA, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN and Miss MAUD ALLAN.

The circumstances which placed Mr. Julius Ballin, an aged dolls'-eye maker, in possession of one of the most famous of all historic jewels, are intensely romantic. About ten days ago he was eating a kromesky in a restaurant in Greek Street when his teeth gritted on a hard substance, which on inspection turned out to be a pearl on which the initials A and C were distinctly observable. Incredible as it may seem, this pearl, on the authority of Lord ARMSTRONG, Lord ROSSLYN, the Marquis TOWNSEND and other experts, has been pronounced to be none other than the one which CLEOPATRA was inaccurately alleged to have dissolved in a goblet of wine. As a matter of fact it was fished out by ANTONY and appropriated by AUGUSTUS after the battle of Actium, remaining in Rome until it was carried away with other relics by the great NAPOLEON. Subsequently pawned by NAPOLEON III. when in exile, it fell into the hands of a restaurant keeper who, unaware of its value, presented it to his chef, who inadvertently allowed it to become embodied in one of his dishes.



WELCOME!

BRIANNIA (preparing to introduce United South Africa to Canada and Australia). "HERE COMES YOUR NEW COUSIN."







Cockney "THE FOX WENT DOWN THERE QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO."

Huntsman. "WHY DIDN'T YE HOLLER THEN?"

Cockney. "WHAT DID I WANT TO 'OLLER FOR? 'E NEVER BIT ME."

### THE DONKEY WHITEWASHED.

Oh, would you, Ass, that I refute  
The opprobrium and ill repute  
Which ever to your title clings?  
Then listen while the poet sings:—

In Ireland, where the shamrock grows  
(And Goodness, knowing all things,  
knows

Why he that writes of Ireland can't  
Avoid that overbearing plant)—  
In Ireland I have travelled far  
In someone else's motor-car,  
And from my seat have studied  
The ways of bi- and quadruped,  
Who eat and drink and sleep and play  
Entirely on the King's highway.

The errant kine themselves approve  
Slow, stupid, dull and hard to move;  
Whereas the swine, whom nothing will  
Induce to think of standing still,  
Must run ahead with endless fuss,  
Too fast for them, too slow for us.  
The dogs (a race which men suppose  
To be a race that thinks and knows)  
Bounce forth with misdirected zeal  
And barely miss a murderous wheel,  
Then bark and bark with false delight  
Because they've put the foe to flight!

The hen, being situated where,  
Secure from harm and free from care,  
She might have watched us and derided,  
Descends forthwith to be divided.  
The horse, whose more than ample task  
Should furnish all he needs to ask,  
Sees fit to disregard the reins  
And take no end of foolish pains  
To drag his most excessive load  
Into the ditch beside the road,  
Then labours much and suffers more  
To get it where it was before.

You, Ass, behave as none of these,  
But hold you calm and well at ease.  
Perhaps to keep the eyebrow kempt,  
Perhaps to show a deep contempt,  
You simply turn your head away,  
And keep it turned, as if to say:  
"It's got to come. Let's shut an eye  
And let the foul machine go by."  
Thus you shall be to me for ever  
The type of all that's wise and clever;  
And *asinine* henceforth shall mean  
"Discerning, sensible, serene."

O Ass, you pressed me to refute  
The opprobrium and ill repute  
Which ever to your title clung;  
I hope you've listened while I've sung.

### SOME MORE TABLETS.

*High Street, Epsom.*—Here Lord ROSBERRY met his first Lunatic.

*Ludgate Circus.*—Here THOMAS COOK discovered Switzerland and Egypt and bequeathed them as Going Concerns to his Sons.

*Stump of Washington's Cherry Tree.*—Associated with Pathetic Statement of only American known to History who had no Imaginative Faculty.

*Utopia.*—Here, some time after the Millennium, the Education and Fiscal Policy Questions were finally settled.

*Island Site, Strand.*—A Native of New South Wales, unable any longer to support the Uproar and Turmoil of Sydney, settled here and passed his Days in Peaceful Seclusion.

*The News Room, Southwark.*—Here his Honour Judge WILLIS first heard of the decease of QUEEN ANNE.

### Deeper and Deeper Yet.

"THE DAFFODIL BALL."—By a misprint this ball was stated to have been organised by the National Society of Cruelty to Animals. It should, of course, have been children, not animals."—*The Irish Independent.*

## CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

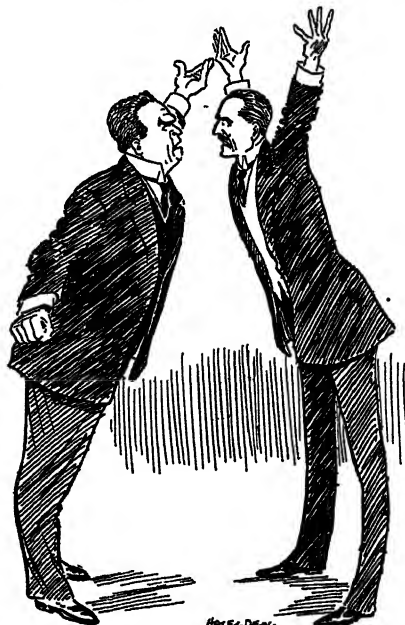
PATRONS of the Alhambra, which has lately been the scene of some excellent wrestling, might have been excused if, on leaving by the St. Martin's Lane exit, they had been roused to even greater enthusiasm by the posters of the Garrick Theatre which met their eyes with the enthralling announcement, "Mr. BOURCHIER as Samson." Yet another thrilling bout, this time between an Actor-Manager and an ordinary lion—that is the least they could have expected. Fortunately (or unfortunately) all that is to be seen is Mr. BOURCHIER in the latest play from France.

*Samson*, a modern melodrama by HENRY BERNSTEIN, is an episode in the life of that strong silent man, *Jacques Brachard*, Copper King. Besides being strong and silent (in so far as an actor-manager can be silent) he is also self-made, a rough diamond and one of Nature's gentlemen. You know exactly the sort of man I mean, and you know how perfectly Mr. BOURCHIER would play him. Well, anyhow, he was in love with *Anne-Marie*, who was his wife and therefore (this is a four-act play and the scene is Paris) in love with *Jérôme Le Govain*. *Jérôme* I am now going to call *Jesse*, partly because they did so on the stage, and partly because the accents bother the printer a good deal. *Jesse* I may introduce as the sort of man who makes me sorry that the "Torture of the Hot Egg" is now popular only in the rural parts of China. On the first night that *Jacques* leaves his wife (in order to go to England on copper business) *Jesse* takes her, off the stage, to a horrible supper-party; to the disgusting story of whose orgies we are compelled to listen in the Third Act. *Anne-Marie's* love for him is killed by this exhibition, and she makes her escape in the middle of it; returning home to find that *Jacques* hadn't left for England after all. (He had been WARNED. By a FRIEND.) *Jacques* decides to take his revenge on *Jesse* by ruining him financially, and in order to do this he has to create a panic on the Bourse by selling copper. (Or buying it; I am a child in these matters.) Anyhow, some difficulty arose, and he had to sell all he had (or buy a lot he didn't want) in order to upset *Jesse* thoroughly; in other words, he had to ruin himself to ruin his enemy. Which, if you remember, is what SAMSON did when he pulled down the pillars of the temple.

Of course, just as the curtain falls, *Anne-Marie* discovers that she really loves *Jacques*. Cynics will point out that her lover was hopelessly ruined and about a million (no, only francs) in debt; whereas her husband, being the sort of man from whom Copper Kings are

made, was certain to amass another fortune in a week. I take a more charitable view of human nature. I simply say that the man at the box-office insisted that *Anne-Marie* should love *Jacques* before the curtain went down.

Though I grow older every day, yet there are two institutions in which I retain a touching and child-like faith: the Stock Exchange and the French Marriage. My faith is so great that I could believe anything of them. And so if they tell me that a great Copper King, who controls markets, has to lose eighty-four millions (no, still only francs) before he can ruin a comparatively poor man who trusts him



"I HEAR THE SOUND OF WORDS."

*Samson Agonistes.*

"*Samson*" Brachard . . . Mr. BOURCHIER.  
*Jérôme le Govain* . . . Mr. CHARLES BRYANT.

implicitly in matters of finance, I accept it humbly and with gratitude. And if they go on to say that a Lover would, on the first possible occasion, take a proud, cold, aristocrat of a Wife to a revolting supper party, where she would meet the very scourgings of the streets, then again in all humility I believe. But a doubt will haunt me none the less, and I ask myself two questions: Has anything happened in the translation? Was Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, typical Englishwoman as she is, quite suited to the part of *Anne-Marie*?

The scene in the Third Act, where *Jacques* keeps *Jesse* in his private room at the Ritz, while Copper is being brought down, is an excellent one; there actually is a short wrestling interlude here. In addition Mr. BOURCHIER does good work on as pleasant a lunch as I have seen on the stage. This is always a popular feature with the audience, the

feeling being, I suppose, one of satisfaction that an actor is a human being just like ourselves. But having missed my dinner on the night in question I could hardly bear it.

Comic relief was supplied effectively by the relations of *Jacques'* wife. I fancy M. BERNSTEIN found that he was an hour short, and introduced the relations at the beginning of each Act to fill up the time. Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS were both very funny as *Anne-Marie's* father and brother respectively. I have mentioned Mr. BOURCHIER's excellence as *Jacques*, and I must pay tribute also to Mr. CHARLES BRYANT's *Jesse*. Miss EDITH LATIMER, who has a curiously fascinating voice and manner, showed, in the part of a discarded mistress of *Jesse's*, that she fully deserved all that was said of her after her promising appearance in *Idols*. M.

## More Truth from the Schoolroom.

Teacher (reading History): "With loud shouts the Britons rushed forward, and the battle began. Men fought to the death; no quarter was given on either side." Now can anyone tell me what is the meaning of "No quarter was given"?

Small Boy: Please, Sir, no half-time was allowed.

## The Right of the Parent.

One of the results of "Nature Study" in a Devonshire school has been the following letter:—

"TO HEAD TEACHER.—Please ask County Councils to scuse my children from religious instruction in earth-worms and put them to somethink else. Jim's father found five in is pocket."

The motor cabmen who recently waited on the HOME SECRETARY with grievances, complained, among other things, that the present method of signalling to traffic by means of policemen's hands is insufficient. Would they have them lift their feet?

"It is, of course, impossible to ensure perfect accuracy in so large and encyclopedic a work as 'Who's Who,' and these isolated, and hardly derac 1234561234 little omissions and errors hardly detract from the value of the book as a whole."—*South African News*.

Bless you, no; they will creep in.

"Sportslady of rank friend of horses and native of Germany or England, is wished as husband by an german gentleman, which is travelled through Great Britain. Ladies interesting theyselves for this offer are requested to send letters in german or english language."—*Neueste Nachrichten*.

She should retaliate by letters in the German language sending.



**THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIANS "TAKE THE BOARDS" AGAIN, THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.**

("Grave and Urgent," Mr. Asquith's talented company of down-trodden stars resume the performance of the great melodrama, "Under  
 Lansdowne's Heel: or, the Wicked Peers and the Stultified Electorate."

"To-day, the one hundredth centenary of the birth of Mendelssohn."  
*The Westminster Gazette.*

Somebody was bound to say this before the wonderful "year of anniversaries" was over.

"Wind between north and south."—*"Liverpool Daily Post" Weather Report.*

A prophet is without honour in his own country. A London paper would put this gentleman on the Football Staff at once.

## THE POLITE ART OF VITUPERATION.

I.

"Just look at these boots," said George. James looked, but the boots remained unmoved. "Well?" said George.

"Well?" said James, ever ready to oblige.

"Did you ever see anything like them?"

"Never," said James emphatically, though he had no idea whether he was expressing wonder and admiration, or loathing and contempt.

"They are disgraceful," said George.

"Abominable," said James, much relieved to find out what opinion he was to hold. "What is the matter with them?"

"Matter? Why, they are unwearable. Fancy expecting a normal foot, not made of indiarubber, to go about in a boot with an instep like that!"

"Isn't it tight enough?"

"Tight enough? Why, it's miles too tight. It is not to be tolerated. I am going to give the man that made it a thorough blowing up."

"I should give him a piece of your mind," said James.

"I shall certainly give him a bit of my tongue," said George. "Fancy daring to send me a pair of boots like that! I'll make the fellow sit up."

"I should tell him exactly what you think of him."

"My dear James, when I have finished talking to him he will know so much about himself that he will wish he had never been born. Moreover, he shall take back those boots and make me another pair for nothing. Let us go round and talk to the fellow now."

So minded, George and James set off for Bond Street.

II.

Arrived at the shop, they paused a moment to decide upon the line of attack, whether it should be the stormy or the sarcastic. Then they marched up to the door and allowed it to be opened for them, without flinching. Once inside, a Gentleman with a frock-coat and white slip took charge of them, and, had they wanted to say "Jack Robinson," they could not have done so before they found themselves seated in large armchairs and the Gentleman kneeling affectionately at the feet of George.

"I have come," said the latter, not to be demoralised by a soft carpet and a universal peace, "about these boots."

"Indeed, Sir?" said the Gentleman, in a subdued voice which clearly rebuked George for talking so loud. He took off George's old boots and put on the new ones, much as a nurse dresses a very bad child in very good clothes.

"And a handsome pair of boots they are, Sir, if I may say so." At this point James, for no particular reason, felt more ashamed of his own feet than he had ever felt ashamed of anything before.

"But look at them," said George.

"Sh—" said James.

"Yes, Sir," said the Gentleman, "I admit that I cannot help looking at them. Even for us they are a beautiful creation. Particularly observe, Sir, the perfect fit over the instep, producing a smart appearance which every boot-maker in London has for years been trying in vain to imitate."

"But surely they are a little too tight?"

"Too tight, Sir?" said the Gentleman, apparently aghast at George's horrible suggestion; and then, as one whose innate breeding compels him to disguise his contempt, "Oh, no, Sir. With a smart foot like yours you cannot have the instep too tight. Too tight? Oh, no, Sir!"—and even his breeding could not restrain just a little smile at the bare idea.

"But . . ." said George, knowing in his heart that it was really no use.

"Of course, Sir, if you are going to wear them in the very depths of the country, where none of your friends can see you, we CAN . . . though it seems a pity to spoil them . . . we CAN let them out a bit."

"I think they are just a little too tight," said George, blushing but stubborn.

"Well, of course, Sir, it is for you to say. If you insist . . . say, an eighth of an inch. We shall only charge you a shilling or two; and what address shall I send them to?"

Then, with one parting look of affection, the Gentleman put the cause of the trouble back in the box, and with an effort lowered himself to put on George's feet his old boots, made by another and therefore di-reputable firm. His lips only made some remark about the mildness of the weather, but his eyes clearly said, "After all, what can one expect from a man who could ever wear boots like these?"

And so, having no further use for them, he gently put George and James out into the street again.

III.

"After all," said George, after a long silence, "I could not be too hard on the man. It wasn't his fault; he didn't make the boots. Besides, it was very decent of him to promise to send them back without charging for the postage."

## A Pleasant Innovation.

"The bride appeared in a smart white frock of pale blue linen."—*Western Mail (Australia)*.

## ASTOUNDING THEATRICAL SENSATION.

SELF-EFFACING ACTOR-MANAGER.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. REECE.

(Suggested by the account of Miss Marie Dressler's altruistic methods recently given in "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

As I entered the stage door of the new Philadelphia Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, writes a representative of *Punch*, I felt myself engulfed in an atmosphere of *bonhomie* that almost took my breath away. The rehearsals of the new tragi-comedy, *Mixed Pickles*, had been going on for sixteen hours almost continuously, but everyone was in the highest spirits. Seeing me at the wings, Mr. Reece greeted me with a shout of welcome. "An interview? Of course, my dear fellow. We'll knock off work for half-an-hour, and I'll tell you something about my methods."

"Now look at this galaxy of talent. Lovely and accomplished women; high-souled, chivalrous men." Here Mr. Reece—whose likeness in profile to his distinguished father, the late Captain Reece, R.N., is quite extraordinary—turned to the actors and actresses grouped around him and addressed them in words of the most intense and moving earnestness: "Never forget, dear boys and girls," were the words which fell on my astounded ears, "that every one of you means more to me than I do myself. You interest me and the public more than the principals, because there is the element of uncertainty and the unexpected about you."

Leaving the chorus for a moment, Mr. Reece indicated another special feature of his management by pointing out a number of the principals, and saying, "Every one of them has a fatter part than mine. You know London audiences don't really want any one person. On the stage, as in politics, *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*. We live in an age of Collectivism. And don't you imagine that I do this against the grain. It is a tradition of the family—you know my father's motto, "It was his duty and he did." Take this play; I had a splendid scene in the first Act when it was originally cast, but, like Jack Sprat, I can't stand fat, so I gave it up to someone else."

"But surely you repented your generosity?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear boy. The fact is I like producing much more than acting, and I have practically decided never to appear in another play, though I have taken the theatre for fourteen years. Ah, here is Otis Lemuel," he said, summoning to his side the young *jeune premier* who is already famous in Australia. "He is really gorgeous, and





"GET BACK THERE, CAN'T YOU?"

"GARN, I'VE GOT SHARES IN THE COMPANY. CAN'T I SEE MY OWN PLACE BURN?"

he has a gorgeous part. Haven't you?" he asked him.

"Simply ripping," replied Mr. Lemuel, affectionately putting his arm round the actor-manager's neck; "but I owe it to you, my first and greatest benefactor."

"Ah, but if you hadn't got the brain of a Garrick and the figure of an Apollo," replied Mr. Reece, "you would never have got where you are—at the top of the tree."

Shedding a few natural tears of gratitude Mr. Lemuel retired, and then Mr. Bert Folsom came up, and in a voice trembling with emotion stammered out: "Mr. Reece has been a father and mother to me. But for him I might have gone into the diplomatic service or politics—" "Instead of which," adds Mr. Reece, "you are now the idol of the Antipodes and earn a salary of £200 a week. And he's worth it too, every penny of it."

Similar testimonies to the angelic kindness of Mr. Reece were also forthcoming from Miss Letty Slazenger, Miss Daisy Gellibrand and Mr. Uther Hipkins.

"Rehearsing for Mr. Reece," they remarked in unison, "is a labour of love."

He is the best man in the world. We would all die for him this minute."

"Yes, mine is indeed a happy lot," remarked Mr. Reece afterwards. "You remember the beautiful old lyric:—

'If you love me and I love you,  
We'll both of us love one another:  
So wrap me up in the Union Jack,  
And kiss me for my mother!'

It has always been my aim to run my show on those lines, and so far I think I have succeeded."

#### THE CRISIS.

My heart is lost to Grace and Rose,  
Each lovelier than the dawn and blither;  
But how on earth can I propose  
To either?

For both I burn with flame devout,  
The sort no time nor chance can smother,  
But somehow not for one without  
The other.

If Grace consented to be mine,  
Her single charms would soon seem prosy;  
With tenfold passion I should pine  
For Rosie.

Conversely, were I linked with R.,  
I doubt not (such is Cupid's curst  
wile)  
That Grace would seem diviner far  
Than erstwhile.

Next problem: either might refuse.  
But would it calm my bosom's  
heavings,  
Bereft of half my love, to choose  
The leavings?

And if they both disdained my hand  
The prospect fairly makes me shiver,  
I do not think my health would stand  
The river.

Yet here we are—time flies apace—  
Just now I take a modest breather,  
But soon it must be Rose or Grace,  
Or neither.

And since, dear Sir, whate'er betides,  
The outlook seems a sadly glum one,  
And swains despairing must confide  
In someone,

Please help a suitor in distress,  
Lest love's true course that never ran  
well  
Should make him alter his address  
To Hanwell.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*My African Journey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which is the story of a visit paid to Uganda by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P., does not pretend to be the record of a pioneer; nor does the author here press his claims as a mighty hunter, though the cover of his book represents him, in a blood-red landscape, posed beside a prostrate rhinoceros. One of these monstrous fauna he felled with his own hand, and took part in the peppering of another to death; but the quest of big game was only an incidental feature in his progress as an exalted tripper along a course where every need had been anticipated and the only opposition on his path came from hostile and predatory tribes of insects. But his narrative of a not very difficult enterprise is invested with a literary charm unusual in the ordinary traveller's tale. Always observant, Mr. CHURCHILL is more concerned to convey truly his impressions than to make fine writing; but now and again, as in his picture of the Hoima forest, he gives full play to a natural and vivid eloquence. But he went to study other things than tropical scenery; and the suggestions that he offers on the development of the Uganda Protectorate reflect an attitude of mind that is statesmanlike in the broadest and most humane sense. I should be sorry to seem to call in question the value of Mr. CHURCHILL's activities in the sphere of home politics; but his book shows him to be possessed of qualities that call for a wider

scope than our over-exploited island is ever likely to afford him; and I shall hope to live long enough to see him enrolled among the makers of Empire as Governor of Uganda.

*The Faith of his Fathers* (MELROSE) is a prize novel by A. E. JACOMB, selected by Messrs. ANDREW LANG, W. L. COURTNEY, and CLEMENT SHORTER, for a prize of two hundred and fifty guineas. It is also selected by me for a few words of hearty commendation as a strong and sincere story of provincial life. William Atkinson was one of those honest bigots who viewed life steadily, and saw only a fraction of it—a narrow-minded Methodist who stopped all argument with a quotation from the Bible. He forced his weak son Stephen into an unhappy marriage, and renounced Rachel, his daughter, when she became engaged to a man who could not accept his own creed; and he finally resigned his post at the works because the firm had accepted a contract to make war material. A fine man spoilt. Miss JACOMB (no hint of her sex in the story) shows very surely how in Mrs. Atkinson the wife's sweet faith in her husband is gradually turned to bitter in the mother's love for her children. The final tragedy, Stephen's killing of his wife, is accidental and capricious—it would have been far truer had the mother, maddened by her children's wrongs, inevitably turned upon the direct

author of them. Still, a fine story, written with care and distinction.

In *Reminiscences of my Life* (PITMAN) Sir CHARLES SANTLEY continues and supplements the story of his brilliant career as set out some years ago in *Student and Singer*. It is a rambling and discursive narrative, not without engaging qualities, for Sir CHARLES makes no effort to disguise his likes and dislikes. SIMS REEVES was his friend, and he defends that great singer's memory with a creditable warmth, which is, however, not incompatible with a few sly, but good-humoured, digs at Mrs. REEVES, her husband's jealous champion. BORRO's music he cannot abide, and for WAGNER's he has a limited admiration. Fortunately Sir CHARLES has lived long enough to note a strong reaction in favour of the names he venerates. Sir CHARLES's writing, I may add, is not quite so careful and highly finished as the singing by which he has delighted nearly two generations. There is an artless happy-go-lucky kind of slap-dash about it, as, for instance, when he refers to our old friend Argus as "the fabled what's-

his-name, eyes all over," or describes TAMBERLIK's high C sharp as "a clear ringing full-bodied note that had never suffered from even a touch of measles; it gave you the jumps, but to jump over the benches, and give the singer a hearty hug, not to dive down under the benches to avoid any danger from chips flying about." There is certainly no lack of pictorial vividness about that. Sir CHARLES was always a good sleeper:—"When I was singing at Covent Garden in 1859-60," he says, "I dined early, 3 30



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

or 4; and after a heavy opera and a fast of about eight hours I felt ravenous, ready for anything, from bread and cheese to roast donkey stuffed with horse-soldiers. I frequently ate for my supper a sheep's heart roast, with sage and onions, accompanied by an abundant salad, and went off to bed and to sleep in a jiffy." *O dura cantorum ilia* is the respectful murmur that rises to one's lips. Yet when he was in America Sir CHARLES could not digest what he calls "whoffles"! They remained on his chest like lead. Sir CHARLES met DANTE ROSSETTI once and was not favourably impressed with him. "Whatever else he had an eye for," he says, "he certainly had not one for a pretty woman, judging from the plain-looking type he was so fond of reproducing. I cannot imagine who it was dubbed him poet." Was it not (*inter alios et alias*) The Blessed Damozel? "I never saw him again," he adds, "so had no personal acquaintance with him. R. I. P.!" Come, that's charitable, anyhow.

"By the way, although Sir Alfred is so much identified with cycling, he is also greatly interested in the development of canals."—*Cycling*. This is one of those spontaneous remarks which bring the press very near the heart of the great British public.

## CHARIVARIA.

IN future the speeches of every Member of Parliament will be reported verbatim by official reporters. It is evidently becoming difficult to induce candidates to stand, and extra inducements have to be offered.

"Be such as your Fathers were of yore," sings the POET LAURIA in his latest patriotic verses, "*Guard with your barrels the British shore.*" This is surely perilously near to a parody of "*Beer, glorious beer*"?

The question whether the personality which an actor or an actress adopts on the stage may not ultimately dominate such person is being discussed. There can be little doubt, however, that sometimes actresses who play the part of a woman with a past have actually anticipated the rôle.

The Chief Burgomaster of Berlin proposes to give the names of English cities to several local streets. We have had a Jermyn Street for many years.

We hear from a private source that the KAISER was extremely annoyed that the weather during the KING's visit left so much to be desired, as he was afraid that his guest might take it as another sign of his host's waning influence.

Meanwhile, in order to be prepared for all eventualities, the CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, we are informed, is learning jiu-jitsu.

The statement by Dr. INGE, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, that the upper classes of this country are physically, intellectually, and morally among the finest specimens of humanity who have appeared since the ancient Greeks, has, we hear, resulted in an immense rush to join their ranks.

It is rumoured that the monkey, Consul, who is now appearing at the Hippodrome is to be the guest of honour at a forthcoming dinner in celebration of the Darwin Centenary.

"If you had the courage of your ancestors," said the inimitable Mr. GRAYSON to a Tower Hill gathering, "you would eat the people who live in the Squares." Many simple country folk will be horri-

fied to learn that one of the Squares through which Mr. GRAYSON's audience subsequently passed is now called Eaton Square.

"Women will want to fly, but there will be no aerial navigation for them if they choose to wear crinolines," says Madame LUCUR. Surely there is a mistake here? The crinolines will form the most admirable parachutes.

Meanwhile there can be little doubt that the Directoire costume is doomed. The following advertisement is a sign of the times:—"For sale—a great bargain—handsome evening dress—*Suitable for the wife of a Director.*"

In America suggestions are being invited for a title to enable bachelors to be distinguished from married men—such as the Miss and the Mrs. of the

air-ship destroyers. M. LORISSON evidently does not know that our War Office is already in possession of such an invention. It works in conjunction with our airship.

At last we are able to record a little success for our Army aeroplane, proving it to be of some practical value. Last week, after rising into the air for about 100 feet, it fell to the ground with such force that it would undoubtedly have killed an enemy had he been under it.

A provincial milkman has been fined forty shillings and costs for shouting while selling his milk. We believe that in many cases the din created by the milkman is, if the truth were known, an attempt to drown the noise caused by the chattering of the microbes.

Overheard during a classical dancer's turn at a certain hall: "Mummy, is that lady rich?" "Yes, my child, very." "Then why doesn't she wear more clothes, Mummy?"

"Locally—and, it would seem, generally too—we have had enough rain in this year of grace to stimulate scientific interest if only in the theory of probabilities as it applies to the chances of ever again seeing the sun shine without intermission for twenty-four hours" *Johannesburg Star.*

Roughly the chances against this happening locally are three billion to one. If scientific interest should ever want

further stimulants we are always ready to administer them.

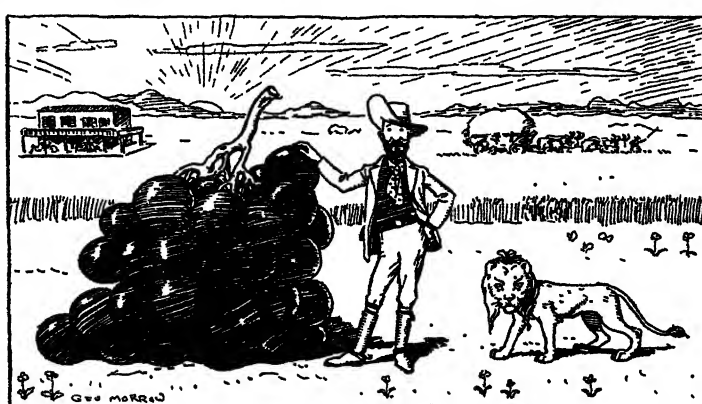
FROM a letter to the Bengal Postmaster-General:—

"Sir,—Although the English Mail train passed through Bally station shortly after noon yesterday, for some reason or other, it was after 7 o'clock until the Bally letters reached P.O. Despite the importance of the mail, the postmaster made no attempt to deliver the Bally bag to Bally postmaster or to advise him to call for it. We afterwards discovered that Bally postmaster had sent three or four times for bags."

By this carelessness in naming places in India the official manner is completely spoilt.

"A scientific colleague quoted the lines of Pope that still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all he knew!"—*Daily Graphic.* Whereupon a literary colleague quoted the lines of GOLDSMITH that

"still he dared to hope That one fat head won't give him lines to Pope."



EMIGRATE! EMIGRATE!

"COME WHERE THE GRAPTS ARE TAPER"

other sex. "Why not let the man be Master until he marries?" asks a lady.

The Oxford Union has passed a resolution that "it is the duty of Oxford to take an increased part in the education of the democracy." It sounds almost incredible, but we believe it to be a fact that many members of the lower classes do not know a single Spoonerism.

Arrangements have been made for trams to run through the grounds of the "White City." It is thought, no doubt, that much amusement will be caused by the sight of country visitors trying to avoid being run over by them. Some idea of the congestion of space may be obtained from the statement that "Passengers travelling by these cars will be able to grasp the general features of the exhibition and grounds."

M. JACQUES LORISSON, in an article in *La Revue d'Aviation*, calls attention to the necessity to our country of having

## THE PRIVATE REFLECTIONS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS FOX.

(As they might occur to him, if—as, being a highly-intelligent animal, is not so very improbable after all—he should happen to be a constant reader of the admirable "Hunting" notes in "The Daily Telegraph.")

Must be up and doing before long. Plorn Hounds meet in this wood to-day "by invitation." Whose invitation? I'm sure I never asked 'em! They are going to make what the clever gentleman who describes all the runs so picturesquely in *The Daily Telegraph* would call a "raid." Why "raid"? Always thought "raiding" was my job. But he must know best. I do admire his style. Wonder how he'll describe the weather. Will he call this "a wild stormy day that bodes none too promisingly," or merely mention that "the wind is spiced with abnormal harshness"? Shall I gather that "hounds have again to grapple with an extremely bad scent"? All I can say is that, if so, they can't blame me. If they find it disagreeable, they needn't run after it . . .

Can hear hounds whimpering. Expect I shall be what the D. T. gentleman calls "unkennelled" before long.

Queer word that, "unkennelled." A sportsman with all his experience can't be confusing a fox with a hound, I suppose? But no—it's sure to be correct. If I don't live in a kennel, I ought to, that's all. Hope he'll be out to-day, and write something pleasant about me. He can be rather severe on some foxes. Called one a "craven" the other day, and said he "tried to shirk his obligations." If he wrote that of me, I don't think I should ever hold up my brush again. But what are my "obligations" exactly?

The D. T. gentleman, I know, likes a fox to "accept his mission cheerfully." Only I wasn't aware that I had any mission. And if I have, I shan't get time to make any converts. Then he'll expect me to be "full of courage." One fox whom he mentions with approval "stood in front of hounds for just over two hours." Afraid I should never have courage enough for that. At same time, from other remarks of his, can't help thinking he would rather I ran away. Very puzzling to know what I really ought to do . . .

Point settled for me. Hounds have, as the D. T. sportsman will probably put it, "got me quickly on the move," and are "pushing me away." I am out in the open now. Getting across a field: I would "traverse" it instead, if I knew how it's done—only I don't. Hounds some distance in rear, but "working," to do them justice, "with marked perseverance." My business is to "lead the chase," and act as their "pilot." A heavy responsibility. I do hope I shan't run them into any difficulties! If I took 'em across the railway line just when a train was coming up, the D. T. gentleman might be nasty about it next day. Will make—I mean "shape my course"—for Pounders Hill, and endeavour to "carry a bold front" over it. Am bold enough in front—but not so sure about the brush end of me. I will "hie on . . ."

Still "hie-ing on." I suppose this is what the D. T. sportsman will call "a merry twenty minutes." Hope he is near enough to notice that I am "one of the right stamp," and am "enabling the hounds to credit themselves with a rousing hunt." They are hunting very prettily, I will say that for them; but mere prettiness is apt to pall after a time. Have had enough of it already . . .

Drop into Slinkby's Spinney. Find another fox there—luckily a fellow I know, and one of the best. Would he mind taking the hounds on for a bit till I get my wind back? Such a pity to spoil their sport just as they're getting so keen. He says, "All right—he's game to give 'em a 'jaunt' for a few minutes." He does . . .

Capital view of run from edge of spinney. My substitute has shown them the way over a brook, which (as I trust the D. T. sportsman will not forget to record) is "taking its usual toll." He may be paying the toll himself, for all I know.

"Things," as he would put it, "are going uncommonly brightly, hounds giving a most praiseworthy display, and running with rare determination and self-reliance." So is my poor friend—with too much self-reliance, indeed. Can't make out from where I am whether he is "rolled," "bowled," or "toppled" over, or simply "pulled down"—but evidently hounds have "closed his existence." Well, well, he will have a kindly obituary notice in the D. T. to-morrow—if its representative is out of the brook—and what more can he want? . . .

Hounds will probably be "ringing back" here shortly. Better not wait for them. Will follow example of one of the D. T.'s foxes, and "go to ground in a rabbit-warren." Tight squeeze getting in. Occasion what the D. T. gentleman calls a "flutter" and "brief scurries"—only he refers to horses, not rabbits. Explain to residents that this is not a business visit. Lie low and make myself agreeable, till informed by elderly and highly nervous rabbit that "bolting" is going on above. He offers, most obligingly, to show me out by back way. Mustn't forget, if spared, to call on him to-morrow. N.B. Elderly—but plump. . . .

"Set going" once more. "Quick response" from hounds. Must "harden my heart," and try at least "to furnish them with a spin" before I am run down. I think the D. T. representative will admit that I am "yielding a very enjoyable hunt." Hounds behind me seem to be "keeping the fun well sustained" and "making light of obstacles." They are certainly "pushing me smartly along."

Fancy the field is "reduced to a vanishing point," as I shall be presently unless I'm jolly careful. Hope the D. T. gentleman hasn't taken a toss. Should like him to be in at the finish. Then he could describe it in his own inimitable manner. Like this: "The old warrior sustained a lot more punishment before being toppled over dead-beat in the open." That's an epitaph any fox might feel proud of! I do hope he won't remark, as he did in one case, that I am "carrying anything but a bloom on my coat." Don't like personalities—and besides, "*De mortuis*," &c.

The thing that is worrying me most—at present—is what sort of finish I shall get. I mean, shall I be "handsomely killed," "polished off," or "grimly dealt with"? Not quite clear what the distinction is, but must say I don't relish the idea of being "grimly dealt with." Sounds so very unpleasant . . .

It may be only my fancy, but it strikes me I've "run the hounds out of scent." Most inconsiderate of me! They're not in sight anyhow. Ought I to allow 'em time to come up. Seems only polite, after all the trouble I've given them. And then there's the D. T. representative—should be sorry to forfeit his good opinion. He might give me such a good notice! On the other hand, if he did, I should never see it. And there's an earth close by that's really uncommonly handy. I think, perhaps, I'd better be "getting in." . . .

I have. Regret to disappoint the Plorn pack—for whom I have the highest respect, and particularly the D. T. gentleman. But his "Hunting" notes will be more interesting than ever to-morrow morning. F. A.

In a bookseller's catalogue WORDSWORTH is quoted as authority for the statement that one of the most pathetic of human compositions is "Pluto's records of the last four scenes of the career of Socrates." PLUTO would certainly have the very latest news.

From an advertisement of a "Boxing Academy" in *The Daily Dispatch*:—

"Pupils embrace many champions and instructors." After a few such clinches pupils will wish they hadn't come.

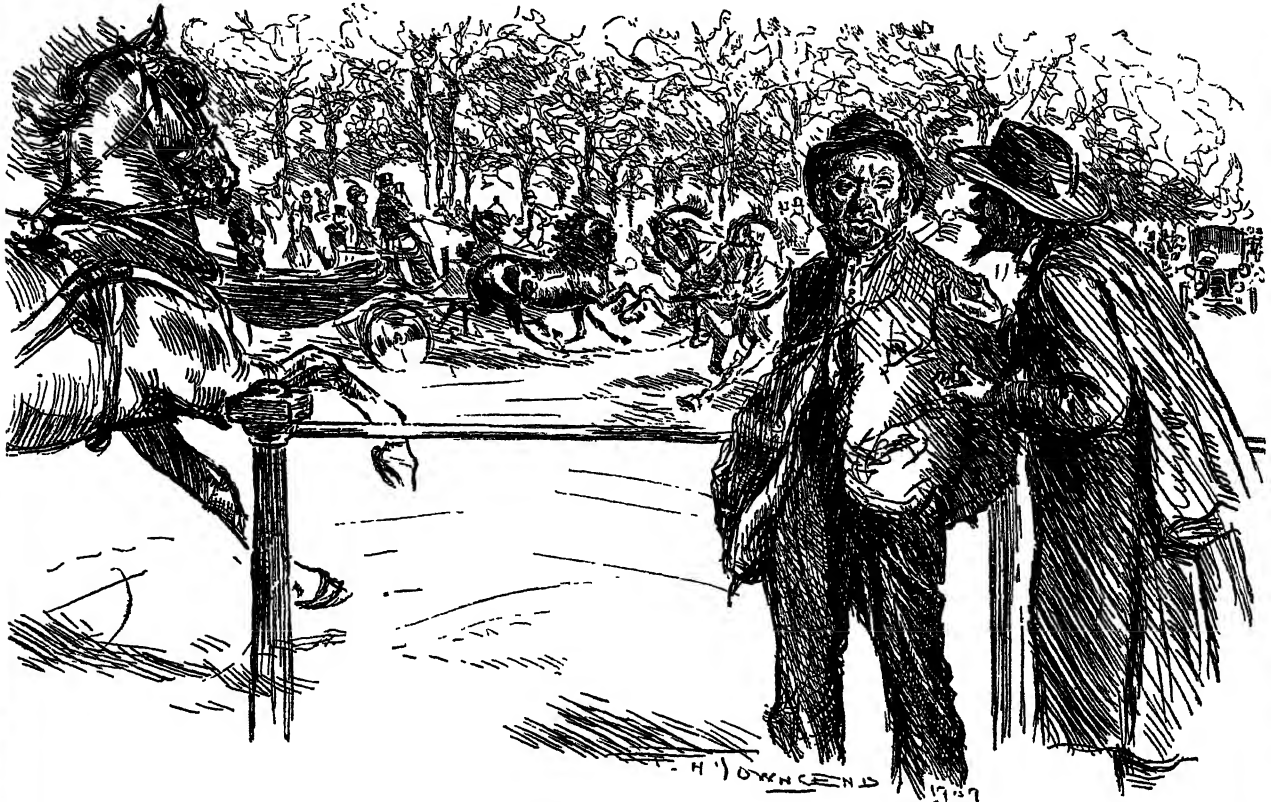


### RECRUITING (NEW STYLE).

JOHN BULL. "AN ILL WIND—BUT LET'S HOPE IT'S BLOWING ME SOME GOOD."







## PRIDE OF COUNTRY.

*French Socialist* "DOES IT NOT MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL, MY FRIEND, TO SEE ALL THESE RICH PEOPLE?"

*Bill (down on his luck).* "FRENCHMAN, AIN'T YER?"

*Socialist.* "YES."

*Bill.* "YOU AIN'T GOT 'ORSES LIKE THAT IN PARIS, I BET."

## LUXURY AT THE HALLS.

## NEW METHODS OF BARBERISM.

[The management of the Empire have opened a barber's shop in the stalls foyer. "The equipment of the complete little *salon de coiffure* in the luxurious later Empire style," so we read in *The Daily Mail*, "comprises a troupe of three artist coiffeurs, a cultured lady manicurist, an accomplished hat-ironer, and the *dernier cri* in boo polishers." The staff has also been strengthened by the addition of an interpreter, a Hungarian baron, who is attired in gorgeous livery and who speaks seven languages with impunity.]

ON inquiry at the Friv. we learned that within the last few days every box had been equipped with a Turkish Bath, so completely screened off that *habitués* will be enabled to indulge in this luxurious form of ablution without attracting the attention of the rest of the audience. Another admirable and patriotic new departure is the importation of a drill sergeant who will give instruction gratis in the space at the back of the stalls between the turns. Concurrently with the performance on the stage it has been arranged that Dr. EMIL REICH shall give lectures in the lounge on the Pre-Socratics to the accompaniment of a Hungarian dulcimer.

At the Stolliseum the innovations are of a character entirely in keeping with the literary and philosophic accomplishments of the Manager. Thus every seat in the gallery carries with it the right to consult *Who's Who*. every seat in the balcony is provided with a copy of *Debrett*: underneath every stall is a dainty case containing the complete works of HERBERT SPENCER; and every box is fitted with shelves containing a complete set of *The Dictionary of National Biography*.

The manager of the Cosmopolitan states that his New Features are of a most wide-reaching and sensational character, but he does not wish to discount their effect by any premature announcement. He contents himself for the moment by mentioning that, excepting the first row, every seat in the stalls and balcony will be provided with an X-ray apparatus, enabling occupants to see through the most umbrageous and opaque of Merry Widow hats. The attendants are all first-rate linguists, speaking Russian, Japanese, and Esperanto, and the chucker-out is an Austrian archduke who was exiled from his native land for wearing open-work socks at a Court Ball.

A charming invention, which bids fair

to enhance the already immense popularity of the Columbia, has been introduced at that famous music-hall. Every seat in the house is capable of revolving like a music-stool, so that, when so disposed, the spectator can turn his back on the stage and face in any direction he pleases. Again, besides supplying the usual refreshments, the attendants provide narcotics, sedatives and other drugs enabling weary persons to slumber peacefully in their seats. In cases where the sleepers have not awakened at the close of the performance, the attendants are then instructed to remove them in ambulances to the restaurant, where hot coffee and other stimulants are provided.

## Sport in High Life.

"A young mosquito was recently captured by the Mayor at his residence. . . . It had severely bitten the Mayoress before it was caught"—*Wolverhampton Express*

"One almost never sees a windmill turning. . . . One thinks of the time when they were alive, of the great circles of the sails, 'The meal sacks on the whitened floor, 'The dark round of the dripping wheel.'"  
*The Nation.*

The last line explains why they are called windmills.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME ;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Papa, aged 40; Little Arthur, aged 12.)

Little Arthur. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. Wouldn't you like to shoot elephants and hippopotamuses—

Papa. Hippopotami, Arthur, hippopotami. Remember, it's from the Greek.

L. A. All right: hippopotami and rhinoceri and lions and things. Wouldn't you like to?

Papa. Oh, well, I don't know. I daresay I should; but business, you know. I've got to stick to business.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I know; but hasn't President ROOSEVELT got any business?

Papa (jocosely). I don't know that he's got any business to shoot elephants; but then you see he's a great man—President of the United States and all that.

L. A. Oh, I see. Does that make a difference then?

Papa. Well, of course he's different. A man like that must have some rest, you know, after his term of office is over. He's entitled to some rest.

L. A. But he won't rest much, will he?

Papa. That's his way of resting, anyhow. He just wants to go out to Africa and shoot a few things. He doesn't want any fuss about it.

L. A. But, Papa, there's quite a lot about it in the paper to-day. You know you told me to read the paper.

Papa. Certainly, my boy. I want you to know what's going on in the world.

L. A. Yes, Papa. Well, it says (reading from paper) "Mr. ROOSEVELT has decided to take rest—"

Papa. Didn't I tell you?

L. A. "—has decided to take rest and recreation in a two-years' trip abroad, half of which will be spent in Africa under the British flag as a faunal naturalist." Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy.

L. A. What is a faunal naturalist? Have you ever been a faunal naturalist?

Papa. Hum—ha, well, I don't know. I'm not sure that I ever have been. It's one of those American expressions—just a way of saying things. Doesn't mean anything in particular.

L. A. I see. And it says that his son KERMIT is going with him. That'll be jolly for KERMIT, won't it? And, I say, isn't KERMIT a rum name?

Papa. An American name, my boy.

L. A. Yes, I see. And then there's something in the paper about his going away because (reading) "he intends to put himself beyond the reach of those persons who, he believes, would inevitably seek, if he were within reach, to use his influence with the administration of President WILLIAM H. TAFT." There's a lot more like that. Is that supposed to be very noble of Mr. ROOSEVELT? Doesn't he like President WILLIAM H. TAFT?

Papa. Like him? Of course he does.

L. A. Well, he's running a long way away from him, isn't he? Oughtn't he to stay and help him? And, Papa, is Mr. ROOSEVELT a very brave man?

Papa. Certainly, my boy, very brave indeed.

L. A. But it says (reading): "There is not a member of the party who is not an excellent rifle-shot, and assurances have been given that not the least fear need be entertained for Mr. ROOSEVELT's safety while he is away." If it's so safe, Papa, I don't see much fun in going; do you?

Papa. Ah, but perhaps they're mistaken, you know.

L. A. Who are mistaken, Papa?

Papa. Why, the people who give these assurances.

L. A. Oh, I see; but it tells you a lot about his rifles and his bullets and his tents and his folding baths; and, oh, Papa, isn't this splendid of him? It says (reading): "It is the known wish of the President that the expedition into Africa shall be made with the privacy that marks, or should mark, any scientific expedition, and no newspaper representatives will accompany the party." But, I say, Papa.

Papa. Yes, my boy?

L. A. Why do they have such a lot about it in the papers now? It tells you all about his "rot-proof tents, green in colour, and his mosquito netting, camp-tools and cooking utensils," and it says he will sleep on the simplest kind of light cot. Why does it say all that?

Papa. Look here, my boy, you'd better run along and play. I'm—

L. A. But, Papa, why does he want to shoot the animals? Why can't he leave them alone?

Papa. Out you go. I've got my letters to write.

## THE WALLFLOWER.

PERENNIAL bud, accustomed long to seek

The mural shelter of the uninvited—

If of her charms we hesitate to speak,

Her hopes, at any rate, remain unblighted.

She trips it still, though her fantastic toe

Has lost the lightness of its first endeavour;

For men may come (sometimes) and men may go,

But she goes on (expecting 'em) for ever.

Once more we watch her in her mellow glee

Shambling around at their infrequent bidding;

Or looking (in the Lancers, figure 3)

Sweetly suggestive of a Vanguard skidding;

Or sitting out and, with engaging slang,

Voicing her girlish preference for ices;

Or toying pertly with a pink meringue,

Of which a simple crumb or two suffices.

We watch her partners—men who never shrink,

Courtiers whom coy antiquities deter not,

Who utter blithely, "This is ours, I think,"

While wishing most profoundly that it were not.

It is the same in Hornsey or Mayfair—

In either grade, the middle or the upper—

If youth is on the hop she's always there,

And someone's got to take her in to supper!

## NEW CONVERTS TO ROME.

The success which has been recently achieved by composers bearing Latinised names—Sibelius, Delius, &c.—has seriously influenced a number of native musicians, and we understand that the following aliases have been entered provisionally at Stationers' Hall:—

HENRY J. WOOD	Silvius Borussicus.
DR. CHARLES WOOD	Silvius Hibernicus.
CHARLES MANNERS	Stentor Benemoratus.
JOSEPH HOLBROOKE	Josephus Totorivulus.
ALGERNON ASHTON	Cinerivicus Mausoleus.
HENRY BIRD	Avis Comitans.
PERCY PITT	Putens Persicus.
CLARA BUTT	Philomela Gigantea.

## Another Phenomenal Birth.

"TEN-YEAR-OLD PIANIST BORN IN ALDGEATE."—*Daily Chronicle*.

### "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

THE scandal can be no longer hushed up, and the following correspondence must now be published. Should offence be taken by the gentlemen involved, the cigarette-box will be at once returned, with the affection that accompanied it, upon payment of costs up to date.

*Letter 1.—Messrs. Ashcroft, Harrison, Barratt, Page, Pearsall and Watson to Pinny and Co., Jewellers, etc., Cambridge.*

You will remember Mr. Masters (of this college) and ourselves looking at some silver things in your shop this morning. Kindly send the cigarette box, which Mr. Masters so much admired, to Mr. Masters. We will look in and pay you some time to-morrow. S. A.

*Letter 2.—The same gentlemen to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR OLD JOHN,—It was very kind of you but very foolish to suggest that we should refrain from giving you a little present on the occasion of your twenty-first. Do you suppose we could let such an opportunity go by for showing our gratitude for your friendship and for marking our appreciation of your excellent presence in the college? Do you imagine that we are going to let a few paltry shillings stand in our way? Please accept the cigarette-box as a joint present from all of us, and admire the ingenious deception by which we made you choose it yourself. With every good wish, both now and ever,

SAM ASHCROFT.  
ROLLO HARRISON.  
WILLIE BARRATT.  
FREDDIE PAGE.  
JIM PEARSALL.  
BABE WATSON.

*Letter 3.—Mr. Masters to Messrs. Ashcroft, Harrison, Barratt, Page, Pearsall and Watson.*

DEAR OLD CROWD,—It was too good of you, and the cigarette-box is ripping. You oughtn't to go spending all this money on me, and you have all got to come and take a little food with me in my rooms at seven-thirty to-night and drink my health.

Yours, J. M.

*Letter 4.—The Senior Tutor to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR MR. MASTERS,—Referring again to the disgraceful uproar in your rooms last week, you informed me this morning of the melancholy catastrophe caused by the recent gale blowing in your window and dislodging at once all your pictures and most of your furniture, to which you attributed the noise in question. I have looked into the matter and at the same time consulted your kitchen and



### THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

*Hostess* "BUT YOU'RE EATING NOTHING, MR. FROOT"

*Mr Froot* "OH, I NEVER EAT MUCH AT THE BEST OF TIMES"

buttery bills for the week in general, and for the night of the disturbance in particular. Though you have my sympathy for the damage caused by the gale, I feel that the fact of its having blown two nights previous to the night under discussion is fatal to your argument. A much more feasible explanation is offered by your heavy food and wine bills for that night. I am under the painful necessity of gating you for the rest of the term, but have this small consolation to give you. I have instructed the kitchens and buttery to limit your supplies to the bare necessities of living for the rest of the term, so that you will be able to save money to recoup the damage done to your furniture.

Yours faithfully,

W. BLACKLEY.

*Letter 5.—Pinny and Co., Jewellers, etc., Cambridge, to Mr. Masters.*

DEAR SIR,—We supplied you with a solid silver cigarette-box (cedar wood lining and initials extra) in the early part of last year, and have not yet been paid for the same. We regret that we are unable to give unlimited credit, and must ask for immediate payment of the sum of £12 14s. 6d., as per enclosed bill. In the absence of such payment we shall be compelled to place the matter in the hands of our solicitors.

Your respectful servants,

PINNY AND CO.

"In a club match at Sydney Trumper scored 105 runs in ten minutes"—*Daily Chronicle*

Have you heard our new fishing story?

## THE CONFESSION.

I DON'T like to go out with this thing on my conscience. . . .

I want to tell the whole story and die in peace. . . .

Let me begin at the beginning.

I was an only dog. I had a very happy home. My mistress was a beautiful woman, with long skirts on which I was allowed to lie. My master was a magnificent man, fond of walking. They were both weak, too, and fed me at meals with little bits, and let me lie close to the fire. That was upstairs, where, of course, I liked to be best; but downstairs was good, too, for the maids did not mind dogs (as some do, I am told), and there was a handy-man named Vincent who fed me very punctually, and with whom I walked out on his errands, even though I could see that he tried to make people think I was his.

That was in London, in a house near Kensington Gardens, where I had many friends.

In the country I was equally lucky, for we moved every spring to a place with many rabbits near it, and though I never caught one I rejoiced in their proximity. It had very sunny spots to lie in, too.

You see how happy I was, as happy as only an only dog can be.

That is my tragedy.

How little we expect the upheavals of life! One day my master returned in the evening, much as usual, but carrying a basket. Fish, I thought, without enthusiasm—cat's food; or perhaps fruit, which is, if possible, duller still. But I was woefully wrong, for out of this basket he took a small black creature—one of the kind known, I believe, as an Aberdeen terrier, a breed I have always disliked. I, as you have noticed, am an Irish spaniel.

"Here, Bush," he said (my name is Bush), "is a companion for you!" and he held the thing towards me. Companion! For some days, I need hardly say, I did not approach the reptile, and I kept away also from my master and mistress, just to punish them, although I am afraid they were too much occupied with their new toy to observe it. And then gradually I allowed myself to come round and to resume my old habits.

But how different everything was! At meal times, whereas I used to get all the tit-bits, I now received only half; when my master whistled in the old days it was for me, but now it might also be for that other, and indeed he was often there before me. In short, I was no longer an only dog.

Things went on like this for some months, until one day Scottie (as they called him) began to be ill; and he

got worse and worse, and at last died. One had, of course, to make some show of grief, but, by Sirius, how glad I was at heart! I had the greatest difficulty to keep my tail still—it would wag; and when I heard my mistress say, "Well, in future, dear, Bush shall be our only dog," I had to pretend I had a flea to cover my emotion.

From that moment all my old happiness returned; I had the place again to myself; I had all the hearth-rug, and all the tit-bits, and all the caresses, and all the walks. My master grew in magnificence, my mistress in beauty.

But alas! human beings have very changeable minds; and one day what should appear out of a wholly blue sky but another basket, from which there crawled another dog; but this time a more genuine article, a cocker spaniel pup. The first thing he did, as if his mere presence were not enough, was to frisk towards me and set his horribly sharp little teeth in my ear. Naturally I gave him a bite that sent him screaming round the room, and my master opened the door and sternly ordered me out, while my mistress caught the creature in her arms and kissed it. A good beginning!

And so it went on: I was always in disgrace for complaining of assault or for showing my intense disapproval of the vacillation of these people and the loss of my recovered privileges; for once again the hearthrug ceased to be my own, and I secured only half the tit-bits, and when my master snapped his fingers I often did not get there first, for these little cockers are confoundedly nippy, and Vincent, when he took me out, took the other too.

It was while I was one day meditating on my misery that a brilliant thought came to me—brilliant as I considered it then, but wicked as I know now. It is, as you are probably aware, the nature of the spaniel to be, while friendly to all, passionately faithful to one alone, and that one a man. This little dog was too young and inexperienced to have come to any conclusions about the composition of a household: he was naturally without knowledge of class or degree. My plan was to take advantage of his ignorance and plasticity, and persuade him that Vincent, the handy-man, was his master, and thus bend his affections entirely in Vincent's direction.

I knew enough of our real master to be sure that directly he found out that the dog liked Vincent more than himself he would lose interest in him and let him go—give him away to the next caller, or even sack Vincent and the dog with him.

And so it was; the scheme worked perfectly. The little dog attached him-

self to Vincent with an adoring persistence. Nothing could get him away, or if he were induced to go upstairs, he was continually running to the door and whining for (as he thought) his master.

Our real master was furious. "Confound the dog!" he used to say, or "What's the use of a dog that doesn't love you?" And then he would lay his hand on my head and say that at any rate I was loving and faithful, until I didn't know where to look. And then one day it all worked out as I had conceived, and the little dog was given to a neighbour. . . .

I have never been happy since, for he was a faithful and brave little dog, and my master and mistress would have rejoiced in him, and I had robbed them of a friend, and set a stone where my heart should be, just through my vile jealousy and selfishness; while as for poor Vincent, he was heartbroken, and he seemed to understand that I had a paw in the business, for he was never the same to me again.

Yes, I did a low thing, and I am sorry for it. I did a thing that no spaniel and gentleman ought to do. I wish you would kick me once, hard, and then I could die happy.

## TIPS TO ART CRITICS.

THE modern art critic, however great his knowledge, is often at a loss for variety in his vocabulary. The difficulty of saying the same thing about different pictures and artists in different ways has been experienced by every writer on art. An eminent Academician only the other day said he knew of an art critic who wrote for eight papers. In order to conceal your identity and to obviate the snares of repetition, at least in the same article, we suggest as the best model the style of *The Daily Telegraph*. Say RAPHAEL is your theme. Do not mention his name more than once. He can be described as—

1. "The lover of the Fornarina."
2. "The divine Urbinate."
3. "The great rival of MICHEL ANGELO."
4. "The great master of the Stanzic."
5. "The favourite painter of Pope and Peasant."
6. "The pupil of Timoteo Viti." (N.B.—Do not say PERUGINO, or you will be detected of insufficient knowledge of the latest criticism; but you may refer to him as the "gracious fellow-student of PIETRO VANUCCI." This gets in some erudition, and conveys to your readers the other name of PERUGINO. Editors are impressed.)
7. Finally, if you are very hard up, "the precocious offspring of GIOVANNI SANTI."

COROT, on the same principle, becomes:



1 "That master of dawn and twilight"

2 "Purcellian in the painter of Rabbizon"

3 The only peer of JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

4 "The protagonist of 1830"

5 "The master of Romanticism"

6 "The father of modern landscape"

7 "The son (or son-in-law, it does not matter which) of Nature's self"

8 "The heir of DRYDEN"

9 "The pioneer of plain artists."

If the picture to be criticised is a landscape, you can say either "the artist has sacrificed the values to his tones," or "he has neglected tonality at the expense of his values," or few artists maintain that exact balance between the tones and values which is the peculiar prerogative of the born artist," or "the faculty for neglecting both tones and values is indeed rare among the modern exponents of landscape painting, though common enough with certain deceased masters."

If the picture is a subject work, say *Triumph of Bacchus*, you have a freer hand. Few connoisseurs will accept (or will refuse to accept) this new delineation of the Greek wine god," or "the lover of Ariadne," or the Child of Semele," or "the Ithacan Deity," or "that deity whose identity in Greek and Roman mythology is inseparably connected with the over-indulgence of intoxicating liquors" (N.B.—Don't call him Tyrant of Syracuse)

#### A. AND B.

[In the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* is described the case of a lady who, owing to nervous strain and shock, became two different persons, which suddenly alternated with each other. The two states she called A and B. As A she was a pattern of propriety, as B she enjoyed doing what she knew would annoy herself as A.]

A WHENEVER I am A  
The perfect saint I play;  
My virtues are noted,  
And I am devoted  
To doing good works all day.  
My spirit stands aghast  
At anything that's fast,  
And I shrink from the host of  
Bad people who boast of  
A purple and lurid past  
A proper and prim young girl,  
A hair-very trim young girl,  
A chaste, unemotional, highly de-  
votional,  
Terribly grim young girl.

B Whenever I am B  
I am the very D,  
Delighting in joking  
And cigarette smoking  
And having a rare old spree.



Sister (to elderly prodigal who is much given to pauning his things) WHAT'S THIS TICKET ON YER BEST COAT, SANDY?

Sandy 'THAT WAS GILN NEMT I WAS AT MR PHEARSON'S BAIL, THLY TICK YLE COAT FROM YL AT THE DOOR, AND (IF Y) A TICKET FOR I'

Sister H V—AH—I SEE THERE'S TIV ON YER TROOCHERS AS WELL'

I dance the night away  
In haunts that are bright and gay,  
And joyfully revel  
In playing the devil  
And shocking myself as A

A giddy and glad young girl,  
A boisterous, mad young girl,  
A daring, high-kickery kind of  
Terpsichore,  
Almost a bad young girl

A. A highly correct young girl,  
An ultra select young girl,  
A pink of propriety, Dorcas society,  
Most circumspect young girl

B A very alert young girl,  
A cheery and peit young girl  
A rickety, rollicking, merrily fro-  
licking,  
Bit of a flint young girl  
1 An omnibus ride young girl—  
B A staddle astride young girl—  
A A strict Sabbathian—  
B Thorough barbarian—  
A and B Jolly and Hyde young girl

In the feeble if oft quoted verse of Bishop  
Heber, It is the nature to '  
The Englishman  
Watts in a name?





Officer (to recruit who has missed every shot) "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, WHERE ARE YOUR SHOTS GOING?"

Recruit (tearfully). "I DON'T KNOW, SIR, THEY LEFT HERE ALL RIGHT!"

### THE ENGLISHMAN'S WORKHOUSE.

THE recommendation of the Poor Law Commission that workhouses should be abolished has caused indignation and anxiety in certain quarters. We give below extracts from some of the letters which we think may reach us on the subject.

Miss Lydia Famerald (who has been so well known to the public during the past forty years as a frequent contributor to *Gushy Bits* and *Halfpenny Slopover Stories*), writes:—"If the suggestion is adopted, pure fiction for the young will suffer a heavy blow, in that it will be robbed of one of its most valued traditions. If the noble hero of title, with his graceful young bride, cannot visit his white-haired old nurse in the workhouse, and break to her the

glad news that henceforth she is to live in the cottage within the park gates, the fiction that can be read without a blush rising to the cheek is well on its way to being doomed."

A Householder writes:—"The idea is preposterous! It is as much as I can do now to check the extravagance of my wife and daughters by telling them twice a day that we shall all end in the workhouse. On the day that they can turn round and say, 'There's no such place,' I'm a ruined man."

The Secretaries of several Amateur Pierrot Troupes and other confederations for alleged entertainment write:—"Where shall we come in? The workhouse is our only place for a decent rehearsal; we try it on the paupers, and if it succeeds we take it on to the Market Hall. We must get practice somewhere."

### REX v. THOMAS BENCE.

[Know, all men, by these presents, that where at Assizes the prisoner has a good case but no counsel to represent it, it is the custom for the Bench to invite one of the members of the Bar to defend gratuitously.]

THE JUDGES of Our Lord the KING

Upon their oath presented  
That you, my naughty Thomas, had  
Done something altogether bad;  
Then, having so presented, they  
Withdrew, as men who'd searched all  
day

To find that same True Bill, and may  
Forthwith betake themselves away,  
If not elate,  
At any rate  
Excusably contented.

The Clerk rehearsed each count through-  
out

With mien and voice in keeping,  
And if the Bill was long and dull,  
The Court maintained a decent lull,  
The while he read the charge preferred,  
Enunciating every word,  
Which showed where Master Bence had  
erred;

Yet I, of counsel, barely heard . . .  
I don't deny  
That there was I  
Profoundly, soundly sleeping.

The Judge, as all good judges should

In awful splendour sitting,  
Presented you with your defence  
Free, gratis (viz without expense),  
And I awake to find that I  
Am called upon to argufy,  
To cross-examine and deny,  
To show a foolish jury why,  
Whatever sin  
They caught you in  
You clearly weren't committing;

How grossly virtuous you are,

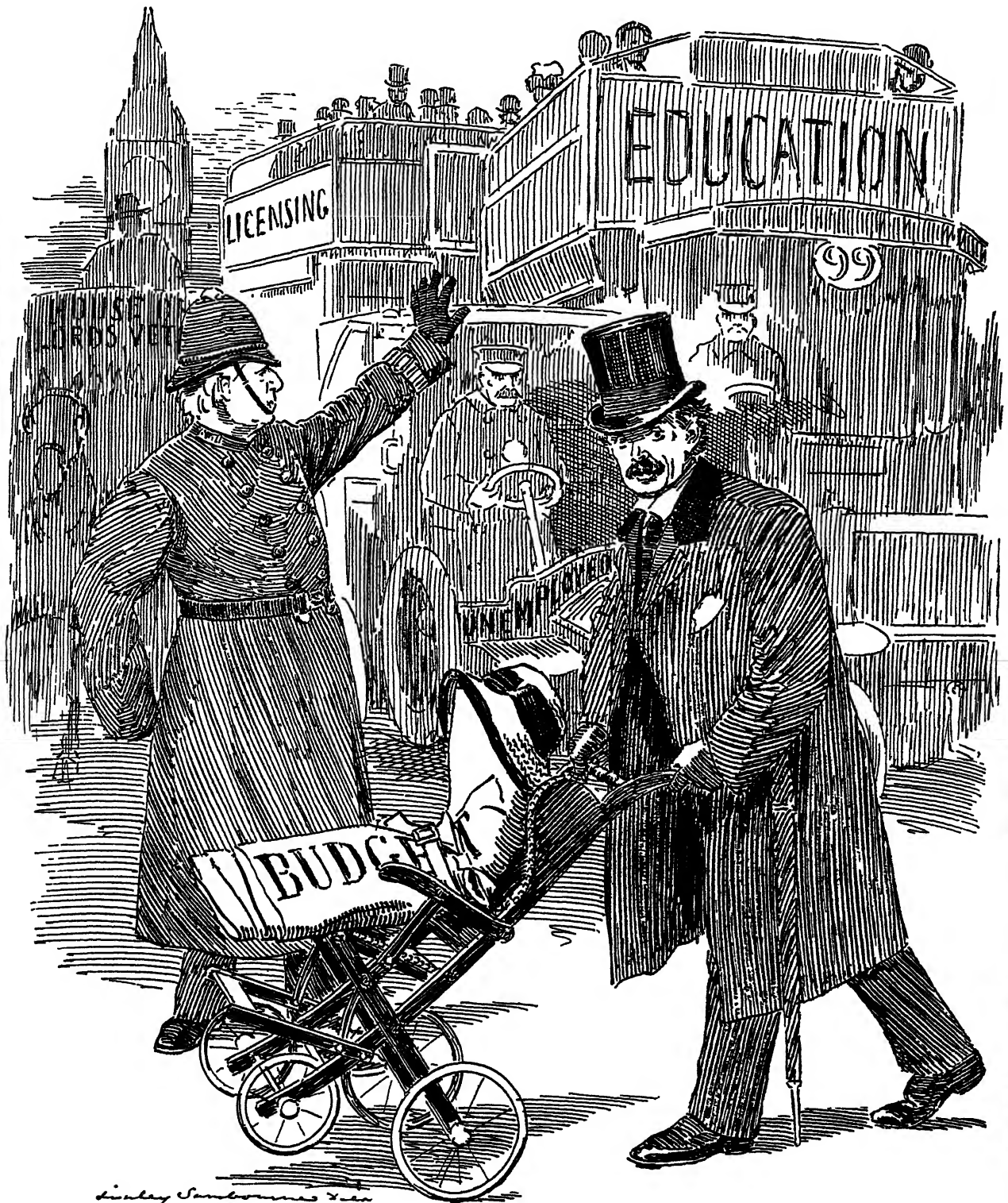
How vastly to be pitied,  
The victim of false evidence,  
The type of injured innocence,  
The object of malicious lies—  
And so on, till the jury rise,  
With anger flashing from their eyes,  
And chorus with indignant cries.—

"Let virtue stand  
Triumphant and  
Let Thomas be acquitted!"

Come tell me candidly, my son,  
What you have been and gone and done.

"Then she gathered together her brushes and dropped them into the flower-pot that stood at the side of her easel ready to receive them, and wriggled her thumb out of the hole in her palette and deposited it beside the flower-pot. After she had done that she turned round and regarded the other occupant of the room with tragic eyes."—*Home Chat*.

No wonder. Poor thumb! A most unpleasant accident.



## PREFERENTIAL TREATMENT.

"The expenditure of the year will be considerably in excess of that of the past twelve months . . . and in consequence less time than usual will, I fear, be available for the consideration of other legislative measures."—*The King's Speech.*



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Tuesday, February 16th.* — "Uprouse ye then, my merry merry men, For 'tis our opening day." Thus the poet, his fine eye in frenzy rolling after the alleged manner of his class. If it chanced to roll over House of Commons at this moment, with PRINCE ARTHUR on his legs, the PREMIER waiting to follow, the poet will acutely feel the inappropriateness of his remark. 'Tis our opening day, pardieu. PRINCE ARTHUR, with the blaze of the sun of Biarritz on his brow, the health-giving breezes from the Atlantic still coursing in his veins, gallantly tries to do the uprousing. But where are the merry, merry men? Certainly not within these four walls.

Thus, the Fourth Session of first Parliament of the King. Trumpeted abroad that momentous issues are to the fore. Expected that straightway the armed hosts marshalled on either side would raise the battle-cry, and the clang of arms would ring through the Chamber, startling the porpoises in the adjacent Thames.

That, in truth, is the purpose and purport of debate on the Address. In olden times, when giants lived, the fight, whether short or long, was strenuous, ending in exciting episodes of division upon which the fate of Ministry hung. Affairs to-day has all the dreary dullness of a sham fight.

Whether by accident or settled intent, mover and seconder of Addresses appear in civilian costume. As a rule Members charged with this important business fig themselves out in battle array. Perfection of detail is achieved when one dons Army uniform and the other borrows the garments of a Naval Officer. To-day mover and seconder slip their studied nothingnesses in peaceful garb. Members seated near secretly welcomed the innovation. The unaccustomed sword has a way not only of getting between the legs of the gallant Colonel *pro tem.* or the Admiral of the hour, but of prodding in the ribs inoffensive legislators who chance to be near the warriors. From that point of view the levée dress is rather popular.

For the main body of Members it struck a subtle note that made it idle to think of possible conflict, and caused the martial figures of NAPOLEON B HALDANE and ADMIRAL MCKENNA to seem unwarranted intrusions on Treasury Bench. On PRINCE ARTHUR the effect was dolorous. He laboured along through passages of King's Speech, languidly picking holes in it. Once momentarily roused to repel interruption from Irish camp. Was talking about condition of Ireland, which he deplored as anarchical.



BUR TO EARTH AGAIN.

*Mr Will-be Right (after yet another marvellous display of dexterous steering and balance, and of imperturbable coolness in his Fiscal Aeroplane) "REALLY, WHAT BABIES THESE TARIFF REFORMERS ARE! I QUITE ENJOY THESE LITTLE 'TRIAL' FLIGHTS, AND I HEARTELY MYSELF ONLY GIVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AWAY THAT'S OF ANY USE TO ANYBODY!"*

"What about The Confederates?" shouted an Irish Member.

The inquiry certainly lacks the quality of sequence. PRINCE ARTHUR was as angry as was *Tristram Shandy's* father when, upon occasion, his wife enquired if he had remembered to wind the clock. Breeze only temporary. Leader of Opposition relapsed into dull dogged manner, pounding along by the hour whilst Members strolled out, and those who remained to hear began to yawn.

*Business done.*—Parliament re-assembled.

*Wednesday.*—Galleries still closed to the public, male and female. The rows of benches facing the Chair, often the most crowded section, now a wilder-

ness in which occasionally, in the absence of the rose, there blossoms a stray Peer. As for Ladies' Gallery, for the first time within memory of the janitor, the injunction "Silence!" printed in large letters and prominently displayed on walls, is obeyed.

ST. AUGUSTINE, returning to Treasury Bench in time for division, reports that more or less lovely woman has again stooped to folly. Been dining with Certificated Grocers at Inauguration of their Institute.

"What company," he says, mopping his brow and readjusting a worried necktie, "could possibly be more respectable than one composed of Certificated Grocers? In anticipation the mind refused to connect them with anything



BOWLES WITH A SLIGHT BIAS

Mr Stewart Bowles (U.P. for Norwood) "DO YOU KNOW, I ALMOST HOPE THAT LITTLE LIBERAL WILL GET IN FOR CENTRAL GLASGOW! HE COMES OF A GOOD FIGHTING STOCK, AND HE IS SO USEFUL TO THE CARICATURIST!"

in the way of unseemly outburst of emotion. And yet—"

Sr. AUGUSTINE wiped his parched lips and shuddered as he thought of what had passed since he left the House at Question time.

A number of Suffragettes, purporting to be wives or aunts of Certificated Grocers, planted themselves in gallery facing table at which sat the unsuspecting CHIEF SECRETARY. When he got on his legs in response to toast of Houses of Parliament, one simultaneously rose with mild remark that she had another toast, "which I am sure—" she remarked, glancing round the startled audience.

The Certificated rose to their feet as one Grocer. Rushed up to the gallery with intent to remove the malcontent as if she were a faulty cheese or a tub of butter not free from suspicion of rancidness. Alack! they found her chained to the balcony as last Session one of her sisters betrayed an attachment to grille of cage in House of Commons. Assisted by three waiters (who hoped the extra duty would be remembered in the bill), the Certificated Grocers tugged away at the chained damosel. From her side sprang up another, with clanking chains and persistent inquiry as to the approximate date when the question of votes for women might be expected to find a place in the Ministerial Programme.

There was loud cry for files; but

Certificated Grocers going out to dine with a Cabinet Minister don't habitually carry files in their pockets. If it had been a cheese-taster, now. Presently one of the agitated waiters returned from successful search for files. The fetters were loosed, the damosels thrust forth, and the flow of Sr. AUGUSTINE's golden eloquence proceeded thenceforward uninterrupted.

"I think in future I shall take a snack in the House," he whispered in sympathetic ear of PREMIER, who had been privileged to dine in peace.

*Business done.*—Labour Members, moving Amendment to Address regretting inadequacy of Ministerial proposal dealing with condition of unemployed, defeated by majority of a trifle over two to one.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—The MEMBER FOR SARK, an expert in the matter, says to see Lord CREWE carrying the Crown in the Royal Procession last Tuesday was a lesson in deportment. His tall figure, slightly bowed in recognition of the precious charge displayed on the crimson velvet cushion held in nervous hands, moved with quiet footfall, as if he were entering a church. His face wore a deferential expression which reflected upon the emblem of sovereignty a fresh glow of sanctity.

This no new thing. CREWE performs all the functions of his Ministerial estate with inborn grace, cultured courtliness of manner. It was characteristic that, failing performance of the duty on the side of the House which, whilst he lived, Lord ROBERTSON adorned, it was he who voiced the common regret at withdrawal of the familiar figure from the historic scene. Whether in the Commons as Lord Advocate, or in the Upper House as a Lord of Appeal, ROBERTSON ranked among the most effective debaters. Endowed with what the late Lord GRANVILLE once aptly described as "the cross-bench mind," he, though a strong Party man, never displayed the tiresome monotony of the partisan. He was capable of recognising good or evil on both sides, expressing his opinion in sentences exquisitely framed, lambent with irony. Through the Autumn Session he was here, apparently in good health, certainly in fullest possession of his unrivalled intellectual gifts. By his sudden, almost tragic, death the House suffers the loss of one of its chief ornaments.

*Business done.*—As far as Ireland is concerned, the more things change the



"THE CAP'EN" (TOMMY BOWLES).

ON THE SLUMP AGAIN.

(With the fervent hope that he may return)

more they remain as they were. Second night of debate on state of distressful country, in which on both sides were said over again the old things we have heard repeated since the days of "Buckshot" FORSTER. Address agreed to.

### ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

It is unlucky to be kicked on the head by a chestnut horse on a Friday.

When picking up a lucky horseshoe take care not to be run over. It is better to go without the horseshoe.

It is unlucky to be the thirteenth guest at a dinner-table which is laid for twelve only. The proper course is to wait for an invitation.

If a Scotchman offers to pay for your dinner and for stalls at the theatre you may consider yourself in luck.

It is unlucky when travelling by rail to be alone in the carriage with a homicidal maniac.

If, at dinner, you upset the claret three times it is a sign that you will not be asked again.

If on your wedding-day the clergyman forgets to ask you for his fee, you may consider yourself very lucky indeed.

### Truth from the Examination Room.

(Average age of candidate, 18.)

1. Who wrote . . . *Two Gentlemen of Verona*?—The author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

2. What do you know of . . . Augustine Birrell?—Birrell was one of our greatest poets. He died a few years ago.



## FANCY DRESS.

"THEN you really are coming?" said Queen Elizabeth.

"Yes, I really am," I sighed.

"What as?"

"I don't know at all—something with a cold. I leave it to you, partner, only don't go a black suit."

"What about Richelieu?"

"I should never be able to pronounce that," I confessed. "Besides, I always think that these great scientists—I should say philos—that is, of course, that these generals—er, which room is the Encyclopedia in?"

"You might go as one of the Kings of England. Which is your favourite King?"

"William and Mary. Now that *would* be an original costume. I should have—"

"Don't be ridiculous. Why not Henry VIII.?"

"Do you think I should get a lot of partners as Henry VIII.? Anyhow, I don't think it's a very becoming figure."

"But you don't wear fancy dress simply because it's becoming."

"Well, that is rather the point to settle. Are we going to enhance my natural beauty, or would you like it—er—toned down a little? Of course, I *could* go as the dog-faced man, only—"

"Very well, then, if you don't like Henry, what about Edward I.?"

"But why do you want to thrust royalty on me? I'd much sooner go as Perkin Warbeck. I should wear a brown perkin—I mean jerkin."

"Jack is going as Sir Walter Raleigh."

"Then I shall certainly touch him for a cigarette," I said, as I got up to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a week later that I met Elizabeth in Regent Street.

"Well," she said, "have you got your things?"

"I haven't," I confessed.

"I forget who you said you were going as?"

"Somebody who had black hair," I said. "I have been thinking it over and I have come to the conclusion that I should have knocked them rather if I had had black hair. Instead of curly eyes and blue hair. Can you think of anybody for me?"

Queen Elizabeth regarded me as sternly as she might have regarded—Well, I'm not very good at history.

"Do you mean to say," she said at last, "that that is as far as you have got? Somebody who had black hair?"

"Hang it," I protested, "it's something to have been measured for the wig."

"Have you been measured for your wig?"

"Well—er—no. That is to say, not

exactly what you might call *measured*. But—well, the fact is I was just going along now, only—I say, where do I get a wig?"

"You've done nothing," said Elizabeth, "absolutely nothing."

"I say, don't say that," I began nervously, "I've done an awful lot, really. I've practically got the costume. I'm going as Harold the Boy Earl, or Jessica's last—Hullo, there's my bus; I've got a cold, I mustn't keep it waiting. Good-bye." And I fled.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am going," I said, "as Julius Caesar. He was practically bald. Think how cool that will be."

"Do you mean to say," cried Elizabeth, "that you have altered again?"

"Don't be rough with me or I shall cry. I've got an awful cold."

"Then you've no business to go as Julius Caesar."

"I say, now you're trying to unsettle me. And I was going to-morrow to order the clothes."

"What! You haven't—"

"I was really going this afternoon, only—only it's early closing day. Besides, I wanted to see if my cold would get better. Because if it didn't—Look here, I'll be frank with you. I am going as Charlemagne."

"Oh!"

"Charlemagne in half-mourning, because Pepin the Short had just died. Something quiet in grey, with a stripe, I thought. Only half-mourning because he only got half the throne. By-the-way, I suppose all the-e people wore pumps and white kid gloves all right? Yes, I thought so. I wonder if Charlemagne really had black hair. Anyhow, they can't prove he didn't, seeing when he lived. He flourished about 770, you know. As a matter of fact 770 wasn't actually his most flourishing year, because the Radicals were in power then and land went down so. Now 771—Yes. Or else as Raymond Blathwayt.

"Anyhow," I added indignantly a minute later, "I swear I'm going somehow."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hullo," I said cheerfully, as I ran into her Majesty in Piccadilly, "I've just been ordering, that is to say, I've been going—I mean I'm just going to—Let's see, it's next week, isn't it?"

For a moment Elizabeth was speechless—not at all my idea of the character.

"Now then," she said at last, "I am going to take you in hand. Will you trust yourself entirely to me?"

"To the death, your Majesty. I'm sickening for something as it is."

"How tall are you?"

"Oh, more than that," I said quickly. "Gents' large medium, I am."

"Then I'll order a costume for you and have it sent round. There's no need for you to be anything historical; you might be a butcher."

"Quite—blue is my colour. In fact, I can do you the best end of the neck at ten-pence, madam, if you'll wait a moment while I sharpen the knife. Let's see; you like it cut on the cross, I think? Bother, they've forgotten the strop."

"Well, it may not be a butcher," said Elizabeth; "it depends what they've got."

\* \* \* \* \*

That was a week ago. This morning I was really ill at last; had hardly any breakfast; simply couldn't look a poached egg in the yolk. A day on the sofa in a darkened room and bed at seven o'clock was my programme. And then my eye caught a great box of clothes, and I remembered that the dance was to-night. I opened the box. Perhaps dressed soberly as a black-haired butcher I could look in for an hour or two . . . and—

Help!

A yellow waistcoat, pink breeches, and—no, it's not an eider-down, it's a coat.

A yellow—Pink br—

I am going as Joseph.

I am going as Swan and Edgar.

I am going as 'The Sick Duke, by ORCHARDSON.

I am going—yes, that's it, I am going back to bed. A. A. M.

## Masculine Modes.

"M.P.'s ARRIVE AT ST. STEPHEN'S BEFORE MIDNIGHT.

SCOTTISH M.P.'s TIL."

"Westminster Gazette" Headlines.

Naturally in his haste to get there first, he . . . well, the thing might have happened to anyone.

"A FAVOURITE AND NOVEL WAY OF USING BANANAS.—Boil a cupful of tapioca in water till clear, sweeten to taste, put a layer of sliced tomatoes, and on them a layer of strawberry jam; cover all with some whipped cream; very economical"—Home Words.

The economy seems to be in leaving out the bananas.

"When serving tea should one let the drop that remains on the spout of the cream-pitcher fall to the table or catch it, and with what?"

K. K.

Catch it with a teaspoon or a napkin."

Ladies' Home Journal.

And now Mrs. Montmorency Mobbs may safely be asked in one afternoon.

The following instance of black honesty from Sierra Leone should touch the consciences of some of our white barbers:

ZECHARIAH DAVIES

BARBER

SHAVE AND CUT.

## AT THE PLAY.

## I.—"THE TRUANTS."

I HAVE been thinking it over carefully, and I have decided to refuse *Lady Darnaway's* kind invitation to Nethercote Grange for the week-end. The life there is too strenuous for me, the people too unexpected. There is *Pamela Grey*, for instance. A nice bright girl, of course; but she does Maud Allan dances in the hall—in the *hall*, of all places. And her ideas generally are quite advanced; particularly the idea of running away to Buenos Ayres with a bounder called *Bill*, in the hope of getting married out there. By the way, only a week ago I had the tip straight from the stable as to the correct pronunciation of "Buenos Ayres," and I may say that *Bill* pronounces it wrong—which is a pity, as he used to live there. But he has worse faults than that. He swears like anything, and is most confoundedly rude to everybody. *Dick Chetwood*, his cousin, is quite a decent sort; if he were the only one there, I shouldn't mind going. *Freda*, to whom *Dick* is engaged, is rather a dear, but a bit too ready with the revolver for my taste. You know, she held up *Bill* in *Pamela's* bedroom the other day, and threatened to shoot him if he didn't give up the elopement idea. Well, I mean *there's* a jolly house! As it happened, *Bill* was only winged, but it might have been pretty serious. Then there's *Strelland*—*Lord Strelland*, a political peer, I suppose. Of all the smug-voiced tallow-chandlers, commend me to him. And he was a fair brute to *Freda*.

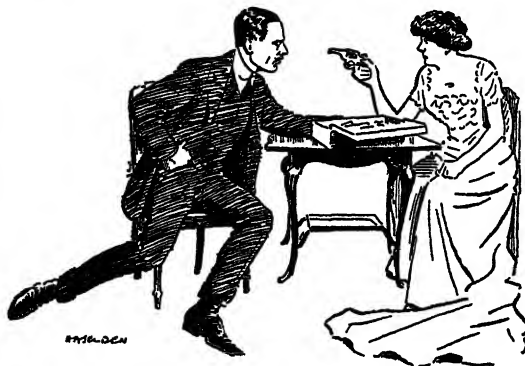
Yes, I shall have to refuse *Lady Darnaway's* kind invitation. There is too much slapping and screaming, crying and cursing, knocking things down, and flinging things about. And shooting. Besides, they do find out your secrets at Nethercote Grange. A most unpleasant way they have of— Well, of course I shouldn't mind anyone knowing really, only— However, as I said, I am refusing the invitation.

All the same, I must congratulate Mr. W. T. COLBEY. His comedy is improbable, some of his people behave in an extraordinary way, and he has dragged in a Third Act which was unnecessary; but in *Bill* and *Pamela* (admirably interpreted by Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss ATHENE SEYLER) he really has given us two fresh characters. For this, as well as for the pleasure of seeing Miss LENA ASHWELL in a part suited to her, the regular playgoer will consider *The Kingsway* well worth a visit.

## II.—"THE HIGH BID."

The "Afternoon Theatre's" second production at His Majesty's is a comedy by Mr. HENRY JAMES. The stage is a great leveller; if the literary aspirant turned from his novel of literary life to write a play he would, I am sure, choose some such plot as that of *The High Bid*.

*Captain Yule's* ancient house was mortgaged to Mr. *Prodmore*, an impossible financier. Mr. *Prodmore*, however, promised to restore it to him free of all encumbrances, provided that he changed his politics, married *Miss Prodmore*, and stood for the division. (It was a Tory seat, and he was a Radical.) *Mrs. Gracedew*, an American widow, with the American's love of old English houses, knowing nothing of the part *Prodmore's* daughter was to play in the transaction, urges him to change his political convictions, and keep his house. He prepares to do this; whereupon *Mrs. Grace-*



A QUIET SCENE IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.  
Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Lena Ashwell.

*dew* learns (1)—to her dismay—that he has also to marry *Miss Prodmore*; (2)—to her joy—that *Miss Prodmore* is secretly engaged to somebody else. In the end, of course, the widow buys back the house from the financier and offers it and herself to the captain.

The aristocratic Radical is no new character to Mr. JAMES; indeed Mr. JAMES should have a friendly feeling for him by now. Why, then, does he make him out a dishonourable cad? *Captain Yule*, as played by Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, is for the first half of the comedy a gallant gentleman, the soul of chivalry and honour. I felt as I watched him how unutterably childish *Prodmore* was to offer such a man his silly "conditions." And then *Yule* calmly announces (to the woman he is beginning to love!) that, following her advice, he has consented to sell his honour; and further, to marry a girl to whom he has hardly spoken. Was there ever anything more outrageous? And what of *Mrs. Gracedew*? It would be like a woman, I admit, to urge a man to break his faith in order

to keep his house; but surely much more like a woman to despise him afterwards for doing it at her suggestion.

There is a literary charm about the dialogue which is very attractive, but Mr. JAMES lets his characters talk too much. They make their point in two lines and then go on for ten lines more, so as to be quite sure of it. This makes the brighter part of the audience impatient. Mr. HENRY JAMES is much too leisurely for the stage.

None the less, a most interesting experiment, which owed much to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT and Miss ESMÉ HUBBARD. The last-named, as *Cora Prodmore*, gave a delightful reading to a delightfully-drawn character. M.

## GREAT AUTHORS' STRUGGLES.

[Special interviews; with apologies to "The Bookman."]

"For years," said Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, "I struggled without success. I averaged a novel a month, and yet the financial results were almost negligible. At last one morning the postman called with a parcel on which there was 6d. to pay. I thought it was one of my novels come home to roost, and wondered whether I should waste the money on it. But some indescribable impulse compelled me to take the parcel in, and when I tore it open there was a jewelled scimitar from the SULTAN OF MOROCCO. From that day I have never looked back, but only sideways—to see how the scimitar looks as it clanks against my near calf."

"No," said Mr. HORNUNG, "the rewards of literature are scanty and the strain of the work is immense. I should not advise any young man in whom I took an interest to pursue a literary career. For my own part I gave up literature long since and took to burglary, which I find infinitely more lucrative."

The Lord of Greeba Castle shook his head. "Struggles of literary men! Ah, the tragedy of such a career. Shall I ever forget the financial result of one of my first and greatest novels, *The Bondswoman*. It was in agony that I conceived that work and eventually brought it to perfection. At last it was placed before the world, and I awaited an account from my publishers. When I opened their letter and saw the miserable result of twelve months' labour—a paltry cheque for £10,000 0s. 9d.—I am not ashamed to say that I shed hot tears of sorrow. But my spirit was unbroken, I struggled on, and now"—a smile stole over the great man's face—"they have to pay me a pound a word—punctuation marks to count also."



### AN ENGLISHMAN RETURNING HOME.

POOR BROWNSMITH ON HIS WAY FROM GOLF MISSES HIS TRAIN AND WISHES HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN declined to be interviewed. "The private finances of an author are his own concern," he said. "I entirely disapprove of these personal advertisements, and therefore will only say that for my forthcoming book, *The Slug and the Saint*, I shall get just a hundred times the amount I received from my first work, *Godliness and the Grub*. It will appear early in the spring, and will make an equally strong appeal to both religious and irreligious readers. It will be highly advisable to order copies early."

#### THE SHIP-SHAPE SHOPMAN.

"ARE you being served, Sir?" said the shopman.

"Why do you ask that?" said the shopper.

"It is a long story," said the shopman, "but I will tell it you. In the early spring of 1899—"

"If it comes to that," said the shopper, "I am not being served."

"Then," said the shopman, "who could serve you better than I?"

"Who?" said the shopper, and the proceedings began.

"I will not ask what you want, for we all want so much, for which we are not prepared to pay. I will ask you rather what you think of buying?"

"Gloves," said the shopper.

"Brief, but thoroughly intelligible.

Do you want a particular kind of gloves, or just gloves?"

"Gloves," said the shopper.

"I gather from that that you only stipulate for four fingers and one thumb on each glove and a suitable covering for the wrist. The rest, I take it, you leave to us. We willingly accept the responsibility, and suggest a pair of lavender-coloured gloves for afternoon wear. What is your size, sir?"

"Fifteen by two and a-half inches," said the shopper, with a prodigious effort of memory.

"Pardon me, Sir, but that is your size in collars. Would you be so good as to think again?"

"327458," said the shopper, tentatively.

"Ah, that is the number of your watch," said the shopman.

"1859 Holborn," said the shopper.

"Your telephone number?" said the shopman. "We were, I think, Sir, discussing your size in gloves."

"January 9th, 1910," said the shopper.

"The date upon which your fire insurance expires. We can deduce nothing from that. Suppose we were to measure your hand?"

"Suppose," said the shopper, producing for the first time his hand from his coat pocket.

"But I observe that you have some gloves already, Sir," said the shopman.

"So I have. Now, how foolish of me! Of course I meant handkerchiefs."

"The two words are easily confused," said the shopman, "and we will gladly overlook the trifling inaccuracy, and supply you with as many handkerchiefs as your bank balance will stand. Can you tell me..."

"How absurd!" said the shopper, "but I do not even know the size of my nose."

Thus, there was no business done that day.

#### Beef Tea.

"King Alfonso left after the fourth bull had been killed. On his return journey he laid the first stone of a soup kitchen for the poor."—*Times Weekly Edition*.

"Comfortable country home for homely gentleman; can have poultry run."

*Kentish Express.*

There is, however, a beauty of the soul which aspires to higher things.

"... And there the immortal naturalist passed away."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

The writer should perhaps have left the "immortal" for the next paragraph.

"ACCIDENT to Mr. — M.P.

JILTED AT 47."

*Aberdeen Evening Express.*

Accidents will happen.

Chicago is anxious to discover a masculine equivalent for "Miss." A Cockney correspondent suggests "Mile," and adds that a miss is as good as a mile.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Gifted Family* (MURDOCH), Mr. BARRY PAIN has written a delightful novel—no other word will serve so well to express the quality of the book. It is interesting from the first page to the last, and its characters are observed and described with a care that is both kindly and humorous. There is a persuasive charm about Mr. BARRY PAIN's writing which appeals with convincing force to his readers, and ranges them on his side and on the side of the persons who live and move through his pages. The *Prendergast* family is an array of little talents. With one exception each member of it has his or her own particular inoffensive and ineffective gift in art or music or letters. Papa admires MEREIDITH and

scheme should depend on recruiting by methods that suggest the charity bazaar, or a newspaper boom in the dull season, rather than the systematic development of the resources of the country for the purpose of Home Defence.

Mr. ANTRIM ORIEL seems to have decided on making an omelette and then discovered that his chickens (they are turkey poults by the way) have been unexpectedly hatched. *The Miracle* (CONSTABLE) is bound in bright yellow boards, and begins with a complimentary dedication to the Young Turk Party, so that I expected to read a story about the Y. T. P. candidate for Jericho; but as a matter of fact the book is an intelligent appreciation of events in the Near East during 1908, written upon the assumption that the state of Islam is hopelessly rotten. Seizing the opportunity of ABDUL HAMID's demise, Bulgaria is made to declare war, and receive



## ADVERTISING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Publicity Agent. "All, villain, wouldst buy thy groceries at PETERKIN'S? KNOW THEN THAT PETER SPRINKLES' IS THE BEST SHOP FOR BLAI LAILL."

Mounted Billsticker. "THOU LIEST, KNAVE! SYMON'S FORSOOTH! REMEMBER THAT GILES' SWEET-I'-TH'-TOOTH'S THE ONLY GENUINE BUTTER SCOTCH."

lectures on him; one of the daughters is musical, another dramatic; and *Fred* has a turn for drawing. All, in fact, are gifted, except *Sandra*, the youngest, who has no special talent except for making people love her. She, indeed, shows that there is an art of life, and that it is more than all the other arts. She trembles on the brink of tragedy, but Fate and Mr. BARRY PAIN and her own sweet nature are kind to her, and she reaches happiness. I repeat that this is a delightful book.

Critics, armchair and otherwise, have said that the Territorial Army scheme is all very well on paper, especially when the paper is excellent and nicely bound. A new book on the subject, *The Territorial Force* (MURRAY), I think is good; yet it does not leave one satisfied that all is as it should be, for no one can read either Mr. HALDANE'S introduction or Mr. HAROLD BAKER'S clear exposition of the main facts relating to the organisation, administration, and discipline of our civilian army without regretting that the success of the

the moral support of England and Russia; a British legion goes to the front, assisted by the heroine (daughter of *Sir Elgar Howard*, the Foreign Secretary) in the part of a trained nurse, and the Turk is swept back to the gates of Stamboul. So it turns out (as the epilogue informs us) that the "miracle" is not a description of the story at all, but merely an expression of the author's surprise that he has made a bad shot at prophesying. But parts of the book, which only numbers 265 pages (and especially the account of the decisive battle at Kuleli Burgas), are so brilliantly written that one wishes there was a great deal more; and if, as I suspect, the Young Turks interrupted Mr. ORIEL before he had properly finished, it was very tiresome of them. I think, however, that it was a pity to discuss the characters of living English statesmen without making the smallest effort to disguise their identities; and a little rash (considering the title) to give a certain newspaper the name of *The Daily Miracle*: the cowslip has surely no right to call the buttercup yellow.



## CHARIVARIA.

"OTHER Kings," says *The Daily News*, speaking of the Ruler of Bulgaria, "have climbed their thrones on pedestals of corpses. He may boast he only uses those already dead." But may not the reason be that living corpses are scarce in these decadent days?

The impending formation of yet another Club is announced. It is, we hear, to be called The Junior Monarchs' Club, and its first members, we understand, will consist of the KING OF SPAIN, the KING OF PORTUGAL, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA.

By the by it is interesting to note how thoroughly anglicised KING ALFONSO and KING MANOEL have become. *The Daily Mail* tells us that when the two young potentates went for a walk together they were in the highest spirits, and "caused amusement by exchanging hats."

With reference to the proposed abolition of the House of Lords a legitimate complaint reaches us from a young peer. He protests that the uncertainty of the situation is ruining business. He is anxious to find a wealthy American bride, but his future is so hazy that he is experiencing unprecedented difficulties.

Every day one hears of decaying industries. To judge by the following advertisement which appears in *The Liverpool Echo*, even Banking is not what it was:—

"BANKING.—Youth, to make dough and mould."

It is stated in the Isle of Man that Mr. H—C— (we suppress his name, as this distinguished author's dislike of publicity is well known) intends to stand for the House of Commons. If this report be true it is thought that it may have the effect of inducing Miss M—C— (name also suppressed) to abandon her policy of self-effacement and to agitate for the right of women to sit in Parliament.

Herr HECKER has discovered that the solid surface of the globe submits to periodical oscillations analogous to those of the tides. South Africa, for instance, tilts to the east in summer and to the west in winter. This statement has at present had no effect upon the steamship companies that run to the Cape. They are maintaining a uniform fare for all seasons.

A resolution has been passed in favour

of it that it is the poor devils of husbands who will have to go about in shreds and patches—if their wives' bills are to be paid.

"The slipper trade," we read, "has experienced a lengthy depression, but several mills have now received large orders." One hears so much of the desertion of homes at night-time in favour of hotels and restaurants that it is nice to think that the domestic fire-side is at last coming into fashion again.

From Hyeres comes the news that a navvy flung a British Colonel into the river last week because he remonstrated with the man for teasing his dog. The local authorities, to whom the Colonel complained, and who are anxious to do everything possible to promote the comfort of their guests, are taking the matter up, and propose, we hear, to erect notice-boards on the banks of the stream instructing the aborigines not to throw away visitors.

The Poet Laureate has written an Ode to SHAKESPEARE for the commemoration service at Southwark Cathedral. Say what you may about A. A., he is conspicuously free from that petty jealousy which is such an ugly characteristic of some writers.

As we go to press it is rumoured that the Government has decided to exclude the United States from its calculation of the Two Next Greatest Powers standard. If this be so, it will be a cruel blow to American amour propre, and ill-feeling is bound to ensue.

Yet another rumour is to the effect that only four *Dreadnoughts* are to be laid down this year, but that two of these are to be named *William* and *Mary* and *Victoria* and *Albert* so that ignorant foreigners may imagine we are laying down six vessels.

"Mr. Alexander Cross was absent unpaired. There was no cross voting"—*Glasgow Herald*. Mr. Cross, having no namesake in the House, should be more careful.



"FOOTBALL KNICKERS FOR SMALL BOY? YES, MADAM. MR. JONES, FORWARD! FOOTBALL KNICKERS FOR THIS LADY, PLEASE."

of an Age Limit for the Clergy. It is hoped that this may be followed by an Age Limit for Sermons.

The Belfast stipendiary magistrate is experiencing some difficulty in deciding, in a matter affecting the service of a summons, whether or not gaol can be considered a "place of abode." The magistrate evidently has forgotten Mr. *Punch's* drawing which depicts a lady about to enter a Black Maria, and saying "Home!" to the driver.

"Are women to patch this season?" asks *The Lady's Pictorial*. We are



## THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

*An Affectionate Apostrophe to the Chief Secretary for Ireland.*

FULL often has the irony of Fate  
Furnished me food for ruminant reflection,  
But never more than when I contemplate,  
With a detached but most profound dejection,  
How square a thing you are, AUGUSTINE,  
And how cylindrical the hole that you've been thrust in.

Born and bred up to woo the arts of peace,  
Endowed by Nature with a *flair* for letters,  
A prophet of the age when strife shall cease  
And Liberty discard her loathsome fetters—  
Fate, by a most superb vagary,  
Elected you Professor of Constabulary.

Thus on your laurelled head the duty lies  
To check a local taste for gore and arson,  
For harrying oxen, cutting food-supplies,  
And other foibles catalogued by CARSON:  
Pathetic signs (or so you read 'em?)  
Of simple, childlike natures groping after Freedom.

Your touching faith in that distressful isle  
Bids you ignore the only real corrective.  
Men urge the Crimes Act: thereupon you smile,  
Pleading that love is far, far more effective;  
"It's kindness does it!" you retort,  
Having no heart to spoil the native's homely sport.

And yet the case, however light your vein,  
Is slow to lend itself to humorous patter,  
Your most engaging gift. And then, again  
(Though this, I take it, is a smaller matter),  
Your conscience, being fairly godly,  
Must recognise that it's behaving rather oddly.

Then why not timely drop the futile quest?  
Come back to your old loves! we want more *Obiter*  
*Dicta* to dote on, want you at your best,  
There in the deep field, letting off the lob-hitter;—  
Cricket and books and wit that's rare!  
And send your dusty politics—well, you know where!

No one whose speech is worth the pains to hear  
Would call you coward, you who took the burden  
Twice of a task forlorn, with light-heart cheer,  
Smilingly hopeless of the victor's guerdon!  
And that reminds me—one last word:—  
*Don't be a Peer*; it really would be *too absurd*!

O. S.

## Science Notes.

## THE THREATENED SLUMP IN MOONSHINE.

SIR GEORGE DARWIN'S prediction that the moon, once part of our earth, will recede to a greater distance, has given a considerable impulse to the manufacture of coon-songs and other minor poetry dealing with an orb in which the interest of the reading public is likely before long to decline materially.

## THE RESTING CLASSES.

The official statement that the pace of the earth's rotation is decreasing, and that eventually every day will be fifty-five times as long as the present allowance of twenty-four hours, is viewed with favour by Trades Unionists, who hope by that time to have secured a general eight-hours working-day, which will leave an ample margin of 1312 hours *per diem* for meals, recreation, and repose.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; his sister Mabel, aged 18.*)

*Little Arthur.* I say, Mabs.

*Mabel.* Yes, Arthur, what is it?

*L. A.* Didn't you say you wanted votes for women?

*Mabel.* Of course I do; and so do all women who are worthy of the name; and we shall get them, too.

*L. A.* Oh, but I say, I heard Mamma say she didn't want to vote; and she said a lot of other things, Mabs, you know she did. Isn't Mamma—

*Mabel.* Oh, Mamma; she's different.

*L. A.* But she's a woman all right, isn't she? And we ought to do what Mamma wants, oughtn't we?

*Mabel.* Yes, yes, of course, in most things; but Mamma hasn't thought about these things; she's got so many other things to do; and then she has the old-fashioned ideas.

*L. A.* Then is it only new-fashioned people who want votes for women? Because it says (*referring to newspaper*) that some of the ladies arrested last time were not at all young. Some of them were more than forty. Aren't they old-fashioned?

*Mabel.* I'm afraid you're too young to understand these things.

*L. A.* Yes, Mabs; but I should like to try, you know. Papa told me to try.

*Mabel.* Yes, Arty, that's quite right. You go on trying, and I'll help you.

*L. A.* Thank you, Mabs. But I say—

*Mabel.* Yes, dear.

*L. A.* Why do you want a vote, Mabs?

*Mabel.* We want to have a share in the government of the country. We hold that we ought to become the equals of men, and that we ought to be so treated. We believe in the great principle of no taxation without representation.

*L. A.* Oh, Mabs, that does sound splendid! But, Mabs, you don't pay taxes, do you?

*Mabel.* No—not yet.

*L. A.* Then, is paying taxes a very nice thing?

*Mabel.* Well, I'm not sure it's so very nice.

*L. A.* No, I thought not; because Papa's always quite furious about paying his taxes. You know, Mabs, he's always in a temper about them.

*Mabel.* Yes, he is. I know Papa's look when the taxes come in.

*L. A.* But if they're such beastly things, why do you want them for yourself?

*Mabel.* I don't.

*L. A.* But if you want a vote you must have the taxes first, mustn't you? Hadn't you better stay as you are, Mabs?

*Mabel.* Never.

*L. A.* Oh, then, I suppose a vote is something splendid. It makes up for taxes?

*Mabel.* I don't say that.

*L. A.* No; Papa doesn't either. He said at the last election he was dashed if he'd vote for either of them. He said one was as bad as the other, and a vote was more nuisance than it was worth.

*Mabel.* That's Papa all over.

*L. A.* Yes; but Papa knows about it. He's got a vote and he doesn't like it.

*Mabel.* But we say that women have a higher sense of duty than men. They are more ready to recognise the responsibilities of citizenship. They see things more clearly and take juster views.

*L. A.* Then you think women are really better than men, Mabs?



### “OULD” IRELAND.

MR. BIRRELL. “AND TO PROVE HOW GREATLY THE GRANT OF OLD-AGE PENSIONS HAS CONTRIBUTED TO MITIGATE THE UNREST IN IRELAND, LET ME NOW SHOW YOU A TYPICAL VILLAGE SCENE, EMBRACING THREE GENERATIONS.”

[“LOUTH.—County very peaceable; old-age pensions much appreciated.”—*Extract from Police Report read by Mr. Birrell to the House.*

“It is estimated that between 50,000 and 70,000 persons of all ages in Ireland are to-day receiving old-age pensions who are not qualified under the Act.”—*From Letter of a Radical M.P. to “The Times.”*]





*Curate (who struggles to exist on £120 a year with wife and six children). "WE ARE GIVING UP MEAT AS A LITTLE EXPERIMENT, MRS DASHER."*  
*Wealthy Parishioner. "OH, YES! ONE CAN SO WELL LIVE ON FISH, POULTRY, GAME AND PLENTY OF NOURISHING WINES, CAN'T ONE?"*

*Mabel. Certainly I do."*

*L. A. But you said just now that if you got the vote you would become the equals of men.*

*Mabel. Yes, certainly.*

*L. A. But, if you're better now, you'd be worse off if you got to be equals by having the vote. Hadn't you better leave it alone, Mabs?*

*Mabel. It's very difficult to make little boys see these things. Isn't it time for your French lesson yet?*

*L. A. No, not quite yet. Of course, I know I'm not clever. That's why I'm asking you to help me, Mabs. And, oh, I say, Mabs, can you fight as well as a man? Could you knock a man down, like Dick?*

*Mabel. Of course not. Brute force proves nothing.*

*L. A. No, Mabs, I suppose not; but Dick did it jolly well, and you were very glad to have him there.*

*Mabel. I daresay I was; but I say again it proves nothing.*

*L. A. But it says (reading from newspaper): "The women threw themselves at the solid lines of constables, and were gently but firmly repelled. The police endured very patiently the pushing and scratching of the militants. A young woman went into a sort of hysterical fit after several rushes, and was removed." Why do they do that?*

*Mabel. There's the clock striking.*

*L. A. Yes, but—*

*Mabel. Run away now; Mademoiselle is waiting for you.*

**Motto for our Military Aeroplane.**

*Sursum, Cody!*

### THE BEETLE.

WHENCE comes the beetle? Has he been pursued  
 Into the dark recesses of his lair?

Did any mortal ever see him there?

Was any beetle ever interviewed?

How comes it that he can and does elude

The wiles of Keating and the baited snare,

Discriminating with the nicest care

What may be eaten, what must be eschewed?

Vain questions these; for beetles as a race

Were always mysteries. They ebb and flow;

By night emerging from that mystic place

Where through the daylight hours they undergo

Enforced seclusion, with averted face,

In darkness such as only beetles know.

"The picture presented by the bright costumes and uniforms amidst the elegant surroundings was almost unbroken until the small hours had begun to assume their original proportions, and it was after three o'clock that the last of the guests had disappeared."

*Naval and Military Record.*

The "original proportions" of two o'clock are understood to be as follows: Chest 38 in., waist 30 in., biceps 12 in.

### A Cave-Dweller.

"Wanted an opening in the Country, for Garden Boy, to live in."

*Church Times.*

### HOMES FOR ALL.

["Why shouldn't the animals have a House-Hunters' Guide, too?"  
"Why, indeed!"—*Domestic Conversation*]

#### TO TOWN MICE.

**TO LET**, with immediate possession, commodious and convenient apartment, beneath floor, in busy West End dining-room, where many crumbs are spilled thrice daily; within easy distance of larder; no cat.

#### TO COUNTRY MICE.

**UNIQUE** opportunity to acquire small holding in fine Queen Anne wainscot, in most picturesque part of Berkshire; large household; stilton always in cut; one cat kept, but so old as to be negligible.

#### TO RABBITS.

**OLD-ESTABLISHED WARREN** has several vacancies for tenants; sandy soil; excellent pasturage; warmth a speciality; squire a member of Humanitarian Society; no terriers; stoats a rarity.

**TO LET**, in delightful country in Essex, Unfurnished Burrows; all the latest improvements; three doors; farmer a very indifferent shot.

#### TO ROOKS.

**ADMIRABLE ROOKERY** to Let in favourite Sussex neighbourhood: built of well-seasoned Georgian elms; arable land; compact guide to scarecrows on application; no shooting.

#### TO CATS.

**DESIRABLE HOME** for Single Cat without moods; good fires kept; generous table; no dogs; warm basement, and servants properly trained; two ladies with wide laps, and, upstairs, invalid gentleman fond of pets. Premium required owing to perfection of conditions; present occupier willing to vacate at midnight; new tenant must arrive as a pathetic stray.

**OLD-WORLD Farmhouse** in Kent offers exceptional advantages to active Young Cat; hunting seven days a week; average bag of last tenant, 3 rats, 14 mice; dairy with defective door; affectionate children; pleasant and unrefined feline society in neighbourhood.

#### TO SQUIRRELS.

**SPLENDID INVESTMENT.**—Magnificent ball-bearing revolving Bijou Residence, suitable to elderly squirrel unable to pedal so fast as formerly; large supply of soft-shelled nuts at valuation.—Apply to Giddier & Giddier, Turnham Green.

#### TO DONKEYS.

**£800 FREEHOLD.**—Bray, near Maidenhead; delightful

residence with paddock, admirably suited for vocal exercise or high kicking.

#### TO TORTOISES.

**TO LET**, in charming neighbourhood, a beautifully situated sloping bank, facing the south. During an experience of upwards of a quarter of a century tenants have never failed to emerge after hibernation at least two weeks in advance of those in neighbouring estates.

#### TO GOLD FISH.

**VACANCY IN CHARMING TANK** at Ponder's End. Continuous supply of water from fountain; ample diet, including unlimited vermicelli; old-established rockery well covered with picturesque weed. No human hands have entered tank since youngest daughter of owner was presented at Court.

#### TO BATS.

**UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY.** Warm, central position, berths Nos. 7 and 8 on eligible branch in fine old Sussex Spinney. Comfortable foothold. Last year large family of dormice at foot of tree.

#### WANTED.

**REQUIRED**, comfortable home by an aged Pug with an old-age pension. Not higher than 2nd floor if no lift; 2 to 3 guineas; no children or draughts.

### THE RETURN OF THE LION.

["The *Lusitania* arrived yesterday at Liverpool from New York. She had on board 400 passengers, 332,000 dollars, 1,570 sacks of mails, and Mr. Sandy Kilter."—*Daily Press*, *passim*.]

No sooner was the *Lusitania* sighted than the Scotchmen of Liverpool, reinforced by detachments of Scotchmen from Manchester, London, and other places where they abound, formed themselves into battalions and marched to the docks, playing and singing national airs.

On Mr. Sandy Kilter's exhibiting himself in full Scotch costume on the captain's bridge, they set up a cheer which could be heard in the Isle of Man, and seriously annoyed Mr. HALL CAINE. On arriving within hail Mr. Sandy Kilter, who had left Euston some weeks before with the parting words on his lips, "God bless you till I come back," shouted, "Here I am, you see, as sound as a Scotch blue-bell." The guard of welcome then broke unanimously into a Highland fling, which endured until the little man was in their midst, when they pulled him nearly to pieces out of pure joy. On discovering, however, that his American fortune was not on his person, but in a strong box on board, his countrymen desisted and permitted the interviewers to get at him.

In honour of this unique occasion—the return of England's darling—the great papers, represented usually by reporters, had sent each its editor-in-chief, a select few of whom had acquired by ballot the privilege of a few words with the hero.

Mr. Sandy Kilter, in conversation with the editor of *The Spectator*, computed that during his visit to America he was heard by 150,000 persons who paid for the *entrée* and an unknown quantity that did not. His hand was wrung 14,000 times, and the breath expended in saying, "Good old Sandy," if employed as motive power, would turn the sails of the Moulin Rouge for three years.

To the interviewer of *The Daily Mail* Mr. Sandy Kilter said that he had sung before President ROOSEVELT. The President had not his gun with him.

Mr. Sandy Kilter expressed the opinion to the editor of *The Manchester Guardian* that if COLUMBUS had never seen an egg he, Mr. Kilter, would be some millions of bawbees the poorer. America, he said, is the most wonderful country, filled with the warmest hearts, in the world.

Mr. Sandy Kilter confided to the editor of *The Standard* that he earned two dollars a minute waking or sleeping all the time he was in America.

Asked pointedly by the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* why he did not return to Scotland for a few weeks at any rate of the year, Mr. Sandy Kilter replied that he remained in England and America because he liked to be among his countrymen.

Conversing with the editor of *The Morning Post*, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that the drawback to America was the paucity of haggises. He had seen only four all the time he had been there, and two of these were eaten by Big BILL TAFT before he (Mr. Kilter) could get at them.

Interviewed by the editor of *The Guardian*, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that America was the greatest country he had ever struck. It extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again.

Asked by the editor of *The Times* if he was intending to return to America soon, Mr. Sandy Kilter said that he could not yet say for certain, but whether he went or not he had written a new song to convince his countrymen that whatever his movements might be his heart was true to Scotland. The chorus ran:—

I'm patriotic day and night, nae matter whaur I gang,  
It's Scotland whaur I fain would be, I leave it wi' a pang;  
I leave it wi' a pang, ye ken, and when I've made my pile  
I'm gaein' back to Scotland, boys, to spend it wi' a smile.

But I warn ye, never fear,  
That the gettin' o' the gear  
May tak' your little Sandy boy a bonny lang while!



## COMING MODES.

According to the authorities on Fashion, the touch of dowdiness which for some time has been a distinguishing feature in men's attire is going to be *le dernier mot* in women's dress. For those of our readers about to order Spring goods a few forecasts of fashionable attire for the coming season may not be inopportune.



THE PARK: CHURCH PARADE.



A DUCAL BALLROOM.



THE ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT.



THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

After the interviewers and photographers had all finished, Mr. Sandy Kilter was allowed to enter the train, but he had first to receive a beautiful gold-mounted slogan, on which was engraved the date and record of the historic occasion.

At Euston another ceremony awaited the famous singer, when the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. HALDANE (representing our Scottish Cabinet) received him and presented an address of welcome. He was then escorted to his home at Tooting by a guard of honour drawn from the Black Watch.

### PERCY.

Do you play Percy? It is a jolly game, though long and intricate. I fancy I won last night, but I can't be certain.

The first thing that I remember clearly was hearing somebody say, "It's your turn." So I turned to my neighbour and said, "What have I got to do?" A man opposite me, who seemed to know all about it, said, "We want a sentence of three words beginning with 'B.'" I thought a long time, and then said:

"Bulls buzz badly."

"That doesn't make sense," he said.

"Why not?" I asked. "Bees buzz, don't they?"

"Of course."

"Well, you told me to begin with a B."

"Yes, but——"

"All right, here's another one. Blackbeetles bar Beef-tea. That's sense enough, anyhow."

So then we went on to C. After a time I had on my piece of paper a short list of representative facts, which could be arranged in some sort of order, thus:

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*Anchovies always apologise.*

*Blackbeetles bar Beef-tea.* (I don't blame them.)

*Giraffes gargle grandly.* (This is obvious.)

*Unicorns uphold undervests.* (This I am not so certain of).

#### ECCLÉSIASTIC.

*Can Churchwardens cough?*

*Elephants envy Episcopalsians.* (Silly.)

*Hedgehogs hum hymns.*

#### FINANCIAL.

*Fantis fell flat.*

(NOTE.—"Fanti" is a mine. This fact is alleged and without prejudice. The management cannot be held responsible for accidents on the rink.)

#### STILL LIFE.

*Bull's-eyes barely bounce.*

#### POLITICAL.

*Marquises mostly meditate.*

*Votes for Women.*

And so on. This does not pretend to be complete, but it forms the foundation of a trustworthy reference book.

Well, just as I was getting set I was picked up and led to another table and given a pair of scissors and a packet of pins. While I was moralising to myself that Pins prick Princes and Scissors sometimes sciss, my attention was called to a bowl of water in which several corks were floating, and a man opposite, who seemed to know all about it, told me to pick the pins up with the scissors and see how many I could stick into one particular cork. This is a thing I had never previously wanted to do.

At the end of a quarter of an hour I had stuck twenty pins into the bottom of the bowl, and one (I still believe) into the bottom of the cork. That, however, will never be known for certain, for the game took another sudden turn, and I found myself gazing at a small pack of cards and saying, "Cards comfort camels." Then, as I was feeling in my pocket for a pin, my right-hand neighbour said:

"You know how to play, don't you?"

"I'm learning," I said cautiously.

"Well, it's quite easy. You deal thirteen cards, and then what you want to do is——"

"The point is," said my left-hand neighbour, "to get out as many cards—"

"For instance, supposing you had a red knave *there* and a black ten *there*, then——"

"Of course an ace goes out at once."

"The whole object is——"

"Perhaps," said the man opposite, who seemed to know all about it, "I can make it clearest by putting it in this way. Now suppose——"

At this moment (there are points about Percy) a man whom I had never seen before came up to my left-hand neighbour and said, "Shall we go down to supper?" Now, give me a lead and I'm over like a bird. I turned to my right-hand neighbour and said, "Let's go too;" and I added, as we went off, "Leonard loves lobster." After that I did not talk much for half-an-hour.

The game now became very fast. I was given another pencil, a pair of scissors (I think), and a piece of paper on which an old lady next to me had written a line of poetry. The man opposite, who knew all about the game, told me to write underneath it a line rhyming to it. The old lady's line was—  
"There was a little boy who had blue eyes and hair of gold."

I wrote:

"That line is in no metre at all, but if we aren't bothering about metre and you only want a rhyme I don't mind adding that his feet were cold."

Then I folded it up, turned to my left-hand neighbour, and said, "Shall

we go down to supper?" And I added, "Archibald adores asparagus." Now there must be some rule in the game that I hadn't quite mastered, for we had only got as far as the door when I was asked to wait a moment. I waited a moment, and was immediately seized by somebody else and given two pencils and a bowl of marbles.

"What do you do?" asked the girl on my right.

"It's quite easy," I said. "Suppose you have a black knave *there*, and a red ten *there*—— But perhaps I can show it you best with a figure," and I began to sharpen one of the pencils.

"No," said somebody, "you have to take the marbles out of the bowl, and put them on the table."

I put the pencil down and proceeded to do this. When I had been doing it for some hours the man opposite, who certainly knew all about it, looked up at me and said very sternly, "With the pencils." Before I was able to begin again, I was handed a packet of pins (or something) and asked to think of a living poet beginning with A.

"I don't know her name," I said, "but just now——"

By this time I had scored four hundred-and-seventy-eight, and I was generally supposed to be in the running for a prize. I did something with a needle and a piece of string which gave me twenty more, and then settled down to a really steady game with the scissors and a pack of cards. I had just dealt these round, and was preparing (under the direction of the man opposite) to say "Snap!" when my right-hand neighbour, who was leading me by five only, got up and went across to a competitor with two pencils, and said, "I must really be going now; it has been a perfectly delightful evening." I was not going to be beaten on the post, so I did the same. Then I was handed my hat and coat, and asked to think of——

It was some time before I realised what had happened, and then I decided to think of a hansom.

\* \* \* \*

It is a very jolly game. The rules, as I say, are a little difficult, but you soon pick it up. It is called Percy, because there is always a man opposite who knows all about it, and his name is Percy.

A. A. M.

### Old-Age Suspensions.

We greatly hope that the following headlines from *The Birmingham Daily Post* do not actually indicate the establishment of a new and compulsory Suicide Club on the principle of vicarious sacrifice:—

"CONVOCACTION OF CANTERBURY.

THE BISHOPS AND SUICIDE.

AN AGE-LIMIT FOR CLERGYMEN."

## THE CENTENARY COURT.

THE first day's proceedings in the newly established Centenary Court attracted a good deal of attention, because a large section of the newspaper-public had begun to resent the practice of substituting memorial articles about DARWIN and LINCOLN, SIR JOHN MOORE and MIS. BROWNING, for real live news of the day. The Court, as constituted by an Order in Council "For the Better Supervision of Semi-Jubilees, Jubilees, Diamond Jubilees, Radium Jubilees, Centenaries and Ter-Jubilees, and in restraint of Indiscriminate Memorialising," consisted of Lord AVEBURY, author of the Hundred Best Books, Dr. W. G. GRACE, compiler of a Hundred Centuries, Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE, author of *A Century of Roundels*, Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, author of *The Old Bronte Hundredth*, and the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. The Court, at its first session, co-opted as legal assessor Mr. JUSTICE DARLING, author of the Hundred Least Jokes.

Lord AVEBURY opened proceedings by observing that centenary was derived from the Latin *centum*, meaning a hundred, and that it had been shown to be possible to celebrate the centenary either of a great man's birth or his death, or even both. If he might, without vanity, use a personal illustration, it would be practicable for his own birth-centenary to be celebrated in 1931. Provided that the date of a person's birth had been accurately registered, there could seldom be any serious difficulty in calculating the incidence of his birth-centenary. On the other hand, the centenary of the death of an eminent person could never be fixed with anything more than approximate accuracy during his lifetime. He made these observations in no spirit of self-seeking, but only for the information of the Court.

He wished also to indicate some general rules of procedure. In the case of a minor celebrity, not likely to be found worthy of a centenary, the Court might be prepared to make an order for a Jubilee. Again, if an eminent person had duly celebrated his centenary—the test of celebration to be leading articles in at least five morning papers and an illustrated page in *The Sphere* or *The Tatler*—the Court should never refuse a Ter-Jubilee order, when the time arrived.

He was not so clear about Bi-centenaries; because it might be said that a man who had been centenarised and ter-jubileed—if he might be allowed to coin two words which had not the authority of the Oxford Dictionary (possibly, in the latter case, because that monumental work had not yet reached the letter T)—ought to be ready to make way for some other eminent man who had been less fortu-



Motor-car victim (after a hurried patch-up at nearest chemist's). "I WANT A NUMBER SEVEN HAT ABOUT THE SAME SHAPE AS THIS"

nate. However, what the Court had chiefly to keep in view was the public interest, which would suffer if the wrong people were commemorated. In such an Annus Mirabilis as 1909, a nicer scrutiny should be applied to applicants who, in ordinary years, would be less severely criticised. They would now take the first case.

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER said that he appeared to support an application on behalf of the immortal memory of THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, the Radium Jubilee of whose death would fall on April 22.

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING. Should this application not come before the New Old Bailey? (*No laughter.*)

Mr. SWINBURNE. Never heard of BAYLY. What was he?

Mr. SHORTER. A poet. He wrote *I'd be a Butterfly, We met, 'twas in a Crowd, and She wore a Wreath of Roses.*

Dr. GRACE. I remember when I was a

lad at school that we had a rhyme which began like that:

She wore a wreath of roses,  
It was in the month of June,  
And we stood on the bridge at midnight  
Throwing snow! all at the moon.

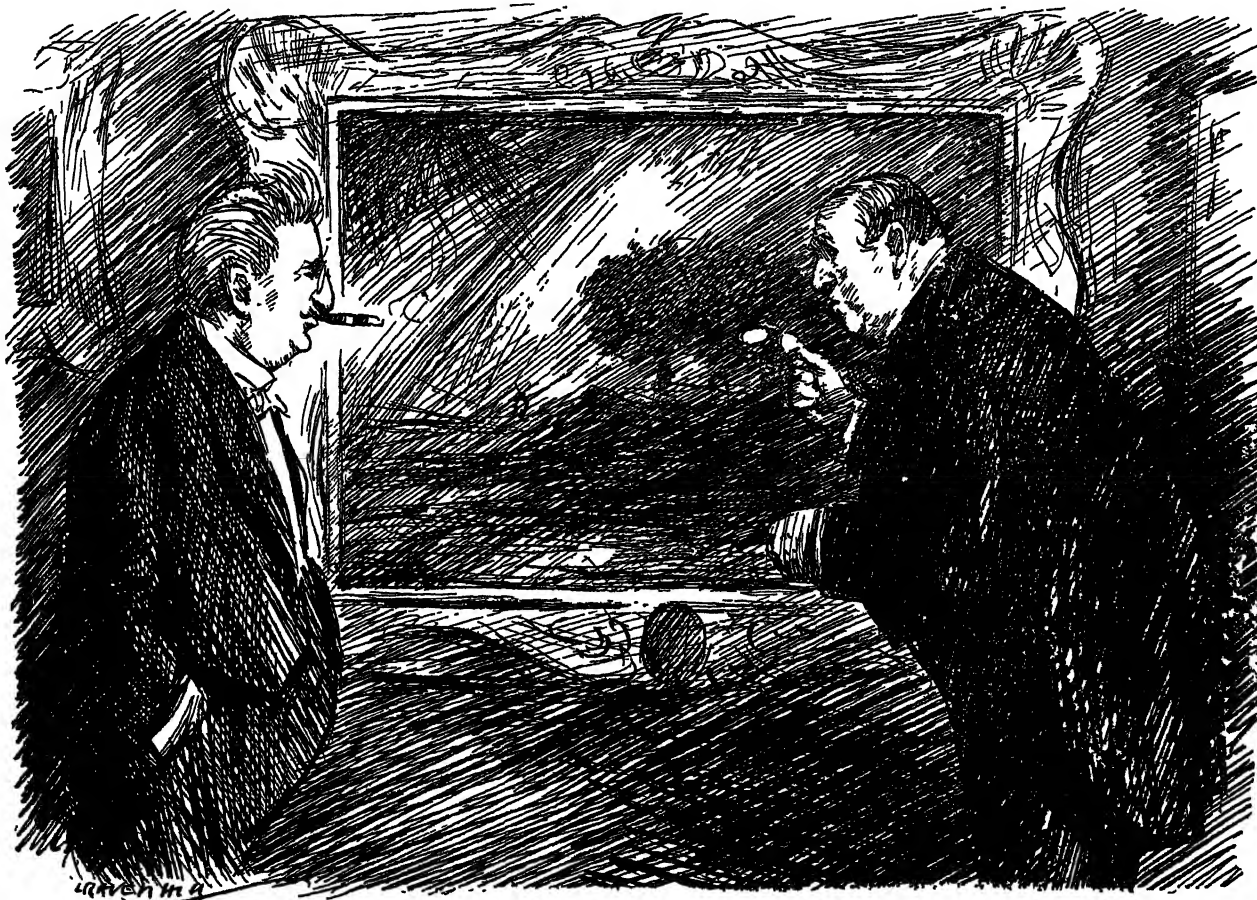
LORD AVEBURY. That sounds a little as if somebody had been making fun of the poem. At least it does not sound to me quite like a serious poem. Don't you think it is a joke, Mr. DARLING?

Mr. JUSTICE DARLING. I always thought it was a personal pronoun. (*The Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds laughs doubtfully. LORD AVEBURY looks perplexed.*)

Mr. SWINBURNE. You say that BAYLY was a poet. Did he write "desire" as a word of two or three syllables?

Mr. SHORTER. He never wrote it at all. He always called it love. His songs could be sung in any drawing-room.

LORD AVEBURY. Do you propose to call



"SO THIS IS YOUR FAMOUS REMBRANDT, EH? VERY FINE; BUT I SEE IT IS SIGNED 'RACHEL'"  
 "DOT IS ON ACCOUNT OF MEIN GREIDTORS. EVERTDING VOS IN MEIN WIFE'S NAME."

any evidence in support of your application?

MR. SHORTER: Only a little, my lord. I should like to call Mr. ANDREW LANG.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING (hurriedly)—  
 Man wants but little here below,  
 But wants that little LANG.

LORD AVEBURY. I think the last word should be "long," Mr. DARLING. It is not a Scotch poem.

MR. LANG, sworn, deponed that he knew THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY as a minor pre-and-very-early-Victorian poet, about whom he had once written an article. He desired to express no opinion on the eligibility of BAYLY for a Jubilee. But it seemed to him hardly in the best of taste to hold public rejoicings because a minimus poet had died seventy years ago. As a journalist he appreciated MR. SHORTER'S anxiety to have a page about BAYLY in *The Sphere* this April, instead of waiting for the centenary of his death in 1939, or the bi centenary of his birth in 1997. He understood, of course, that the writing of memorial articles was now an industry of considerable importance.

LORD AVEBURY. Perhaps, if you could quote some little thing written by the

applicant, it might clear the mind of the Court.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING (in a whisper). Perhaps it might clear the Court.

MR. ANDREW LANG. Let me see. Tum, tum, tum:—

Oh, no! we never mention her,  
 Her name is never heard;  
 Our lips are now forbid to speak  
 That once familiar word.

I cannot but recall her with  
 Some feelings of regret;  
 'Tis true she married Mr. Smith,  
 But ah! can I forget?

LORD AVEBURY. Thank you, Mr. LANG. I think I like the second verse best.

MR. LANG. I thought you would. I wrote the second verse myself. It always seems to me about the best thing that BAYLY never did.

MR. SWINBURNE. Does Mr. LANG claim to have written any more of BAYLY'S poems?

DR. GRACE. I think that is a very proper question. It would affect BAYLY'S place in the averages if he was allowed a substitute to hat for him.

MR. LANG. No. I wrote only that verse. I had no time to write any more of BAYLY.

LORD AVEBURY. Nevertheless, I think the application might be granted.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING. I concur, if Mr. SHORTER will enter into two sureties that THOMAS HAYNES' BAYLY is really dead, and that this application is not a publisher's device to boom some living poet of the same name.

DR. GRACE. Where was BAYLY born?

MR. SHORTER. At Bath.

DR. GRACE. Then he was nearly a Gloucester man.

At this point proceedings abruptly terminated, the Court being rushed by a band of minor poets carrying a banner with the devices "HONOUR THE LIVING" and "WE ARE STARVING."

#### From a G.W.R. Booklet.

"PRIVATE HOTEL AND BOARDING-HOUSE, NEWQUAY.  
 'One minute from Beach and Post Office,  
 and facing the German Ocean.'"

It is doubtful, however, if the invading army will really land at Newquay.

[N.B.—The above remark has not yet been licensed by the Censor of Plays, and may not, therefore, be sung or recited in any theatre.]





## OUR "AIRY NOTHING."

MR. HALDANE (*practising military aviation*). "SOMEHOW I DON'T SEEM TO BE FLYING AS NICELY AS I SHOULD LIKE. PERHAPS I GOT MY WINGS TOO CHEAP."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 22nd.*—When Orders of the Day were called on, PREMIER was in something that looked like tight place. Still harping on the many-stinged Address. Parliament met a little later than usual. After last year's experience, not disposed to make up for it by sitting on through August. Urgent business waiting. Ordinary assembly of picked men would without an hour's delay put their hand to it. Mother of Parliaments not an ordinary assembly. Of a possible maximum of twenty-five weeks in Session, to-night sees close of one passed in purposeless chatter. Nor is it ended yet. Practically two weeks, freshest of Session, will be appropriated for what no man who has heard the discussion, in less marked degree no one who has read report of it, would regard as of any practical advantage either to individuals or the State.

At end of July, when hours are precious, legislative work will be scamped or abandoned because there is no time to carry it through. Ministers would then give a peerage to any man who could restore this wasted fortnight. What would you? It's a way we have at Westminster. Consecrated by age, it will continue through all coming Sessions, renewing its youth like the eagle.

What happens to-night has by comparison some semblance of reality. Ever since Parliament elected there has been



"A RATHER WEAK GOVERNESS"  
(Mr. Birrell as described by Lord Dunraven)



### DEFERRED PREFERENCE

*The Prime Minister.* "Notice him? Of course I notice him! He remains the 'Dominating Issue,' but I've a lot of little things to see to before I get rid of him!"

promise of fight to a finish with House of Lords. Whilst he was yet with us, C.-B. longed to be at 'em, a desire not exceeded in earnestness by the mutual yearning of Sir RICHARD STRACHAN and the Earl of CHATHAM. Several times went very near naming precise date for opening fight. ASQUITH more cautious. Not less emphatic in denunciation, but vaguer in terms indicating period of settlement. Nevertheless, aggravated by rejection of Licensing Bill, he publicly invited the Liberal Party to "treat the veto of the House of Lords as the dominating issue."

"Very well," said the Liberal Party, and began to take its coat off with an alacrity that would have disconcerted Mr. Winkle.

When Session opened, eagerly turned to King's Speech in expectation of finding definite challenge written therein.

Not a word about it. So to night stalwarts below Gangway encourage PONSOMBY to raise flag of revolt, moved what PREMIER in opening sentence of reply was careful to point out was a Vote of Censure on the Government. Suppose it were carried, out would go the Ministry, and then where would you be?

Position certainly awkward. ASQUITH surmounted it with accustomed skill. Reiterated his denunciation of the Lords. But his proud spirit spurned dictation by them as to precise occasion or date of Dissolution. Hands still full of good work. Once it was fully fashioned, then let noble Lords look out.

When Division called, only 21 Radicals and Labour Members (helping to make a minority of 47) rallied round the pertinacious PONSOMBY, 225 approving the waiting policy dexterously expounded by the PREMIER.

*Business done*—Fifth night of debate on Address.

*Tuesday*—Good Unionists are beginning to look askance at Captain CRAIG. A grim story from Russia recently told how discovery had been made that a trusted member of secret society was actually what Mr. HILLS would call a Confederate, arranging with the Police attempted outrages. Can it be that the Member for East Division of Down has secret relations with Sr. AUGUSTINE, and at his Machiavellian suggestion discredits cause of Law and Order in Ireland by making it appear ridiculous at Westminster?

Suspicion absolutely unfounded. Nevertheless, uneasiness of Ulster Members to certain extent justified. To-day gallant Captain puts pistol to head of CHIEF SECRETARY, and insists upon knowing how many arrests were made in connection with the midnight attack on Lieutenant-Colonel VIVIAN RYAN-LENGAN's house, Castlefogarty. (The postal address seems borrowed from one of LEVER's novels.)

It turns out, according to police report, that "the midnight attack" was comprehended in the throwing of a stone through the window of unoccupied house.

Nothing daunted, CRAIG asks another. Wants to know how many arrests were made in connection with the disturbances at Thurles on Sunday, January 3? Again the matter-of-fact police report shows that "the outbreak" on the day named was occasioned by a number of small boys playing tin whistles and beating tin cans. Their desperate leader, aged 13, was summoned to Petty Sessions. Magistrate showed sense of enormity of offence by fining him a penny.

House laughs; those concerned for maintenance of peace in Ireland think it no laughing matter. It happens that these cases were gravely cited on threshold of debate on angry indictment of Irish Executive submitted with authority of Front Opposition Bench. How are mere Saxons, unimaginative folk with racial leaning towards accuracy of statement, logical conclusions, to distinguish between CRAIG's nightmare fancies and what are put forward by Earl PERCY as matters of fact, supporting his declaration that the present Government "in the name of justice to Ireland has taught her people to trample under foot both Liberty and Law"?



BUTCHER OF TRINITY.

"There is an undeniable exhilaration about slaughtering these literary Ministerial lambs which a profound study of the Classics had in no way—er—led me to anticipate—er!"

(Professor S H Butcher, M.P. for Cambridge University)

*Business done.*—Earl PERCY moves amendment to Address declaring condition of large portion of Ireland deplorable, and regretting that Ministers make no effective effort to restore the authority of the Law.



"SAY 'WHEN,' YE BASTE!!!"

"He (Mr. Asquith) will go down to history as the Prime Minister who couldn't say when"

(The Rt. Hon J. H. M. Campbell, K C., M.P.)

*Wednesday.*—Ireland again. Debate on PERCY's amendment continues. As yesterday, parties to debate are in direct conflict on simplest matters of fact. Whilst one side alleges that Ireland is in state of anarchy, with human lives imperilled and property at the mercy of a predatory peasantry, others declare that, so far from crime increasing, the country is, by comparison with Great Britain, in condition of almost absolute freedom from crime. Sr. AUGUSTINE supports latter assertion by quoting official returns showing state of affairs to-day and in 1886, when, Lord CARNARVON's secret conference with PARNELL coming to naught, the Crimes Act was passed by Unionist Government. At that time crime of all kinds, from murder to the writing of threatening letters, totalled in the police records 1,056 cases. In the present year they are, according to the same authority, only 576, a reduction of nearly fifty per cent.

Once more the mere Saxon throws up his hands in despair. Whom is he to believe? On which side does the truth lie?

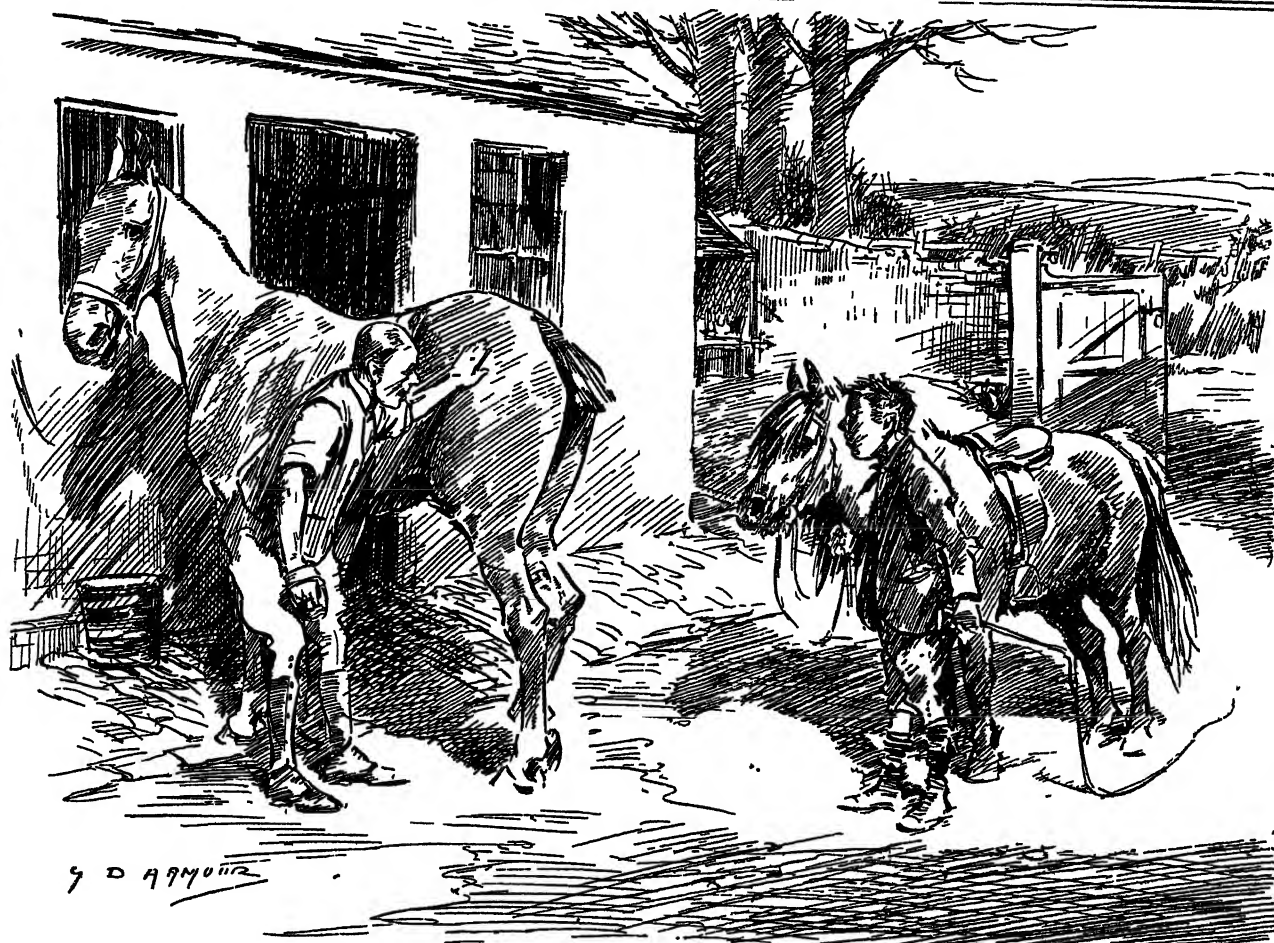
The Member for SARK, recently back from a tour in Ireland, says nothing is more difficult than to extort from an Irish peasant a simple statement bearing upon a matter however trivial, if he suspects ulterior design in what is actually innocent enquiry. Unlettered, ill clad, half-fed, he, with apparent deference that reaches height of perfect politeness, fences with the questioner. Voluble, humorous, he seems to be conveying the desired information. When the stranger goes his way and examines the replies extorted by what he regarded as rather skilful cross-examination, he finds the information either ludicrously misleading or hopelessly lacking in material.

This pleasing trait in Irish character has been in evidence during last two nights at Westminster. We troop now to Division Lobby, and upon our souls we don't know whether Ireland is as black as CARSON paints it or as bright as Sr. AUGUSTINE pictures it.

*Business done.*—Earl PERCY's amendment negatived by 336 votes against 118.

"Thirty-four persons entered the contest at 3d a head. The first prize-winner got 6s 10d, the second 3s 5d, and the rest was spent in beer among the competitors"—*The Star*.

When you work it out, it looks rather like a Temperance Pool.



Groom. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MASTER TOM! WHERE 'AVE YOU BEEN, GETTIN' YOURSELF ALL OVER MUD LIKE THAT?"

Master Tom. "WELL, DAD SAID I WOULDN'T BE A HORSEMAN TILL I'D HAD SEVEN FALLS, SO I THOUGHT I'D JUST GET IT OVER"

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—To crin or not to crin—that is the question! D'you see yourself, my dear, flounced to the waist, with a shawl worn pointed, and the spoon-bill bonnet of our grannies? There's *one* thing to be said for the crin, and even *that* can be said by only a select few of us—it *does* give a show to a decent foot and ankle. But the voting is mostly against it; and Bosh says if Wee-Wee adopts it he'll divorce her. I hear that one of our leading dramatists is at work on a crinoline-drama which he means to call *Molly Deforming Herself*!

The wave of patriotism that's going over the country is making me simply most immensely busy. Beryl Clarges and I are helping the military authorities for all we're worth by coaxing young men to learn to defend their country. We've set up such a snappy little recruiting station near here, and we take it in turns to go and help the recruiting sergeant to pull 'em in by offering a kiss, or a free pass to one of the music-halls;

or a seat for the Final Cup Match at the C. P. It's quite a nice feeling to be working so hard for one's country. We've got *heaps* of recruits; and I really do think that, by the time *Daily Thrills* declares war, we'll be ready for anything! But the 'fly in the ointment' is Beryl's jealous temper. Someone set going a story that on *my* days at the recruiting station they always choose a kiss, and on *her* days they declare for a music-hall or the Final Cup Match, and she's turned *quite* nasty about it.

What did you think of Norty's speech in the House the other night in answer to Mr. Crawley's proposal that we should abolish our Navy to please a certain foreign Power? We all think it quite his best effort. He means to use all his eloquence to prevent the Lords from being abolished. Isn't it a simply abominable idea? Poor dear things! To have one's income reduced or to lose by speculation are horrid misfortunes that some people have to endure; but to be abolished altogether! How would anyone cope with such a calamity as that? Norty has no *immediate* people to be affected by it, as I have; but he

says his cousin Middleshire and some of them were talking about it at the Dawdlers' the other night, and they decided that, if they were abolished, they'd ask for Old-Age Pensions. "But so few of them are old enough," I said. "What's *that* matter?" said Norty. "You've only got to *say* you're seventy, and you'll get it, even if you're in your twenties!" It seems to me that the brightest ray of hope for the Lords is this monster petition against their abolition that is being prepared in the U.S., and signed by lots of American heiresses, a deputation of whom, I hear, are to bring it across and present it.

Josiah's still in Central America—fact is he can't get away. There's been another revolution in San Bangador since he went, and they say now that if he'll pay so-and-so they'll make him Dictator. He's refused, and now he's hiding for fear they should make him Dictator by force. I don't quite approve of his refusing the Dictatorship. Think what a Dictatress I should have made, my dear! (I'm not sure what the duties would be, but I was most awfully good at dictation in my schoolroom days.)

There'd certainly have been thrills in it. But perhaps they'd soon have tired of us and murdered us, and that would be too big a thrill.

Of course I'm frightfully anxious about Josiah, though he is a *don'ter*. People tell me I ought to have all the amusement *poss* to prevent me from brooding, so I'm making an effort. For one thing I'm trying to train Norty's musical taste, which is—oh, simply awful! He actually likes MENDELSSOHN! Fancy, you know! "Why," I said, "MENDELSSOHN's voted trivial and middle-class to a degree nowadays. They've put comic words to one of the *Songs Without*, and are singing them in a panto. That shows what MENDELSSOHN's come to." "I don't care," was all that Norty said, "I like the old ones." So, to correct his taste, I took him to hear the famous Dr. Crotchet conduct his wonderful new Symphony that everyone's been raving about. But he wouldn't admire it, though I explained its scope and meaning most clearly. "Oh, I don't say it's not all right," he said, "and just what a symphony ought to be—a tiny little tune trying to peep out occasionally, and then all of them rushing at it and banging it to death—that's the idea in a symphony, I know—but it's not my style." He found fault, too, with Dr. Crotchet's conducting. "No Englishman can conduct," he said; "his self-respect comes in his way. Give me those foreign Johnnies that jump about like lunatics and seem to be grabbing up the music in handfuls and throwing it at the hand."

What a lot of boresome rot is being written about servants being impossible to get and not fit to keep when got! I can only say I don't suffer from the servant trouble; and nobody need who keeps a competent housekeeper and house-steward to look after them. But I believe I manage better than most people. As to servants being worse than they used to be, it's just a tra-la-la. Look at what *Hamlet* says—"Sharper than a servant's tooth it is"—to have a something or other, which *proves* that in SHAKESPEARE'S time servants were not only *bad*, but positively *dangerous*!

Oh, I must tell you—Stella's bringing out a book, *Domestic Management* by a Duchess. I ran in to see her the other day, and, having something particular to say, went into her dressing-room. Two of her maids were doing her hair; two more were polishing her nails; and she was dictating the last chapter of *Domestic Management* to a secretary, showing how a poor clerk's wife on thirty shillings a week might have every comfort for her home—and *save* as well! Wonderful creature, isn't she?

Ever thine,

BLANCHER.

## THE REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THERE is a story I read years ago, in which one of the characters is described continually as a brilliant wit, the most wonderful talker the world had ever seen. I believed in this fellow for a long time; until, in fact, he made an actual appearance in the book. Then he failed badly, for on being offered a chair by somebody he could only remark that he would be chary of accepting it. . . .

To describe your hero as the man with the best digestion in the world is one thing, to call him the wittiest talker is another; it is as bad, in certain circumstances, as to announce the heroine of your play to be a dancer who has captured all London by storm. This is what Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES did in *The Dancing Girl* when he wrote it eighteen years ago. He has brought it up to date for its revival at His



THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER QUAKES.

David Ives . . . Mr. LOUIS CALVERT.  
Drusilla Ives . . . Miss ALICE CRAWFORD.

Majesty's and, since there is only one style of dancing now, *Drusilla* dances barefoot, as the habit is at the Palace. And somehow, you know, I don't see Miss ALICE CRAWFORD at the Palace capturing all London by storm.

Mr. JONES has made other efforts to rejuvenate his play; for instance, he refers now to *The Daily Mail* and to Free Trade. (How pointless a joke about Free Trade would have been eighteen years ago!) But he cannot disguise its age. Act III., containing the Soliloquy of the Wicked Duke, or the Father's appeal to his Child, would betray it to anybody.

Mr. TREE, as the *Duke of Guisebury*, went through his part in a careless way which suited the character perfectly. He had a delightful air of having forgotten his words; which was, I am almost sure, the effect he intended to produce. I liked him best in his extremely amusing scenes with *Reginald Slingsby*. As *Reginald* Mr. VANE-TEM-

PEST was as funny in his own funny way as he has ever been. Mr. BASH GILL (the noble young man who is tempted) was just right in the First Act, but afterwards he seemed uncomfortable in a collar and a tweed suit. The great scene between him and *Drusilla* was particularly unreal; I don't quite know whose fault this was, but I don't think it was mine. Miss MARIE LÖNN played the cripple girl, and was, as *Grizel* (of *Tommy and Grizel*) would have said, "just sweet." M.

## FOLLOWING ALFONSO'S LEAD.

[The King of Spain was reported to have made a promise that he would not fly in an aeroplane at Pau.]

It is stated on good authority that Miss MAUD ALLAN has solemnly promised the PRIME MINISTER that she will never attempt tobogganing in her Salome costume.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, we are delighted to hear, has given Mrs. ROOSEVELT his sacred word of honour that during his African campaign in no circumstances will he wrestle with a gorilla.

We learn, with mingled feelings, that Mr. HALL CAINE has at the last moment cancelled his engagement to descend in a submarine at Portsmouth. It appears that at the eleventh hour he remembered that he had pledged his word to Mr. HEINEMANN never to run the risk of encountering a mermaid.

But the disappointments and inconveniences caused by the observance of those promises are as nothing compared with the overwhelming sense of despair which settled over all the South of England when the dread news was broken to the public that Sir Humbert Flare-Brusher, R.A., was unable to accept the invitation of Mr. Dexter to accompany him on an aerial voyage. For yesterday was a gorgeous morning at Bushey, and the world-renowned artist, who had kindly consented to the presence of many Bavarian, Finnish, Eskimo, Spanish and American reporters and photographers, arrived early on the Levitation ground where Mr. Felix Dexter was standing on the hurricane deck of his new spring-heeled air-yacht, the "Jump to Glory," the peculiarity of which is that it can at will either travel on the ground or leap into the air. Up to the last moment it was believed by the private secretaries, major-domo and valets of Sir Humbert Flare-Brusher, R.A., that he would make the ascent; but all expectations were finally dashed by the announcement made through a megaphone shortly before 11 o'clock yesterday morning. "I have never been so disappointed in my life," so ran this pathetic message, "as I was this morning when I was compelled to





Molly (on her first visit to London). "AUNTIE! WHAT A LARGE DOLLY THAT GENTLEMAN'S GOT!"

decline Mr. Dexter's tempting proposal. But the fact is that yesterday the agent who manages my lectures, a really noble-hearted fellow, declared that if I went up in the air-yacht he would refuse to act for me any longer, and I had no choice but to give way. What makes my disappointment all the more bitter is that I have just received a telegraphic round robin, signed by all my colleagues at the Academy, in which they say, 'By all means go up. Stout fellow! Don't hurry to come down.'"

After the delivery of the message Sir Humbert sat for about ten minutes in the car, while Mr. Dexter explained the way in which the windbags are worked. Sir H. showed a quite extraordinary quickness in mastering the complicated mechanism. Mr. Dexter, indeed, was so much impressed that he observed, "I have never seen any man who understood how to handle a windbag better;" and praise from Mr. Dexter is all the more valuable for its rarity. Sir Humbert subsequently entertained Mr. Felix Dexter and his brother Ambrose, or "Amby," as he is generally called, at luncheon, together with the Mayor of Bushey, Lord Uther Pupe, and Sir S. Weld-Head. During lunch Sir Humbert discussed continuously and with extraordinary acumen the effect produced

on the prices of contemporary pictures by motor cars, STRAUSS's operas, MAXIM's restaurant, the corner in wood-pulp, and the over production of Bavarian beer. During the morning no fewer than 600 photographs were taken of Sir Humbert, all of which will be reproduced on a colossal scale at his next lecture, "What I have done for Art single-handed."

#### The Great Brain at Work.

"The Oxford University crew made two journeys in unchanged order to Ifley yesterday, coached by Mr. Haldane."—*Daily Mail*.

The exact strategic purpose of this we shall not disclose.

"A foolish mistake occurred in the report of the Bishop of Durham's speech at the York Convocation, published in our issue of yesterday. The subject upon which his lordship spoke was not the ornaments of the Minister, but the ornaments of the minister."

*Liverpool Daily Post.*

Very unfortunate. Somebody must really have another try next week.

"S. P. S."—You are not entitled to be called "The Hon" because your sister has married a peer."—*Birmingham Daily Post*.

A nasty one for "S. P. S." He must write again about that cousin who married the Mayor.

#### The Journalistic Touch.

"A close personal friend of the King, Lord Duham was born only a few moments before his twin-brother."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

Amsterdam philanthropists have formed a society with the object of looking after persons who are found intoxicated in the streets. As, however, the society is, according to *The Evening Standard*, "self-supporting," there does not seem to be much in the idea.

"The Quay followed up with a fine rush up the field, and were within an acre of scoring."—*Flintshire County Herald*.

Of course a miss is always as good as an acre.

#### The Pink of Pronunciation.

"The ha'penny wits who have already started their verses about the French Grand National candidate, Lutteur III., making his name rhyme with "flutter," are warned that the "u" is long. Lutteur is French for wrestler, and the pronunciation is loo-teur."—*Sporting Times*.

Our contemporary must wrestle again with the language.

#### A Policy of Panic.

"I am one of those who hold—Radical as I am—that there is something to be said for one's country and for one's Empire."—*Speech by the Mayor of Battersea*.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AT various stages in my journey through Mr. H. G. WELLS's story *Tono-Bungay* (MACMILLAN) I found myself saying, "This is excellent. I must remember to point out that this is excellent." But by the time I had got on to the next chapter the impression of past excellence, or indeed of anything, had faded from my mind. In other words, *Tono-Bungay*, though it interested me immensely, took no sort of hold on me. This is because the hero and narrator, *George Ponderero*, is an unreal and (I fancy) unrealised person in whom it is impossible to believe. When *George* takes to flying machines, and I ought to feel instinctively that that is just what he would do, I can only remember that Mr. WELLS himself is rather keen on the subject. When I ought to trace a connection between *George* and his manner of expressing himself, I can only notice that he uses certain words which Mr. WELLS himself habitually and distinctively uses. Even when *George* breaks deliberately the sixth, seventh and eighth, indeed all the Commandments, he acquires no sort of personality in the process. Fortunately some of the minor characters are more real. *Beatrice Normandy*, *Aunt Susan*, and to a certain extent *Uncle Edward* (the inventor of *Tono-Bungay*) are well and truly drawn; they give an air of life to the story. It is a pity that such a remarkable book should not quite have come off. Had it been written in the third person it would, I fancy, have approached more nearly to complete success.

The 358 closely-printed pages of *In the Potter's House* (METHUEN) can hardly be described as easy reading, especially for one whose acquaintance with the beauties of the American language is as imperfect as my own. Happily, however, the charm of Mr. GEORGE

DYRE ELDRIDGE's style is greater even than the difficulty of his idiom. What position the writer holds in the literature of his country I do not know, but to English readers an inevitable comparison will present itself, for there is more than a suggestion of our Mr. HARDY in the force with which he has told this tale of life in a remote New England village fifty years ago. It is by no means against a pleasant background that he has set his drama of a woman and three men; the mental atmosphere of Padanaran is compounded in equal parts of Puritanism and scandal; but it is treated with a delicacy and a power that compel our almost unwilling interest. For a long time I wondered what there was in it all that recalled some half-forgotten bogie of childish reading. At last I realised the association. The people of Padanaran are simply the people of *The Wide Wide World* (that narrowest of romances!) looked at from without, and with the saving differences of sanity and humour. Perhaps it is this that gives to a story about them its half-fearful fascination. I question whether anyone will willingly lay this book aside unfinished.

In spite of his "unfailing intuition," "unfailing tact," and "long fine hands," I am convinced that *Cyprian Fielding*, the hero of *The Heart of a Gypsy* (DICKWORTH), was a silly man. While spending a holiday at an Exmoor parsonage he fell in love with the rector's adopted daughter, *Meridiana Pharaoh*; but *Di* (as she was usually and mercifully called) divided her love between *Cyprian* and the Beech-tree under which she had, in her infancy, been abandoned by her mother. The Beech-tree, if it did not actually talk, was no ordinary tree, and in any case, with a rival so deaf to argument and persuasion, I think that *Cyprian* might have been excused if, like CÆSAR's enemies, he had sought safety in flight. But he preferred to go searching for trouble when he took *Di* to London, and allowed her to be bullied by his ambitious step-mother and jealous *Lady Winifred Turton*. The result of his conduct in this case was simple pandemonium, and, although for the disasters which followed the shameless Beech-tree was chiefly responsible, I cannot give *Cyprian* a testimonial for either tact or intuition. Miss ROSAMOND NAPIER writes delightfully of Exmoor, but her attempt to combine a fantastic idyll with a tale of life in London is more courageous than effective.



Artist. "COULD YOU THINK OF ANY SUITABLE QUOTATION TO GO WITH MY PICTURE?"

Friend. "WELL, WHAT ABOUT SHELLEY'S LINES?"

'HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT,  
BIRD THOU NEVER WERT!'

charmed by his method as well as informed by his narrative: *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*. But when he leaves behind him the eighteenth century and the great romantic days when art still kept alive the vital tradition of artificial presentment, and had no care for "illusion," then all his gaiety and lightness of touch seem to desert him; he trends warily and portentously among his contemporaries, as one who fears to stumble on an indiscretion, and we begin to weary of the way and to turn an unwilling ear to his expositions. Is our modern theatre, then, really so dreary? Or is it that we must wait until our dramatists and players have receded further into the perspective before the historian may with seemliness present them to us as beings living and moving in just relation to the forces and conditions which surround them?

"It is believed that the robbery must have taken place after midday on February 20, when the treasure was certainly intact, and before 2 o'clock on the afternoon of February 22, at which time the discovery was made."—*Daily Chronicle*.

The author of *Sherlock Holmes* has not lived in vain.

## CHARIVARIA.

MR. ROOSEVELT is no longer President of the United States, and a certain Emperor is said not to be sorry. In his opinion the fellow attracted too much attention.

The Aldeburgh Territorial Artillery is compelled to drill on Sunday, that being the only day on which horses are available. The same restriction, we take it, would apply to fighting. Fortunately our relations with Germany are now so friendly that it will no doubt be possible to enter into an arrangement with that country whereby Aldeburgh shall not be attacked on a week-day.

Many persons were surprised to read, the other day, that a deputation had waited on the PREMIER to urge a minimum wage for clerks. It had been imagined that most of them were already in receipt of it.

All postal officials have been notified that Suffragette living letters to Cabinet Ministers are to be refused in future. We think that an exception might be made on Valentine's Day.

MR. HALDANE informed the Savage Club that the War Office was "not a bed of roses." Still some of them manage to get a little sleep there.

"What the Two-Power standard is I have never yet heard anyone accurately define," says Sir PERCY BUNTING. "The only thing to do is to take care that the Government is well imbued with Liberal peace principles." As a mark of gratitude for this sentiment Sir PERCY BUNTING, we hear, is shortly to be elected an Honorary German.

The Peace Party is falling foul of Mr. HALDANE. This Party does not object to our Army as it is, but considers it may become a source of danger if Mr. HALDANE persists in making it more efficient.

A proposal to instal a water service in Dunmow Workhouse for use in case of fire has been negatived by the Guardians on the ground that the Workhouse may shortly be abolished. It will be interesting to see which does it first—legislature, or fire.

A cyclist writes to a contemporary to

said the other. That order was misunderstood.

Mr. Justice GRAMHAM, who has a sleigh, is said to be keenly indignant at the celerity with which the snow is removed from the streets of London, and it is possible that a mass meeting of London sleigh-owners may be called to protest against the scandal.



Patience's Wife. "WELL, DOCTOR, I SAY IT'S INFLUENZA. WHAT'S YOUR HUMBLE OPINION?"

suggest that pedestrians should carry lights at night-time. In our opinion they should also be required to ring a bell when overtaking a cyclist.

Quite a little girl was watching the snow fall. "Oh, mummy," she cried, "I wish the snow would stop: it makes the air so untidy."

And a small boy was threatening another with a snowball. "Chuck it!"

practice have attained the positions of experts in the pastime"—*The Scotsman*. Mr. Punch's Representative has been frequently on the floor at Olympia, but never once mistook his position for that of an expert.

## A Hunting Crop.

"Within half an hour a dog fox fell a victim. The crop was presented to Master Cuvaret."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*. Yes, but who got the gizzard?

## A Bold Statement.

"The official announcement regarding the uncertainty of the King's cruise in the Mediterranean indicates that there is uncertainty as to the future plans of the King"—*Westminster Gazette*.

"The streets are deep in slush or in the icy mud which is manufactured by the Liberal use of salt."—*Daily Mail*.

Tariff Reform means less salt and slush for all.

"Off the first ball, on resuming after lunch, Gregory got Vernon twice past point to the boundary."—*Melbourne Argus*.

It is nice to think that the reporter really enjoyed his lunch.

"The patrons of the American Roller Skating Rink at Murrayfield are faithful in their attendance at the establishment, and almost nightly there are to be seen on the floor ladies and gentlemen who by regular

## TO BETTY IN "RUBBERS."

THIS is the month— or should have been—  
 When modest overtures of green  
 Lend an elusive charm to brake and briar;  
 When papers bulge with poets' rhymes,  
 And "Old Etonian" tells *The Times*  
 That he has heard the early cuckoo (liar!)

This is the moon that ushers Spring,  
 And makes the Young Man want to sing,  
 And turns his Object's heart a touch less chilly;  
 'This is that March that wakes the dead,  
 And lo! the hare goes off its head  
 And takes to dancing with the daffodilly.

I, too, I modify my tone  
 Conformably with Nature's own,  
 Assume a gayer garb, a jaunter carriage—  
 And, as you may remember, dear,  
 At this peculiar time of year  
 I offer you my annual self in marriage.

But somehow—this will be a blow—  
 I fear that you may have to go,  
 These Ides of March, without your usual greeting  
 (That is the date I've always fixed,  
 Because it falls halfway betwixt  
 His roaring *entrée* and his exit bleating).

This year he loosely overlooks  
 The statement in the copy-books  
 Which represents him coming like a Lion;  
 He enters as a Polar Bear,  
 Whistling a pale and Arctic air,  
 And Heaven alone can say what note he'll die on.

I hear my Betty hint that Love,  
 Warmed from within, should rise above  
 Considerations based upon the weather;  
 To which my lips (of steely blue)  
 Send back the answer, "So I do;  
 I rise above 'em, Betty, like a feather."

My soul has pinions which ignore  
 The state of earth's revolting floor,  
 Where people pound through slush with squelchy  
 splashes;  
 But, frankly, I remarked your feet  
 Last Friday slithering down the street,  
 And, oh! I cannot love you in goloshes! O. S.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.*)

*Little Arthur.* Papa, do you make money?

*Papa.* Well, ah—um, yes; every now and then—just a little here and there; not as much as I should like to make, of course. But still I do manage to make both ends meet.

*L. A.* Then, Papa, you want to make a great deal of money, do you?

*Papa.* Of course I do. How do you suppose I'm going to keep the family going without money? There's your mother and Mabel, and there's you, and the servants, and the house.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I know; but does everybody want to make money?

*Papa.* Yes, everybody—at least every sensible man does.

*L. A.* Is Mr. Harding a sensible man?

*Papa.* What, the Vicar? Of course he is; one of the most sensible men I ever met; a great influence for good in the parish.

*L. A.* But Mr. Harding doesn't want to make money.

*Papa.* What do you mean, my boy?

*L. A.* Well, you gave me his sermon to read, you know, Papa, and it says (*reading from printed sermon*): "The rage for money-making is the curse of the age. In the grip of this monster men forget the things of the spirit. Life becomes a mere, mad race for wealth." That's what it says, Papa, and there's a lot more.

*Papa.* Oh, ah, yes, I daresay, but Mr. Harding is a clergyman, you know; he's a very good man, of course, but not quite *practical*.

*L. A.* But, Papa, you said he was one of the most sensible men you ever met.

*Papa.* Oh, yes, he's certainly sensible; a fine scholar and all that.

*L. A.* Then, Papa, I suppose sensible men are not practical. Is that what you mean, Papa?

*Papa.* Oughtn't you to be going out for your walk, now? (*Looking at his watch.*) Why, bless me, it's past eleven.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I know; but I'm not to go out till half-past eleven to-day. Papa!

*Papa.* Yes, my boy, what is it?

*L. A.* Oughtn't you to give up trying to make money?

*Papa.* Ha, ha! And where would you be if I did, I wonder?

*L. A.* I don't know, Papa; but if money-making is really the curse of the age, aren't you doing a dreadful thing, Papa?

*Papa.* Now, look here, Arthur, you mustn't talk nonsense.

*L. A.* But that's what Mr. Harding said in his sermon.

*Papa.* I know, I know; but I've told you before—Mr. Harding is a clergyman, and clergymen don't always look at these things in a practical way; they're not men of the world.

*L. A.* But is it better to be a man of the world than to be a clergyman?

*Papa.* Well, in certain things, perhaps, a little worldly wisdom isn't a bad thing.

*L. A.* But, Papa, Mr. Harding says (*reading*):—"Men must be brought to recognise that there is a wisdom which is not of this world, and that it is far higher and better than the wisdom of the worldling." Are you and I worldlings, Papa?

*Papa.* No, certainly not. What a preposterous notion!

*L. A.* But you're not a clergyman, Papa, are you?

*Papa.* No, I never was.

*L. A.* Then what are you, Papa?

*Papa.* A sensible man, I hope.

*L. A.* But Mr. Harding is a sensible man too, isn't he? You know you said so, Papa; and so you and he are the same. But you want to make money, and Mr. Harding thinks that is a curse. Doesn't Mr. Harding make any money, Papa?

*Papa.* Well, there's the living, you know—£400 a year—and he writes books and articles. Yes, he makes a little, too.

*L. A.* But perhaps he means that it's all right to make a little, but you mustn't go on after that. Papa, did you ever eat locusts and wild honey?

*Papa.* No, certainly not; who ever heard of such a thing?

*L. A.* Because Mr. Harding says (*reading*): "In these days it seems to have become the mark of good society to spend one's substance in riotous living. It is our duty to call men back to the simpler life, to remind them that great thoughts may be thought and great lives lived on a diet of locusts and wild honey." That's what he says.

*Papa.* Does he? Well, it's half-past eleven now, so you'd better trot away, or there'll be trouble.

## Decline of the Legal Profession.

"WANTED, solicitor, experienced in laundry or dye works, to drive wagon."—*The Vancouver World.*





### HIS INDEPENDENCE DAY.

MASTER BILLA TAIT "THEY SAID I SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET ALONG WITHOUT MY TEDDY BEAR—BUT I'LL SHOW 'EM!"







Servant. "PLEASE, MUM, I WANTED T'ARST YOU, MIGHT WE HAVE A LITTLE JAM IN THE KITCHEN NOW AND THEN TO EASE THE BUTTER?"

### THE "FIND"-SEEKERS.

(A Sketch in Caledonian Market.)

TIME: 11 o'clock on a Friday morning. A bitter N.-E. wind, with sleet changing to snow. Mrs. Thomas Grabham-Tyddler alights from a taxi-cab, and enters the gates, followed by Mr. G.-T. in a fur-lined coat with the collar turned up, and a tweed cap. He carries a small hand-bag with depressed resignation.

Mrs. G.-T. Now mind, Tom, you leave all the bargaining part to me. I do wish you had on a shabbier coat. I put on all my oldest things on purpose, and if I talk with a Cockney twang, they'll never know I'm not a dealer.

Mr. G.-T. All right, Dolly. Though why on earth you brought me up to this beastly place on such a rotten mornin' is beyond me. What?

Mrs. G.-T. Why, you dear old silly, I told you! Friday's the best day for it. There's simply no telling what treasures we mayn't pick up. Honor Hyndlegges got a perfectly heavenly dressing-case here last week, silver fittings and everything, for only thirty-seven-and-six. It would have been at least ten guineas in any shop!

Mr. G.-T. I say, that must be rot, you know! Why should they let it go so cheap as all that?

Mrs. G.-T. Oh, they may have special reasons, and, you see, as it's sold in open market, it's quite all right, however they came by it.

Mr. G.-T. Ah! Wonder you didn't make me bring along a sack instead of this satchel affair.

[They pass down an alley of vacant cattle pens till they come to a mat on which is displayed a collection of bric-à-brac, consisting, among other equally valuable articles, of a bird-cage partly filled with garden snails; a deplorable tall hat, from which the salesman is carefully brushing the snowflakes; a faded croquet stick; a rusty skate; a Tantulus spirit-stand without its decanters; a case which has evidently once contained curling-irons; a headless terra-cotta statuette; a stuffed perch in a broken glass case; and a horrible life-sized waxen head, with glass eyes and only one cheek.]

Salesman (chilly, but hopeful). 'Ere y'are! Any price yer like! Sort 'em art cheap. The ole firm for qualitec!

Mr. G.-T. Well, of course, I don't know, Dolly, but I can't believe there's much in his little lot that wasn't honestly come by.

Mrs. G.-T. No. I don't see anything here I should really care for. Let's go on. (They pass on.) Ah, here is something really good. I do love Old Sheffield!

[She examines a pair of tall candlesticks.]

Mr. G.-T. (sceptically). How d'you know they're old?

Mrs. G.-T. Of course they're old. Why, you can see where the copper's come through! (To vendor.) 'Ow much for these, mister?

Vendor. A quid, lydy. Couldn't 'ave better stuff. Clean up luvly, it will!

Mrs. G.-T. But will it? Some Old Sheffield won't, you know. Er, that is— 'Oo are you getting at?

Vendor. Ah, I see you know a bit, me dear. In the tride yeaself, mos' likely. (*Delight of Mrs. G.-T.*) When yer gits yer livin' orf o' this sort o' stuff, yer barnd to know sumfin' abaut it, ain't yer? Some on it won't clean up—that's right enough; but this will. Look 'ere! (*He cleans a small space in a primitive fashion with a very dirty finger.*) Ain't that wurf a quid?

Mrs. G.-T. (*in a whisper to her husband*). It's worth at least double that! (*To Vendor.*) 'Ow, gow on! Fifteen shillin's my proice!

Vendor. You're crule 'ard on me—but there, seein' you're one of Us—

[Mr. G.-T. produces the money, and the candlesticks are with some difficulty stuffed in his side pockets.

Mrs. G.-T. And now, Tom, I shall go and prow! about all on my little lone—you can wait for me over there by the clock tower. (*An interval, after which she returns triumphant.*) Just look at this—I picked it out of a lot of old rubbish on a stall—for only seven-and-six, frame and all! The silly woman had no idea what it really was.

Mr. G.-T. Seems like a sort of an illuminated text or something. What?

Mrs. G.-T. You goose! It's been torn out of some old missal, and it's worth pounds and pounds! But you never did understand anything about Art. Be careful how you carry it. What's this man got?

[*She stops by a kerbstone on which some metal objects are arranged. A portly person with a Gladstone bag suddenly kneels down and examines these critically.*

The Portly Person (*inspecting a mortar of ancient appearance*). What are you asking for this? (*To an apathetic young Israelite in charge.*) Fifty shillings, eh? Well, I expect you'll get it. Very fine example—don't know that I've ever seen a better. Make you an offer for it myself—but, with trade as bad as it is,—well, good mornin'!

[*Rises, and departs with his bag.*

Mrs. G.-T. (*hurrying after her husband*). Tom, I want two sovereigns—quick. No, don't you come with me.

[*She returns to the young Israelite, and, after some bargaining, secures the mortar for twenty-seven-and-six.*

The Y. I. (*handing her half-a-crown*). 'Ereth your change, lady.

Mrs. G.-T. (*firmly*). I want another half sovereign, please.

The Y. I. Lumme, tho yer do. What am I thinkin' of? Thorry—my miltake! [*Laughter from bystanders.*

A Sympathetic Onlooker (*by way of apology*). The flurry o' the moment! [*Mrs. G.-T. rejoins her husband with her prize.*

Mr. G.-T. But what's the good of a mortar to you, Dolly? It hasn't even got a pestle!

Mrs. G.-T. What does it matter when it's an antique? You can see the date on it. I can't make out quite whether it's 1328 or 1528, because it's so encrusted with age, but it must have come out of some museum. And I distinctly heard a dealer say it was well worth fifty shillings. So I don't think twenty-seven-and-six could have been dear. Do you?

Mr. G.-T. Daresay not. I say, see that pair of china figures that fellow's just taken out of his cart? How'd they do for the drawing-room, eh? I've a jolly good mind to ask what he'll take for 'em. (*After doing so.*) Look here, Dolly, he wants thirty bob, and I've only a sov. left. Can you let me have the other ten shillings?

Mrs. G.-T. You really are too funny as a judge of china, Tom! Why, they're perfectly hideous, with those wagging heads and hands, too! I wouldn't have them in my drawing-room—they're only fit for a grocer's shop-window. And thirty shillings for them! Absurd!

Mr. G.-T. Well, I rather like 'em, somehow—you might spare me just ten bob!

Mrs. G.-T. Indeed, I'm not going to encourage you in flinging away money on such rubbish! And he's sure to take a pound if you offer it him—and that's a good deal more than they're worth!

[*Mr. G.-T. offers the Vendor a sovereign.*

Vendor. Forty bob I'm arskin', guv'nor. An' wurf it. I'm 'ere to sell, I am. I can't give 'em yer!

A Quiet Man with a big bag. Take 'em at thirty bob.

[*He departs with one figure in the bag, and the other tucked under his arm.*

Mrs. G.-T. There, Tom—it's lucky you've got me to keep an eye on you. I've saved you at least a sovereign! (*Later*) Dear me, isn't that Mr. Thuriel Spier over there? I thought so. But how fortunate. He knows more about old things than any man in London. I must show him all my treasures!

Mr. G.-T. Ah, and get 'em vetted. What?

Mr. T. S. (*languidly, after greetings*). Old Sheffield? Yes, there are one or two people here who sometimes have some really good pieces—most of it, you know, is just got up to suit this particular market. Oh, those—yes, very nice indeed, late Georgian design. . . . Really, I couldn't give an opinion. . . . Well, candidly, I shouldn't say they're very old. . . . And you picked up this too, eh? Very decorative, and the colour charming—so clear. Of course you saw at once it's one of those process reproductions. Oh, quite worth getting, I daresay. . . . I could hardly tell you—but possibly, with the frame, it wouldn't be so very dear at a shilling. . . . Ah, a mortar, eh? And dated, too? Interesting—quite interesting—they cast these things from first-rate originals, and so well that, until you get the dirt off, you would hardly know they weren't antiques. . . . Oh, no, every now and then you do come upon wonderful finds here. For instance, only a few minutes ago I met a little man I know—a dealer of sorts—with a pair of seated Chinese figures with movable heads and hands—he'd seen 'em being unloaded from a van, and spotted 'em at once. Another fellow was after 'em, but he wouldn't go to more than a sovereign, so my little man nipped in and got 'em for thirty shillings. He showed 'em to me, and they really were wonderful. Ming of the best period—and in perfect condition—probably looted from Peking. Worth? Well, I offered him fifty pounds—but he said he hoped to get a hundred at least. And I shouldn't wonder if he does. Now, dear lady, if only you had happened to be on the spot instead!

Mrs. G.-T. (*in a small voice*). Yes—it was rather unfortunate. Though er-Mink is not a period I go in for. And now I think we must be getting home. Good-bye, Mr. Spier, so glad to have met you.

F. A.

MUSICAL NOTE.—A Dresden paper notes with more regret than surprise that the eminent conductor, Herr von SCHUCH, is suffering from a severe sprain in his arm as the result of directing the performances of RICHARD STRAUSS's *Elektra*. Herr von SCHUCH ought to be grateful that he has not been Elektracuted.

From a chatty letter in *The Irish Independent* :—

"This extremely rare plant has an acinaceiform leaf, sessile and emplexical, while the lamina is gibbous and limiate. The flowers have no calyx, which is replaced by a caduceus perianth. The polypetalous corolla is caryophyllaceous."

This plant was discovered in Mayo, and naturally the inhabitants have boycotted it.

#### Rowing Notes.

"On the outward journey they had a wait of fifteen minutes at the Pike and Eel whilst repairs were done, after which they continued to the locks in two pieces."—*Daily Mirror*.

The British workman again.

## A VIEW OF MODERN LIFE; OR, THE NEW EDITING.

THIS article by Mr. Bellary Hilloc, which we print after submitting it to a censorship mindful of the law of libel, contained certain accusations against certain public persons, accusations which we believe to be true. Mr. Hilloc, who wanted notoriety at any price, was exceedingly unwilling that we should publish his article without these accusations, and in order to prove that he, at least, has the courage of his convictions, we have adopted the form in which the article at present appears. We do this, in spite of the perfect idiocy of the result, the more willingly since it demonstrates to our easily persuaded mind how in this country the law of libel aids that very obscuring of facts to which Mr. Hilloc refers—that obscuring of facts which is one of the most serious of modern tendencies.—Ed., *The Bungay Review*.

Painful though it is to me as a convinced Liberal to have to denounce the leader of my own Party, I can only say, to adapt the immortal phrase, *Amicus Asquith, magis amica veritas*. The PREMIER is a man of fine intellect and a polished phrase-maker, but his ——— fill me with ———.

But what are we to say of his colleagues? Can we expect manliness from ———, who openly confesses to being a teetotaler, or consistency from Mr. ———, who prefers port to beer? The insufferable insolence of Mr. ——— is a byword in Lancashire, and the scandal attaching to ——— has become so notorious that the LORD CHANCELLOR ———.

But the condition of society is no better. In the very heart of Mayfair we are confronted with unspeakable atrocities. The ——— of ———, it is an open secret, poisoned his father, his mother, and his first wife, Lord ——— was once found ———. And why did he get his peerage? For paying ———. But the male sex have no monopoly of iniquity. Lady ——— was twice arrested for theft last season, and only escaped a severe sentence by bribing the ———.

Mrs. ———'s tiara ———. Lady ——— is a pyromaniac, and when she was at Goodwood ———.

Turning to literature (so-called), what do I see? Insincerity, jobbery and corruption everywhere. Could there be a worse example of the success that is made by nepotism than that of Mr. ———? I do not hesitate to say that *etys eounpreq iunxle wewor oñu suedo ieyeo wepqzoeo iurpoñ mlee*, and I go even further, and say also that *weyzeoe onseuñm expeuures iunoeñ iendurw sedionoe aqqiñu nruu onseñ weuñxe qouueq exjossse weesñe uñiñp*. What kind of reply can Mr. ——— make to that? None. Again, take the case of Mr. ———. Everyone knows that he has spent several hundred



## OUR SPOILT BARBARIANS.

*Young Blood*. "SORRY I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE A DANCE TO-NIGHT, BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE PILKINGTONS ON FRIDAY I MIGHT MANAGE TO FIT YOU IN THERE."

pounds annually for some time in chicken and champagne for reviewers, the most notorious of whom is Mr. ———. But I have said enough. You now know, if you never knew before, that the honest literary men can be counted on the fingers of one jolly hand.

And the stage. How ghastly is its condition! Look at the recent successes: of The ——— at the ——— Theatre; of ——— at the ——— Theatre; of ——— at the ——— Theatre; of ——— at the ——— Theatre, to name no others. Look at them all and shudder at the appalling trough in which our actor-managers wallow, particularly Mr. ——— and Mr. ———. These I brand first of all.

In short, all modern life is rotten to the core. But thank goodness one Anglo-German editor and one Anglo-French publicist at any rate have a little courage left.

## The French "Intensive Culture" System.

### WHAT IT COSTS.

"WANTED, Two French Ladies to exchange Conversational Lessons for Two University Students."—*Adit. in "The Western Mail."*

## An Ungallant Swain.

"Will the lady who left two bunches of violets for a Tariff Reformer on St. Valentine's Eve kindly call again on Tuesday morning next?"—*Adit. in "The Times."*

Does he want her to remove them?

## THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

[IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE AUTHOR.—Truth, it has often been said, is stranger than fiction. On the other hand, fiction is generally more interesting than truth. Realising this, and also that times are hard, Mr. Punch has conceived the idea of presenting to his subscribers a short hebdomadal *résumé* (as Parisians say) of the events of the week, in the guise of a story. To this end he has made arrangements with one of our leading—with the present writer, to contribute in serial form a novel of actual life, in the hope that this will enable his readers to economise by dispensing in future with their ha'penny morning paper.]

## THE WAGGING WORLD.

(NOTE.—You can start this story NOW—or not, just as you like.)

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

Baron Novoscotavitch, one of the Under Secretaries at the Servian Foreign Office. He is engaged in an important correspondence with the Austrian Foreign Office, demanding compensation for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. His last letter was accidentally addressed to—

J. A. Smith, the Secretary of the Scottish Rugby Union. It is believed to have begun, "My Dear Smith," but the contents are as yet a secret.

R. W. M. Arbuthnot, the Cambridge spare man. He has been forced to resign his position at the stroke thwart, owing to the threats of the Confederates, the leader of whom is generally supposed to be—

George Redford, the famous Censor.

Hamilear Harmsworth, an anonymous donor of £10,000 to the Territorials, for enlistment in which

William Tuft has just been rejected on account of insufficient chest measurement. William, however, is in no wise daunted, and joins the training ship *Mercury*, where he comes under the care of

C. B. Fry, who is definitely going to play for Hampshire this season. (Official.)

Menial Manners, a young and lovely parachutist.

Caroline Nation.

Alfred, a German waiter disguised as a Swiss waiter.

And a few more.

## CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND THIRTEEN.

On a typical morning in March two men might just have been seen walking along the Embankment. The scene spread before them (and partly over them) was a familiar one to the Londoner. On the right hand, as far as the eye could see, a black waste of snow; on the left hand a river of mud; on the collar—

At this moment the fog lifted, and the

two travellers paused to look about them.

"The L.C.C.," began the elder deliberately, "be——"

"My dear Smith," interrupted the other, "it has nothing to do with the L.C.C. It's the Borough Councils."

"Anyhow," said his companion, "you can't deny that the L.C.C. rate has gone up three farthings. And that's what you call Municipal Reform."

"A legacy of the Wastrels," retorted the younger, angrily. "If it hadn't been for them . . ."

A clock chimed the hour slowly and methodically.

"Listen," said the first man. He held up his hand for silence, and counted the strokes as they fell. "Eleven! The hour has come."

"What hour?"

"The hour, my dear MARRIOTT," replied his companion, "when we may begin to celebrate the centenary of the poet BUNN."

## CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND FOURTEEN.

[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER: The L.C.C. rate has gone up three-farthings. On the other hand this continues to be a week of anniversaries. But the weather is beastly.]

(NOTE.—You can go on with the story now.)

Let us however return to the A.B.C. shop where we left our hero. Scarcely had the door shut behind his rival when he drew a letter from his pocket, and once more with perplexed brow strove to master its contents. It was written in a foreign language, but, thanks to the training which preparation for the preliminary examination of *The Evening News* Scholarship Scheme had given him, he had no difficulty in translating it as follows:—

"My dear SMITH,—I must say I don't quite like the tone of your last letter. I thought we had decided to leave the question of compensation for the loss of Bosnia and Herzegovina in the hands of the other Powers for arbitration. Why then do you suddenly suggest that a trifling payment of three shillings a day constitutes an act of professionalism? Please let me know at once whether you intend to turn up on the 20th, as I want to mobilise our army. This is positively my last word on the subject. Yours sincerely,

"C. J. B. NOVASCOTAVITCH."

"What does it mean?" said our hero aloud to himself, as he put the letter away and stared out of the window at the fog and snow. "What indeed does anything mean?"

"Well," cheerfully said the little man who sat opposite him, "Tariff Reform means——"

"Yet what does anything matter now that STUART is at stroke again?"

The little man made no answer. In-

stead he began to cut into the scone which he had ordered.

"Talking of Norwegian granite," he said, as he took a bite.

Our hero was in no mood for frivolous conversation. He rang for his bill, and when the waitress had given it him he picked up his photograph of Mr. SCOTT-DICKSON and made for the cash desk.

"What are you going to do for the women?" the waitress called after him reproachfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and, returning, placed twopence underneath his plate.

Once outside, he made his way through the slush to Putney, where the Cambridge crew were just embarking, FAIRBAIRN being still at the bow thwart. "The Army Aeroplane. Record Descent at Aldershot," shouted a paper boy near him, and beckoning to the lad he purchased an evening journal, and hastily scanned the Society column for the latest news of Father VAUGHAN's dreams. Then an announcement in large type met his eye, and he staggered back.

"Heavens!" he cried, "the House of Lords has been threatened again!"

## CHAPTER ONE MILLION AND FIFTEEN.

[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER: Tariff Reform means more letters to my dear SMITH, and STUART at stroke and bow.]

(NOTE.—This is going to be the last chapter this week.)

In a boudoir in Central Glasgow a young and lovely girl was resting idly on a couch. Outside the snow fell pitilessly, but inside the room the fire burnt brightly enough. Waking suddenly from her reverie the girl sighed, and then rose and skated gracefully across the apartment to her writing desk. She sat down and drew the telephone towards her.

"Are you there?" she said. "I want Minus 2113 Central. . . . Hallo, are you Minus 2113? . . . What? . . . Gone abroad, has he? What, Spain? . . . Thank you."

She put the receiver back and took out a sheet of notepaper. Then dipping a jewelled fountain-pen in the ink she began,

"My dear SMITH,—

(WARNING.—To be continued next week with any luck.)

[NOTE.—We greatly regret to announce that further instalments of this exciting story have been prohibited by "The Follies."—EDITOR.] A. A. M.

"There was no criminal business at the Wicklow Spring Assizes yesterday, and the Lord Chief Justice congratulated the grand jury and the people at large on the circumstance."—*Daily Graphic*.

The people who were still "at large" had probably already congratulated themselves on the circumstance.



**ACCOMMODATION FOR BIRD AND BEAST.**

**MR. REYNARD**, The Spinney, Belvoir, has vacancies for several young chickens in his old-established organism. References from any farmer in the neighbourhood.

To DUCKS, WATER-RATS, ETC.

**NO MORE WET FEET.**—By investing in the Anti-Rheu Rubber Shoes all evil consequences of getting the feet wet, to which ducks, water-rats, otters, etc., are so liable, are wholly removed. Rheumatism a thing of the past.—Apply, The Factory, Bootle.

**N150.**—Compact Freehold Bijou Residence for Sale; price 150 nuts; conveniently situated in a hole in a warm bank. Would suit young married dormice.—Apply, "D.," The Seven Sleepers Road, N.

**STOAT**, of sociable tastes, anxious to secure partner for sporting rights in Essex estate; last year's bag, 50 water-hens, 400 rabbits.—Details of KILBUNNY & Co., Auctioneers, Wivenhoe.

To SHIVERING BIRDS.

**JENNY WREN**, resident at Kew, is prepared, for a consideration, to show other wrens a small hole in wall of glass house through which well-heated refuge can be obtained. What offers?—Box A 129.

DON'T CATCH COLD!

**PUTTEES** for Storks, Herons, and Flamingos.—Apply, LEGWEAR, Netherlimb Gardens, Hampstead.

**A LITTLE LONELY OWL**, recently orphaned, is in search of a comfortable hollow tree, church, or barn, with congenial, refined society; would contribute mice regularly.—Apply "O.," The Belfry, Witcaster.

To PENGUINS, GEESE, &C.

**GRACEFUL CARRIAGE** in six lessons; Deportment Classes conducted by an experienced Swan.—Address OLOR, Chiswick Eyot.

**BEAR**, Brown, open to social engagements. Specialities: Bear-footed dancing, pole-climbing, wrestling; terms from 50 buns upwards.—Apply **URSA MAJOR**, Grizzly Grange, N.W.

**SEAGULL**, hand-fed, anxious to enter good aviary; sardines *de rigueur*.—Apply **LITTLE MARY**, The Bridge, St. James's Park.

To CONSUMPTIVE HEDGEHOGS.

**TORQUAY**, Babbacombe.—To Let, Valerian Villa, ideal winter residence, rich in black-beetles.—Apply **PORCUPIG**, House Agent, Torquay.



"MOTHER, I'VE A DREADFUL THING TO CONFESS TO YOU. LAST NIGHT, WHEN YOU TOLD ME TO LIE DOWN IN BED, I LIED DOWN, BUT AFTER YOU TURNED OUT THE GAS I GROUND MY TEETH AT YOU IN THE DARK!"

**AN** elderly Poodle belonging to titled family wishes to recommend her attendant as second Footman. Is leaving to better himself.—Box K9.

**BLUE TIT** for usual commission will introduce limited number of friends to hitherto unperceived cocoanut hanging in practicable tree.—Address Miss CHIRRIUP, Titbits Villa, Bourneville.

To THE AFFLICTED.

**CERTAIN CURE FOR THE PIP.**—Two shillings per bottle, three bottles for 4s. 6d to coupon holders.—Dr. SISKIN, 419, Cheepside.

**OBESITY REDUCED.**—Apply to **ROUND ROBIN**, The Daniel Lambert Inn, Bantingham.

To CUCKOOS.

**ADVERTISER**, Professor of Avine Gymnastics, will send under sealed cover for 2s. 6d. infallible secret of half-nelson hold suitable for dislodging most truculent hedge-sparrow.—Apply **JACOB FAITHFULS**, Old Jewry.

To HEDGE-SPARROWS AND OTHERS MENACED BY CUCKOOS.

**BEE SWAX LINING** for nests.—Apply Juniper Lodge, Tite Street, S.W.

**POLES** for Polar Bears. Unlimited variety.—Apply **JOSEPH CONRAD**, Secret Agent, Warsaw.

To BAIR.

**PETITION** in favour of Nightlight Saving Bill can be signed at Messrs. **WILLIET & WONTIT**, Sloane Square, W.



*Brown (who has somehow hooked his first salmon, to Jones assisting, also for the first time, in this form of sport) "STICK TO HIM! SIT ON HIS HEAD!"*

### SINGING SICKNESS.

THE prevalence of this distressing malady is an alarming fact that needs to be grappled with by scientists without delay. Whether it is due to the harmful presence of the common house-fly, just as Sleeping-Sickness is due to another ravaging insect, is not yet fully established, but it is certainly a disease of domesticity and is to be found principally in the suburban villa and the small flat. In hotels, clubs, and billiard rooms, it is practically unknown.

Its symptoms are well-defined. The malady is sometimes accompanied by gaspings for breath and redness of the face, frequently by loud screams, and almost always by a piano. Scales are among the least pleasant of the indications of the scourge. Among the adolescent its manifestations are akin to those of Love-Sickness.

A peculiarity is that those whom this malady directly attacks show every sign of happiness and even pride in their disease; the real sufferers consist of those who are personally immune. The latter may gain temporary relief by inserting cotton-wool in the ears, and sometimes, in the less obstinate cases, by hammering nails into the party-wall. But no lasting prevention or cure has been discovered, always excepting death.

It is one of the ironies of nature that Sleeping-Sickness should prevail in remote swamps of the African continent and Singing-Sickness in nice comfortable places, on dry soil, like Highgate and Wimbledon. If only the victim of Sleeping-Sickness could be brought into a neighbourhood in which Singing-Sickness rages, there would be a very fair chance of the disease of the former being baffled and eventually conquered; or, better still, a movement might well be set on

foot to transport subjects of Singing-Sickness to the malarious regions of Africa.

### A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

[To a Suffragette who, on being brought before the magistrate, made the following statement (according to *The Daily Telegraph*) — "I have a little son, eight months old, and his father and I decided, after calm consideration, that when that boy grew up he might ask, 'What did you do, mother, in the days of the women's agitation, to lay women's grievances before the Prime Minister?' and I should blush if I had to say I made no attempt to go to the Prime Minister."]

AND so this boy of yours, years hence perusing  
Records of women wronged by man-made laws,  
May ask, an eager flush his face suffusing,  
"What did you do to help the Women's Cause?"

If, when this searching question has arisen,  
You answer, "Nothing," picture his surprise!  
'Twere better to endure the pains of prison  
Than face the scorn in those reproving eyes.

Let it be his to hear the tale—and may be  
It will not lose through being often told—  
How you renounced your husband, home, and baby,  
When he (the last-named) was but eight months old.

Such be your answer! Yet, O happy mother,  
Is this the only question you foresee?  
What will you say, suppose he asks another:—  
"Meanwhile, dear Parent, who looked after me?"



### “A HANDSOME CONCESSION.”

EUROPE (*intervening between AUSTRIA and SERBIA—to the former*). “I THINK I CAN PERSUADE MY YOUNG FRIEND HERE TO BE REASONABLE, AND I AM SURE YOU CAN AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS.”

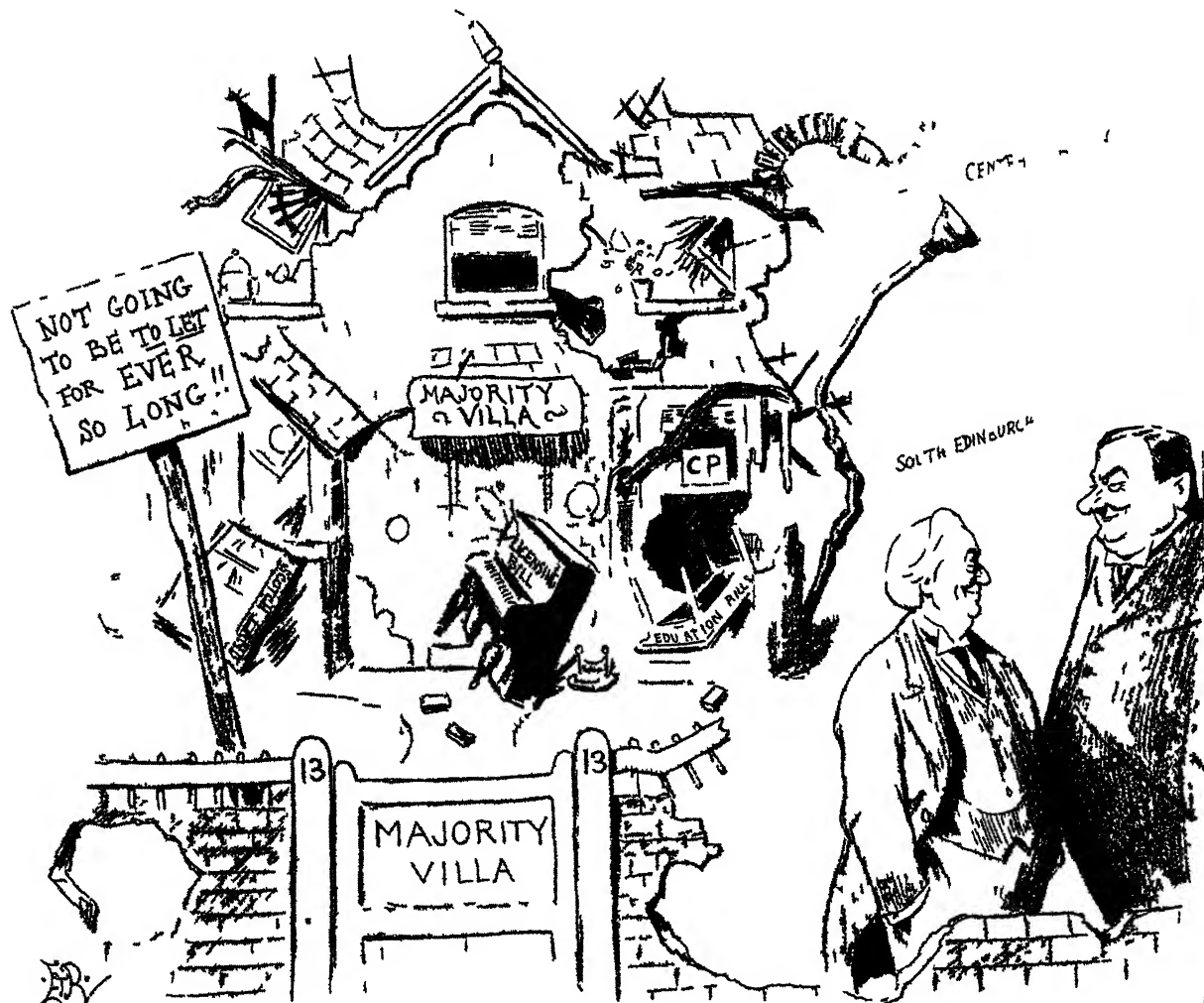
AUSTRIA. “I DON’T REMEMBER TO HAVE ASKED YOUR OPINION, MADAM. BUT—IF HE’S PREPARED TO LICK MY BOOTS, I’LL THEN CONSIDER WHETHER I’LL ALLOW HIM TO GO ON LIVING.”

[“Serbia must ask us what we are minded to offer . . . For this is no European question, but a purely internal affair of Austria-Hungary.”—The “*Fremdenblatt*,” mouthpiece of the Austrian Foreign Office]



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF FOBY, M.P.



## "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME," OR, 'THE OPTIMISTS'

(With profound acknowledgments to Mr. Pelissier of "The Folies" and his inspired scene painter.)

Mr. Asquith. WELL, THEY HAVEN'T DONE US MUCH HARM YET, HALDANE, OLD BOY, HAVE THEY?

Mr. Haldane. "No, my dear ASQUITH. I AM NOT CONSCIOUS OF ANYTHING THAT COULD BE ACCURATELY DESCRIBED EVEN AS 'DISASTROUS' AS YET."

House of Commons, Monday, March 1  
—Sensation created midway through Questions by appearance of a stranger by cross benches on Ministerial side CLAUDE HAY, exultant over MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED, who died up on his tenth question, rose to put his eleventh, flushed with knowledge that he had still several more to the good on the paper. The stranger, a man of stalwart build, with face cleanly shaven, asked the SPEAKER whether there was not a Standing Order limiting to eight the number of questions that might be put by individual Members at one sitting? Proceeded to point

out how unfair is the practice of superfluity in this matter, daily has effect of shelving Members whose questions stand low down on list, and are not reached before a quarter to four. As the stranger proceeded, Members, picking up their ears, recognised the voice. It was FENWICK, hitherto bearded like the well-known but anonymous Paid, now pitilessly shaven!

SURK explains the incident as supplying evidence of the terrorism created by The Confederates. Since the twelfth century when the Vehmgericht flourished, there has been no secret society

exercising equal power, spreading through the community similar terror. CLAUDE HAY is a leading member. Every statesman forming it has the name by which he is recognised by his comrades enrolled on a scroll enclosed in a leaden casket and stored in the vaults of the offices of the Tariff Reform League. CLAUDE is known as Mokanna, or The Veiled. TOM MOORE with prophetic eye beheld him when, ninety years ago, he wrote *Lalla Rookh*.

There on that throne sat the Prophet chief, The Great Mokanna. On his features hung The Veil the Silver Veil which he had flung



In mercy there to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its  
light."

Of course this veil is not brought down to the Commons, being reserved for use at the secret rites of The Confederates. FRANK, feeling it his duty to the House and the country to beard MOK WNA in his place in the Commons, took the precaution of disguising himself. Silver veils being scarce and beyond his means, he not less effectually used the razor.

The whole thing, as SARK says, shows how dread is the influence of this secret Society. PRINCE ARTHUR, who has been personally threatened, watched the episode with obvious uneasiness.

*Business done.* —  
In Committee on  
Supplementary Es-  
timates.

*Tuesday* — According to Standing Orders House been engaged in considering the working of Old Age Pensions Act and the condition of the Unemployed. Actually it has been wondering whether CAP'N TOMMY BOWLERS will get in for Central Glasgow as result of polling still in progress when SPEAKER took the Chair. If so, by what majority? If not, what will his whacking amount to?

Politics apart, there is a general desire to see the old salt tacking back to his familiar anchorage. Would like to hear him again emphasising his criticism with convincing flourishes of his handless arm. Oddly enough, should he return, he would make for the very corner seat to the right of the SPEAKER filled by him through a succession of Parliaments. Things have changed since the CAP'N last paced the quarterdeck. The Liberals have gone over; so have the Unionists, and so has CAP'N TOMMY. But the corner seat, in olden time besieged by CUMMING MACDONA and Mr. GEDON, remains, waiting for the return of the wanderer.

Should CAP'N TOMMY come back a Liberal Home-Ruler, he would find the House as completely transmogrified as himself. Doubtful how he would get along with the dormant mass. When last with us he enjoyed advantage of criticising his esteemed Leaders from

close contiguity of the Bench immediately behind that on which they sat. Always a position that commands attention. Been sedulously sought from days before and since the forgotten HORSWYN was a power in the House. Few filled it with the sustained brilliancy of CAP'N TOMMY. An incisive debater, he had a turn for pointed phrases that DIZZY might have envied. It was his habit thoroughly to master the details of a question before expounding it. Seems a small thing to mention, but not so common at Westminster as might be supposed. Generally understood that he breakfasted on Blue Books and had remaining fragments hashed for dinner.

into his old attitude of candid critic of his pastors and masters.

Perhaps on the whole CAP'N TOMMY is better out of it. He would come back to a new world whose leaden dulness is proof against the sharpest tongue. It was the audience supplied by the last Parliament and its predecessors that largely contributed to the making of him. As PRINCE ARTHUR discovered, when three years ago he first faced it, the present House is a poor strop on which to sharpen intellectual razors.

10.50 P.M.—A quarter of an hour ago news came that CAP'N TOMMY had won; the figures assuring his triumph were quoted. 564 was the precisemajority. That seemed conclusive. Now comes ACIAND HOOD, with face, figure, and gait more than ever reminiscent of a turkey-cock, rushing up with slip of paper in his hand. At sight of it a gleam of triumph lights faces on Front Opposition Bench. The news flashes along the back benches, greeted by a cheer that tells the result.

CAP'N TOMMY has been routed, not by a narrow majority, but by thousands.

Members passing out on their way home find the throbbing Metropolis stricken dumb. No footfall resounds on the crowded pavements. Cabs, buses,

motor-cars struggle silently over the bed of the heaviest fall of snow the century has seen. Through the thickening air muffled voices repeat the figures from Glasgow. Thus at great crises does Nature attune herself to the action of man.

*Business done.*—Supplementary Estimate Account of Old Age Pensions passes Report stage.

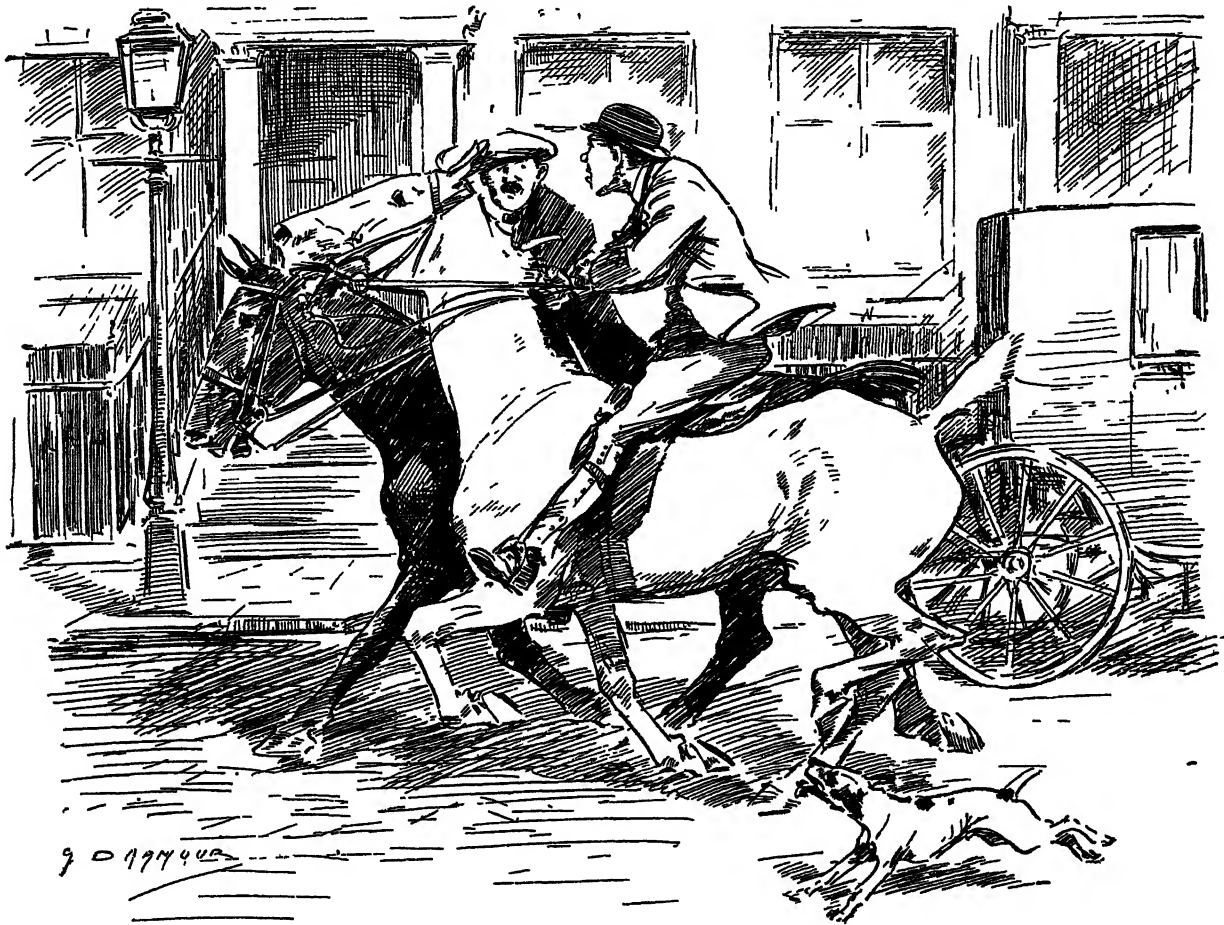
*Thursday.*—Mr. FLAVIN never been the same man since, eight years ago this very month, he was carried forth shoulder high by four policemen, their march accompanied by the music of his voice chanting *God Save Ireland*. Time was when his yellow-ochre suit flamed in front of debate as did the plume of HENRY OF NAVARRE when fighting was to the fore. During the present Parliament he has been little seen, seldom heard. Old



HOW HE BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS.

"Aciland-Hood, with face, figure, and gait more than ever reminiscent of a turkey-cock."

On the Public Accounts Committee he was a terror to evil-doers, including the heirs of a foreign Sovereign who evaded the payment of Death Duty on British investments and found a Radical Chancellor of the Exchequer who turned a blind eye on the transaction. That was the worst (or the best) of CAP'N TOMMY. He was no respecter of persons, whether they sat on the Treasury Bench or on Continental thrones. He would have thought nothing of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator; indeed he did more than once transgress in the analogous case of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Possibly three months after his return, should it be accomplished at the poll now in progress, he would turn and rend his newly "respected Leader," ASQUITH. It would be awkward so soon after having found salvation to relapse



*First Horseman.* "PULLING, IS HE? WHY DON'T YOU TRY RIDING HIM ON THE CURB?"

*Second Horseman.* "RIDE 'IM ON THE CURB! GOOD 'EAVENS! I CAN'T SCARCELY RIDE 'IM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD."

instincts assert themselves in connection with the use of Norwegian granite for purposes of Rosyth docks.

"Was the stone dressed or undressed?" he sternly asks the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

ADMIRAL McKENNA only that minute emerged from rather rough water. Patriots opposite, hereditary champions of the working man, have discovered a new wrong done him in the matter of this granite. It was bought in Norway to the detriment of the British quarry owner. It was wrought by workers unprotected by the fair wage clause inserted in all Government contracts operative in this country.

Here be grievances especially poignant just now when by-elections are going on in Scotland, whose granite has been set aside in favour of Norway's. Hue and cry instantly raised; merrily carried on till the ADMIRAL quietly drops the remark that his department has long been familiar with Norwegian granite, it having been habitually used under the régime of his predecessors, who, in conformity with Government treatment of

all foreign contracts, did not insist on the fair wage clause.

It was in the awkward silence that followed on this disclosure that Mr. FLAVIN chipped in with his inquiry about the garb of the stone. No Salome granite for him. Insisted that it should not only be dressed, but well dressed. Said nothing about yellow-ochre suits or tan shoes of exceptional brightness of hue. House knew what he meant, and genially cheered his reappearance on scene.

*Business done.*—N. BONAPARTE HILDANE presents a bulletin reporting present condition of Territorial Army.

#### SNOW FLAKES.

(From various sources, none of them reliable.)

THIRTY cattle drivers were imbedded in a drift at Ballymacrag, County Monaghan. As all the forces of the Royal Irish Constabulary were unequal to digging them out, an appeal was made to the public feeling of the Old-Age Pensioners of the district. Five hundred

stalwart young fellows answered the call, and the devoted patriots were speedily rescued. A reassuring telegram was at once addressed to Mr. BIRRELL, informing him that none of the cattle-drivers had suffered from frost-bite.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, at a meeting at which no reporters were present, remarked that, though we might boast of our snow here, he had reliable information that in Germany the drifts were three times as deep, and thus gave thrice the employment. It would therefore be evident to the meanest intelligence that Tariff Reform meant more of everything for this country.

The indifference of the German soldier to climatic influences is amazing. In spite of the Arctic weather, *Pearson's Weekly* announces a fresh German invasion for this week.

"The old Latin tag '*Facilis descensus Avernus*' may be modernised into '*Difficilis ascensus aeroplani*.'"—*The Autocar*.

First catch your tag, then modernise him.

### THE SUSPECT.

I LIVE in a block of flats which forms part of a square, and I am a suspected person. I have never committed a treason, a felony or a misdemeanour. I have neither attempted, incited to, nor aided and abetted in, the commission of the same. I am not even an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, and yet I am under police supervision. I may seem to find fault with the police, but I should have been the first to write to *The Times* about the grave deficiencies of our detective system, had not the police acted as they did.

On Sunday (I cannot say definitely whether it was the inst., the ult., or the prox.) I was seated in my flat without a stain upon my character. I was composing light verse for this very paper, and what more innocent and reputable occupation can be conceived for a Sunday evening? The wall which separated me from the next flat was thin, and on the other side of that thin wall a little child was learning to play the piano. There is no better way of learning the piano than by working through the Old Hundredth hymn over and over again, proceeding slowly but with determination, not omitting an "Amen" at the end of every attempt, and not being in so much of a hurry as to cease even when indefinite repetition has produced comparative accuracy. No one knew or appreciated that fact better than that little child. Do not, however, jump to conclusions, for that child still lives immune. Let me tell the tale in my own way.

In a flat, on the side of the square opposite to me and the little child there is a big man, who also plays the piano. Though he is four times as big as the little child, he does not seem to be a quarter so strong in the arm. He has none of the child's perseverance and love of Old Hundredths oft repeated. He plays nocturnes and sonatas, and rarely plays the same thing twice. And so, because the world seldom appreciates industry and painstaking merit, people who loathe the little child's labour love the big man's playing. I am such a person.

Wicked frivolity cannot prosper in the hearing of the Old Hundredth, and after an hour vainly spent upon one line, which made no claim to sense or any serious purpose, I put the verse away and went out into the square, wearing a scarf instead of a collar, and nothing at all instead of a hat. Unfor-

tunately I did not see the policeman, but the policeman saw me.

I walked round to the front of the big man's flat and stayed there. "If the little child will not let me write frivolous poetry," I said to myself, "she shall not make me listen to Old Hundredths. I will stay and hear some Chopin." So, the night being a dark and a warm one, I got as close up under the railing as I could and listened. Thus I remained absorbed, and I do not know how long the policeman had been there before I became aware of his scrutiny.



Home Pigeon. "WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE ONE OF YOU WRETCHED ALIENS HAS BROUGHT HIS OWN NEST, FOR ONCE!"

It was the policeman's fault for saying nothing. Had he made some accusation, I should have explained the truth to him and he would have understood. As it was, he passed on and left me feeling relieved for the moment, but guilty. In the matter of guilty or not guilty, it is a question of what you feel and not what you are. So, when I saw him returning long before his proper time, I was panic-stricken and ran away. It sounds foolish, but again it was the policeman's fault. Policemen have no right to wear sombre blue uniforms, which inspire terror in innocent breasts. Had he been dressed in pink, had he blacked his face, had he even been wearing a cloth cap, I should have stood my ground and passed everything off with a little joke. Instead, I ran.

The run soon became a fast walk, the

walk a slouch, the slouch a stop, and the stop a right-about turn. "I will go back," I thought, "and explain."

The policeman was grossly to blame. He neither said anything, as I came up to him, nor offered to change his uniform. "I got tired of the small child," I said hurriedly, "and came to listen to the big man." The policeman said nothing; he did not even look cross. Had he only looked cross, I might have kept calm and even threatened to report him. Anyhow, I should not have sworn (as I did) that I was doing nothing, that I was committing no crime, that no money

would induce me to think of committing a crime, that I was a respectable man, that every Englishman had a right to come out of his home and listen to big men playing Chopin, if he wanted to. There was a lot more that I have forgotten, but when one party refuses to talk the conversation must die, and we reached my flat in silence. There we stopped.

For a bit I stood awkwardly. Then I said "Good night" weakly, and started to move off. Then I stopped and came back. I took half-a-crown out of my pocket, looked at the policeman, and put it back again. At last, the policeman remaining silent, I crept back into my flat like a worm. Inside, I waited trembling a minute or two, and then peeped through the blind and saw him still standing there. Moreover, he saw me peep.

I am now under police supervision.

### Curious Accident to a Governor.

Seychelles is a long way off (for the moment we cannot remember how long) but news of the great world does filter through to them at times. Thus (Reuter):—

"The Governor of California has made a statement that after conferring with the leaders on the legislature he is convinced that no anti-Japanese legislation will be enacted at Aldershot and then fell ten feet and was smashed."

It seems like a judgment on him.

Under the heading "Some current Gpionions" (not to be confounded with the ordinary onion), *The Bloemfontein Post* prints the following:—

"A Zandberg correspondent writes to *Ons Land*.—We trust our sensible members of Parliament, if the question of female suffrage is again brought up, will at once propose that the matter be consigned to the waste-paper basket."

We do not like these invidious distinctions between the Mrs. Pankhursts and the Miss Christabels.

## FLY AND LET FLY.

["It has recently been pointed out by lawye s that . . . an Engli-shman's propertv extends upwards to the skies" —Major B. Baden-Powell in "The National Review."

"Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum"  
— Old Maxim ]

YEARS ago, when the Brothers WRIGHT  
Were babies tucked into cots at night,  
I laid out several thousand pounds  
On a country house with extensive  
grounds.

All this is mine, but I wish I knew  
If I own the adjacent Central Blue?

Oh, in the looming by-and-by,  
When even COPY has learnt to fly.  
Will air-hogs, dodging the winged  
police,

Clatter and honk like migrant geese,  
And ram each other, and smash in two,  
And the bits annihilate me and you?

Will toppers, homing when night is gray,  
Lurch and perch on my roof till day?  
Matrons, flocking from "magic sales,"  
Drop, with a flop, their "costly bales"?  
Pairs in parachutes bill and coo,  
The coy maid flutter, the swain pursue?

Will clamorous flights of Unemployed  
Come streaking over the azure void?  
If Votes for Women are still to gain,  
Will CHRISTABEL charter an aeroplane,  
And load it up with a lively crew  
From the National Women's S.P.U.?

Must I cower and hide my spoons  
From burglars hovering in balloons?  
Must I see sky-terriers riot  
Over my coverts' hallowed quiet?  
No! If the Latin max'm's true,  
If the ground is mine, then the air is, too,  
And the shooting rights therein. Hooroo!

## ACADEMIC OPERA.

[The Daily Chronicle records the fact that Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN has started for Buenos Ayres with the libretto of an opera entitled *Dylan*. It forms the second part of an intended trilogy, the other two being entitled *Don* and *Brangwyn*, and has been set to music by Mr. JOSEPH HOLBROOK, who has introduced eight concertinas into his score]

LORD — (we regret that the Censor has absolutely forbidden us to mention the name of this interesting peer) recently started on a tour to the Isles of Greece, taking with him the libretto of a new opera set to music by Mr. Delius, who will accompany him on his travels.

The work, which is in three Acts, is called *Hubert*, and is based on one of the stories in the *Buschigrammaton*, the famous collection of Bavarian Fairy Tales. *Hubert*, it should be explained, is the first opera in Lord —'s trilogy, the other two being entitled *Von* and *Herkomer*. Meantime Lord — is



Sergeant of Royal Irish Constabulary (interviewing new member of the Force) "WELL, MAGINNIS, 'TIS THE FINE STRONG FLESHY-LOOKIN' FELLA YE ARE. NOW, IF A DESPIT MAN ATTACKED YE WID A KNIFE AN' A PISTOL, WOULD YE RUN OR FIGHT?"

Recruit. "SURE, YER HONOUR, I WOULD!"

Sergeant. "WHAT, YE WOULD?"

Recruit. "BEGORRA, I WANT I WOULD NOT, SOR!"

Sergeant. "AH, NOW THAT'S BETTER! G'LONG WID YE, ME BUCKO!"

desirous of giving some experimental performances of the first opera in the *Ægean*, where the very name of Mr. Delius will act as a passport to the affections of the islanders. Still the results of the experiment are awaited with a certain amount of misgiving, as the orchestration of *Hubert* is in some respects highly unconventional.

Thus in the First Act the accompaniment to the Serenade is played by sixteen Jew's harps, four Nasiflutes, and two Lombardophones. The plot of the opera, again, is rather peculiar, as there is no heroine, and the hero is on the stage all the time, either singing, dancing, or exhibiting one or other of his numerous accomplishments.

In the Second Act he rides a turtle to the sound of sea trumpets; in the Third Act he paints a full-length portrait in ten minutes, during which he never has a bar's rest; and in the Epilogue he swims the Hellespont in the full uniform of the Bushey Fire Brigade.

The libretto is written throughout in rhymed Alexandrines, and those who have enjoyed the privilege of perusal declare that the lyrical temperature throughout is higher even than that of the most fervid stanzas of "burning Sappho."

Lord — has already mapped out two other trilogies, the subjects of which are (1) *John* (2) *Singer* (3) *Sargent*, and (1) *Solomon* (2) *J.* (3) *Solomon*.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVERYONE has heard often of the small boy in whom a course of penny-dreadfuls has developed a suburban passion for piracy. His case, and the severe magisterial comments thereupon, belong to the routine of our police-courts. Well, the next time that any young lady is brought up on the charge of escaping from an unsympathetic home to dwell among art students in a Bloomsbury attic, and with no more practical equipment for the battle of life than red hair and a sense of humour, then I hope the Bench will say some pretty sharp things about "E. NESBIT" and her latest far too fascinating book, *Daphne in Fitzroy Street* (GEORGE ALLEN). Because, you know, I doubt very much whether *Daphne* and that delightfully real child *Doris* would have been quite so happy in actual life. And all those charming people that they got to know almost directly, *Claude*, the nice boy downstairs, *Green Eyes*, and the rest of them—I think "E. NESBIT" ought to have added a footnote to explain that this was rather an exceptional bit of luck. The story begins, as prettily as you will have expected from the name of the writer, in a French convent-school, but, alas! school-days in fiction seldom survive the earliest chapters, and when *Daphne* was sent for to interview the head-mistress I for one knew quite well that her father was dead, and that she was to be recalled to the congenial rule of aunts. That, however, does not last long, and once the heroine is established in Bohemia the tale of her adventures goes forward briskly enough to an end which I defy any reader to foretell with accuracy. All the characters are well drawn (do I make a slight mental reservation about the rather too brutal *Mr. Henry*?), and their talk is full of just those intimate and expressive words that are only used by the Really Nice.

The Dutchmen shown in *Brothers All*,  
By MAARTEN MAARTENS (MILCHUEN), lack—  
Most do, at least—what I would call  
The social captivating knack;  
They're simple louts, or men who scheme  
Incessantly for selfish ends,  
And either way you wouldn't dream  
Of ever treating them as friends.

But, though I should not greatly prize  
The boon of their companionship,  
I traced their stories through with eyes  
That let no single sentence slip,  
For, if the matter of the tales  
Is not an unalloyed delight,  
The author's manner seldom fails  
To put the working balance right.

I think novel-readers ought to be able to take out insurance policies against sudden accidents to characters, which render them grotesque or repulsive objects for the remainder of the book. It is so disturbing. In Mrs. HENRY DUDENY's *Rachel Lorian* (HEINLMANN) a quite guiltless husband is crippled for life by a railway catastrophe on the first day of his honeymoon; and the same kind of situation is brought about as that which occurs (to take an instance) at the end of Mr. E. F. BENSON's *The Angel of Pain*. *Rachel* falls in love with her husband's best friend, a romantic artist, whilst the invalid becomes more and more embittered and morose, and finally takes religion. After a time Mrs. DUDENY kills him off, and then I hoped that the tangle would be straightened out. But no; the heroine dooms herself to a period of widowhood, and at the end of it discovers that *Patrick Rivers*, with whom her relations have been purely platonic, has been conducting a most improbable intrigue with a very inferior person. The book is full of flashes of fine writing, both in the analysis of emotions and the description of scenes, but the style is amazingly jerky.

If there were a tax on dashes Mrs. DUDENY would be the saviour of the Budget. I think it is rather unfair in one and the same novel to cripple a rising barrister, rudely shatter the promise of a happy conclusion, and disjoint half your sentences.

Since *Raffles*, the gentleman burglar, found himself a popular hero he has had many successors in his peculiar line of business; and the manufacture of the rogue in fiction is in small danger of becoming a forgotten art, for the public

dearly loves a thief who, like puss in the nursery rhyme, will do them no harm. The latest of the melodramatic type appears in *The Hand of the Spoiler* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON); but Mr. SIDNEY PATERNOSTER's novel is something different from the ordinary story of crime. He provides us, of course, with the customary apparatus; for valuable pictures are stolen and acute detectives follow up chance clues or surprising coincidences; and there is also an uncomfortably realistic murder-scene thrown in near the finish. But Mr. PATERNOSTER possesses a gift for character-drawing which raises his people considerably above the lay-figures of the ordinary detective romance; and if one is inclined to carp at the rather forced happiness of the ending it must be allowed that justice is frankly meted out to everybody except the hero. And he, by the recognised Statute of Authors' Limitations, is exempt from too harsh treatment.

"A panic was narrowly averted in St. Patrick Church, Dublin, by the bursting of a gas main in the adjacent street"—*Daily Graphic*.

Surely some simpler method of averting the threatened panic might have been found.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.

WILLIAM "THE SILENT."



## CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE is nothing if not thorough, and we hear that all the inhabitants of our seaside towns are to be provided with cab-whistles, so that, immediately they see an invasion taking place, they may call the taxi cabs which now form part of our defensive system of transport.

The War Office is stated to be seriously alarmed at the uncompromising attitude of Labour towards the Army, and considers that the proposal that no battle shall last more than eight hours may, if adopted, seriously handicap us in engagements with a less enlightened foe.

Mr. BIRRELL, speaking at Bristol, said he would like to see women as well as men in the Upper House. How those Liberal Ministers love the Lords!

In view of our recent weather it is a nice question whether it is a very happy thought—or even good business—on the part of the manager of the White City to announce that one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming exhibition will be a scene representative of the Arctic regions. We want novelties.

Sir ROBERT PERKS, a Liberal M.P., has been protesting against the imposition of any further land taxes. It is, however, only fair to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to state that when he was considering this new form of taxation the case of Sir ROBERT PERKS temporarily escaped him.

Germany's greatest shipping line, the Hamburg-America Company, has failed to declare a dividend owing to the competition of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. It is odd to reflect that, if this had happened a short time ago, before the *rap-prochement* between Germany and ourselves, the news might not have caused us any very marked pain.

Ladies as a rule are so anxious to be thought younger than they are that we were surprised to see that there was some litigation the other day between two artistes, each of whom claimed to be the original creator of the Salome dance.

The London County Council is con-

templating changing the names of no fewer than eleven John Streets, two St. John Streets, one John's Road, one St. John's Place, one St. John's Road, and one St. John's Terrace. Mr. Augustus John, who has always been proud of the number of streets named after him, is said to feel considerable resentment at the proposed change, which he looks upon as a personal slight.

*The Times* is still moving. Arrangements have now been made to announce one's death in larger type without extra charge. This facility is not confined to subscribers.

"Inventions by women, ranging from battleship-protectors to parlour games, will," we are credibly informed, "be on

may be gathered from the fact that the delegates of the Senate and House of Representatives have agreed to raise the salary attached to his office from £10,000 to £15,000.

London's newest Store is equipped with a complete first-aid ward in case of accident, with trained nurses in attendance. It is believed that lack of such a convenience has hitherto prevented many nervous ladies from attending Clearance Sales.

From New York we learn that America now possesses the richest boy in the world in the shape of Master JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN, who is worth £5,000,000. The local motorists are said to be greatly alarmed lest they should run over him and be mulcted in appropriate damages.

With reference to the complaints of judges and magistrates as to the increase of perjury, a correspondent writes to ask whether it may not be possible that the false teeth through which so many witnesses speak exercise an adverse influence on their evidence.

"It is estimated that by letting 26,968 small panes of glass on 754 cars at the rate of £1 per pane per annum the sum of £26,968 would be realised. By letting 12,000 wooden veneered quarter circles which connect the sides and roofs of 600 cars at the same rate £12,000 additional could be



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS

I.—FOR MUSICAL-COMEDY LADIES.

view at the forthcoming Women's Exhibition." We are most curious to have further details as to the battleship-protector. According to one account it is a tight-fitting knitted garment which can be slipped over the entire length of a war-vessel in winter to keep the crew warm.

The Paris hatters, we are told, have affirmed their belief that "the silk hat cannot die." We are relieved to hear this, as during the recent boisterous weather we came across one or two which certainly looked as if they were in *extremis*.

Meanwhile Mr. TAFT will, we are sure, be pleased to hear that larger waists are to be the fashion this year.

By-the-by, some idea of the "capaciousness" of America's new President

obtained."—*Glasgow Herald*. We have checked both of these calculations and find them correct. The 754 and 600 bothered us a little until we saw that these figures had been put in to make the problem look more difficult.

"IRONMONGERY — Wanted at once, Junior Assistant. State experience, salary, age (indoors)"—*Advt in Western Mail*.

We believe that in ironmongery circles it is not etiquette to keep your hat on indoors, however bald you may be.

## The Great Granite Question.

(From a Moral Standpoint.)

Granite, like salad, is of little use without dressing. Norwegians have sometimes been known to let granite leave their country undressed, a laxity which the stern Aberdonian would never allow.

## OF THE PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.

[Being a vicarious protest, made on behalf of a certain celibate *malgré lui* who finds himself in straitened circumstances.]

LADIES, at whose repellent feet  
Times without number I have kneeled,  
Laid bare a breast at boiling heat  
And found your own securely steeled,  
Thrown off a pulmonary sigh,  
Picked up my heart in little pieces,  
And, rising, cast a rueful eye  
Upon my trousers' ruffled creases ;—

Where lies the fault (go, hang your heads !)  
That one who wooed till he was sore,  
Wearing his knee-caps down to threads,  
Should still remain a bachelor ;  
While others, whom the nuptial knot  
Should rather stimulate to charity,  
Propose to tax his lonely lot,  
To penalise his singularity ?

Ladies, if ever such a fee  
Adds to my hump the final straw,  
If a connubial Ministry  
(HALDANE objecting) makes it law ;  
I shall protest against the same,  
Urging that each rejected lover  
From those who snuffed his proffered flame  
Should be entitled to recover.

You, Helen, promised me a heart  
Just like a sister's, soft as wax ;  
Well, you shall do a sister's part  
And help your brother pay his tax.  
You too, Elise, shall take your share ;  
With purer pleasure I award it,  
Since you espoused a millionaire  
And so can easily afford it

For you, Belinda, I am loth  
To have to send you in my bill ;  
I'd overlook my blighted troth,  
For you are left a spinster still ;  
But it was greed : you thought to find  
Someone more solid, sound, and pursy,  
And, though you missed him, I've a mind  
To let my marrow know no mercy.

You others—Ethel, Judy, Jean—  
I'll see you have your small account ;  
The list is long, and that should mean  
A relatively slight amount ;  
Soon as the grasping Budgeteer  
Settles the size of this extortion,  
I'll work it out and let you hear  
(Discount for cash) your just proportion.

But as for you, perfidious Jane—  
My earliest case and far the worst,  
Since I should scarce have tried again  
If you had not refused me first—  
The wound is nicely healed to-day  
(By now my heart's as tough as leather),  
But you will clearly have to pay  
As much as all the rest together.

O. S.

DISCLAIMER.—Mr. HALDANE has made us familiar with the idea of *The Nation in Arms*. We understand that the insinuation is stoutly denied by Mr. H. W. MASSINGHAM on behalf of himself and his staff.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME ;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12 ; Papa, aged 48.*)

*Little Arthur.* Papa, do you want me very much to learn German ?

*Papa.* Certainly, my boy. A knowledge of foreign languages is—ah—um—essential to a business man in these days, and German is particularly important.

*L. A.* But, Papa, you don't like Germans, do you ?

*Papa.* Well, ah. I don't know many Germans myself. I daresay they're all very well in their way, you know.

*L. A.* But, Papa, you said yesterday that you never knew where you were with these confounded Germans ; and you said if they went on building ships they'd be a terrible danger to us, and you didn't know what was coming over the Government letting them go on like that. And then you said you hated the very name of Germans, and if there was to be a war it had better come quick. You said all that to Mamma, didn't you ?

*Papa.* Oh, you heard that, did you ? I didn't know you were in the room.

*L. A.* Yes, but you said it, didn't you, Papa ?

*Papa.* Well, well, what if I did ?

*L. A.* Oh, nothing, Papa ; only if you hate Germans so I don't see why you want me to learn German. If they're all such wicked people, it can't be a nice language to learn.

*Papa.* Well, you've got to learn it anyhow.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I know. But you said you wanted me to be a thorough Englishman, didn't you, Papa ?

*Papa.* Of course I do—and you'll be one, I hope. I don't want any foreign tricks in my family. John Bull's good enough for me.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I want to be like that, too. But if I learn German I'm afraid I shall have to learn some foreign tricks, shan't I ? Of course I'm only a little boy, I know, and perhaps I don't understand these things.

*Papa.* Now look here, Arthur, the fact is you talk too much. I don't know where you get that from, but it's a bad habit. You must learn to follow the advice of your elders without questioning it.

*L. A.* Yes, but, Papa, if I learn German I shall be able to talk in German as well as in English ; and then there's French too. That'll make three languages.

*Papa.* You've got to learn German, I tell you, whether you like it or not. It's a very fine language, one of the finest in the world after English, and very useful too.

[A Pause.]

*L. A.* Papa, can you talk German ?

*Papa.* Not fluently, my boy ; but I can rub along, you know.

*L. A.* Mr. Schmitz is a German, Papa, isn't he ?

*Papa.* Of course he is—a regular old *Sauerkraut*.

*L. A.* But I heard you tell Mamma you couldn't understand a word of his silly lingo. He was talking German, wasn't he ?

*Papa.* Yes, he was talking German all right.

*L. A.* But if it's a silly lingo, Papa, why do you want me—

*Papa.* You've talked quite enough.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, but I only want to understand. And if you hate Mr. Schmitz, why do you—

*Papa.* Who said I hated him ?

*L. A.* You said you hated the very name of Germans, Papa, and Mr. Schmitz is a German, so I thought—

*Papa.* Oh, did you ? Well, you've thought enough for one day. Go and take the dogs out. I'm busy.

"There is no reason that I can see why the nightingale should not sing in every part of Britain."—*The Countryside*.  
Are the nightingales aware of this ?



### THE BREAKFAST HOUR : A FORECAST.

EARLY WORM. "CONFOUND THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL! HERE'S THE EARLY BIRD AN HOUR EARLIER THAN USUAL. I SHALL HAVE TO HURRY UP, OR I SHAN'T GET CAUGHT!"





"MUMMY, ARE THERE REALLY MERMAIDS?"—"YES, DEAR THEY ARE THE SEA-FAMILIN" (Pause)

"MUMMY, YOU DO WANT ME TO GO TO SEA, DON'T YOU?"—"YES, DARLING, I WANT YOU TO GO INTO THE NAVY"

"WELL, THEN, I THINK I'LL BE A DIVER"

### SLEUTH.

Two very interesting and suggestive experiments have recently been carried out by Major Richardson's bloodhounds, and convincing proof of the value of these animals as aids to the police force has once more been given. A fortnight ago the two hounds, Don and Pluto, were taken by the Major to the New Forest, the greater part of the journey being accomplished by rail to Brockenhurst. Thence they were conducted to the spot where, according to tradition, WILLIAM RUFUS was slain by an arrow discharged by one of his hunting men. The hounds were at once laid on the trail, and immediately betrayed evidence of great excitement. With their owner in attendance they ran at a great pace through the Forest, stopping every now and then to bay at one of the trees. After a most interesting chase of an hour they returned to the place where they had started, and, owing to the gathering darkness, Major RICHARDSON was compelled to call them off just as matters appeared to be assuming a critical phase. Major RICHARDSON is well satisfied with the experiment, though he naturally regrets that he was not called in earlier. He believes that there can be no doubt as to the guilt of WALTER TIREL. An important historical question has thus been definitely set at rest.

On hearing of this performance the Italian Government asked Major RICHARDSON to bring his hounds to Rome, and the gallant Major promptly assented. The object of the visit was to investigate the circumstances attending the assassination of JULIUS CÆSAR some years ago. Don and Pluto, having had an excellent meal of *polenta* overnight, were led in procession to the statue of POMPEY, which CÆSAR, it may be remembered, bathed with his blood when he expired as a result of twenty-three dagger wounds. Here both the hounds were manifestly uneasy, Pluto, in particular, circling round and round the statue with every sign of anger

and alarm. Hence they proceeded at top speed to the Forum, being watched with great interest by a numerous and distinguished company of German and American visitors who had gathered at this celebrated spot. The story goes that the body of CÆSAR was burnt here, and both the intelligent animals evidently had this circumstance in mind, for they refused, in spite of Major RICHARDSON'S entreaties, to proceed any further. In conversation with our representative Major RICHARDSON afterwards declared his firm belief that the murder took place in the manner described in the histories. He thinks that CASCA and BRUTUS were certainly implicated in it, though he is not prepared to say who struck the first blow. Of course he regrets that he was unable to arrive on the scene at a moment more nearly approximating to the date of the assassination, but the results actually attained leave him more satisfied than ever as to the necessity of employing bloodhounds in every case of crime.

### A SONNET OF SPRING MICROBES.

WHAT art thou, Spring, that poets oft have sung  
Thy praises, and the beauties thou dost wear,  
In sonnet, madrigal, and lyric fair?  
Not so do I, but rather tends my tongue  
To speak of those small microbes, freshly sprung  
From winter sleep, that fill the waking air,  
And mumps and measles through the country bear,  
Thy sign to mortals that the year is young.

The jaded city man, with heartfelt sigh,  
Returning in the evening from his work  
With that affliction KIPLING calls the hump,  
Although he longs a bunch of flowers to buy,  
Must now refrain—who knows but there may lurk  
In each frail bloom a measles or a mump?



## THE DAILY PROGRAMME

OF AN AVERAGE BUSY MAN.

*Showing how to get through life with the minimum of discomfort and waste of time, and with the greatest satisfaction to himself and others (particularly others).*

[In humble imitation of the new Carmelite advertising]

### I rise at 10 a.m.

My cold bath is ready when I am ready for it. I suppose I really am ready for it now, though I don't want it a bit. Still there is nothing like a cold bath to start the day with. Each morning I purchase some of the Metropolitan Water Board's magnificent water, and there is no trouble at all about getting it cold. It is always beautifully cold. Don't forget; the Metropolitan Water Board. Sample pint on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

### I return to bed at 10.1 a.m.

Generally speaking, when I am up I stay up, but I find I have forgotten to call attention to my astounding brass bedstead, such an improvement on the old one. I got it at the South-Western Furnishing Company's palatial show rooms. As I spend nearly half my life in bed I always feel that a bedstead is a really important matter. How many of us—[MEM.—I must stop this habit of moralising.]

### I cut myself shaving at 10.30 a.m.

Time was when the ten minutes spent in shaving was one of the trials of the day. Now, thanks to Blenkinsop's Incredible Safety Razor, I have half an hour's unalloyed pleasure. You simply cannot cut yourself with this razor; but should you do so a Jones' Plaster will stop the bleeding at once. (Two ads. in there. Heavy work.)

### I breakfast at 11 a.m.

All the time we have been chattering about bedsteads and such, my breakfast has been keeping cool in front of the fire. Those little black things you see on the top of the poached egg are bits of coal which have shot out. I use only the very best coal, and the consequence is that I don't mind the extra taste a bit. Try Old, King and Co., and you will see for yourself.

### I smoke a pipe at 11.30 a.m.

I wanted to give you a picture of me in my dressing-gown smoking a pipe at 11.30 a.m.—in fact I really wanted a whole lot of pictures done, but somehow the artist and I couldn't come to terms. I offered him all the loot from any one firm, but he insisted on half of everything, which was absurd. Well, what I wanted to say now was that I always light my pipe with one of Spiffkin's remarkable circulars. He sends me one

a day, and they make excellent spills. I forget what it is he advertises.

### I look for my collar stud at 11.45 a.m.

It is only necessary to say that, if I find the darned thing this morning, the fool who sold it to me and swore that it never got lost was William Winks of 193, High Street, Mayfair.

### I arrive outside at 12.30 p.m.

Yes, I am always out by 12.30 p.m. It is a very jolly day outside, much jollier than I thought. To think that Messrs. Fahrenheit and Réaumur give us this wonderful weather! (Sample thaw on receipt of a postcard.)

### I buy an engagement ring at 1 p.m.

This is not really a part of my "daily" programme, but The Oyster Pearl Company simply insists on my saying something about its magnificent half-hoops. Where should we be without The Oyster Pearl Company's matchless half-hoops? I cannot tell. I know that I do not feel that my day has been complete unless I have purchased one of its amazing half-hoops. This enterprising company will send you one of its stupendous half hoops on receipt of thirty shillings.

### I lunch at 1.45 p.m.

Yes, I have a heavy lunch at the club, and my doctor's address is 399, Harley Street, W.

### I have a short nightmare at 3 p.m.

I always go to sleep after lunch and dream that I am being pursued by a wild horse—not at all the sort of delightful horse you can hire so cheaply from Watson's Livery and Bait Stables, Park Lane, W.

### I start work at 3.30 p.m.

Humorous articles a speciality. Light verse at 6d. a foot or 10s. the piece. Heavy verse by arrangement. I can do you a good line in leaders or articles on Old London. Come to me for style; no split infinitives. Do you want a column on the coming cricket season? I only charge two guineas, including one reference to Gaukrodger. With no reference to Gaukrodger, three guineas.

(Might as well advertise myself for once.)

### I go to the Bank at 3.45 p.m.

The London and North Western looks after my over-draft. No matter how badly a cheque is written they will give you real gold in exchange. What a boon it is to have places like the London and North Western Bank to go to.

THE HOURS FROM

4—9.30

ARE

TO LET.

Apply to my agent; I am prepared to do anything.

### I put on my spurs at 9.30 p.m.

Yes, I get my magnificent spurs from The London Spur Company. They are beautifully rowelled and have ball bearings throughout. I always put them on before I play the pianola.

### I play the pianola at 10 p.m.

When I write to the man underneath to inform him that, on the contrary, he has no ear for music, I use Messrs. Slaker's special scented hand-woven note-paper. They have an astounding assortment, which is well worth a visit.

### I go to bed at 1 a.m.

After rather a good day's business on the whole. A. A. M.

## CLOTHES AND THE CLEEK.

[A man's golfing garb . . . affords no clue to his golfing ability."—*Golf Illustrated*.]

In weeds of unassuming brown

The woodland nightingale is dressed,

But can the peacock take her down,

Or pipe so long without a rest?

Ah no! it is the works inside,

And not the hide,

That form the heaven-born artist's only test.

And so when you observe me stand

Some morn upon the dewy tee,

And pile the votive mound of sand,

These trousers bulging at the knee,

This coat indubitably torn,

Forbear to scorn,

But muse upon the inward soul of me.

Haply beneath this seamy stuff

(So old, so pitifully frayed)

May hide a TAYLOR in the rough,

A soon-to-be-discovered BRAID;

While yonder peerless suit that zones

The sides of Jones

May mask the tyro witless of his trade.

His is the coat with patent sleeves,

The fancy vest by buttons starred,

The softly tinted woollen greaves,—

But who shall say his final card,

For all that Bond Street gear complete,

Will look so neat

As this stout fellow's (meaning me, the bard)?

Thus would I have you muse and say,

"How truly modest are the strong!"

And so depart; for should you stay

To watch me welt the sphere along

(Full sure that one accoutred thus

Was scratch or plus),

You might be pained to find that you were wrong.

## "WALKER TO RUN IN ENGLAND."

Headline of telegram from Johannesburg in *The Daily Telegraph*.

Anything for a change.



### PRESENCE OF MIND.

*Perfect Stranger.* "Oh! IF YOU PLEASE, COULD YOU TELL ME THE RIGHT TIME?"

### THE INVADERS.

[This terrible story is written by a patriotic Briton who resents perpetual invasions. Mr. LE QUUX, with admirable impartiality, has led both a German and a Russo-French army into the heart of his land. Mr. WELLS, after first horrifying him with Martians, has terrorised him with aeroplanists. Mr. SUIEL has brought the Yellow Terror to his very coast. And now two popular weeklies are simultaneously letting loose some more German armies on his devoted country. The time has come for Retaliation—even Mr. CHURCHILL admits that. But let us get to the story.]

#### CHAPTER I. BERLIN.

ON a bright summer day in 1912, Berlin was the picture of prosperity and security. Happy, unsuspecting Teutons drank lager in their beer-gardens to the accompaniment of music from admirable military bands. Little did they think that far across the North Sea a treacherous War Office had been planning and scheming for years, that the preparations for invasion were complete to the last button, and that at any moment a mighty power might swoop down on a trusting land.

The natives smiled as they watched

the familiar spectacle of British excursionists sniffing about Berlin. It did not seem strange to them that the Tariff Reform League and the Free Trade Union should each send over five thousand delegates to settle the fiscal problem by personal investigation—the Tariff Reformers led by Mr. LEO MAXSE, and the Free Traders by Mr. BYLES. Even the German policemen were compelled to smile when they noticed that each excursionist carried a large red-bound guide-book.

As the clocks of the city struck twelve a series of deafening explosions took place. The excursionists had all discharged their guide-book bombs, and the railways, telegraphs, barracks, gas works, and electric power stations of Berlin were blown to smithereens. Mr. LEO MAXSE, rescuing the Mayor from the ruins of the Town Hall, sternly demanded the surrender of the city.

Hurriedly a few scattered troops had gathered in *Unter den Linden*. There were only fifteen thousand men, but enough to make a gallant effort. Suddenly a dark object appeared in the sky overhead. "It is the British army aeroplane," cried a keen-eyed sergeant.

"It may fall anywhere! Save yourselves." It was too much; the awed troops fled for the shelter of cellars. Berlin and the British aeroplane fell together.

#### CHAPTER II. POTSDAM.

Nothing was known in Potsdam of the strange happenings in Berlin, when a motor car drew up outside the Imperial Palace. Nor did the guard recognise in the goggled motorists those intrepid dare-devils Messrs. LEO MAXSE and WILLIAM LE QUEUX. The first had called by appointment to see Prince Bülow. With the utmost confidence the Prince received him. He even courteously submitted when Mr. MAXSE proposed to read him extracts from the Tariff Commission's report. Soon the Prince began to nod. Wake, Prince, wake, before it is too late! But the Prince falls into a deep slumber.

In the meantime Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, with the confidence of one born and bred in the purple, had penetrated to the innermost recesses of the Palace. The KAISER received him graciously, and even listened with an air of politely

affected interest when Mr. LE QUERCY related anecdotes of compliments he had received from other crowned heads. Again the fatal slumber! Then the wily LE QUERCY steals to the Imperial telephone and demands to be put through to Kiel.

He receives the reply, "Who is there?" "William," is his truthful answer; "put me on to the Admiral commanding the fleet." (This would look better in German, but English is the recognised language of all paper invasions.)

While the Admiral is trembling at the other end of the telephone he receives the fateful order, "Blow up the Kiel Canal and take out the fleet at once for realistic collision practice. I propose to test the resources of my repairing yards."

Three hours later there is no Kiel Canal and the German battle-fleet is a confused mass of shattered hulks.

English cunning had triumphed.

#### (CHAPTER III.)

[The other chapters were quite easy, but this one is so difficult that we must hold it over till next week or even later.]

#### MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

THE piecemeal transformation of the legitimate drama into musical comedy, so well inaugurated by the success of *Butterflies* and *The Dashing Little Duke*, still continues. It is reported that *The Dictator* is to be the next subject of experiment. As the idea is bound to spread, we have pleasure in anticipating below some theatrical paragraphs of the immediate future:—

MR. BEERDOHN TREE announces that the birthday-week of PAUL RUBENS will be celebrated at His Majesty's Theatre in an especially graceful and appropriate fashion. This will take the form of a programme comprising revivals of certain past productions at this house, all of which have since been metrically adapted by the famous author-composer. Amongst various attractive items for the week we might mention *Little Miss Maryquite*, *Purple Emperors* (originally called *Herod*) and *The Guisebury Girl* (the last with additional lyrics by Mr. G. R. SIMS). The occasion will be awaited with considerable interest.

Meanwhile the instantaneous triumph of *Ophelia* at the Lyceum proves how well advised were Messrs. SMITH and CARPENTER in thus bringing their latest revival into line with popular taste. In the title rôle Miss ELLALINE TERRISS sings and dances as daintily as ever, perhaps her most taking number being the tuneful *Bogie, Bogie, Boo!* arranged as a duet with the *Ghost*. The accompanying snow-effects are especially striking. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, as a melodious *Hamlet*,

scores heavily by his humorous delivery of *Since Poor Old Father Died*; and the Play scene, with its delicious burlesque of the methods of Mr. PÉLISSIER, is another factor in a success which opens up golden vistas for managements with a Shakspearean repertoire.

#### VICEREGAL CAPERS.

##### A PIRRIE TRIUMPH.

SOME details of the St. Patrick's Eve Pageant of Industries and Fancy Dress Ball to be held at the Castle in Dublin to-night were given in *The Observer* of March 7. From these we gather that, while guests in ordinary evening dress may watch the pageant, only those who don a costume illustrative of Irish industries will be permitted to take part in the ball. Also that the list of Irish industries prepared by Lady ABERDEEN as a guide to the wearers of fancy dress includes the following:—

Minerals and Marbles.	Poultry Farming.
Shipbuilding.	Agricultural Imple-
Fisheries.	ments
Tobacco-growing	Matches
Mosaic.	Mineral Water and
Rope-making.	Cyder.
Candles.	Bacon-curing.
Soap and Perfume.	Peat
Brushes and Baskets.	Horse-rearing, Hunt-
Early Flowers and	ing, &c.
Vegetables.	

Curiosity is stimulated by the statement that a Minerals Quadrille has been arranged, in which General and Mrs. BUNBURY will represent coal, and Lord and Lady HADDO salt. Mr. *Punch* is fortunately able to supplement these meagre details with further information of the chorographic dispositions of Lord and Lady ABERDEEN, whose incorrigible humour has been greatly enhanced by their sojourn amongst the vivacious and quick-witted Irish.

Immense and ebullient enthusiasm prevails amongst those who are responsible for the Mineral Waters Two-step. An attempt was made to secure the co-operation of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, but that failed. Fortunately Lord PIRRIE, K.P., has come to the rescue with characteristic zeal, and has heroically agreed on this occasion only to alter his name to Lord PERRIER. Mr. CHERRY, the Attorney-General, will represent a non-alcoholic Cherry Whisky, while Mr. HEALY will figure as Dry Ginger Ale and Mr. KETTLE as Potash.

The Fish Lancers will be full of quaint and adorable conceits. Lord HADDO will represent a Finnan Haddie. General BUNBURY, as he wittily puts it, expects to take the cake as a Red Herring. Lord TRIMLESTOWN will appear as a Sun-fish. Other notables who will take part in these scaly revels are Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Mr. RICHARD WHITE-

ING, the Sisters FINNEY, Messrs. SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN, and Miss DAISY BUCKTROUT. As the leading "fish-lancer" Lord PIRRIE will carry a harpoon, in the use of which he has been carefully coached by Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN.

The Mosaic Polka will be another striking feature of to-night's Fancy Ball. The immigration of Polish Jews into Ireland will enable the national dance of Poland to be executed entirely by experts, and to lend local colour to the performance the band for this item will consist solely of jew's harps in place of those of Tara.

Special pains are being lavished on the Bacon-curing Barn Dance. Lord PIRRIE has designed a lovely garbage for himself in the rôle of "Gammon and Spinach." Canon BEECHING and Mr. SIDNEY LEE will wear two daring costumes as "Rasher and Rasher"; and General BUNBURY, in view of his commanding stature, will represent "Brawn."

No set dances have been arranged by those representing agricultural implements, but we understand that Mr. DEVLIN, M.P., will figure as a working threshing-machine, Mr. CREAM, M.P., being the wheat.

Perhaps the most sensational item in this wonderful programme is the Dairying Dance for Irish cowboys specially trained by Mr. GINNELL, M.P. Here again Lord PIRRIE, K.P., may be expected to take a prominent part, and, indeed, has promised to perform what he wittily calls a Pirrie-ouette.

Lastly, a Musical Ride for Rearing Horses is being organised by that staunch patriot, Alderman SHANKS, whose famous mare is expected to perform prodigies of equine valour.

#### "Births.

MACKIRDY.—At Orchard Way, Haywards Heath, on 8th March, the wife of Archibald Mackirdy (née Olive Christian Malvery, author of 'The Soul Market,' etc.), a son."

*Glasgow Herald.*

"A Son" promises to be a work of permanent interest. It is frankly realistic, and we feel certain that anyone who takes it in hand will be compelled to sit up to all hours of the morning with it. The flannel binding is a novelty.

"Even Lord Byron, who was supposed to be a callous sort of person in so far as caring for the world's verdict was concerned, is said to have been completely wretched at the first production of his play, *Dearest than Life*."

So says JOHN KENDRICK BANGS in *Success*, and if he cares for our verdict we may mention that the confusing of GEORGE GORDON BYRON with H. J. BYRON prevents his article from doing perfect justice to the title of the paper in which it figures.



Grannie (anxious to be allowed to read in peace). "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, MY DEAR?"

Elizabeth. "WELL, GRANNIE, I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER, AND I'VE DECIDED TO DEVOTE MYSELF TO YOU FILL BEDTIME."

#### PROBLEMS OF A GREAT MIND.

MUST emphasise in every possible way determination to be on my own. Tired to death of this Roosevelt-puppet myth. But what can I do?

Entertaining TEDDY's old foes, the Stellamy Borners, a very bold move, and it seems to have come off. I must follow up that line. There's HARRIMAN, for example; I might ask him to an alligator lunch, and I daresay PULITZER wouldn't refuse a possum tea. And then there's FORAKER, we might give him a *chic* little rattlesnake supper and have it well paragraphed. But there's an end even to TEDDY's foes, and I must say I'm not too fond of them myself. I would rather find a way that meant less personal inconvenience and distaste.

Met DEFEW to-day, and mentioned the problem to him. His advice to have the White House painted black. That will show independence if you like, he says. I wonder if it isn't rather drastic, and perhaps a little too suggestive of affection for negroes, which, when one remem-

bers TEDDY's passion for BOOKER WASHINGTON, seems a mistake likely to defeat the very end I am making for.

Might, however, paint it red! Will think this over.

Or black and white, like a chess-board or a fox terrier?

Have drawn up an interview on the subject of big-game hunting which I think of getting printed on the day that TEDDY sails. Deprecate the wanton slaughter, in the name of sport and science, of these beautiful and scarce creatures, and so on. There could be no misunderstanding that; independence is crystallised in such a manifesto.

Could I protest against large families, I wonder? I fear not. That would be a little too thin.

Philander Knox, a very cute fellow, suggests consulting DOOLEY. I think I will.

DOOLEY very sympathetic and encouraging. "How to show your independence of TEDDY ROSENTELT?" he said. "Why, it's as aisy as laughing. Be yourself." I believe he's right.

From *The Evening News Enquiry Column*:

"How can I rub a tin of tomatoes through a sieve?"

Answer.—The quickest way is to cut a hole in the sieve and drop the tin through. Rubbing will be found tedious work.

#### Judicial Humour.

"Mr. Wynne, for the prosecution, said that we were all under the reign of law, and ought not, if we could help it, to resort to self-help.

"Mr. Justice Darling.—Why someone wrote a book about it. (Laughter.)"

In this instance "(Smiles)" would have met the case.

An Indian firm with a branch in Sydney (N.S.W.) advertises in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*:

"Jap Silk. All French, and our own manufacture."

We always suspected the silkworm of being something of a cosmopolitan.





Rescuer (to Major Dash-Blank, who is giving advice in his most forcible manner). "IF YOU'D KINDLY GO A LITTLE FARTHER UP AND DAM THE STREAM, YOU MIGHT BE OF SOME ASSISTANCE, SIR!"

### MNEMONIC AIDS.

[Loss of memory is once more becoming a common complaint]

A GREAT thing in the art of remembering is association of ideas. You are introduced to a Mr. Smith, and so that you may not forget his name you think of the poem concerning the man who toiled and rejoiced. This, of course, may prompt you later to address Mr. Smith as Mr. Chestnut, or Mr. Sparks, or even as Mr. Longfellow; but all roads to success are paved with danger.

This, however, only illustrates part of the method, and we commend the following mnemonic aids to the reader's attention. We do not claim for our system that it represents anything like a full course of mind development; we simply wish to let the public have the benefit of a few practical hints, for which we ask nothing in the way of fee or subscription.

No. 1. You are a Bridge enthusiast and wish to remember to return your partner's lead. Write the name of the required suit on your cuff, or get a card

of it from another pack, and keep it in evidence. The latter method, however, is open to misinterpretation, especially if the card borrowed be an ace or a trump, and you absent-mindedly take a trick with it. A safer plan is to have one of those fancy handkerchiefs bearing designs of the four suits, and to put it down your sleeve, leaving the right picture exposed.

No. 2. You are the husband of a lady who, under excitement, becomes rhetorical. She has given you a letter to post. You might paint your face a post-office red so that every glance in the mirror reminds you of your commission. A still better plan, since you are likely to notice them more often, is to incarnadine your fingers, or wear red knitted gloves or mittens.

No. 3. A lady visitor at your house has had the unhappiness to marry a Mr. Sudds. You naturally wish to avoid any mention of soap or washing in her presence, and a good mnemonic aid to this end is to put a cake of soap in your pocket. Be careful, of course, not to bring it out with your handkerchief, or

instead of your cigarette-case, and above all don't leave it in your visitor's hand when she bids you good-bye.

No. 4. You are in the habit of leaving one or more of your bath-taps running. Tie a knot in the centre of your towel.

No. 5. You wish, perhaps, to remember to return a borrowed book or umbrella. . . . But this is a contingency not likely to arise, and in dealing with it we should only be wasting our space and the reader's time.

Announcing "The Discovery of a New Elephant," *The Hull Eastern Morning News* says:—

"It has been appropriately named Nipporium . . . Its symbol will be Np. and its atomic weight has been ascertained to be probably 100."

We, however, shall call it "Little Willie."

"New — Camera. Cost 15s., take 20s."  
—*The Amateur Photographer*.

Can we not induce him to accept a guinea?





## PROTECTION.

[“However imperfect they (the Territorials) may be as soldiers, however incapable they may be, with their present degree of training, for meeting on an equality foreign troops, I still think that the organisation which the right hon gentleman has given them in some future time may prove absolutely invaluable for the safety of the country”—Mr. Balfour on the Army Estimates]



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 8.*  
—There happened to-night one of those little incidents which show that, after all, the House of Commons is almost human. VERNLY asked UNDER-SECRETARY FOR COLONIES whether he could state the profit of gold mining companies in the Transvaal during the last ten years. SEELEY advanced to Table with prodigious sheet of foolscap in hand. Citing the year 1903-4, he in studiously quiet voice named the result. It was a trifle under three and a half millions. House listened languidly. As year by year showed increase, Members began to move uneasily in their seats. Strange lights gleamed in eyes which, as far as earlier observation went, had no speculation in them. Here and there on back benches were heard sounds as of one licking his lips in keen anticipation of sharing a sumptuous meal. SEELEY, insensibly sharing growing excitement, raised his voice in continuation of the dazzling record.

"Nineteen hundred and five-six, £4,622,000."

On the benches where Labour Members gather, emotion grew uncontrollable. Had JOHN BURNS happened to be sitting in their midst, they would have shaken hands with him, so far were they beside themselves at this display of wealth hitherto untold. SEELEY went on piling it up. Jupiter calling upon Danae in her brazen tower was nothing compared with UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES.

"1906-7" he trumpeted, "£5,115,000."

This too much. "1907-8," said SEELEY with a shout. Members could stand no more. "Agreed! Agreed!" they cried. And UNDER-SECRETARY sank back exhausted in his seat, leaving untold the output of the last year.

After this the great granite question turned up again, ADMIRAL MCKENNA confined to his bunk. Reported to have caught a chill. Gentlemen opposite know that a chunk of Norwegian granite, after the manner of a similar sample of old red sandstone, has caught him in a tender part, and, as in the case of the recipient of the red sandstone aforesaid, deprived subsequent proceedings of all interest. In his absence the schoolmaster is abroad. MACNAMARA takes the floor, with a long lead pencil held in



FIGURE STILL GROWING  
"Nineteen hundred and five-six, £4,622,000."  
(Colonel Seeley.)

hand ferule-wise, as if he were back in the old days conducting, instead of submitting to, the Catechism.

Singular coalition formed. Irish Members, Scotch Members and the Confederates want to know why Admiralty have consented to employment of Norwegian granite in construction of works at Rosyth? Denounce procedure as unpatriotic in principle, in detail harmful to the Unemployed. None but the



THE SWORN FOE OF THE JAM SATISH CHATTERJEES (BRITISH BRANCH).  
(Mr. J. D. Rees. A most useful person when anti-Imperialists are about.)

present Government would be guilty of such mean unpatriotic penny-wise perversity.

Turns out that Admiralty have strictly followed precedent established in 1896, when Unionist Minister was at the helm. Over three million sterling being expended on extension of dockyard at Devonport, Admiralty of the day approved action of contractors in using Norwegian granite and did not insist upon clause securing fair wage for foreign workmen.

This a little awkward. Confederates changed the subject; but are they down-hearted? No. Have another card, so to speak, up their sleeve. HERBERT (HIVES) has been buying abroad material for making mail-bags. (What Home Office want with mail-bags not clear. That a detail.) Won't do to have him showing that his predecessor in similar manner also bought in cheapest market. Will look matter up. If the land is clear, will shake out the mail-bags and give granite the go-by.

*Business done* — In Committee of Supply on Army Estimates.

*Tuesday.*—"Hasn't Mr. SATISH CHATTERJEE been talking more than enough?"

'Twas the voice of REES of India. I knew he'd complain. In truth, he well might. India looms large in both Houses to-night. In the Lords the SECRETARY OF STATE pilots through another stage a Bill recognised as containing the most important proposals popularising British government in India introduced since DIZZY made his Royal Mistress Empress over teeming multitudes. In the Commons the usual sniping of UNDER-SECRETARY by patriots of a class known and hymned by CANNING:

No narrow bigot he; his reasoned view

Thy interest, England, ranks with thine, Peru

A steady patriot of the world alone,  
The friend of every country but his own.

'Time was when such episodes were impossible. Mr. Speaker GULLY, taking the view that Standing Orders insist on due notice of enquiry addressed to Ministers, sternly limited number of Supplementary Questions. Mr. Speaker LOWTHER, regarding freedom in questioning as sort of safety-valve, lavishly permits the practice. Perhaps a little hard on Ministers, who, lacking opportunity for acquirement or consideration of latest information, may be entrapped into indiscretions. DEPUTY-SPEAKER in Chair to-night properly refrains from



ADMIRAL MCKENNA CONFINED TO HIS BUNK.

(With good wishes for a speedy recovery)

[It will be noticed that Cap'n Tommy Bowles, having seen that Mr. McKenna had had some Norwegian granite dropped on his toes, has, with characteristic kindness, forwarded his "timber toe" for Mr. McKenna's temporary use. Having taken his "hook" for Central Glasgow, he has sent that along too, in case it may be useful.]

interfering with daily usage. Accordingly for ten minutes by Westminster clock, being a full fifth of whole time allotted to Questions, statesmen below Gangway on both sides badgered BUCHANAN.

Don't get much out of that eminent Scotsman. No harm done in House of Commons where we know our Satish Chatterjees. In only less degree is the performance hurtful throughout the country. Quite a different thing in India, a section of whose native population of late did honour to Don't KEIR HARDIE. These wranglings, reported verbatim in morning newspapers, are eagerly reproduced in native press. To its readers one M.P. is as good as another; a great deal better too, if he only asserts or insinuates that Government of India is mendacious, suborned, tyrannical.

It was SATISH CHATTERJEE MACDONALD who gave the kick-off to-night. Wanted to know about arrest and deportation of

certain political agitators. UNDER-SECRETARY having made reply, up sprang half-a-dozen Members of British branch of Satish Chatterjee family—MACKARNES, COTTON, RUTHERFORD, DON'T KEIR HARDIE, and others.

Meanwhile on topmost Bench below Gangway sits up aloft JACK REES, keeping watch over UNDER-SECRETARY. Plays part of what HALSBURY would call "a sort of" Greek Chorus. Now and then, amid clamour of the Chatterjees, he gets in elaborately framed question, to which nobody pays any attention. The Chatterjees cry "Caw! Caw!"; the UNDER-SECRETARY endeavours in reply to say as nearly nothing as possible; and at length DEPUTY-SPEAKER timidly suggests that other questions should have a turn.

*Business done*—The Satish Chatterjee family take the floor.

*Thursday*.—Since at historic crisis embattled Europe was reassured and sustained by editorial assurance on the part of the *Skibbereen Eagle*, "We have

our eye on Louis Napoleon," there has been nothing like Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL's attitude at the present time towards his Sovereign. Across sea and land a searching eye beams on Biarritz. Mr. MACNEILL's trouble is indicated in notice appearing on paper to-day directing attention to "advice given by the FOREIGN MINISTER to the KING to go abroad without a Minister responsible to this House for the KING's transactions in international politics."

Can make nothing out of EDWARD GREY, who affects indifference to apprehensions and constitutional objections. If Foreign Office are thus neglectful of vital interests of Empire, let private citizenship sacrifice personal convenience on country's altar. If no Minister of the Crown is forthcoming in attendance on travelling Majesty, is there not in the House a lineal descendant of WILLIAM LENTHALL, Speaker in the Long Parliament, also GODWIN SWIFT, late of this parish, uncle and guardian of DEAN SWIFT? Is he not Ex-Professor of Constitutional and Criminal Law, King's Inns, Dublin?

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks, And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks

When next the FOREIGN SECRETARY goes a-fishing, he might think over this suggestion.

*Business done*—Still in Committee of Supply. HERBERT GLADSTONE, in reply to question, declares there is not shadow of foundation for mail-bag story. Must hark back to granite.

## ERRATA.

(Being some necessary corrections in "Johnson's Dictionary.")

BURLESQUE.—An amusing and corrective entertainment necessary for the health of the drama. (Obsolete, except in a potted form.)

COMMON.—A tract of public land upon which the commonalty sometimes stray to the annoyance of golfers.

DRAMA.—An expedient for killing the time between dinner and supper. A mirror of life. (Obsolete.)

FOOTBALL.—A profession, formerly a game. The only spectacular preoccupation of a working-man.

GOLF.—An obsession, formerly a game. The most serious occupation of a business man.

HIGHWAY.—A track maintained at the public charges for the use of mechanically propelled vehicles. A track for the use of all. (Obsolete.)

PLOUGH.—An implement of agriculture to which public orators and statesmen put their hands, at the same time undertaking not to look back.

SALE.—A free fight between women in which the victors save three-farthings.

SERIAL.—A test for the survival of the fittest among readers of fiction.



Sportsman. "HALLO, COUNT, WHAT DID YOU FALL OVER?"

he Count. "WHAT I FALL OVER? I FALL OVER ZE 'EAD OF MY 'ORSE."

### THE HOOK OF THE REAPER.

["The revival of the moustache is imminent. . . . Let women but speak the word and we shall not have a clean-shaven man in our land." *Lady's Pictorial*]

ALAS, Nenera! think not that the dash  
Of fledgling days can lightly be renewed,  
Now that the jaws of Strephon, like his cash,  
Are permanently blued.

'Twere easier, at a time when tresses moult  
And barbers comment on my balder head,  
To rouse a hair in every cranial holt  
Whose occupant has fled,

Than here upon this barren waste of lip  
To reproduce the half-forgotten bloom,  
The yet untoursured foliage whose tip  
I twined (but, ah! for whom?).

Have you beheld the silkworm's envelope,  
The barn-door chicken in its suit of fluff,  
The petal of the moss-rose newly ope,  
The pendants of a muff?

Such and so soft as these, till Fashion chose  
To deem it graceless, was the wealth I wore;  
The bright death quivered then beneath my nose,  
'Touched, and I grew no more.

And now, if I should stay the morning scythe,  
Those silken tassels would not bud again,  
But something far less comely and less lithe,  
Some awful brand of Cain.

The wind is tempered to the fleecy lamb,  
But, if I came to woo you, lady mine,  
With loathly bristles, such as those that damn  
The "fretful porpentine,"

You would not like it. Therefore plead instead  
With boys that still await the virgin sprout;  
But as for me, whose crop has long been shed,  
I'll scrape along without.

"As the year runs its course, we find the car introducing us to inaccessible golf courses and experiences of strange lies and, mayhap, bunkers malevolent, to the scene of keen struggles between wickets, or, perchance, to white-bordered polo ground, as an onlooker or participant in that king of games, where the horse, or, rather, pony, perhaps, is seen at his best, revelling in keen enjoyment of every moment in each 'quarter,' no less than the rider."

Meanwhile *The Motor* "introduces" us to *that*!

"Last night's ball at Lady N.—'s was a very brilliant affair. Lady N.— married, firstly, Sir R.— A.—, and, secondly, Lord N.—." *The Globe*.

Not bad for one evening.

"Mar 26.—Elderly people born on this day, in any year, will benefit in health and fortune; but it is an unfortunate birthday for young persons"—*Weldon's Ladies' Journal*.

If you *must* be born on a day like that, it seems best to leave out your first childhood and go straight on to the second.



## A DEAD CERTAINTY.

THIS was the posture of affairs—it was half past two and the *matinee* was at three. But the notices in the shop-window said "Last reductions. Sale now on Genuine bugbuns," and Cecilia, who was only up for the day, said it would be positively sinful to let the chance slip and she wouldn't be two minutes.

In a woman's shopping vocabulary two minutes means half an hour, so I objected, and painted a vivid picture of the annoyance of the people in stalls Row C when we scrambled in over their feet. But Cecilia looked at the shop window plaintively and I remembered that there were cogent reasons why bargains should appeal strongly to the wife of a country parson—of a parson, moreover, who has no immediate prospect of exercising archidiaconal functions. However, the feet of the people in Row C had to be considered too, so I said promptly, "Look here, it takes a man to do shopping quickly. Tell me what you want and I'll be in and out again in less than five minutes."

Cecilia looked at me with an enigmatical smile. "I bet you you won't," she said.

"I want," I said, going with forthright misalline directness to the baroness nearest the door, "I want—she was writing poetry or anagrams or something in a little black book—'I want five yards of insertion at about nine three'."

She found the rhyming word, looked up, and replied, "Oh, yes. This is the mantle department. Would you mind going Right Through?"

A nobleman who had come in to have his hat ironed, on seeing my dilemma very civilly came forward and pointed the way to Right Through. I expect he had sometimes been there for his wife.

I only fell into one error on the way. "I want," I said to a rather prepossessing viscountess—"I want nine yards of insertion at about five-three."

"Oh, yes," she said brightly. "This is the glove department. Would you mind going Right Through?"

There was a cathedral-like dimness about this region when I did finally reach it, and it seemed very far from the street. Time had not been standing still any more than I had, so I went to the counter, over-hurriedly, perhaps,

stumbled against a footledge, knocked my hat against an overhead wire, and said with what dignity I could—

"I want about three yards of insertion at nine-five, please." Then I swallowed, and added—not very bravely I'm afraid—"and I'm in rather a hurry."

Juno stuck a pencil in her dress, gave a cursory glance at me, to see what manner of a cheap bargain I might be, and asked coldly, "Did you want it rucked or puckered?"

Perhaps those were not the exact alternatives offered, but it seemed that

"Then I'm afraid it's a *little* too wide," I replied with decision.

"Eleven three is the price," she explained icily, "not the width."

"Oh, yes, then I'll take it."

"The piece, or only nine yards?"

"Yes, nine. No, five."

She wailed, compassionately now, as a wise elder might await the result of an infant's painful effort after articulate voicing of its wants.

"Five yards, please," I said meekly. "But"—this was rather a brilliant afterthought—Cecilia should not taunt

me with making a bad bargain—"but is eleven and three the sale price, or—"

But Juno was wrestling with the multiplication table.

I made the answer fifty-six and threepence, but apparently my hint about sale price had not fallen on deaf ears. "Four-and-tenpence three-farthings. Sign!" said Juno—a really handsome reduction. I tendered a sovereign. Then came an interlude. "Your change will be here in a minute," she said.

She said, but I saw very little chance of it, and glanced anxiously at the clock at the far end of Right Through. I was to pay the bill if I lost the bet, and no one seemed to be bothering about my change. Of course it was out of the question that Juno herself should go in search of it, and the countesses about the place were all gracefully statuesque, or were serving customers.

Time went heavily, then, with dramatic suddenness, something like an inverted tortoise came, by way of aerial railway, direct to where Juno was standing. She took some heavy change out of its maw, and handed this to me, together with a paper packet. She was

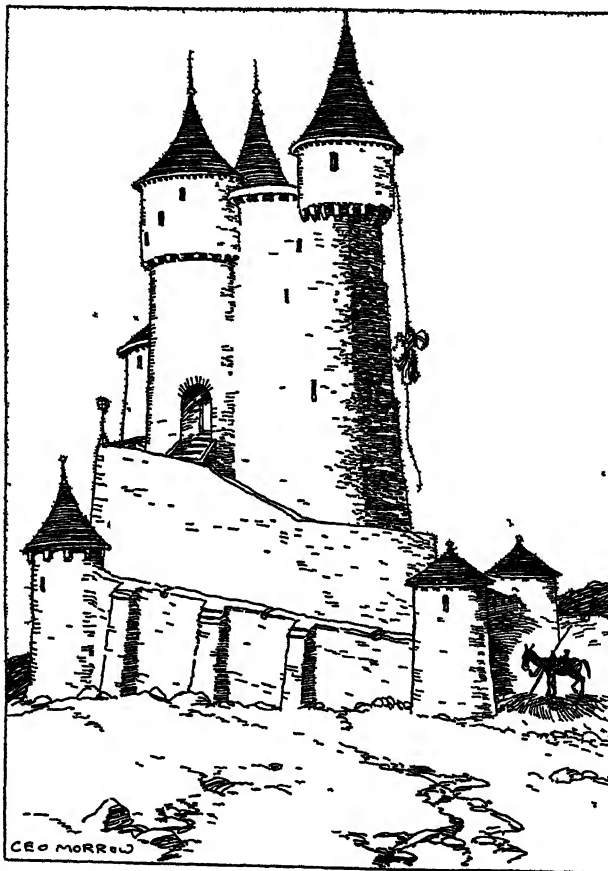
very particular about the packet.

"Do I—do I—do I leave this at the desk?" I gasped at parting.

"That is your farthing change," she said scornfully, on one of her rich middle notes.

I clutched my paper of pins and fled. Cecilia, when I found her, was in the act of coveting a hat in the window—a hat that had been greatly reduced in price, but not in circumference.

"You've spent tenpence more than you should have done," she said, when I had boasted of my genuine bargain, "but it doesn't matter since you have to pay. You've kept me twenty-one minutes."



Rescued Maiden "OH SIR KNIGHT, I WOULD FAIR RETURN TO MY BOWER I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY TAMBOUR FRAME!"

there were two kinds of insertion, and my sister had not prepared me for this. The situation was serious.

"I'd better see some of each," I said brilliantly.

Juno deftly spun out four or five rolls of lace, and I fingered one piece, not without certain misgivings.

"Er—I suppose this is insertion?" I asked. For I had expected something heavier—something strong, for patching.

Juno was sure of it.

"Then I'll have nine yards at three-five, please. No, five yards at nine-three," I said.

"But this is eleven-three," she observed.

## A GREAT PLAY.

It is very difficult to write praise, very easy to find fault. As I have nothing but praise for Mr. Galsworthy's new play, *Strife*, I find it difficult to say calmly what I think of it. Perhaps the best thing I can say is that I feel proud to think that it was written by an Englishman, and acted by English men and women. You know, ours is a poor country. Our Trade is rotten and our Navy futile. On another count we are in danger, if we are to believe an eminent Member of Parliament, of becoming the laughing-stock of Europe. Think how awful that will be! And only recently *The Saturday Review* announced that one German conscript would be a match for a hundred Territorials (Englishmen). So it is jolly - is it not? - to be able to reflect that at least we have written and acted a play which can stand comparison with anything the Drama of the superior countries can show.

*Strife* tells the story of a strike at the Trenartha Tin Plate Works. In the struggle between Capital and Labour, the protagonists are old John Anthony, Chairman of the Company, and David Roberts, leader of the workmen. Old Anthony dominates the other directors (one of whom is his son), just as Roberts sways the other members of his committee. Both of them are looking to the future rather than considering present needs. "If you give in now," says Anthony to directors thinking of dividends, "Labour wins for ever." "If you give in now," cries Roberts to workmen thinking of food, "Labour loses for ever." But Roberts's wife dies. "It will be our wives next time," say the other men; and they are ready for compromise. "A woman dead!—this is too terrible," say the other Directors, and they also are ready for compromise. So terms are agreed to, and Anthony and Roberts are thrown overboard—Anthony on the verge of a paralytic stroke at his betrayal by his own son, Roberts on the edge of madness at the death of Annie . . .

And then it is discovered that the new terms are actually the very terms which had been drawn up before the strike as a basis of agreement. Which, as the Trades Union Official says, is where the fun comes in.

I have seen it said by critics that Mr. Galsworthy's moral is this, that and the other. I don't think Mr. Galsworthy bothers about a moral. It is his business to make other people uncomfortable. When people are thoroughly uncomfortable they begin to think; after they have thought a little they decide vaguely to "do something." Mr. Galsworthy longs for somebody to "do something." If *Strife* has a moral it is simply that



## ART.

*Wealthy Parvenu (to Fashionable Portrait Painter).* "I DON'T MIND PAYING A STIFF PRICE FOR THIS—MONEY'S NO OBJECT TO ME BUT I MUST HAVE IT TIP-TOP. LOOK 'ERE, PAINT A RECEIPT IN MY 'AND COMING RIGHT ACROSS THE PICKSHUR, WITH YOUR NAME OVER A PENNY STAMP, AND THE FIGURES VERY CLEAR—THAT'LL GIVE PEOPLE AN IDEAR O' WOT IT'S COSH ME!"

the problem of Capital and Labour will have to be settled.

Though the play is great the acting is worthy of it. I refuse to single out any player for special praise; if once I began I should not stop until I had mentioned every name on the programme (including probably those of the Business Manager and the Musical Director). They are all perfect. You must go to one of the matinees at The Duke of York's to see for yourself. It is much to be hoped, though, that Mr. Frohman will be able to put Mr. Galsworthy's play on in the evening before long. If some of the thousands who are turned away nightly

from *An Englishman's Home* had an opportunity of seeing *Strife* they would discover that there are other problems to which a patriot may give his mind—with equal advantage to his country.

M.

"NURSING. — Constant attendant (single) wanted. Must have unexceptionable character and references; an abstainer; quiet, gentle, willing, obliging, quick, thor. experi., good tempered, intelligent, sympathetic, pleasant, companionable, clean, tidy, strong, healthy."—*The Scotsman*.

Now we know why the last attendant left.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

COMMANDER C. N. ROBINSON has laid all sailormen and those who are even remotely interested in the sea under a heavy load of obligation by writing *The British Tar in Fact and Fiction* (HARPER). The gallant Commander is a master not merely of his subject but of a capital style, breezy, as a sailor's style should be, and most admirably graphic and entertaining. He has produced a fascinating book, describing the sailor both as he actually was and as he was represented in prose and verse through the centuries. I wish I could do justice to the interest of this record in the space at my command. I venture to say that no marine library can henceforth be considered complete without it. A word of praise, too, must be given to the illustrations, which have been selected with great discrimination. Many of them bear witness to Jack's secular association with the fair sex and to his sentimental gallantry. Indeed, the matrimonial proclivities of the sailor were notable two hundred years ago:—"The Duke and Duchess privateer ships," writes Commander ROBINSON, "set out from Bristol on 2nd August, 1708, with other vessels bound for the Cove of Cork. Arrived at that place to victual and ship additional mariners, Woodes Rogers [master-mariner and author of a journal of the voyage] notes the strange behaviour of his men in the fact 'that they were continually marrying while we stayed there, though expected to sail immediately.' They were not all Englishmen. A Dane who was on board was united by an Irish priest to an Irish woman, though neither understood a word of the other's language, and they had to use an interpreter."

Who were the Oriel "Noetics?" It is a question which would puzzle many informed minds. The Oriel Noetics were EVELLIGH, COPLSTON, WHATELY, DR. ARNOLD, HAMPDEN, HAWKINS, BADEN-POWELL, and BLANCO WHITE—eight good men whose characters are set forth by Mr. TUCKWELL, the "Radical Parson," in *Pre-Tractarian Oxford* (SMITH, ELDER). The book has not the raciness of the same admirable writer's *Reminiscences of Oxford*; but then it is made of sterner stuff, and what it lacks in fun it makes up for in seriousness. The papers on WHATELY and ARNOLD are models not only of lucidity and brevity but of sane criticism and sympathetic understanding. Better biographical essays I have not read for many years. One of WHATELY's trenchant *obiter dicta* (shall I say?) is timely to-day: "People who think it easy to govern Ireland because it is poor, half-civilised, full of ignorance, are like the young medical student who imagined that he had learned enough of medicine to doctor very little children." The old joke about the undergraduate and the funeral—"I wish it had been a nearer relation"—is fixed by

Mr. TUCKWELL as the work of HAWKINS when Provost of Oriel. Other claimants will please recede into the background.

I have not for some time penetrated into the subterranean kingdom of the Central London Railway, and so cannot say whether Mr. DESMOND COKE's new novel, *The Golden Key* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), has had as good a show there as its predecessor *The Pedestal*, which at one time seriously threatened Miss LENA ASHWELL's reputation as the best advertised man, woman or thing below the surface of the earth. But I have no doubt which is the better book of the two. *The Golden Key*, like another panacea which does not disdain the uses of advertisement, touches the spot—the sore and aching spot hidden beneath too many of the fancy waistcoats and blouses of our island race. It is the story of an ordinary rather lovable young Londoner who is emotionally dumb. Even to

his mother, and to his loved and loving wife (whom he forbids to call him "darling"), he cannot for the life of him express his real feelings, because of a foolish, reserved, ultra-British pride which believes that to be demonstrative is to be undignified. The "golden key," gift of his unborn child, stands for the idea of unselfish love, strong to cast out even the fear of seeming ridiculous. With it he unlocks the door of his prison-house and walks abroad a free man, no longer ashamed to feel and to show that he feels. Mr. COKE's story is so true to life that I think it may be a real help, to some of the unfortunates who have not yet found the way out.

*George Canning and His Friends* (MURRAY) is a disappointing book. I heard Mr. GLADSTONE, in the House of Commons, in that vibrant voice that marked deep emotion, declare he was "bred under the shadow of the

great name of CANNING." Through two ponderous volumes Captain BAGOT leaves the shadow vague. He has no grip of the man either in his personal relations or in his public work. There are in all over 800 pages of printed matter, much of it in the form of laborious notes. Heaps of letters filling the pages suggest the process of taking them haphazard out of the waste-paper basket. As far as the interest or value of many is concerned, they had better have been left there. A solitary gleam of humour, and that borrowed from CUNNINGHAM's *Horace Walpole*, illumines the massive tomes. In CANNING's inscription on the monument to WILLIAM PITT it was written, "He lived without ostentation, and died poor." An alderman, his feelings outraged by the application of such a word to the deceased statesman, proposed to substitute for "poor" the phrase "in indifferent circumstances."

"AN ORDER FROM GERMANY.—The contract for the erection of a refuse destructor for the city of Rotterdam has been placed with Messrs. — of Manchester."—*The Birmingham Daily Post*. So the KAISER has taken Holland already!



THE LOST MOUNTAINEER; AN ENCOURAGING FIND.

## CHARIVARIA.

SOME of us were inclined to be down-hearted last week over the official statements as to our Navy. But if our supremacy is threatened in one quarter, it is, thank Heaven, safe in another. In Germany, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON tells us, there are only five golf courses!

Meanwhile it is good to know that England still possesses a Man. "Let the Germans build fleets by the score," said Mr. LUTON in the course of the Navy debate, "I am not afraid of them." The effect of this statement in Germany is said to be incalculable.

New and attractive recruiting posters will, we hear, shortly be issued by the War Office, bearing the words, "Free Motor Rides to Seaside Resorts," in large type.

The French Post Office Officials who struck work last week evidently failed to realise one great inconvenience likely to result from their action. The interruption of the telegraph service rendered it impossible for us to obtain a good account of their strike.

A well-known German actress has published a remarkable book of confessions, in which she declares that an actress ought not to marry, as she can never be a good housewife. Many, of course, take an early opportunity of correcting their error.

The Ladies' Silence Room was a feature which attracted wide attention among male visitors to a certain New Emporium, and several married men ordered one.

A medical writer recommends the eating of young raw onions by children. It is found to be the simplest way of avoiding kisses with their attendant dangers.

A Hindu gentleman is recommending breathing exercises as a cure for influenza and many other ailments. It is, we believe, becoming more and more a recognised fact that so long as one can carry out these exercises one cannot die.

In view of the increasing expense of our Navy, "ECONOMIST" writes to ask whether it would not be possible for some of our cruisers to take paying guests during the summer season.

Believing himself to be the strongest man in the world, a Bengali, the other day, wagered that he would stand in front of a motor-car and stop it. He made the attempt in the presence of a large crowd. When he recovered consciousness he declared that the car took him by surprise. We trust that the car was of British make, and that the incident is prophetically symbolic.

"Considerable speculation has been

According to one account a number of enterprising journalists, to attain their object, intend to disguise themselves as lions, elephants, and okapis, with bullet-proof undervests.

"I went into prison a martyr to indigestion and headaches, and came out cured," a Suffragette informs us. It is satisfactory to know that prison no longer makes martyrs, but cures them.

A mummified duck, estimated to be 3,000,000 years old, has been found in a sandstone stratum in Wyoming. It has been secured for the American Museum of Natural History. The local poulterers were evidently caught napping.

"Providing the Derby defence could hold the supposedly superior Forest forwards, the Second Leaguers were generally expected to win, if their own vanguard was good enough to score."—*The Daily News*.

This seems quite sound.

"It is rumoured that diamonds have been found in Brazil."—*Liverpool Evening Express*.

From "News in a Nutshell." These Brazil-nuts are quite as toothsome as the ordinary chestnut.

The final round of the Amateur Billiard Championship appears to have been an exciting affair. According to *The Sportsman* Major FLEMING ended the afternoon sitting with "50 (un-

finished), making 30 after losing the red ball." Whether the red ball was ever found again we cannot say, but its disappearance seems to have affected the Major's play, for we read that "Major Fleming made his unfinished break into 51." That last 1, even with the red ball off the table, was unworthy of him.

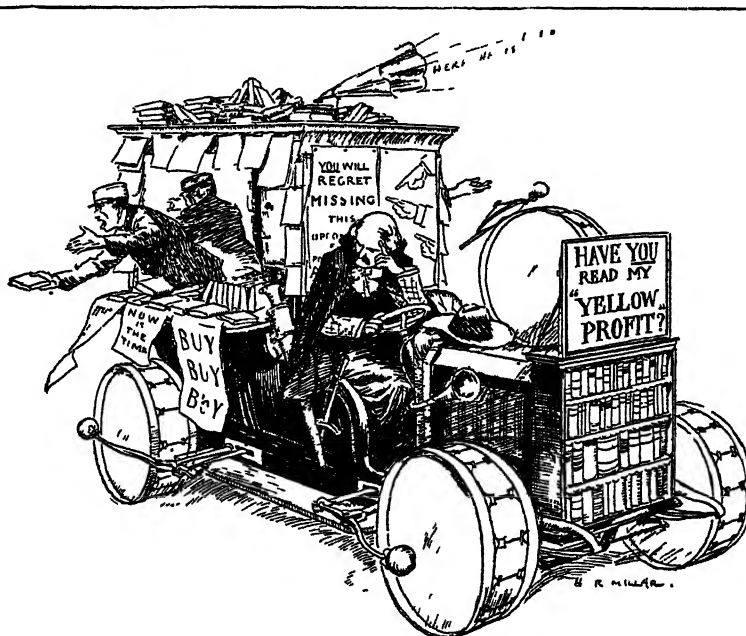
## Hunting Notes.

"An amusing story of how a fox half wrecked the dinner table around which were sitting its sworn enemies, members of the Rugby Beagles, came from Redhill yesterday."—*Lloyd's Weekly*.

"Nine years ago he established the Quantock Pack of Staghounds, which he maintained at his own expense (the only subscription being for a poultry fund)."—*Bristol Echo*.

The chicken and the stag appear to be sworn enemies too.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR NEW TOPICAL DRAMA IN PARIS: *The Silence of the Grève*.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

II.—FOR LITERARY BOOMSTERS.

caused," *The Observer* tells us, by a remark recently made by Mr. ROOSEVELT at a reception. The ex-PRESIDENT shook hands with a negro, who said, "I've carried the ROOSEVELT banner in two campaigns and I hope to have the honour of doing so again." To this, we are told, Mr. ROOSEVELT replied, "Tilme alone will tell you whether you will be afforded that opportunity." Everyone now is asking, Who is Tilme?

By the way, in view of Mr. ROOSEVELT's well-known hustling methods, why not call him now "The Expressident"?

Meanwhile preparations are being made by the Yellow Press of America to secure full reports of Mr. ROOSEVELT's African trip in spite of his having stated that he will do all that he possibly can to baffle unwelcome followers.



## NO OFFENCE INTENDED.

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the German people by the PRIME MINISTER and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in extenuation of their candour during the debate on the Navy Estimates.]

LARGE and beloved, O amphibious Power,  
If we have seemed to you a touch too candid,  
If in a really rather awkward hour  
We had to let your sacred name be bandied  
As that of our most likely foe,  
Permit us to explain why this was so.

It all began about November last.  
We gathered, in the very act of nailing  
Our glorious Two-Power Standard to the mast,  
Firm as a Suffragette lashed to a paling,  
That you (we never dreamed you would)  
Were building *Dreadnoughts* faster than you could.

Of course we don't dispute your perfect right  
(Why, who are we to circumscribe your freedom?)  
To keep your *KRUPPS* a-boiling day and night  
With thirty thousand extra hands; you need 'em;  
Your merchant-ships—may they increase!—  
Require protection—one *Dreadnought* apiece.

(Since penning this remark we learn, dear friends,  
That your commercial needs are not as stated;  
We hear that Admiral *TIRPITZ* now intends  
To have his fighting navy concentrated,  
For local objects, nearer home,  
And not dispersed about the general foam.\*)

And if you said you wouldn't push the pace,  
That was no pledge, but just a "declaration,"  
Not binding, though it gave us heart of grace,  
And nerved us to a little relaxation;  
And if thereon you fail to act,  
Your *bona fides* still remains intact.

We should have liked to draw a veil about  
Matters that hardly lend themselves to mincing,  
Only, you see, we *had* to blurt them out  
Because our own side takes so much convincing;  
We *had* to talk in tragic metres  
So as to flabbergast our Little-Fleeters.

Against our will we gave your schemes away,  
Not all of them, of course, but all we knew, Sirs;  
On painful facts we turned the light of day,  
Simply to shock these Armament-Reducers,  
Fearing they might, unless we stirred 'em,  
Vote for the Fleet's *reductio ad absurdum*.

Pity, don't blame us; we were bound to hedge,  
Bound to employ ambiguous resources,  
Exposed upon the cliff's appalling ledge,  
With just the choice of two repugnant courses,  
The balance being fairly level—  
That side the deep sea, and on this the devil.

O. S.

"Last Thursday, in the Reichstag, Admiral von Tirpitz "declared that henceforth the battle fleet will be kept commissioned exclusively for a 'home war,' i.e., operations in waters immediately adjacent to German coasts, instead of being kept in a state of preparation for fighting in any possible region."—"Daily Mail's" Berlin Correspondent.

An advertisement in *The Amateur Gardener*:

"Last spring we dug in a good dressing of Vaporite underneath our pear trees with a view to checking the chrysalides of the Pear Midge. The results are that we secured a good crop of peas." Though checked, the Pear Midge was by no means rebuffed, and seems to have put in some particularly useful work.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Mamma, aged 41.)

*Little Arthur*. Mamma, was the Pantomime very funny last Wednesday?

*Mamma*. What a queer question. You were there yourself. You ought to be able to say as well as anyone else.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I know; but what I mean is, did they mean it to be funny?

*Mamma*. Well, yes, I suppose they did. The audience laughed, didn't they?

*L. A.* Oh, yes, they laughed all right, but I didn't always laugh when they did.

*Mamma*. Didn't you?

*L. A.* No, I didn't. When the big man came in dressed as a landlady most of them laughed. Papa laughed a lot, but I didn't, and you didn't either, Mamma.

*Mamma*. No, I thought it vulgar.

*L. A.* What does "vulgar" mean, Mamma?

*Mamma*. Oh, "vulgar" means common and disagreeable.

*L. A.* Then, of course, nice people don't like disagreeable things, do they?

*Mamma*. No, of course not.

*L. A.* But if Papa laughed he must have liked it. Isn't Papa a nice man?

*Mamma*. You mustn't speak of your father in that way. He's perfectly capable—

*L. A.* But, Mamma—

*Mamma*. Don't interrupt me. I say he's perfectly capable of judging for himself in these matters, and it isn't for us to criticise him.

*L. A.* But, Mamma, you said it was vulgar.

*Mamma*. So it was.

*L. A.* But if you didn't want to criticise Papa you ought to have thought it funny, and you ought to have laughed at it, oughtn't you?

*Mamma*. I daresay—I daresay; but then people don't always do what they ought. Possibly, if I thought it over again quite calmly, I might come to think it very funny.

*L. A.* Oh, no, Mamma, I don't think you could. I couldn't. If I have to think funny things over quite calmly I can never laugh at them. Ought I to?

*Mamma*. It's close on lunch-time, I'm sure.

*L. A.* Not very close, Mamma. There's about a quarter of an hour. Mamma, is a red nose always called a "boko"?

*Mamma*. A what?

*L. A.* A "boko," Mamma. The man who dressed up as a landlady had a very red nose, and when the other man hit him on it he said he had "ketch'd him one on the boko." They all laughed like anything at that.

*Mamma*. I suppose it's one of those bits of American slang. I don't understand it. You'd better ask your father to explain it.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I will. But I'm sure it must be very terrible to have a red nose like that, mustn't it?

*Mamma*. Yes, dear, it must.

*L. A.* But if it's so terrible, we oughtn't to laugh at it, ought we? You told me we ought never to take notice of personal peculiarities. Isn't a red nose a personal peculiarity?

*Mamma*. Of course it is.

*L. A.* But they all laughed at it and talked about it all through the Pantomime. Don't you remember, Mamma, they all came up and wanted to warm their hands at it? That made me laugh a little.

(A pause.)

*L. A.* Mamma, isn't Grandmamma Papa's mother-in-law?

*Mamma*. Certainly she is.

*L. A.* And doesn't Papa like Grandmamma?





## POSTE RESTANTE.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

(After the Bronze Mercury at Naples.)





Basil "MOHILI, HOW IS IT THAT SOLDIERS' MUSIC ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL SO MUCH HAPPIER THAN I REALLY AM?"

Mamma. Of course he does.

L. A. But the other man, who was supposed to be the husband of the one with the hoko, said some dreadful things about mothers-in-law. He sang a whole song about them, and said they were awful people, and Papa laughed at that.

Mamma. If your father laughed it must have been on account of the silliness of the song.

L. A. Perhaps that was it, Mamma. I hope it was. Shall we go to the Pantomime again next year, Mamma?

Mamma. No, not to the Pantomime. Perhaps we'll go to a play of SHAKESPEARE'S.

L. A. Yes, Mamma; but why—

Mamma. There's the gong. Away with you quick and wash your hands.

#### Socialists and the Navy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been reading your 'Cross-Examinations for the Home.' I, too, have a young son, a very intelligent boy, who asks questions, and I try to answer them. He wanted to know if the building of a battleship means employment for anybody, and I said I thought it must be so. And then he said, "Well, why do the Labour people want us to have no battleships?" I thought a little, and then said that if all the money we spend on battleships was given to the unemployed, then they wouldn't need to be employed in ship-building or anything else. Can any of your readers tell me if that was the right answer? MOTHER OF ONE.

#### WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

[It is said to be a scientific fact that the effect of alcohol upon the brain is increased if it be consumed amidst red surroundings.]

Just a glass of sherry with the soup;  
One of Marcobrunner with the sole;  
Then, when haughty Chloe would not stoop,  
Four or five of Heidsieck Monopole;  
Perfecting the ice, a *petit verre*,  
Port in moderation at dessert;  
Fine old brandy in the coffee—where  
Was there anything in that to hurt?

Ah, but I remember! Every light  
From its ruby shade had caught a stain;  
Bowls of scarlet flowers, baleful-bright,  
Cast a Bacchic spell upon the brain;  
Down the walls there ran a crimson line;  
Chloe's hair was gloriously red;—  
If there lurked a mischief in the vine,  
It was colour brought it to a "head."

#### A Lesson from a Pre-historic Past.

'The wild, untrained girls are worse than useless as servants, but the discipline and obedience of a really good club often works wonders in the way of improvement.'—*The Globe*.

### SPRING GARDENS.

[If you think this article has anything to do with the L. C. C. you are in error. It is an instructive contribution by Our Own Horticulturist.]

Now that Spring has officially arrived it is time that we turned our thoughts to our gardens once more. Perhaps some of you have been doing this for several weeks past, but for myself I wait reverently until the 22nd of March is here. Then I step out on to the lawn and summon my head-gardener.

"James," I say, "the winter is over at last. What have we got in that big brown-looking bed in the middle there?"

"Well, Sir," he says, "we don't seem to have anything, do we, like?"

"Perhaps there's something down below that hasn't pushed through yet?"

"Maybe there is."

"I wish you knew more about it," I say angrily; "I want to bed out the macaroni there. Have we got a spare bed, with nothing going on underneath?"

"I don't know, Sir. Shall I dig 'em up and have a look?"

"Yes, perhaps you'd better," I say.

Between ourselves, James is a man of no initiative. He has to be told everything.

However, mention of him brings me to my first rule for young gardeners—

*Never sow Spring Onions and New Potatoes in the same bed.*

I did this by accident last year. The fact is, when the onions were given to me I quite thought they were young daffodils; a mistake anyone might make. Of course, I don't generally keep daffodils and potatoes together; but James swore that the hard round things were tulip bulbs. It is perfectly useless to pay your head-gardener half-a-crown a week if he doesn't know the difference between potatoes and tulip bulbs. Well, anyhow, there they were, in the Herbaceous Border together, and they grew up side by side; the onions getting stronger every day, and the potatoes more sensitive. At last, just when they were ripe for picking, I found that the young onions had actually brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes—to such an extent that the latter were too damp for baking or roasting, and had to be mashed. Now, as everybody knows, mashed potatoes are heasily.

#### *The Rhubarb Border*

gives me more trouble than all the rest of the garden. I started it a year ago with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations. It acted excellently, and the complexion of the flowers was improved tenfold. Then one day I discovered James busily engaged in pulling up the rhubarb.

"What *are* you doing?" I cried. "Do you want the young carnations to go all brown?"

"I was going to send some in to the cook," he grumbled.

"To the cook! What do you mean? Rhubarb isn't a vegetable."

"No, it's a fruit."

I looked at James anxiously. He had a large hat on, and the sun couldn't have got to the back of his neck.

"My dear James," I said, "I don't pay you half-a-crown a week for being funny. Perhaps we had better make it two shillings in future."

However, he persisted in his theory that in the spring people stewed rhubarb in tarts, and ate it!

Well, I have discovered since that this is actually so. People really do grow it in their gardens, not with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations, but under the impression that it is a fruit. Consequently I have found it necessary to adopt a firm line with my friends' rhubarb. On arriving at any house for a visit, the first thing I say to my host is, "May I see your rhubarb bed? I have heard such a lot about it."

"By all means," he says, feeling rather flattered, and leads the way into the garden.

"What a glorious sunset," I say, pointing to the west.

"Isn't it?" he says, turning round; and then I surreptitiously drop a pint of weed-killer on the bed.

Next morning I get up early and paint the roots of the survivors with iodine.

(Once my host, who for some reason had got up early too, discovered me.

"What *are* you doing?" he asked.

"Just painting the roots with iodine," I said, "to prevent the rhubarb falling out."

"To prevent *what*?"

"To keep the green fly away," I corrected myself. "It's the new French intensive system."

But he was suspicious, and I had to leave two or three stalks untreated. We had those for lunch that day. There was only one thing for a self-respecting man to do. I obtained a large plateful of the weed and emptied the cream jug over it. Then I took a mouthful of the pastry, gave a little start, and said, "Oh, is this rhubarb? I'm sorry, I didn't know." Whereupon I pushed my plate away and started on the cheese.

#### *Asparagus.*

Asparagus wants watching very carefully. It requires to be tended like a child. Frequently I wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if James has remembered to put the hot-water bottle in the asparagus bed. Whenever

I get up to look I find that he has forgotten.

He tells me to-day that he is beginning to think that the things which are coming up now are not asparagus after all, but young hyacinths. This is very annoying. I am inclined to fancy that James is not the man he was. For the sake of his reputation in the past I hope he is not.

#### *Potting out.*

I have spent a busy morning potting out the nasturtiums. We have them in three qualities—mild, medium, and full. Nasturtiums are extremely peppery flowers, and take offence so quickly that the utmost tact is required to pot them successfully. In a general way all the red or reddish flowers should be potted as soon as they are old enough to stand it, but it is considered bad form among horticulturists to pot the white.

James has been sowing the roses. I wanted all the pink ones in one bed, and all the yellow ones in another, and so on; but James says you never can tell for certain what colour a flower is going to be until it comes up. Of course, any fool could tell then.

"You should go by the picture on the outside of the packet," I said.

"They're very misleading," said James.

"Anyhow, they must be all brothers in the same packet."

"You might have a brother with red hair," says James.

I hadn't thought of that.

#### *Grafting.*

Grafting is when you try short approaches over the pergola in somebody else's garden, and break the best tulip. You mend it with a ha'penny stamp and hope that nobody will notice; at any rate not until you have gone away on the Monday. Of course in your own garden you never want to graft.

I hope in a future article to be allowed—even encouraged—to refer to such things as *The Most Artistic Way to Frame Cucumbers*, *How to Stop Tomatoes Blushing* (the Homœopathic method of putting them next to the French beans is now discredited), and *Spring Fashions in Fox Gloves*. But for the moment I have said enough. The great thing to remember in gardening is that flowers, fruits and vegetables alike can only be cultivated with sympathy. Special attention should be given to backward and delicate plants. They should be encouraged to make the most of themselves. Never forget that flowers, like ourselves, are particular about the company they keep. If a hyacinth droops in the celery bed, put it among the pansies.

But above all, mind, a firm hand with the rhubarb.

A. A. M.

## HOW I ADAPTED.

I HAVE been a good deal worried lately over my play. To speak candidly, so have some other people, but these were chiefly managers, strong men, who could endure in silence. And usually did. The trouble appeared to be that, though my central idea was excellent and dramatic enough (*Adolphus* in love with *Angelina*, who is betrothed to *Edwin*) the treatment was not so satisfactory. Or so I gathered from the advice of the only friend whom I could persuade to read it. What he said was briefly, "Adapt! Look about you, select your management, and adapt accordingly. Don't be discouraged by one failure. Adapt again!" So I adapted—with what result the following extracts from my notebook will show.

## VERSION A.

*Adolphus*, a rugged Colonial, uncultivated but enormously wealthy, loves silently the *Lady Angelina*, a society butterfly betrothed *de convenance* to Lord *Edwin*, bloated *roué*. Act I.—Ball-room scene, heartless epigrams interrupted by *Adolphus*, who enters in a ready-made suit and exposes the corruption of the Smart Set. Act II.—*Adolphus*'s City office. Lord *Edwin* proposes to exchange *Angelina* for the straight tip on Australian mines. *Adolphus* consents to deal, and inadvertently posts the contract note to *Angelina*. Act III.—*Adolphus*'s flat. Hero packing to return to Colonies, having received snub. Enter *Angelina*. Strong scene *à deux*. Finally, *Angelina*: "You are going to cross the sea alone?" *Adolphus* (quietly): "Alone, Lady *Angelina*." *Angelina*: "So, then, there is one process, *Adolphus*, that your business training has not taught you" (turns aside and thumps cushions). *Adolphus* (a great light coming into his eyes): "What is that?" *Angelina* (with a wonderful smile): "The carry over!" He catches her in his strong arms. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. Arthur B-rech r.

## VERSION B.

*Angelina*, a frivolous, fluffy-minded lady, is engaged to *Edwin*, but fancies she might prefer *Adolphus*. Act I.—Drawing-room at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, *Adolphus*, *Angelina*, and witty house-party. They talk. Act II.—Conservatory at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, etc., as before. They talk. Engagement broken off. Act III.—Royal Courts of Justice. Breach of Promise action. Enter everybody. *Angelina* talks. Curtain.

Declined by Miss M-ry M-re.

## VERSION C.

For the purposes of this version *Edwin* and *Angelina* are already mar-



Old Lady. "PORTER! PORTER! DID I GIVE YOU THE WRONG HALF JUST NOW?"

ried, and are staying as guests at the country house of *Adolphus*, who loves *Angelina* silently but less strenuously than in A. Act I.—Hall of *Adolphus*'s house. Host announces that his gold trouser-press has mysteriously disappeared, and that all the footmen are really detectives. Sensation among guests. Act II. (The Great Scene) —*Angelina*'s bedroom. Discovery by *Edwin* of pawn-ticket for the missing property in *Angelina*'s jewel-case. Enter *Adolphus*, guests, and detectives. First detective: "I arrest you, *Adolphus*, on the charge of pawning your own trouser-press, and forgetting it." *Angelina* is silent. *Adolphus* glances at her, shrugs shoulders, and smiles wanly. "It is true!" Act III.—*Adolphus*, still smiling wanly, about to be led out to prison. *Angelina*: "Stop! I stole the trouser-press!" *Edwin*: "You! Why?" *Angelina*: "Because

—" (faltering). *Adolphus*: "Because, ah, do you not see? Because, *Edwin*, she could not bear that your trousers should be less creased than mine. Because—she loves you!" Joins their hands, and exits, smiling wanly. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. G-rye Al-x-nd-r.

## VERSION D.

In this version also *Angelina* is already married to *Edwin*, but is carrying on a flirtation (just not too far for the Censor) with *Adolphus*, who is now younger and more romantic than *Edwin*. Act I.—Departure of *Edwin*, vaguely suspicious, on supposed tropical tour. Arrival of extra character, inserted for this version only, "Charles, his friend," loquacious, elderly philosopher. Situation explained to newcomer, who grunts eloquently. Act II.—Restaurant Palais-Royal. *Adolphus* and *Angelina* dining together in private room. Unexpected



return of *Edwin*. "What does this mean?" Philosopher (*entering providentially*): "Mean—why, that we are both late for *Adolphus's* party!" *Tableau*. Act III.—Chambers of philosophical friend. Enter *Adolphus* and *Angelina*, en route for Paris. *Friend*: "Go by all means, but not till you have first heard my monologue on the Social Fabric." Gives it at length. Enter *Edwin*. Hurried reconciliation of everybody. Curtain.

*Declined by Sir Ch-n's W-nd-m.*

#### VERSION E.

Suburban atmosphere. Act I.—Scene, a Villa Residence. *Angelina*, a typical English girl, has betrothed herself to *Edwin* (who teaches her roller-skating) rather than to *Adolphus*, an ex-BADEN-POWELL scout. The happy home; *Adolphus's* warnings unheeded. Sudden noise without. Enter the invading army of the Princess of Monaco. *Sensation*. Act II.—Same scene as Act I., only less of it. Continued noise without. *Edwin* shot. Act III.—Hardly any of Scene I. Alarums and excursions. Death of *Adolphus*. *Angelina*: "Can roller-skating save England now?" She goes mad. Curtain.

*Declined by Mr. Frank C-r-n (and when I wrote again, offering to put on a happy ending, he didn't answer).*

#### VERSION F.

Most of dialogue omitted in this version. Act I.—Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Presentation of *Angelina* and gorgeously attired supers. *Adolphus* steals the Crown jewels, and falsely accuses *Edwin*, who is forced to escape with *Angelina* in a motor, pursued by *Adolphus*. Act II.—Still escaping. The motors cross the St. Gothard in realistic snow-storm. Act III.—The earthquake. Motors blow up. Rescue of *Edwin* and *Angelina* by airship. The seismic wave; entire arena converted into a gigantic sea, and *Adolphus* submerged beneath two million gallons of actual water. Curtain.

*Declined by Mr. Frank P-r-k-r for the Hippodrome.*

What on earth to do with it now?

#### "FORBES ROBERTSON

in

THE PACING OF THE THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

*Advt. in "The Sunday Chronicle."*

It sounds like a minor poet, busy lucubrating.

"His chin, at the psychological moment of delivery, actually touches his chin—a new experience to me among all the billiard players I have known."—*The New World of Billiards*.

We are glad to say that not even the italics are ours.

#### ST. CECILIA AT THE SALES;

OR, THE NEW HANDMAID OF COMMERCE.

MESSRS. Torrey and Dens, of the great Emporium on Campden Hill, announce a monster musical entertainment to be held under the dome of their new buildings on May Day in celebration of the 25th anniversary of their association with Kensington. The proprietors, with an enterprise which does them infinite credit, have placed Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony in the forefront of their programme. This epoch-making work, we may note, will be conducted for the first time by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the sermon will, of course, be preached by Dr. TORREY, who comes from America for the purpose.

The programme of the great tercentenary celebration at Messrs. Black and Crosswell's is now complete. Naturally music forms a prominent feature in the function, and the proprietors are to be congratulated on their originality in including in the programme Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony, which will be conducted for the first time by Mr. WILKIE BARD. Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE has composed a superb set of Symphonic Variations, entitled "Pickled Walnuts," and Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK, already famous for his Oriental compositions, will conduct a new Symphonic Poem illustrating the life, adventures and death of a Bombay Duck.

Messrs. Bark and Bark, the well-known Kensington outfitters, propose to commemorate their jubilee, which falls on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, by a grand orchestral concert, at which Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony will be conducted for the first time by Mr. LEWIS WALLER. The proprietors, we are glad to see, have announced that in future the style and title of the firm will be John Sebastian Bark and Sons, and that all relatives, direct or collateral, of their great namesake will be allowed a discount of 25 per cent. on cash purchases.

Messrs. Pinker and Mute, the well-known undertakers, propose to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of their firm by a Musical Festival, at which all the compositions performed will be in harmony with the nature of their business. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who will act as conductor, has composed a new Symphonie Funèbre in honour of the occasion, and the programme will include GOUNOD's *Funeral March of a Marionette* and STRAUSS's *Tod und Verklärung*. We are also glad to note that Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony will be conducted in the Silence Room for the first time by Lord SHUTTLEWORTH.

Messrs. Bunter and Guzzard, of Berkeley Square, announce a most attractive Concert for April 1st, which happens to be the birthday of Mrs. Guzzard, as well as of the late Prince BISMARCK. In honour of so auspicious an occasion, M. RITZ has most kindly undertaken to conduct Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony for the first time, and the National Anthem, which will open the programme, will be prefaced by a new Golden Roll on the drums.

Messrs. Dormy and Mendoza, the proprietors of the famous house so long consecrated to the habiliments of Morpheus, or "slumberwear," as of late we have been taught to call them, are celebrating their diamond jubilee next month, and have resolved to mark the occasion by a grand musical demonstration. Being anxious to strike out a wholly new line in the entertainment, they have decided to make Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony the *pièce de résistance*, and this monumental work will be conducted for the first time in the Pyjama Saloon by Sir JOHN FISHER. This great sailor has also kindly promised to sing his favourite appeal to the nation, *Dormi pure*, together with several German *Wiegenlieder* of a most deliciously narcotic and tranquillising character.

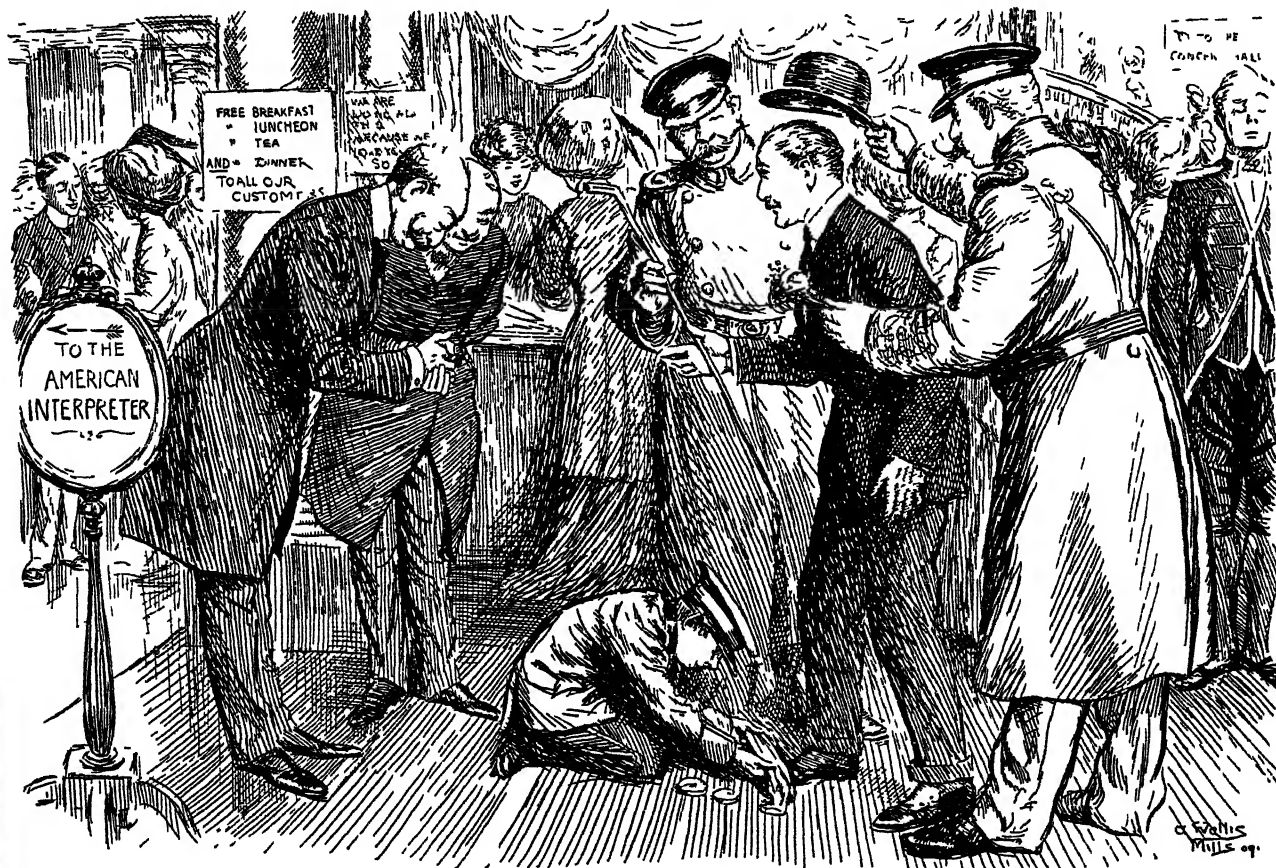
Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, the world-famous manufacturers of hygienic hosiery, propose to commemorate the coming of age of young Mr. Cadwaladr Jones by a magnificent musical demonstration on the roof garden which now crowns their superb premises in Oxbridge Circus. After long and careful deliberation they have decided to make Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony the *clou* of the entertainment, and have been fortunate in securing no less distinguished a celebrity than Lord GUTHRIE, the famous Scottish judge, to conduct this work for the first time. Lord GUTHRIE has always been an ardent musician, and he wields the *bâton* with a tact, an amiability and a charm which would fit him for any society, no matter how exalted.

"We give it up, unless it be that the one is the mould of fashion, like Hamlet's father, and the other isn't."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*. This must have been hereditary. Anyhow, we know that *Hamlet* himself was the "mould of form" because *Ophelia* said so.

"At present there are but two honorary freemen of the borough of Darlington—the Right Hon. Frederick Sleigh and Earl Roberts."

*Northern Echo*.

By a curious coincidence the names of these two veterans come next to each other on the rolls of freedom of several other boroughs.



COMFORT IN SHOPPING IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT THIS SORT OF THING IS A BIT EMBARRASSING WHEN ONE HAS ONLY COME TO BUY A COLLAR-BUD.

### BENEDICK.

YE lessening company of single men,  
Weep for the bitter tidings I impart!  
For Benedick is booked, the wary Ben,  
Old Benedick, esteemed in every art  
Second to none:  
E'en he, for all his richly-coloured past,  
Has done it once too often—he has done  
It once too often—now the die is cast,  
And Benedick, our chief, is caught at last.  
Ay, weep for Benedick! He was well wont  
Himself to weep when others went astray.  
Has it not ever been his counsel, Don't!  
To them that would? Have we not heard him say,  
How tame, how trite  
Was wedlock? And, with suffering eyes grown dim,  
Mourning some fallen comrade's evil plight,  
Oft would he vow, with more than common vim,  
To see us further ere we wept for him.  
He was no scorner of the sex. Not he!  
To him the merest flutter of a gown  
Was draw enow; but, like the busy bee,  
He loved to sip from every flower, one down  
T'other come on;  
Seeking, or when the owl complaining mopes  
Or otherwise, t'improve each hour that shone,  
Yet ever coy, and ever raising hopes  
For ever vain, so well he knew the ropes.  
And you, dear charmers of those earlier days,  
Will you not weep what time you hear his fall?

You will recall, I trust, his airy ways,  
His nods, th' alluring becks he wooed withal,  
His wreathed smiles;  
Also I charge you that you should attend  
The last sad rites, thronging the pews and aisles,  
For, as a fact, one-half of you would lend  
A gloomy *éclat* to his fearful end.

But you, O mothers, which of you will shed  
One tear, one kindly tear, on this lost swain?  
For this is he for whom your nets were spread  
So often and so utterly in vain  
(Wily old bird!).

You will not weep, go to! But we, his peers,  
We, relicts of an ever-dwindling herd,  
Reft of our champion and our chief of years,  
May be excused some horror-stricken tears.

Ah, me! And yet what profit that we mourn  
And tell our loss in due and wailful chant?  
For Benedick is booked! The nuptial bourn  
Yawns for his trembling footsteps—and you can't  
Get out of that!

Better it were to rally 'neath the blow  
And, with sad foresight, circulate the hat,  
(Lubbing together, that he may not go  
Giftless to wed; and it comes cheaper so.

DI M-DI M.

"Sir,—In my letter published to-day, in the last line of the verse the word 'fangle' should read 'caugle'."—*The Scotsman*.

By all means.



Belated Reteller (after vainly chasing fire-engine). "ALL RI', ALL RI'! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BLOOMIN' BAKED POTATOL-!"

### THE NUT.

#### A STUDY IN PRIDE.

THERE are many forms of pride, and all are amusing to study, but I doubt if any variety is more satisfying and vivacious than that of a man standing in the pit of a music-hall who happens to know personally one of the performers on the stage. I say this because I know; because I observed such a man the other evening, and I saw his honest face light up as he passed the word round among his neighbours, who until then had been strangers but were now admirers; and their rapture at being so near the rose I saw reflected back.

He seemed to be an old *habitué*, for without a programme he had known all that was coming. And then suddenly he came to his own; for, "Watch this," he said, as a new number went up; "this is good. I know a chap in this. I'll tell you when he comes on." We watched and waited. It was a furious knockabout sketch, the scene of which was a grocer's shop, staffed by comic grocers. Humorist after humorist came upon the stage, fell over each other, and went through the usual antics; but there was no news of our friend's friend.

And then at last a young man, more than commonly foolish, representing an

aristocratic customer, rushed on. "That's him," said the man, "that's old Charley. He's a nut, I can tell you." I had not heard the phrase before. A nut. But it had, like all London slang, its merits. A nut, I take it, is what we used to call a dog, with a touch more of irresponsibility and high-spirited idiocy. It seemed to fit old Charley, who was, by the way, quite young. He indulged in a variety of eccentricities. I can imagine nothing more nuttish.

"Isn't he a nut?" the man asked us all with a radiant sweeping glance of inquiry. How could we disappoint him? I caught myself nodding in acquiescence. A nut, surely. "Oh, he's a boy, I promise you. I've had some rare times with old Charley," his friend went on. "You should see him at Forest Gate! I tell you he's a nut."

The nut continued to do his best to prove his character. He screwed an eyeglass in his eye, he dashed the girls under the chin, he fell over his walking-stick, he flung his tall hat on the ground. His friend was in ecstasies. "Good old Charley!" he cried again; "isn't he a nut? By Jingo, but he's a nut!"

I left him exulting in the acquaintanceship, while the youths round him glowed in the glory of even the temporary acquaintance of a man who knew intimately a nut on the music-hall stage.

And, after all, that is no small thing.

### THE STATION PATHWAY.

THERE's a rock upon a headland  
Where the hoarse gulls wheel and cry,  
Where the fierce waves break in thunder,  
Flinging foam across the sky;  
It was there we watched the sunset,  
You and I, in days gone by.

There's a little country orchard  
Where the rosy apples fall,  
There we two, one autumn morning,  
Sought them where the grass grew tall;  
And we ate them in the shadow  
Of the crumbling, moss-grown wall.

Even though these recollections  
Never fail to wake a thrill,  
There's a narrow gravel pathway  
That to me is dearer still,  
Sweeter, though defaced by hoardings,  
Marred with many a garish bill.

When I journey to the station,  
Morn and evening, to and fro,  
Floods of gratitude o'erwhelm me  
As along that path I go;  
It was there that I said, "Will you?"  
It was there you answered, "No!"

### The Age of Specialisation.

"Wanted by a gentleman, residing in Accra, a good Governess able to read and write."—*Gold Coast Advocate*.



### COPYRIGHT EXPIRES.

GERMAN TAR. "WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT, BY JINGO, IF WE DO,  
WE'VE GOT THE SHIPS, WE'VE GOT THE MEN, WE'VE GOT THE MONEY TOO!"  
JOHN BULL. "I SAY, THAT'S MY OLD SONG."  
GERMAN TAR. "WELL, IT'S MINE NOW."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 15.*

—Truly the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. DINIZULU being played out, tried, convicted and sentenced, it seemed that time would hang heavy on the hands of the British Branch of the Satish Chatterjee Family. It is true LONG JOHN O'CONNOR, whose altitude is so great that he can easily keep one eye on Ireland and another on South Africa, complains that the Chief has been "deprived of his own clothing." Members reflect that, after all, this doesn't necessarily amount to much in Natal.

Just as DINIZULU disappears from the scene, curtailing opportunity for the Chatterjees to show how treacherous, how cruel, how lost to all sense of honour and humanity are their countrymen representing England in foreign parts, enters the Mad Mullah. SEELY, who has of late had some correspondence with him, took the opportunity of remarking that "anyone less mad than this potentate he could not imagine."

"Hear! hear!" assented BYLES of BRADFORD (First Baron, cr. 19—).

Certainly, as extracts from his correspondence read to the Committee show, he is a polite letter-writer. Others in course of debate described him as a bloodthirsty, cruel despot whose iniquities were equalled only by those of the KALIFA.

MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY came to the conclusion that "the only thing to do is to kill him and have nothing more to do with him." This last portion of the remark characteristically partakes of the character of the superfluous supplementary question. House felt that the first proposition comprised the whole.

REES of India, inexorably logical, objected that "you cannot kill a Mullah. As soon as he is dead, another turns up." Which, if one remembers rightly, was the case with those early Turks the AMURATHS.

SATISH CHATTERJEE RUTHERFORD, distantly alluding to the Mullah as "this gentleman," hoped that if he were captured he would be granted a fair trial. At this veiled attempt to "get in one" in connection with the Indian branch of the family, Mr. BUCHANAN truculently blew his nose.

It was left to JOHN DILLON to disclose the amiable, hospitable nature of the Mullah. Five years ago, when JOHN happened to be more prominently on the warpath "agin the Government," he received a lengthy communication from the sympathetic Mullah, inviting him to go and spend three months with him. None of your niggardly week-end cartels. A quarter of the whole year to

be spent in close companionship. Committee lingered lovingly over the prospect here opened: the Mullah and JOHN DILLON, seated by the camp fire, perhaps having exchanged hats, smoking the pipe of Peace, the Mullah dwelling on the arbitrary conduct of successive occupants of the Colonial Office, JOHN gently but persistently endeavouring to lead the conversation in direction of WILLIAM O'BRIEN's connection with the Irish Parliamentary Party and some traits in the character of TIM HEALY.

Unfortunately J. D.'s public engagements elsewhere prevented his packing up a few things and going out to Somaliland. Whereby the world is poorer by lack of a picturesque episode.

*Business done.*—Colonial votes in Committee of Supply.

*Tuesday.*—Just as well the Strangers' Galleries fore and aft were empty to-day. Otherwise panic with possibly deplorable results might have taken place. House crowded in every part. Members on both sides wound up to rare pitch of excitement. In speech a model of lucidity, occupying only an hour in delivery, ADMIRAL MCKENNA expounded Navy Estimates for coming year.

PRINCE ARTHUR came next with speech to which exceptional emphasis of delivery, unusual solemnity of manner, added

weight. Unfortunately plan involved setting forth of some intricate figures. Figures not his strong point. As he proceeded to demonstrate how, year by year up to 1912 inclusive, Germany will be overtaking British Fleet in respect of number of *Dreadnoughts*, there loomed out of the fog four phantom ships, which, falling in line with the rest, hopelessly complicated matters. That a detail prosaically corrected by the ADMIRAL and the PREMIER. There remained the conviction possessing PRINCE ARTHUR's mind, forcibly conveyed to listening throng that, "for the first time in comparatively modern history, the country is face to face with a naval situation so new, so dangerous, that it is difficult thoroughly to realise all its importance."

PREMIER followed, his mood and manner deepening impression created by preceding speakers. Whilst correcting PRINCE ARTHUR's figures, and demonstrating that in 1912 Great Britain will have afloat twenty *Dreadnoughts* against Germany's seventeen, he made significant admission. Twelve months ago, standing in the same place, speaking on same theme, he had boasted that in the matter of building these great ships Great Britain enjoyed substantial advantage. Could turn out a *Dreadnought* in twenty-



THE MAD MULLAH.

"Me bery glad 'a see Massa Dill'n. Me show you some do bery best 'cattle-drive' in Somaliland. You make a bery nice 'Mullah' you'self, Massa Dill'n! He-he!!!"



ANXIOUS SPECULATORS ON THE CHAIR DREADNOUGHT NIGHT.

(THE SAILORS' GALLERY)

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (representing the future of England) was probably unaware of the presence of many distinguished representatives of her past

four months, whereas the Germans could not do it under thirty. That pleasing state of things no longer exists. In the matter of rapidity of building and arming battleships, Germany has reached plane of equality with British dockyards.

Curiously little cheering broke in on delivery of these momentous statements. Members sat silent, intently listening. Expression on faces indicated how deeply stirred was emotion in presence of swiftly developed crisis.

When PREMIER sat down a strange silence fell on crowded Chamber. Motion was that the SPEAKER leave the Chair in order to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Opposition was threatened from the Cockleshell Fleeters. Amendment stood on paper protesting against further expenditure. Now was the time to move it. Fully half a minute sped. No one stirred. Hereupon befell the incident that might have affrighted packed Strangers' Galleries, their occupants not realising its import. Suddenly, with one impulse, the spellbound throng leapt to its feet and with loud chattering rushed to the door.

What had happened? Was PRINCE ARTHUR's phantom fleet materialised? Were four *Flying Dutchmen*, shaped like *Dreadnoughts*, moored off the Terrace, their guns trained on the SPEAKER's Chair? No. It was only Mr. LUTON rising to continue the debate.

*Business done*—ADMIRAL McKENNA explains Navy Estimates.

*Wednesday*.—Fractious persons, accustomed to question the necessity or desirability of continued existence of House of Lords, will, in common with Mr. MYER, of Vauxhall Walk, be inclined to reconsider their position. If there were no House of Lords, BLACK ROD might not be dispatched with summons to summon faithful Commons to its bar. If BLACK ROD so dispatched had not entered the Commons' Chamber at a critical moment, it might, as Miss Fanny Squeers testified in connection with the state of the paternal schoolroom after *Nicholas Nickleby* had paid off old scores against his employer, have been "steeped in the gore" of the Member for North Lambeth.

As is frequently the case, storm suddenly arose over placid sea. CARICAT WASON expressed the hope that the cortège of motor cars hastening to Hastings with troops eager for the blood of the invader would not on their journey exceed the speed limit.

NAROLTON B. HALDANE explained that he had nothing to do with the arrangements.

"They are," he said, "made by an Association inspired by the public-spirited endeavour of a Member of this House."

Up gat Mr. MYER.

"Is it not the fact," he asked, "that the whole business is an advertisement for the Member for Hastings?" (Mr. DU CROS).

Had a bomb exploded in midst of Opposition Camp uproar would not have been greater or more sudden. Storm of cries burst forth. "Oh! Oh!" (This in note of pained anguish) "Withdraw! Withdraw!" (This angrily imperative.)

Mr. MYER sat silent.

In face of his stubborn immobility uproar grew. Had reached stormiest height when the doorkeeper, advancing to the Bar with obeisance, cried aloud, "BLACK ROD!" Dead silence fell. BLACK ROD came in; Mr. MYER, remembering an engagement in Vauxhall Walk, went out.

*Business done*—Cockleshell Fleeters drop their amendment denouncing increased expenditure on the Navy. On motion that SPEAKER leave the Chair 83, chiefly Labour Members and Irish Nationalists, with a score of Radicals, offered harmless protest by going into "No" Lobby.



RAISING THE WHIRLWIND.

"Up gat Mr. Myer"



Hunt-man 'HIRE! LOOK HERE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, KILLIN' OUR FOX?'  
Tramp "GARN! THAT'S NOT YE WANT TO DO, AIN'T IT?"

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

### THE LITTLE SEASON.

Park Lane

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The present is a particularly lively Little Season in town. Lots of the nicest people seem to be here. Myself, I always prefer the Little Season to the Big one after Easter. Everyone and everything have more snap in them.

The Masses-and-'lasses Dance at the Grecian Galleries the other night was a howling success. Its object was to bring the two ends of the social what-d'-you-call-it together and make them understand each other's point of view; and we all think the object was thoroughly attained.

Long beforehand people had been simply tumbling over each other to have quadrilles given them to arrange. Mine was the Capital-and-Labour quadrille, and was voted easily best. I wore white satin with a pattern of bank-notes printed round the edge of the skirt, an Empire sash of golden tissue with bullion-fringed ends, gold coins on my neck and arms, and my hair powdered with gold dust. My partner was one of

the Labour Members, Bill Batters, of Houndsditch. He had on the dress of his former calling—corduroys—with a hod on his back. He was great fun. His eyes and smile aren't at all bad, and the way he says "Wotsay?" and "Dunno" is simply *quite*. I think of adopting both expressions. Wee-Wee was my *vis-à-vis*. Her frock meant landed property. It was carried out in green chiffon-velours, for parks and meadows, you know, and she had little models of their different places on her head and on each shoulder. She danced with Jack Jupp, M.P.—the one who's always leading processions about. Before he got into Parliament and began leading people about, he was a carpenter, and he had on the dress he used to *carpent* in, and carried a plane in his hand. Other quadrilles were the Home Rule one (arranged by Mrs. O'Howler, wife of The O'Howler), a Tariff Reform quadrille, a Free Trade quadrille, and a Socialist one, in which they all took each other's partners and did whatever steps they pleased, paying no attention to the music; and ever so many more.

The day before the dance, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, had come to me in the *prettiest, girlish* perplexity to know if I could suggest something for her

quadrille. I said I thought it would be suitable if she arranged an *Old English* one!

Oh, my dear! *who d'you think I met again at the Masses-and-'lasses Dance?* My old friend the Socialist leader, Count Outa Telbrows, of Hungary! I asked him what he'd been doing with himself all this time, and he said he'd been touring in India, teaching the natives to make a particularly deadly kind of bomb. I was very angry, and asked him how *dared* he do such things? He said it didn't want any daring; that the authorities had been most kind and courteous to him. He's a wretch, of course; but he's much improved by shaving off that horrid beard, and his *waltzing* is simply *dilly*! He asked why I'd "deserted the Cause?" I said, Oh, I'd had *heaps* of Causes since then, and, besides, the Socialists went too far. And he said, Would I graciously tell him how far they *ought* to go? And I said, "They oughtn't to go at all." This closed the conversation.

Oh, my sweet friend! I must tell you of a perfectly lovely trick (with a wager hanging to it) that Wee-Wee and I played on Aunt Goldie. *First*, it must be understood that the poor old dear's

sight isn't what it was, and that, having a young husband and more than her fair share of vanity, she jibs at wearing eye-glasses. And now we're off! She sometimes drops in after dinner for bridge, and one evening I presented an interesting foreigner to her, M. le Comte de Quelquepart. I told her in confidence that he was rather taciturn, and spoke no language but his own, and as her French is of the dottiest she limited herself to gracious smiles and a few guide-book phrases, requiring, or at least getting, no answer. We sat down to bridge, Bosh and Aunt Goldie, your Blanche, and the interesting foreigner as dummv. Wee-Wee was hovering about, looking on. Everything was going on swimmingly, when Norty (we didn't even know he was in the house!) came suddenly into the room. "Halloa!"

he called out before we could stop him. "Didn't know old Tribune could play bridge!" Aunt Goldie started, looked hard at M. de Quelquepart, threw a glance of angry scorn at Bosh and Wee-Wee and her loving niece, dashed down her cards, and, sweeping out of the room, sent for a taxi. (N.B. - M. le Comte de Quelquepart was no other than the "Almost Human" from the *Magnificent*!) "H'm," grunted Bosh, as Aunt G. banged the door of the room

violently behind her, "she's not much of a partner at bridge, but anyhow we've wound up with a *grand slam* to-night!"

"I've won the bet," cried Wee-Wee. "I'll trouble you to hand over twenty quid, Blanche." "Not at all," I answered. "I laid you that she wouldn't find out—and she didn't. Norty gave the show away. It's *you* that's got to plank down a *tenner*, old girl." However, she wouldn't pay, and I wouldn't, so we shall have to submit it to arbitration. Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

#### "AIR-SHIP SUCCESS."

COUNT ZEPPELIN SUCCEEDS IN ALIGHTING ON THE GROUND."

*Daily Record.*

Not content with threatening us on the sea, Germany is apparently ready to contest the supremacy of the air with our Aldershot champions.

### THE TRUTHFUL ADVERTISER.

AN INNOVATION.

COALS.—Why pay fancy prices when you can get from Messrs. Silksend best Slate nuggets at 20s. a ton, warranted to give the minimum of heat with the maximum of ash, and to jump all over the carpet. Cheaper rates for large amounts.

FOR SALE, Retriever Dog, with no known pedigree and very doubtful antecedents. Owner getting rid of him because he bites.

WANTED, Partner with £5,000 to take interest in new business, and join advertiser, who brings only brains to the undertaking.—Apply D. S. WINDELL, Gull's Nest, Chislehurst.

To Let, a small, compact Flat in

A LADY wishes to recommend her nursery governess to anyone in want of a thoroughly bad-tempered companion for their children. Speaks French with Genevan accent.

IN the heart of London, old-world City residence without a single modern convenience. Perfect opportunity for lovers of the past. Drainage very doubtful.

WANTED, by Man and Wife, joint situation as Butler and Cook. Both drink.

EDUCATIONAL. Unrivalled opportunity for thrifty parents. Bantingham Grammar School, Essex. Only 30 miles from London. Strictly limited diet. No Hampers allowed. Water from own well. Playing field 20 ft. by 12 ft. Spartan régime. Special treatment for backward boys.—Apply, Messrs. CARVER AND STINT, Horseleech Road, N.E.



### A FIELD TRIAL.

NOT UNDER THE SPANIEL SOCIETY'S RULES.

favourite neighbourhood, within sound of one singing and two pianoforte instructors. Music all day and half the night.

CHALFEUR, reckless driver and incompetent repairer, desires re-engagement. Last situation with doctor, whom he provided with patients. Licence thoroughly endorsed.—Address, J. MANGLE, 14, Maul St., Gravesend.

FOR SALE, a powerful 16-20 h.p Rank-arena car, cost £800, will take £300. No fault except that it has been over-worked and most of the bearings are loose. Average weekly repairing bill for last year, £11.

SLIGHTLY USED Boschner Pianofortes, A few of these formidable instruments, with not more than ten dumb notes in each case, for Sale as furniture. Walnut legs warranted for same period as in case of new instruments.—Apply Bilkenstein Hall, Seven Dials.

with genuine farm-house aroma. Suitable for wedding presents, jubilees, etc.—LIQUIDATORS, Cats' Home, Rotherhithe.

DELICIOUS BUTTER, in air-tight pots, 3½d. a lb. When you open the pot, you will be amazed. Money returned if you are not amazed.—Address, Messrs. DAGO AND DODGE, Greek Street, Soho.

LADY (imaginary), in reduced circumstances (ditto), is compelled by urgent need (ditto) to dispose for the 100th time of her case of Sheffield fish-knives and forks. Should she succeed she can guarantee to have a similar case ready next week supplied by the same firm.

MISFIT.—Young widow, with family to support (her), anxious to dispose of superb balldress which was not made to her order. A good deal more than the value is asked, and a very little more than the value would be actually accepted.



## THE YOUNG IDEA.

UNTIL Mr. A. C. BENSON and other educationalists have decided what is to be taught in Public Schools, and doctors have settled what exercise boys may take, the appended time-table is offered as a solution of difficulties.

- 9 A.M. First bell. Tea served to every boy.  
 9.30 „ Arrival of certificated masseurs.  
 10.30 „ Slumber after massage.  
 11 „ Second bell. Arrival of doctors  
 11.15 „ Boys who have passed medical examination are allowed to get up.  
 11.45 „ Breakfast.  
 12.30 p.m. Slow walk, taken by whole school in couples.  
 1 „ Siesta.  
 1.45 „ Meditation.  
 2 „ Dinner. To be masticated at the rate of one mouthful per minute.  
 4 „ A quiet half-hour.  
 4.30 „ Athletics. No boy under sixteen to run more than 50 yards, and juniors to be limited to sprints of 25 yards.  
 5.30 „ Second medical examination.  
 6 „ Relaxation. No reading permitted.  
 6.30 „ Lecture by Dr. SALEEBY on Health and Beauty.  
 7.15 „ Light meal.  
 7.45 „ Tops for prefects, marbles for boys over fourteen, and puss-in-the-corner for juniors.  
 8.45 „ Third medical examination.  
 9.15 „ Arrival of tuckers-up.

## THE COMPLEAT SKATER.

Now that the Spring will soon be upon us, and we can therefore expect to be skating within a reasonably short time, perhaps a few phrases for the use of such of our foreign friends as may be sampling the land of fogs at the moment will not be out of place.

## PART 1.—PREPARATION.

Where are your skates? My uncle has them at present, as I did not expect the frost to last. Why do you bring the meat-saw? That is not the meat-saw, that is my skate-blade; only it was made in Germany, and the gardener has been using it during the summer months for weeding. Yes, very trying. Do not forget the cold tea. What is whisky?

## PART 2.—THE JOURNEY TO THE POND.

It is cold. It is not cold. It would be warmer if it were not so cold. Quite, thank you, I have two pairs on underneath. Can you skate? I can skate. I think I can skate. I could skate when I was a boy. Oh, not so long ago as you might think. May I offer you—someone



## A PRODIGIOUS PERFORMANCE.

ANOTHER MUSICAL SENSATION—THE BROTHERS PADBORIKSKI.

has stolen my flask already. Some people are thieves.

## PART 3.—THE SKATING.

Do let me put your skates on. Thank you, I prefer to watch. I do indeed. It is such a long time since I skated. I wish you would sit down and be quiet. I want to watch those two. He is off. She is off. Oh, do look! They have collided. Yes, indeed, a severe bump.

Her relations are taking it very badly. Some people have no sense of humour. She is a lucky girl—about thirteen stone, I should say. Is that all? May I get you some tea, some coffee, some whisky, some beer, some buns? Thank you, I have a saveloy in a paper bag. How thoughtful of you. Not at all; it was my sister's when we started out.

## PART 4.—THE JOURNEY HOME.

Now, girls, time to go home. Where

is your aunt? I have not seen her for the last hour. She must have fallen in. It is of no consequence, I have several more. Of course you are; it's bound to come through if you keep on sitting down. Be careful of that slide there. Oh! I hope you have not hurt yourself. Hush, the girls might hear you. How picturesque the village inn looks. Shall we . . . ? Quick, before the others come up.

We shall be late for dinner. How cold it is. Will you come down tomorrow for the Lincolnshire championships? There is nothing I should like better . . . Listen! I do believe . . . yes . . . it has begun to rain!

## More Commercial Candour.

Motto over the doorway of a Gas Company's Exhibition:

"Light may come and light may go, but gas goes on for ever."



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FIND it unfortunate that the scheme of JOHN GALSWORTHY'S latest novel, *Fraternity* (HEINEMANN), should start out from certain details of an immense improbability. It is unbelievable that a journalist in criticising a picture should publish a hint of the relations existing between the artist's husband and the model who posed for it. It is equally unbelievable that a woman of Bianca Dallon's alleged refinement—the author perhaps insists a little too much on the hereditary culture of his rather middle-class Kensingtonians—should silently hand the critique to her husband, and conclude from his embarrassment that it was high time for a definite rupture of the marital tie. In any case, if this was the final straw which broke the camel's spine, we ought to have been told a good deal more about the previous load—always a large element in the success of the final straw.

As the title of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S novel suggests, it is supposed to deal with the problem of the gulf between class and class; but he offers no solution, and his attitude is scarcely less amateur than that of all the characters who dabble in this social question. Indeed, the larger theme yields, in attractiveness, to the treatment of the personal relationship between individuals. Yet, though the reader's interest in the issue is admirably sustained, not one of the leading combatants takes a very close hold upon the heart, and we feel no very poignant concern about their fate. Far the most engaging figure is that of the old philosopher, Mr. Stone, who exhausts a strenuous second-childhood over a *magnum opus* on Universal Brotherhood, and remains pathetically aloof from the world of actuality. Mr. GALSWORTHY is incapable of writing without charm and distinction, but I do wish he would not look for his illustrations quite so high or quite so low. He opens with a wasteful and laborious comparison between a patch of gentian-blue sky and a costume of the same *nuance* in a shop window; and he is not very pleasant when he introduces the loves of a spaniel as a background to his human intrigue.

"M. E. FRANCIS" is a writer from whom pleasant experience has taught me to expect so much that I was the more disappointed when *Noblesse Oblige* (LONG) proved, for me at least, quite unworthy of her reputation. Indeed, remembering certain deserved successes at the Garrick Theatre, I was forced to the theory that Mrs. BLUNDELL had been tempted by the prospect of more dramatic fleshpots, and had regarded *Noblesse Oblige* less as a novel than as a play in the making. And, with perhaps a trifle more fighting thrown in, it should serve excellently for an entertainment of the right Beaucaire-Pimpernel blend. The period is 1794 (wigs

by CLARKSON), and the scenes are set in London, with just a glimpse, for the big situation in the third Act, of Revolutionary Paris. Yvonne de Cassagnac (heroine) and her noble father are refugees from the Terror. To support them both, Mademoiselle becomes dancing-mistress in the house of a titled but plebeian English family (refined comic relief). She is insulted on her way through the park, and rescued in the nick of time by—why, by whom but the mysterious "M. Lenoir," teacher of singing. Subsequently the hero and heroine are transported (somewhat clumsily) to Paris, under a false passport describing them as M. and Mme. Perrin. The effect is that, to quiet a threatening mob, high-born Yvonne has to fling her arms about the nameless M. Lenoir and proclaim him for her beloved husband. And after all, when M. Lenoir turns up in the final scene to claim his bride, behold the poor tutor, powdered and sworded, has blossomed into M. le Comte de Mévigny, member of one of the noblest families in France. To repeat, *Noblesse Oblige* should triumph as Romantic Melodrama. I could even, if put to it, hazard a guess at the chief actor.



THE DISCOMFORTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE LADY ALYS GIVES HER LORD A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, IN TAPESTRY, FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

The great BROUGHAM has a special interest for *Punch*, since his remarkable features were for some years the delight of our earlier caricaturists, although, according to his Lordship, they succeeded in conveying an accurate impression only of his plaid trousers: while did not DICKY DOYLE fix him for all time on *Punch's* cover, where his mask is to be seen (in the procession at the base) drawn by a goat-foot on a string? *Punch* then is pledged to BROUGHAM, and therefore the new collection of his early letters, which have been piously arranged and edited by Messrs. R. H. M. BUDDLE

ATKINSON and G. A. JACKSON, and privately and sumptuously issued by them, has taken its place very naturally on his shelves. The letters were exchanged between HENRY BROUGHAM, JAMES BROUGHAM, JAMES LOCH (father of the first Lord LOCH), FRANCIS HORNER, ANDREW CLEPHANE, and others, in their youth, and now and then they contain characteristic evidences of youthful indiscretion and candour. The editors seem to have suppressed nothing. The result is in the main entertaining, and it certainly cannot be disregarded by any future biographer of BROUGHAM, if such should arise. Just now, however, the famous Chancellor is under a cloud; but if ever there was a mine containing a mother-love of gold it is *Brougham and His Early Friends*.

*The Happy Elopement*, an excellent story

By E. LACON WATSON (BROWN, LANGHAM & Co.),

Is partly devoted to golf and its glory,

And partly to folk who a-wooing would go.

The parts are connected with links (kindly notice

The paranomasia, *anglicé* pun),

And the mixture all golfers (and wooers) will vote is

A jolly good blending of science and fun.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE North Sea, or German Ocean? That is the question.

One can but admire the studious care which the German Government is now taking to avoid giving us offence. A new cruiser, whose tonnage exceeds that of the *Dreadnoughts*, was launched last week with an entire absence of fuss and ceremony, and the German press was even requested to refrain from publishing any details concerning her, as these might cause irritation here.

And Herr VON KUHLMANN, Councillor of the German Embassy, speaking at a dinner of the International Arbitration League, remarked "The naval rivalry between the two countries will not interfere with their good relations, because, when this rivalry is examined, it will be found not to exist." At the same time we do hope that this does not mean that we are regarded over there as hopelessly out-classed.

The suggestion of a Letter-card or Postcard Campaign, every voter to write to his Member demanding eight *Dreadnoughts*, is said to have the secret support of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. We understand that, of the two forms of communication, he would prefer Letter-cards.

Preparations are now complete for announcing the birth of the Dutch royal baby. A battery of artillery, stationed at the Hague, will fire a salute of 101 guns if a prince be born, and 51 guns if the little visitor prove to be a princess. The latter will therefore have the best chance of surviving the nation's deafening welcome.

Mr. A. E. W. MASON has decided not to seek re-election. He is said to have made the discovery that politics and literature are incompatible. And yet, as a Tory friend suggests, would the Liberals be in power now but for the aid of fiction?

It has often been said that, if you wish to keep people on the land, you must make their lives less dull by providing them with amusement and recreation. It looks as if this were true. Last year, when Cattle Drives were allowed in Ireland, the emigration from that country was the lowest on record.

While we have the greatest admiration for energetic health officers, it is, we

We were interested to read in *The Daily Chronicle* that the little cottage in which Mr. SALMONG was born is still standing. We trust it will not divert too many Americans from the Stratford-on-Avon pilgrimage.

A gentleman who was sued in the City of London Court the other day for the price of *The Encyclopædia Britannica* protested that Brazil was described in that publication as the only monarchy in America. This strikes one as being a curious defence, for it is just such exclusive information as this which gives the old edition of *The Encyclopædia* its unique interest.

A huge ale store at Burton-on-Trent is being converted into a skating-rink. The change, after all, may not be so very striking. Customers should still have every facility for losing their equilibrium.

It is said that 50,000 Irish Old Age Pensioners are to be disqualified. When this is done the supply of Erin's grievances should be almost equal to the demand.

The latest rumour about the Naval situation is to the effect that the London County Council is about to offer its fleet to the Nation.

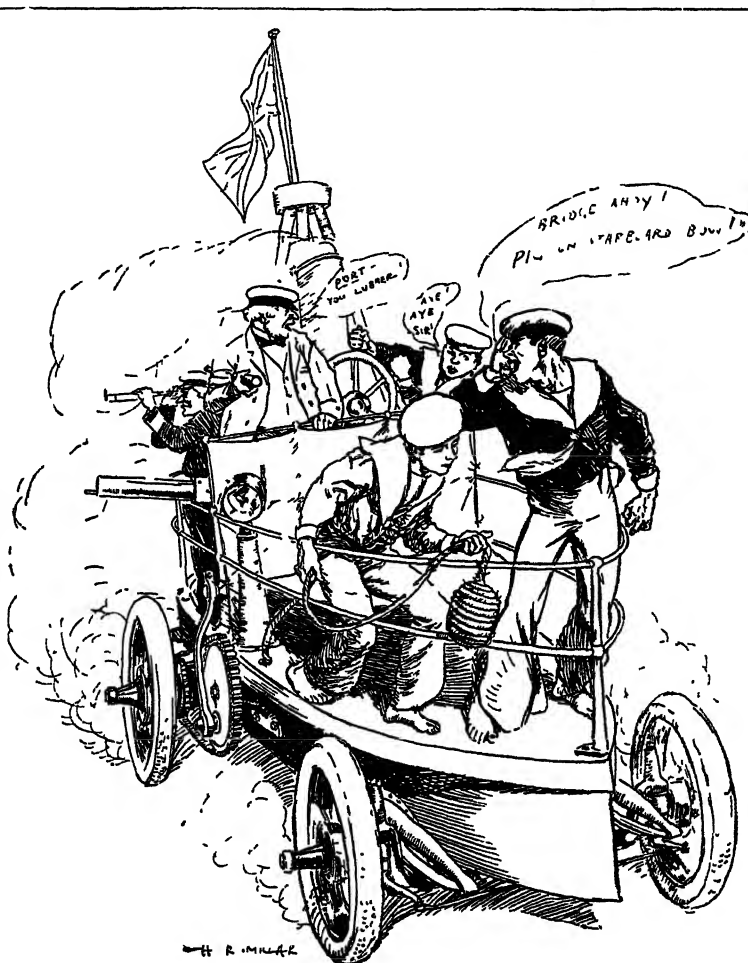
Since Mr. Justice LAWRENCE ordered the use of the "cat" there have been very few cases of robbery with violence in the County of Glamorgan. This is

most satisfactory. The local criminals are evidently afraid of being "brutalised."

"Very cheap eggs cannot be expected for several weeks to come," says *The Grocer*. This statement should effectually dispose of the rumour that a General Election is impending.

"The handsome new gates at the Marble Arch are acetylene-welded. This opens up a big field."

A most disrespectful way of referring to Hyde Park.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

III.—FOR NAVAL MEN.

should say, a nice question whether someone at Bristol has not been over-doing things. According to *The Clifton Chronicle*:—"At present there are ten cases of small-pox in the city hospital. A number of patients have been destroyed."

The Baconians have met with another rebuff. A Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was fined on his first appearance at Marylebone for intoxication, declared himself to be JOHN MILTON on his second appearance, and finally admitted that his real name was THOMAS MOORE.

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE NAVY QUESTION: PATRIOTISM AND PARTY.

"HAVE you been reading your Yellow Press?" I asked Prenderby last Saturday.

"My 'Yellow Press'?" he replied innocently; "tell me about that."

"It's the name," I said, "which the Radical rufflers give to the Tory rufflers."

"Ah, the buttercup calling the dandelion yellow?"

"Yes; and the buttercups are just now abusing the dandelions for making Party capital out of the Navy scare."

"Is New Zealand a dandelion?"

"New Zealand is a peach," I said.

"I, too," said Prenderby, "am a bit of a wall-fruit myself. I sit out and watch, where I can see most of the sport without taking sides. So when you talk about the Navy being made a Party question, I ask myself, without prejudice, *who began that game?* And my answer, without prejudice, is that it began inside the Cabinet. Here was ASQUITH, who knew exactly the needs of the Navy, but found his house divided against itself. He found LLOYD-GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL (not to mention one or two names of greater weight) bitterly opposed to the course which his duty, as responsible for the Nation's safety, marked out for him. A bigger man would have let his Party break up rather than yield on a point of national necessity. But he preferred at all costs to keep his Party together, and so made a compromise. Unfortunately he had still to persuade the rank and file of his followers to accept even these half-and-half measures; and in this effort he grew more portentous than he meant, and then the trouble began.

"I confess," continued Prenderby, having got his head, "that I should have been better pleased with the Unionists if, after entering the strongest possible protest, they had seen their way to wash their hands of the business and to avoid all appearance of seeking to make Party capital out of it. Two yellows do not make a white. But, after all, no honest statesman can wash his hands of a matter that concerns the very existence of the Nation; and in any case an Opposition would be more than human if it declined to treat as a Party question what had already been forced into that category, as I have shown, by the action of a Prime Minister who apparently was more concerned to keep his Party together than to assure the safety of the Empire.

"I have often heard my Radical friends indulge in pleasant-ries over what they called the 'Khaki' Election of 1900. Well, if the next one is a Blue-jacket Election, they will have their own side to thank for it. Heavens! How they give themselves away!"

"Anyhow," I said, being anxious to divert him from a line of argument which pained me—"anyhow, both sides are agreed that Germany is at perfect liberty to follow her own devices."

"That unanimity," replied Prenderby, "is to me the most deplorable feature in the whole controversy. No nation, with even the minimum of intelligence requisite for self-preservation, permits a neighbour, however friendly, to mass troops upon their common frontier without adequate reason given. When the Boers sent us their ultimatum, and followed it up over the border a few hours later, it would have been futile for us to try to persuade them that our troops had been thrown into Natal for the sake of its climatic advantages. Well, the North Sea is one of our frontiers, isn't it?"

"Without a map at hand," said I, "I cannot verify your allegation. But I assume that you would not go so far as to ask Germany for an explanation of her accelerated programme?"

"That," said Prenderby gravely, "would mean immediate

war; and I happen to be congenitally addicted to a preference for Peace. Besides, a great nation does not ask these questions aloud, but only of herself; and she answers them out of her own head; and she acts accordingly. She makes timely provision for rendering her rival's ambitions hopeless. And it is because I am convinced that a course of weakness and delay and Party time service is the surest means of keeping those ambitions alive that I, who belong to no Party but the Party of honourable Peace, protest against a policy that is bringing us daily nearer to the unspeakable horrors of war. There are still two days before BALFOUR makes his final appeal, and of course ASQUITH may reconsider his position. But I gather that he intends to show a firm front to the Opposition, in other words, to show a flabby back to the Little-Fleeters in his own Cabinet."

"With great respect," said I, "are you not the victim of panic?"

"My dear fool," replied Prenderby, mislaying for the moment his habitual courtesy, "this is not a question of courage. No one accuses Germany of cowardice for keeping up that stupendous army of hers, nor regards HALDANE as a very brave fellow because he is unctuously satisfied with next to none at all. We are not proposing to play twenty men against a German Rugby fifteen. We could afford to give them odds at that game, and if we were beaten we could always smile and look forward to the return match. But in a naval war, which is a rather more serious game than mud-larking, if an island race like ours is beaten there is no return match—not, at least, for that generation. And you only have to knock up against a few casual mines, and your narrow margin, and more, may vanish automatically. No, the bravest nation in the world cannot afford to take risks in the game of war."

"Well, what do you want?" I said, with excusable petulance. "Would you have the Tories in? I'm told they're very short of big men."

"I offer no opinion," said Prenderby, "on the subject of their size; but I would sooner be governed by pigmies who are agreed on a sound naval policy than by giants who differ about it."

"Prenderby," I said, "it has long been my custom to consult you on grave political questions because of your notorious detachment of mind. But to-day it seems to be your malevolent purpose to try to shatter my cherished belief in a Government which not only represents the flower of British intelligence, but is supported with almost mechanical devotion by the greatest majority of modern times."

"My boy," said Prenderby, on a paternal note, "as far as domestic matters are concerned, I don't care a brass button as to which side nominally governs the country. I can with calmness leave to the common sense of the public to see that its will is carried out on points that intelligibly affect its pocket and general welfare. But as regards the Army, the Navy, and Foreign Affairs, in which the public needs instruction and leadership, I would use the best men from both sides. I should like a Coalition Ministry, a Ministry of All the Patriots. It is an intolerable scandal that the country cannot enjoy the invaluable services of a man like EDWARD GREY, without having at the same time to suffer the attentions of—well, you know whom, simply because the latter happens for the moment to call himself by the same Party name of Liberal, though their two standards are as wide apart as the Poles."

"And in such a Government," I said, with my best irony, "you would accept the Admiralty, if it were offered you?"

"If you were their only alternative, yes," said Prenderby.

My reply was marked by considerable dignity. I said:

"You are at perfect liberty, like Germany, to do or think what you dam well please." And I wished him an extraordinarily good day.

O. S.



### THE EXCLUSIVES.

NORTH POLE (to SOUTH POLE). "HALLO! ARE YOU THERE? I SAY, OLD MAN, THEY NEARLY HAD YOU THAT TIME."

VOICE FROM SOUTH POLE. "YES, I KNOW. THERE'LL SOON BE NO SUCH THING AS PRIVACY"

[With Mr Punch's best compliments to Lieutenant Shackleton]







*Tourist (who during a steady tramp has inquired, once every hour, how far it is to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, 'About four-and-a-half or five miles') "THANK HEAVEN WE'RE KEEPING PACE WITH IT, ANYWAY!"*

### A BOND STREET VISION.

Down the street the sunshine glances on  
the crowds that come and go,  
Fashion treads in Springtime's footsteps  
where the plate-glass windows glow,  
But I turn where ice and marble's stern  
simplicity set forth  
Noble fish from noble rivers of the grey  
and snow-bound North;  
And I pause with glance uncertain, as  
of one who seems to know  
In a dream the vanished features of  
some friend of long ago,—  
For I see in state reposing such a salmon  
as I keep  
As a rule for grim encounters on the  
chosen casts of sleep;  
As a rule, yet somehow surely has that  
glittering bulk before  
Agonised my waking vision by a real  
and solid shore.  
Fifty pounds? so once I made him, on  
the evening when I held  
Him—or else his double—beaten in that  
reach below Dunkeld.  
There he lies, superb and royal, clean as  
when he left the tide,  
With the bloom of snow and lilac mantled  
on his gleaming side,  
While his shoulders, proudly arching,  
wear a lustre hard and bright,  
Borrowed in Norwegian fiords from the  
fitful Arctic light,

Or where schools of running salmon leap  
beneath the summer stars  
Where the North Sea breakers thunder  
over Highland river bars.

So for me the scene is altered, and in  
spirit I am whirled  
Far away from crowded pavements;  
fairest faces in the world,  
Roofs and chimneys, frocks and fashions  
—all are flown as shadows fly,  
And I see a stately river 'neath a soft  
October sky.  
Once again I see the Autumn banked  
and blazoned where the trees  
Shed her wealth of reds and yellows on  
the moisture-laden breeze;  
Oak's pale orange, beech's russet, in a  
splendid shower are blown  
Where the ouzel dips and whistles as  
he flits from stone to stone;  
And I hear the roar and mutter as the  
stream comes sweeping down  
Black and foam-flecked round the red-  
stone, clearing to a golden brown,  
Slipping past the scattered birchwoods,  
where the deer come down at night,  
Amber o'er the shelving shallows—on  
the shingles lipping light;  
And I feel the thrilling magic of the  
greenheart's spring and sway,  
And a favourite fly is working fully  
twenty yards away,  
And behind the sunken boulder, where  
the slack swirls smooth as oil,

Lo! the deep is agitated with a mighty  
wave and boil,  
And I see for half a moment that  
stupendous tail and back  
Wallow wide upon the surface in a  
leisurely attack;  
There's a heave of sudden silver—  
there's a flounce—a savage pull,  
And again the reel is racing as he gets  
it fair and full!

Now the stormy sunset's touching all  
the distant tops with light,  
And he's rolling spent and helpless  
from the long-contested fight,  
Shattering the quiet surface into rings  
of rippling foam,  
Where the gillie waits his moment ere  
the gaff is driven home. . . .  
Then—ah then—the rod springs straight-  
ly and a worn and broken trace,  
Free again, springs back to strike me  
like a whiplash in the face;  
And I see the great fish rally—see the  
wave that marks his track  
O'er the dim unfriendly shallows till  
the deep receives him back!

So the vision fades and passes, gone are  
mountain, wood and cloud,  
And the voice of streams is lost in roar  
of traffic and of crowd.  
Shall I leave him unacknowledged? or  
in fond remembrance—yes,  
Why not have at least a portion sent  
along to my address?

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

[EDITOR. Let me see, the Boat Race is next Saturday. You might write an article about it.]

AUTHOR. Certainly, if you desire it. But I don't know one end of an oar from the other.

EDITOR. One end's flatter than the other; that's how you can tell.

AUTHOR. Thanks. I'll point that out.

EDITOR. Don't be too technical. Hadn't you better take a shilling from the stamp drawer and run down to Putney this afternoon, and then come back and do us a nice breezy sketch?

AUTHOR. By all means.]

Mortlake is a small town in the Kingston Parliamentary Division of Surrey, situate some six miles west of London as the crow flies. Its population at the last census was estimated roughly at 7,774, though many experts consider that 7,775 would have been nearer the mark. However, even this figure will be exceeded on Saturday next, when a party of nine Putney residents educated at Cambridge University will journey thither by water, followed (or possibly preceded) by a similar party of nine who claim Oxford University for their Alma Mater.

This exodus from Putney is now an annual event, which is eagerly looked forward to by the young participants. Why, I am often asked, do they always select Mortlake as the object of their visit? Are there not more interesting resorts in the neighbourhood? Before I answer this question, let us take a look at the eighteen young gentlemen who will join the excursion this year. Perhaps that will help us to an appreciation of their partiality for this fascinating village.

[AUTHOR. Am I being breezy enough?

EDITOR. I can't think what on earth you imagine you're doing.

AUTHOR. It was partly the guard's fault—I went on to Mortlake by mistake. Such an interesting place.]

First and foremost, *primus inter pares*, as CICERO used to say, we have Mr. STUART, the *doyen* of the Light Blue party. Mr. STUART has been to Mortlake no less than four times already, and is still as enthusiastic as ever over its historic associations. He will be able to point out to Mr. ROSE the famous tablet to Sir PHILIP FRANCIS ("JUNIOR" FRANCIS, as he was known to his intimates), erected in the parish church to his memory in the year 1818. The church itself, as Mr. WILLIAMS (who has been here once before) may remind him, occupies the site of an edifice of the 14th century, the tower still dating from 1543. This tablet is a favourite one of Mr. STUART's, and on three previous

occasions he has reverently called the attention of his *confrères* to it, before the quiet of the place has been rudely disturbed by the arrival of the Oxford party. On the occasion of the fourth excursion, when nine young Americans took the places of the Dark Blue pilgrims, Mr. STUART, with characteristic national courtesy, waited at the landing-stage until they had all arrived, before leading the way into the venerable edifice.

Another enthusiast over the old brasses in Mortlake church is young Mr. KIRBY; so much so, indeed, that he has paid three previous visits to them. For some reason or other, however, he always gets there a little late; consequently he has not been able to devote so much study to them as he could have wished. His friends earnestly hope that next Saturday, at any rate, he will arrive in good time.

[AUTHOR. I fancy I have put that rather tactfully.]

EDITOR. Oh, get on, and get it over.

AUTHOR. You will like this next bit. This is really a spicy little bit of gossip.]

One of the show places of Mortlake is the Brewery. Mention of this reminds me that the time has come to reveal the secret history of the dispute which recently raged around Mr. STUART and his fellow-student, Mr. ARBUTHNOT. The boat in which the Cambridge party annually proceeds to Mortlake is so narrow that there is only room to sit one abreast; generally, therefore, there is some discussion as to the order in which the excursionists shall be seated. Now on the occasion of the University wayzgoose the Brewery, with ready hospitality, throws its doors open to the inspection of the tourists, with the necessary proviso that only the first one to enter shall be allowed to sample the different vintages. It is obvious, therefore, that the man seated in the "bows," or thin end of the boat, is the one who will arrive at Mortlake first, and, therefore, the one most likely to obtain this privilege. Mr. STUART loudly insisted that it was his turn for this; while his friends considered that it was his duty to remain at the thick end of the boat, where he could see and, if necessary, encourage the Oxford party. Mr. STUART felt that this encouragement would come better from a younger man, and recommended Mr. ARBUTHNOT for the position. Hence the trouble. Mr. ARBUTHNOT may now have to wait for another year before he can visit Mortlake; and when he does so it is to be hoped that he will remember to look out for the tomb of Sir RICHARD BURTON.

[AUTHOR. I say, shall I stop being so technical?

EDITOR. When did you think of stopping altogether?

AUTHOR. I see what it is; you're offended because I haven't brought in what you told me about the oars.]

But Mortlake has other associations than those I have already mentioned. It was here that the two famous astrologers, DEE and PARTRIDGE, resided; indeed QUEEN ELIZABETH herself is currently reported to have consulted the first-named in this very village. DEE, who, in the language of the period, was "hardebakyd enowe to knowe ye flatte ende of ye oare from ye roundde one," mistook the identity of his client, and prophesied for her a numerous family and some success in life: which so much amused the QUEEN that she presented him with the Elizabethan Order.

Before I close this article [Hooray!—Ed.]—

Before I close this article [Hooray!—Ed.]—

Before I—[Hoo—Ed.]—

In conclusion I feel it my duty to say that the second-class return fare to Mortlake is one and threepence, and that the Editor only gave me twelve old stamped addressed envelopes, so that I was actually threepence out of pocket, in addition to the taste of the gum, and when I honestly try to collect a little information about the place I was sent to—or, anyhow, arrived at, so as to write an article upon a subject about which I should otherwise have known nothing, I am made the stock, that is the laughing-butt, I mean the—

Well, anyhow, may the best boat win!

A. A. M.

## THE BANDBOX.

WHEN the Faringdens invited us to their afternoon reception Mamma said that Vera must have a new Paris hat for the occasion, as she had matrimonial hopes for her, and Guy Faringden, who is very eligible and very impressionable, doesn't care a straw for a girl unless she is ultra smart. When the day and the hat came, Mamma also decided I was not to go at all, because, she said, it would look too pointed to take one daughter in a Paris model and the other in a Bayswater one.

Vera's new hat had been bought at Spotcash's, the new Anglo-American Emporium, and came in one of their lovely satin bandboxes.

The bandbox, indeed, was quite a dream in itself, being covered with shell-pink satin, with a ruche round the top, and a satin bow and long ends. But somehow, the hat it contained was not quite so convincing as I expected, for though built on correct lines and resembling in shape a huge inverted pudding-basin, it lacked to my eye the crude contour and clumsy uncouthness that mark the *dernier cri*. Still, when Vera had got it

on, well crushed down over her face, like an extinguisher, it looked quite smart, and she was more high-spirited than sympathetic when she called back to me, as she drove away with Mamma in a taxi cab—

"Never mind, Valerie. You shall have the handbox."

Of course this was adding insult to injury, and I went slowly back into the bedroom and stood gazing sadly at the handbox through my brimming tears.

Then, as I gazed, all in a moment a real genuine inspiration of genius flashed through my brain. The handbox! Why, it was the very thing! There was the abnormal satin-covered crown, the utter absence of brim, the close satin ruche, the top-heavy extinguisher-like shape, all as required by the prevailing mode. With trembling fingers I cut a round hole in the lid and pushed it some three inches down into the box, then I turned the handbox upside down and put it on my head, which fitted into the round hole. My pulses throbbed, there was a mist before my eyes, and when it had cleared I looked in the mirror.

The effect was marvellous; the bold simplicity of design completely fulfilled Fashion's latest fluctuation, and a quarter-of-an hour later I also was speeding to the Faringdens' in a taxi-cab.

The absolute and overwhelming success of my appearance may best be indicated by the following paragraph which appeared in all the society journals a few days later:—

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Mr. Guy Faringden, eldest son of Sir Godfrey Faringden, Bart., of Faringden Towers, N.B., and Miss Valerie Simpson, younger daughter of Mrs. Frederick Simpson, of Mountjoy Gardens, S.W." (*The italics are my own.*)

A contemporary informs us that—"the Prince and the Queen dine together every day without any suite."

Nothing, however, is said about the savoury.

#### A Real Conversation.

("What do they know of England," etc.)

A. Wasn't the South Polar expedition wonderful? Not a man lost.

B. That shows how much healthier heat is than cold. Lots of people have died trying to find the North Pole.

At a meeting of Bury ratepayers, according to a local paper,

"The Town Clerk declared that the amendment to chalking on the flags was defeated by 177 to 88, but each person held up two hands, and these figures should be divided by two in order to arrive at the right number of persons." Strange ways they have at Bury. Yet there seems to be one honest (or one-armed) man there.



#### MAD AS A HATTER.

Autoerast "I ASSESS YOU, MADAM, THE LITTER IS CHIRPING—MOST ABSURD AND GROTESQUE"  
Victim "OH, VERY WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S ALL THAT, I'LL DECIDE ON THIS ONE."

#### UNREST IN INDIA.

(Copy of an Application for Employment addressed to O. C. — Irregular Force.)

HONOURED MASTER,—Having heard of your almighty mercy and loving kindness to us worms, I tell you my circumstances

By the Grace of God and your Lordship I have seven children, all babies and sucklings.

Besides this abominable litter I have many male and female relations.

What have I done that I should be blessed with such cursed trials?

As your Lordship is my father and my mother, I would request that you will take this worm and wife and suckles and relations both male and female and provide for us from your bounty at a remuneration of Rs. 20 a month.

I cannot read or write, but by the

Grace of God and your Lordship I look forward to years of prosperity and happiness.

All the Chaoni of — sing of your praises, your justice and mercy; therefore call us all that we may fatten on your love and gentleness.

Call quickly.

Your faithful worm and beast,

MERMA LAL

(Despicable brute and unwilling father of babies).

#### Lip-service.

From report of a Charitable Entertainment at Rugby —

"A collection was then made and Mr. — contributed a solo."

"He had a narrow escape of being a Leap-year man. Born February 23, 1834," etc.—*Birmingham Gazette.*

Apparently he only missed it by two years.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, were you very angry with Mills?

Papa. Angry? Of course I was. I cannot tolerate one of my clerks being—ah—the worse for wine, and disgracing himself at a music-hall.

L. A. Shall you dismiss him, Papa?

Papa. Probably I shall. I haven't made up my mind yet; but I think he'll have to go. No respectable firm can overlook such scandalous behaviour.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I see that. (A pause.) Papa, what is a bump-supper?

Papa. A bump-supper, my boy? Oh, it's a sort of dinner for the crew of a College boat at Oxford or Cambridge.

L. A. But why do they have a bump-supper?

Papa. Well, they've had their boat-races, you know; and if the boat has gone ahead of the River, or made a lot of bumps by defeating other boats, well, then they dine together to celebrate their victory when the races are over.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I understand. You rowed in your College boat, didn't you, Papa?

Papa (proudly). Yes, my boy, I did. There's my oar on the wall. They gave us that for making seven bumps.

L. A. And did you have a bump-supper afterwards, Papa?

Papa. Bump-supper! I should just think we did. The best bump-supper that ever was.

L. A. And did they make much noise at your bump-supper, Papa?

Papa. No, not so very much. A little cheering, of course, and a few speeches; but it all went off very well as far as I remember.

L. A. (sternly). Papa, are you sure you remember it all?

Papa. Why, bless my soul, what an extraordinary question! Remember it? Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?

L. A. I don't know, Papa, but you gave me a letter to read this morning, didn't you?

Papa. Yes, a letter from Mr. Harding, the Vicar. I wanted you to realise the fine work that is being done in the parish. Mr. Harding writes so eloquently that I thought it would do you good to read it.

L. A. But, Papa, the letter wasn't from Mr. Harding at all.

Papa. Not from Mr. Harding! Why, what the—

L. A. No, Papa, the letter was from Mr. Bulkley.

Papa. !!!

L. A. Yes, Papa, from Mr. Bulkley. Perhaps you made a mistake, but you only said, "Here, read that letter," so I read it through.

Papa. The dickens you did.

L. A. Yes, Papa; he wanted to know if you were coming to the usual dinner just before the boat-race. Are you going to that dinner, Papa?

Papa. Yes, I shall probably go to it.

L. A. And he said he hoped you wouldn't try to stand on your head and kick the Dean in the mouth, as you did after a certain bump-supper. Papa, did you do that?

Papa. Of course not. Never did such a thing in my life. Just a bit of Bulkley's chaff. You mustn't take him seriously.

L. A. No, Papa, I suppose not. And then he said you probably wouldn't remember about it on account of all the bumpers you had drunk, and he hoped you had learnt wisdom now you were a family man, and what rot it was of the Dean to talk of scandalous behaviour, and, after all, we were only young once, and it wasn't everybody who made three bumps in one night.

Papa. Isn't that your mother calling you?

L. A. No, Papa, she's calling Mabel. What's a bumper, Papa?

Papa. Oh, a bumper's a glass of wine. You have to drink it off. It's an old custom.

L. A. But if you drank a lot of bumpers, wouldn't it be very dreadful?

Papa. I tell you you mustn't believe everything Bulkley says. It's only his fun.

L. A. Yes, Papa; but if the Dean said it was scandalous behaviour—

Papa. Oh, the Dean! Who cares what the Dean said?

L. A. No, Papa, But perhaps Mills had been having a bump-supper the other evening.

Papa. No such thing.

L. A. But perhaps you won't dismiss him, Papa. Perhaps he'll be a family man too, some day. Oh, and Papa, why did Mr. Bulkley say you broke down in trying to sing *The Hounds of the Meynell*? I never heard you sing, Papa.

Papa. No, you didn't, and nobody else ever did either.

L. A. But, Papa—

Papa. I can't listen to you any more. Go and play in the garden.

## A PROTEST FROM PARNASSUS.

*In apprehension of the Daylight Saving Bill.*

SAY, have the lees of the earth such a dreg as us

Bards if we bow to this tyrannous Bill,

Rise ere we want to, and saddle our Pegasus

Early by order?—I'm blown if we will!

Was it for this that the Barons at Runnymede

Wrested a Charter of freedom from JOHN,

Toasting the health of its clauses in honey-mead?—

Did they? I don't know, but let us get on.

I that have sung you what windblossoms blow lowest

Down in the valley where dances the fay,

Am I to rise when the lark is a soloist,

Merely to humour a Government, eh?

Am I to make my melodious madrigals

Out on the lawn at an hour when the thrush

Shortens the glee of the worm and his glad wriggles,

Rather than roam when the nightingales gush.

No, and I deem not the multitude fortunate

Thinking to lengthen the hours of the light;

Is not the daytime exacting, importunate,

Utterly vulgar compared with the night?

See where Amyntas, and goodness! how smart a miss,

Twining their arms when the gloom has begun,

Utter at ease in the empire of Artemis

Twaddle they never could talk in the sun.

"Cricket" (the fanatics urge) and "economy,"

"Saving of gas"—do I care about that?

Think of the charm of our childhood's astronomy,

Think of the soft and marsupial bat:

Think of the authors of sonnets that ruminate

Under the stars by the silvery Thames;

Think of the thousands of ads. that illuminate

London by night with electrical gems.

No, by the might of the Muses that foster us!

Let them, advancing the hands of the clock,

Force on the masses a wholly preposterous

System—but we will be firm as a rock.

Others, surprising the sun in his chariot

Long ere their wont, may submissively delve,

We must demand of Eliza (or Harriet)

Not to be called at eleven, but twelve.

"Wanted, use of a Bath-room, with hot and cold water, once a month, for a small fee."

Our one hope is that he means lunar months.



## SPEAK IT UP TO DEAGHT.

MR. SPEIGHT, the famous improver of the Marble Arch, which is now no longer a foolish and antiquated gateway to the Park, but a noble isolated obstacle in the middle of Oxford Street, carrying out superbly its new duties as a complicate of the traffic—Mr. SPEIGHT, to whose fertile brain this improvement is due, has been drawing up a further series of projects for the beautification of London, which, under his ingenious and patriotic hand, is to become as attractive as the White City.

"The fault of London," as he is reported to have said to an interviewer, in whose statements, however, we place no confidence, "is that it is so English. The capital of a country should never reflect its nationality; it should borrow from other countries. My conception of the perfect London is that it should be packed with statuary, like the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg."

"There cannot be too much statuary. At present London's statues are scattered—Colbden at Camden Town, Wellington at Hyde Park Corner, Brunel on the Embankment, William III. in Kensington Gardens, and so forth. Let us have them all together near Buckingham Palace. The equestrian figures might be set side by side, as if starting for a race. Physical Energy from Kensington Gardens beside George III. in his scratch wig from Cockspur Street, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion from the House of Lords beside the Duke of Cambridge from Whitehall. That would be novel and pleasing; but bookmakers would, of course, not be allowed."

"All the other statues should be picturesquely assembled in avenues, so that on one's way through the Mall one could literally walk through the history of England. How instructive, how stimulating!"

"To isolate the Arch at Hyde Park Corner so that it comes into the middle of the roadway is another of my schemes. The picturesque and interesting congestion of traffic at the foot of Hamilton Place wants company. Things should go in pairs. I therefore suggest the creation of more intricacy close by. This done, I would place the Achilles statue on the top of the arch."

"Nelson's Column is not satisfactory. I feel sure something could be done with it. A hinge in the middle, so that Nelson could be lowered for the inspection of the man in the street, who now has no chance of closely studying his great hero, might do it. Hydraulic power would be the medium, I take it. A simple matter."

"The lions, too. How wasteful to concentrate all four lions in one spot,



Mabel (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12). "WHY, I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS PROMISED TO MARRY ME!"  
Tommy. "YEs, YES. I KNOW I DID. I BLAME MYSELF ENTIRELY."

and leave the rest of this great and important city lionless! How like England. What I say is, leave Trafalgar Square one lion and distribute the others.

"Westminster Abbey again—" But here the interviewer fled."

## Our Dreadnought "Slips."

It is rumoured that the Secretary of the M. C. C. has received the following cable from the Captain of the Australian Cricket Team:—

"Please verify or deny circumstantial report England has seventeen slips and may increase. Protest against arbitrary change in rules of game."

## Pen-and-Ink Notes.

Though the example of Lady CONSTANCE LATTON, who has been writing with her blood, will not be followed literally in fashionable circles, it has given an impetus to the sale of blue inks; and a well-known ink-manufacturer is putting on the market in a few days a new brand to be known as Blue-Blood Ink.

There has been some discussion from time to time as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword. We are informed that the whole subject is to be decided at next Monday's meeting of a Herne Hill debating society. Admission will be free.





Adjutant (discovering second button of tunic unfastened). "DASH IT ALL, SERGEANT-MAJOR! HERE'S A FELLAH HALF NAKED! MAKE HIM A PRIZ'NAR!"

### THE NEWEST MAGAZINE.

(Being the kind of interview that hardly any daily paper now spares us.)

It was in an office luxuriously furnished and bearing every trace of prosperity that our representative, calling, we need hardly say, wholly on the editorial initiative and without the cognisance of the advertisement manager, found Mr. Mornleigh Foam, the proprietor and publisher of the new magazine, called after himself, *Foam's Magazine*.

"I am glad you called," said he, as he offered our representative a costly Cabana and poured out two glasses of the merriest Veuve procurable. "I had, of course, no notion that you were coming, but I am delighted to see you, because I feel that such originality and enterprise as I am showing should be put on record in an influential paper."

Our representative, who has been quite decently brought up and knows what's what, bowed.

"Yes," continued the publisher, "I gave this subject immense thought, and at last came to the conclusion that it was idle not to strike out a new and courageous line. 'I would,' I said to myself, 'hit the country—as BURKE, you remember, hit the House of Commons—between wind and water.'"

"And you——?"

"Yes, I did. I took one of the boldest and most revolutionary steps that the publisher of a new magazine could do. I wrote to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING for a story!"

"Ah!" Our representative buried his face in his bubbling glass. "Yes, Mr. Foam, and then?"

"And then I wrote to—— You will never guess!"

"You tantalise me, Mr. Foam."

"To Mr. ANTHONY HOPE!"

"Did you really? It was Napoleonic. And then?"

"And then to Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Sir ARTHUR, I may say, was very kind. Indeed, I have had some of the pleasantest experiences of my career with the aristocracy."

"And what have these authors written for you, may I ask?"

"Ah, well, there you have me. I must confess that I have not looked too closely into that. But I know what I have written for them."

"May I inquire what, Mr. Foam?"

The publisher leaned back with an expression of affected caution and mystery. "Cheques," he said at last.

Our representative laughed heartily. "Yes, indeed," he said. "I expect so. Yes, indeed. Cheques. Ha! ha!"

"Mr. KIPLING's story," continued Mr. Foam, "cost me nearly half-a-crown a word; but you may buy it, together

with many other stories much more comprehensible, for sixpence. There's enterprise and generosity. Indeed, I venture to think that no better sixpenny-worth was ever offered. The names alone are worth the money."

"Then you don't care for anonymous or unknown writers?"

Mr. Foam's expressive eyes conveyed a strong negative.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm an innovator. Bold, very likely; reckless, perchance foolish. But there it is! A man must be true to himself, and I was always one for derring-do. My policy—my secret—is names."

Our representative rose and picked up that one of his two hats which seemed nearest to him.

"Good-bye," said the publisher. "Look out for my first number. There's a story in it by RIDER HAGGARD about Africa and treasure-hunting which should set the Thames on fire. There's been nothing so original since *King Solomon's Mines*. Mind the step."

### Absence of Mind.

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry gave another dinner party last night at Londonderry House, Park Lane."

*The Standard.*

"The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry left London yesterday for Sherborne, Dorsetshire."—*The Standard* (of same date).



## THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

GERMANIA "A DREADNOUGHT FOR BRITAIN FROM NEW ZEALAND? THESE LION-CUBS ARE  
SPLENDID! I WISH I HAD AN EAGLET OR TWO LIKE THAT"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, March 23.*  
—Storm-cloud hangs low over crowded House. The air is thunderous. Presently we shall see it riven by forked lightning. In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR is always supernaturally calm. Has placed on paper a Vote of Censure affirming criminal neglect by Government of safety of the country. To-day he is to ask for an opportunity of moving it.

Through the long string of questions Members impatiently await the moment of his interposition. When it comes, he, in conversational tone, studiously casual manner, invites the PREMIER to name the day. Tension of the House indicated by the cheer which greets his rising. A still louder one rising from the serried hosts of Ministerialists encourages the PREMIER when he responds to enquiry. ASQUITH not exactly what you would call a man of emotional nature. Does not wear his heart on his sleeve for daws or other inconsiderable birds to peck at. By rare exception is just now in state of seething indignation. It finds voice later when, in Committee, he denounces the naval scare as "the most unpatriotic, the most unscrupulous misrepresentation of the actual situation" known to him in pretty long experience.

At this moment he is content acridly to surmise that PRINCE ARTHUR, equally

with himself and the Government, is anxious that the question should be discussed at earliest possible moment. That being so, he names Thursday.

This unusual tone ruffles the cultured smoothness of PRINCE ARTHUR's manner.

He don't want to fight, but by Jingo if he do! Thursday is set apart for second reading of Appropriation Bill, an opportunity sacred to Members desiring to talk on any subject under the sun.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, flinging a scornful gesture towards the Treasury Bench, whilst he looked round for the cheers of his supporters, "is giving not his own time, but our time, to the Vote of Censure."

In this objection PREMIER, to increasing anger of PRINCE ARTHUR, discovered fresh reason to believe that there was no hurry in the matter. "The only alternative date is Thursday week—April 1st," he innocently added.

House now thoroughly roused. Cheers and

counter-cheers punctuated the conversation across the Table. Its acerbity subtly heightened by the courteous phrases of personal reference imposed by Parliamentary usage. In the white-heat of temper conventionalities might have failed but for interposition of RICHMOND *ainé*. The Irish Members have, it seems, marked Thursday as their own. Have a few words to say on local matters. Not disposed to stand aside in order that discussion may take place on a Vote of Censure implying situation of national peril.

The Irish leader making this clear, the interval afforded PRINCE ARTHUR opportunity of resuming command over himself. When he again interposed he had recovered the manner almost of indifference with which he opened the conversation. Storm fizzled out with commonplace suggestion that settlement of precise day shall be deferred till to-morrow.

Nevertheless excitement still simmered. LONDONDERRY, watching it from the Peers' Gallery, was so perturbed that when he rose to leave he put on his hat, a serious breach of privilege. Walked nearly the full length of the Gallery before a breathless messenger, catching up with him, reminded him of his peril.

*Business done.* In Committee on Navy Estimates.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Noble Lords are legislative half-timers. Not



SUPFRAGETIL (AFTER RAPHAEL).

A memory of the Croydon Election.



A SERIOUS BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.  
Lord Londonderry walks out in his hat!



A Bishop (in full canonicals) escorting a foreign colleague (in rabbinical raiment of sorts) makes a startling appearance over the clock

enough work to serve full round of week. So they make holiday on Mondays, and when on other days they sit do not prolong occasion beyond the limit of half an hour. CARRINGTON looked in on his way to dinner at National Liberal Club. In fine form, high spirits.

"You recognise, Toby, dear boy," he said, "the extreme difficulty of giving fresh turn to prolonged discussion. We've had this naval scare kept up for exactly a week. Floods of argument and eloquence from platform and press have drenched it. Must allude to it in speech to-night; seems nothing left for one to say. But you know how bright thoughts flash on the virgin mind. Walking down here this afternoon idea came to me. Jotted it down. Don't mind if I read the passage to you?"

"On the contrary, delighted."

"Well, here it is. It's the peroration, don't you know? There's a lot before I lead up to it: 'When the PRIME MINISTER cries 'Havoc!' to the Tory Party, then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?'"

"Fetch 'em?" "I responded enthusiastically. "I can see them being carried out in couples."

"Seems to me," added his Lordship, carefully folding up the scrap of paper, and

taking care that it should not be mislaid, "there is about it a—what shall I say?—a not unhappy mixture of responsibility and action. There is ASQUITH standing at top of marble staircase at the National Liberal Club, crying 'Havoc!' I can almost see and hear him. Sort of remark one would make in the circumstances. Then down the staircase, scornful of the lift, come the dogs of war, bounding out on to Embankment, to make short work of LANDOWNE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and the rest of them."

"It would make an admirable fresco," I suggested, "like those in corridor between Houses of Lords and Commons. Would also look well in entrance-hall of Club."

"Ah!" said CARRINGTON, walking off (though I fancy he was not displeased at the idea), "that is not a matter for me to suggest."

*Business done.*—Talk of boycotting in Ireland.

*House of Commons, Thursday.*—Across the troubled scene of angry controversy and threats of Vote of Censure trips a figure which bestows upon it a pastoral air. Dressed in rough homespun, the skirt cut short enough to display the thick-shod but not over-sized shoes, with the glow of country air and life on her innocent countenance, the maiden paces the thoroughfares of Clapham and the Boulevards of Brixton. On her arm, open to full inspection, is a basket, in which repose delicate rolls of fresh butter, half concealed by



"Everybody knows the hon. member fills a considerable space in the literary world." (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")—*Mr. Speaker.*  
(Mr. Hilaire Belloc.)



"Then will the National Liberal Club let slip the dogs of war.' That'll fetch 'em, don't you think?"

(Earl Carrington, K G)

dainty linen wraps. Also there are eggs, each one stamped with yesterday's date in testimony of its birthday.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sell my mother's butter and her fresh-laid eggs," she answers. "They are from our own farm, situated in Battersea, left us by a fond father,

carried off suddenly owing to a kick in the back by a cow when he was filling a pail at the pump."

What can you do? Why, you buy all the butter and the eggs in the basket, with difficulty carrying them home, whilst the little one, gratefully smiling, runs off to the farm for a fresh supply.

Such is the picture conjured up by Celtic fancy for the delight of a sympathetic House. KILBRIDE is the artist. When with deft brush he has dashed the picture on the canvas and Members are thinking of strolling out Clapham way, he paints it out and presents another. Those objects looking like what DAVID JAMES in *Our Boys* used to call "pats of Dosset" are really margarine. The fresh eggs come from the Continent in a crate. The whole thing is, in short, a fresh injustice to Ireland, whose eggs and butter are, so to speak, whipped out of the market.





## SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Dejected Cabman "HANSOMS ARE GOING CHEAP TO-NIGHT, SIR"

STRACHEY, on behalf of Board of Agriculture, undertakes to look into the matter.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read second time.

## HOW TO DISARM OPPOSITION.

["Don't let yourself be disturbed by criticism. . . . Those who criticise in the newspapers are often one-sided persons, dominated by prejudice. If I were to leave Germany one day and go to the other end of the world, Germany would perhaps be surprised and ask my pardon for much."—*Report of conversation of the German Emperor in Reuter's Telegram from Berlin, March 22.*]

SIMILAR reports about other Distinguished Persons, though not yet to hand, are hourly anticipated as follows:—

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, addressing an audience of Pacifists in the Lecture Theatre at Garrod's Emporium on Saturday last, said that for fifteen years he had been impervious to calumny. Still he could not help feeling that if he were to quit England and go to the South Pole his enemies might in time come to

have a kindly feeling towards him—if he remained there.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, interviewed in his favourite Restaurant, said that in the long run the fatuous and malignant criticism of which he was the object would recoil on the heads of his blatant and overfed calumniators. It was the privilege of martyrs to be misunderstood. Even in the Colne Valley detraction had reared its poisonous crest. If he were to quit the sordid political arena at Westminster and emigrate to Tibet, England would undoubtedly regard him with widely different feelings.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, speaking at a political meeting at the Paddington Baths on Friday, observed that he said ditto to the GERMAN EMPEROR on the subject of criticism. Dramatic critics were often purblind creatures, and had no sense of perspective or eye for sartorial elegance. He had suffered much at their hands, but he bore them no malice. Sometimes, in moments of depression, he had thought of starting afresh in Alaska or Manchuria or the

Grand Sahara. In the last-named district, however, he understood that the natives did not wear or appreciate the beauty of trousers. Still it would be a noble task to extricate and elevate them from this benighted condition. He felt certain that if he were to leave England one day and bury himself in the purlieus of Timbuctoo, M. PÉLISSIER would be surprised and Mr. BERENBOHM TREE might shed a tear. On the other hand it was possible that he mightn't.

Speaking at an open-air meeting near the Great Wheel at Laxey, in the Isle of Man, Mr. HALL CAINE said he sympathised deeply with the GERMAN EMPEROR, whose sentiments expressed his own feelings with extraordinary precision. Genius inevitably exasperated the common herd, and was often driven into exile in self-defence. As GIBBON said, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius," and he had serious thoughts of putting this dictum to a practical test (*Sensation*.) For twenty years certain critics had systematically and consistently belittled his achievements. He

had endured this ordeal with patience and in contemptuous silence. But there was a limit in all things, and he often wondered what England would think if he were permanently to take up his residence in the Antipodes. (*Great emotion, during which several prominent Manzmen were removed in a fainting condition.*) At any rate, he felt sure that Mr. HEINEMANN would be surprised and Mr. A. B. WALKLEY would be smitten with remorse. But after all, Australasia deserved some return for her generous offer of *Dreadnoughts*. (*Continued emotion, during which the Great Wheel was profoundly moved.*)

### KENTISH FIRE-LIGHTS.

(By Tiberius Mudd.)

THE statement that the MS. of the first volume of Mr. DE MORGAN'S new novel runs to 180,000 words has excited some singularly irrelevant comment in certain quarters. Perfect condensation no doubt is a good thing, but it is not within the power of everybody to compass it. For however short we may be, there will always be one Shorter.

A strange but unconfirmed rumour is going the round of Fleet Street that Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT is engaged on a Biography of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. On hearing this a witty member of the Omar Khayyam Club observed that he supposed the illustrations would be Nicoll-plated.

A correspondent writes to point out the remarkable coincidence that both parts of Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS'S name are now borne by peers. In this context I may point out that *Jimbo*, Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S new book, has not an elephant for its hero.

Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN has just returned from a journey in India. Mr. JOHN LONG, on the other hand, always travels in Wales.

BRONTË, as my readers are doubtless well aware, is the Greek for "thunder." It is pleasant to know that in view of his employing a tonitruophone in the score of his new symphony, M. PADEWSKI has been elected an honorary member of the Wuthering Asinæum.

### More Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement circulated in Ceylon:—

"Once your kind inspection solicited for a trial, and then our execution will be agreeable."

### AT THE PLAY.

"THE NOBLE SPANIARD."

TAKE away from the women their Victorian costumes (if I may say so without offence) and withdraw from Mr. HAWTREY the privilege of dropping his h's, and there would be little left in Mr. MAUGHAM'S pot-boiler at the Royalty to explain his popularity as a playwright. Save for one novel feature, *The Noble Spaniard* belongs to the hallowed category of Palais-Royal farces, duly bowdlerised for British consumption. The novelty is provided by Mr. HAWTREY in the title rôle. For once

to catch the bouquet whose discharge from the window was to be the signal for flight. During these regrettable distractions we mainly relied for our fun on Miss FANNY BROUGH; and, indeed, her characteristic humour of voice and face, the familiar eloquence of her hands, the unfamiliar motions she imparted to crinoline and flounce, were a pure joy.

For the rest, it was rather dull and obvious work. The dialogue, especially of the women, was often thin to the point of emaciation, and when there was good stuff in it, it was generally confined to one side, while the other had to be content with trivial interjections. That intelligent actress, Miss KATE CUTLER, was not very happily suited in the part of a merry widow who appeared to appreciate very heartily—even perhaps above its actual merit—the humour of the situations in which she found herself, but was allowed to contribute very little of her own. Mr. LYALL SWETE, who was got up after the similitude of THACKERAY, has also had more likely parts to play. For all his profound knowledge of stage technique, I seemed to trace a touch of the amateur in his acting. Of the others, Mr. LEON LION seized what little chance he had in the last Act.

Altogether, a rather negligible play, and not very worthy of Mr. MAUGHAM'S reputation. But this should not prevent its being a popular success. O. S.



Lady Proudfoot (Miss Fanny Brough) cherishes the illusory hope that the Duke of Hermanos (Mr. Hawtreys) has designs on her virtue.

he plays something approaching to a character part; he has almost to be somebody else than himself; he has even to borrow a voice. Towards this loan I fancied at times that Mr. TREE had contributed a trifle.

Grandees of Spain are so rarely accessible to alien observation and so seldom may be studied in the pursuit of British widows at watering-places in the Pas-de-Calais, that I must credit Mr. HAWTREY with evolving his *Duke of Hermanos* out of his own head. It was a delightful creation, and he kept it up with admirable consistency and restraint. So long as he was on the stage all went pretty well; but he couldn't be there permanently. He had to be busy elsewhere, hunting for imaginary husbands or unlegalised rivals; purchasing weapons for their destruction; collecting post-horses for the purpose of an elopement; waiting outside on the sea front

the one speech of the evening." Yes, but who will make it?

"The writer is not quite right in sympathising with the small butcher, because he can, and does, rule the roast whenever he chooses to exercise his power."

In these words a correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald* gets the butcher's champion neatly in the best end of the neck.

### Maxims for the Forces.

"The ex-sergeant-major of the Scots Greys evidently believes in the maxim 'Mens sana in corpora sana.'"—*Dundee Evening Telegraph*.

Which he should translate as "A healthy mind in a healthy corporal."

"The programme opened with selections by the school orchestra, Mr. E. A. E. Lambart wielding the bacon."—*Retford Times*.

This must be the prize fitch from Dunmow.

## ONCE BITTEN.

An Ode to Nature in Spring, by a Former Victim

NATURE, you deceitful charmer,  
 Bidding long-haired poets roam  
 (This annoys the local farmer)  
 O'er the incense-breathing loam;  
 Let me tell you how your footling  
 Conduct has deterred from tootling  
 One who sits in motley armour,  
 Writing doggerel at home.

Long ago, when early spring-tide  
 Came to glad the woods and hills,  
 Tighter was my tuneful string tied,  
 Throbbing with melodious thrills;  
 I would take excursion tickets  
 Just to watch your blooming thickets,  
 Hoping (if they weren't extinct) I'd  
 See some Naiads near the rills.

What occurred? I wore a trim bow  
 (Meant to match the boughs) of green;  
 Lightly clad, with arms akimbo,  
 Felt a oneness with the scene;—  
 Then there came a sleety blizzard,  
 Froze the stanzas in my gizzard,  
 And I cast them to the limbo  
 Of the odes that might have been.

Even now, when dusk embraces,  
 Like a pall of fragrant soot,  
 Hollow glens and open spaces,  
 I should like to go and put  
 Mine amongst the lips that flatter  
 Faun and nymph and hoofed satyr,  
 Were it not that grassy places  
 Get so dampish underfoot.

Dryads might behold me gaping  
 Through the boughs—my bowler off;  
 Pan himself, a herdsman aping,  
 Whistle from some water-trough:  
 Who can say? But, if the night dew  
 Caught me coming home (and quite due),  
 Nothing could prevent my shaping  
 For a nasty spell of cough.

Therefore if my pipe be scrannel,  
 If my music fails to fill  
 Forest grove and river channel,  
 Nature, do not take it ill:  
 Think with how sublime (if vague) an  
 Ardour to be dubbed a pagan,  
 Long ago, in lightish flannel,  
 I sustained a heavy chill.

## Boat Race Notes.

It is understood that this year, in order to avoid any possible misconstruction of his action, the KAISER will wire his congratulations to the winning crew through the medium of Sir EDWARD GREY.

The Old Lady who was told last year that she could see the race "from the bank" is not likely to repeat the experiment. She took up a strong position in Threadneedle Street, but saw practically nothing of the race.



Nurse. "NOW THEN, MASTER GEORGE! JUST YOU GIVE OVER, PLEASE. YOU SEE IF YOU DON'T GET SOMETHING DREADFUL FOR BEING SUCH A NAUGHTY BOY."



(Old gentleman at other end of seat turns round).

Nurse. "THERE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? SERVES YOU RIGHT!"

## A FLIRTATION IN TRIOLETS.

I.

HER eyes grow so kind  
 As we sit out the dance  
 That I've more than a mind—  
 Her eyes grow so kind!—  
 Just to risk it, and find  
 If for my sake, perchance,  
 Her eyes grow so kind  
 As we sit out the dance.

II.

SHE tells me to go,  
 But her eyes bid me stay.  
 Shall I linger, although  
 She tells me to go?  
 Her face is aglow,  
 And, half-turning away,

SHE tells me to go,  
 But her eyes bid me stay.

III.

AS I knew, more or less,  
 She was only a flirt.  
 She enjoyed my distress,  
 As I knew, more or less.  
 But I'm bound to confess  
 That I cannot feel hurt,  
 As I knew, more or less,  
 She was only a flirt.

"Lost, Tuesday 23rd inst., dark brown ears, dropped."

An advertisement in *The Evening News*, which the sub-editor with contemptible pusillanimity puts under the heading, "Too late for classification." He might at least have had a shot.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN presenting *Glimpses of the Twenties* (CONSTABLE), Mr. TOINIERE does not attempt to elucidate them by comment. That is wise, since the bare record of historic facts suffices to enable the modern reader to realise something of the actuality of these good old times. The period dealt with follows the course of the reign of the last and worst of the GEORGES. It is illumined with some great names, as CANNING, WELLINGTON, BROUGHAM, ELTON, ROBERT PEELE, PALMERSTON and FITZ. But for the most part—public and social life being tainted at the fountain head—the *dramatis personæ* are a sorry lot. The man behind the throne—really a decent person as times went—was the KING's doctor, Sir WILLIAM KNIGHTON. When GEORGE IV. was detected in the habit of holding secret intercourse with foreign envoys, CANNING, at the time Foreign Secretary, put his foot down. The thwarted KING sent his medical man to talk him over, a fruitless endeavour that occupied three hours. One familiar with the habits and position of statesmen of to-day reads with amazement of the abject bearing usually assumed by CANNING towards such a man as GEORGE IV. Even the Duke of WELLINGTON bowed his stately figure, which usually suggested a ramrod in the neighbourhood of the spine, in the closet of a sovereign whose familiar instruments were the ex-accoucheur KNIGHTON, MACMAHON, a former kitchen boy, and one BLOOMFIELD, who literally fiddled his way into royal favour. The book casts a lurid light on a period of British history when the Empire was in the making.

I have a bone (or, if he prefers it, a reed) to pick with the author of *Syrinx* (HEINEWANN). On page 4, Mr. LAURENCE NORTH's heroine, whose name is *Aspasia*, starts quoting Sappho aloud in the summer dusk, and this mental exercise she repeats at intervals during the book. On page 5, a gentleman leaning over a gate embowered with roses compliments her on using the original Greek, and she responds: "There are no possible translations." After this contemptuous pedantry on the part of Miss Herrick (that was *Aspasia's* other significant name), I think it rather noticeable that all the Sapphics printed in this volume are in English. As for the plot, it may be called daring. *Aspasia* is apparently undecided throughout the earlier part of the story as to whether she should marry Robert Akenside, a pedantic Oxford don (she was at Lady Margaret's Hall herself), or throw all convention to the winds and attempt to live up to her pagan name. She "sits" for *Syrinx* to a sculptor of no morals but great genius, and finally, after an affair with Maurice Latham, a young painter, marries an Italian professor of sixty, who, it is to be presumed, will allow her the

eponymous liberty she desires. Whether, after this, young ladies should still be permitted to pursue the Barchanal course of Honour Moderations at Oxford, must be left to the heads of their colleges to decide.

*The Alternative* (HUTCHINSON) deals with a problem nearly as old as the dilemma which troubled the prince of doubters. To be wed or not to be wed, whether 'tis wiser in a girl to suffer the slings and arrows of an outrageous mother's tongue, or, in the arms of a man with a past whom she only tolerates, to set sail on the perilous seas of matrimony—that, for poor *Kate Heriot*, was the question. She ought to have been the happy wife of her cousin and boy-lover, *Kit Lyel*. But he went away to seek his fortune, and never told his love, except in a letter which

*Kate's* mother took good care should not reach her. So she married the other man, and lived unhappily ever after, the victim of a long tragedy of lies. To help her to be loyal to her marriage-vow, *Kit*, on his return, lied—magnificently—about the purloined letter. To free herself from her husband, when his passing fancy had turned to abiding hatred, she falsely pleaded guilty to infidelity with her cousin, who had died in her arms. To gain his private ends her husband pretended not to believe her self-accusation, and then for the rest of her life acted towards her a daily and hourly lie of jealous revenge. And as for the mother, she was a liar from the beginning to the end, with no particular motive but vulgar spite. Lastly, I myself was sorely tempted to—well, to a *suppressio veri*, for fear of deterring possible readers of Mrs. A. F. SLADE's powerful and moving story by seeming to paint it in too gloomy colours, but I have refrained. Yet, sad as the book is, it is humanly and artistically delightful. Its people and the things they do and the lies



The Knight's Horse (after a busy day spent in liberating distressed damsels, and various other exploits). "I WONDER WHAT THE FOOL'S GOING TO DO NOW!"

they tell are so very true to life.

One does not usually search for mystery in a suburban back-garden. The only kind I have ever seen, when snatching a hinder view of other people's houses from a passing train, have been the ghostly mysteries of human garments or household linen distorted into unfamiliar shapes upon a clothes-line. But Mr. EDGAR JEPSON flies higher than the prosaic pillow-case or pyjamas; nothing less than a sanguinary altar and full sacrificial rites, with real human blood and rogues rampant, will satisfy him in *The Mystery of the Myrtles* (HUTCHINSON). Nor, I admit, when once engrossed in the story, would anything less have satisfied me. I forgot its wild improbability, and forgave even the weak love-scenes, in the comfortable conviction that, after all, Tooting might possess its Thugs and Brixton its head-hunting Borneans. On the whole, the best sensational novel I have happened on for a long while.

## CHARIVARIA.

"WE Germans," says Chancellor BÜLOW, "desire to create our naval armaments solely for the protection of our coasts and our trade." Well perhaps, if Tariff Reform comes, there will be less trade for them to protect, and then the matter will right itself.

Dr. MACNAMARA wishes us, please, to remember "that the defence of his country is just as dear to the Radical as to the Tory." Quite so, but perhaps the Tory is not quite so frightened of its dearness.

The General Council of the Bar is asking for additional High Court Judges. The Government, however, cannot spare the money, and an appeal may have to be made to the Colonies.

"Authors earn good money—if they are good authors," remarked Judge EDGE last week. Our sad experience is that it is the bad authors whose books sell best.

A forthcoming publication, entitled *The Cat in History, Legend, and Art*, is announced. Will it, asks a vulgar anti-Suffragette, contain a chapter on "The Cat in Politics"?

It looks as if Musical Comedy can make as many widows as brides. Miss EMMY WEHLEN, who made her bow last week, is the sixth "Merry Widow" who has appeared at Daly's Theatre.

Yet another new dancer! The latest arrival threatens to improve on those who came before. She dances, we are told, on a darkened stage, "in a little patch of lime-light." Only this, and nothing more?

"The lower limb below the knee is beautiful," says *The Tailor and Cutter*, "and why men should be ashamed of it is past our comprehension." This sweeping innuendo against our sex will not bear looking into. Have Bishops, for instance, any more false shame than Ballet Girls?

"London water has improved immensely since the companies handed it

over to the Metropolitan Water Board," reports Dr. BEATON. And yet we have heard complaints that it now lacks body, and is therefore not so sustaining as it used to be before its quality was changed.

Now that an aunt has been sent to prison for cruelty to her niece, the N.S.P.C.C. is being urged by a large number of nephews to take proceedings against a large number of uncles for callous neglect of their duty in regard to tips.

While proceeding to a fire last week, a couple of fire-brigade horses dashed into the window of a chemist's shop in the City. It is thought that the intelli-

"For the women of all countries the theatre sets the fashion," says *The Express*. The Bee-hive Hat, we guess, originated at the Opéra Comique.

The individual who was charged with shop-lifting at Selfridge's the other day is of the opinion that the Ideal Stores have not yet made their appearance in spite of statements to the contrary.

## QUESTIONS OF HEALTH.

*The Lancet*, we observe, has discovered that honeysuckle (like the bee) is sometimes poisonous. A correspondent, who assumes the original name of "Paterfamilias," has noticed it too, and has sent us an indignant letter on the subject of *The Lancet's* discoveries. "This journal," he says, "keeps on dribbling out its alarming facts; has not the time come for the nation to rise and demand a full and immediate statement of the whole truth?"

Our correspondent proceeds to put a number of "plain, blunt questions" to *The Lancet*. Unfortunately we are rather crowded this week, and have not seen our way to give the seven-and-a-half columns that they would occupy. But we select a few questions in which we also are interested, and we wait for a reply:—

Does cocoa cause cancer?

Is tobacco all that it has not yet been declared to be?

Is wool the worst thing to wear next the skin?

Does ozone cause pulmonary disease?

Is bread-and-milk explosive?

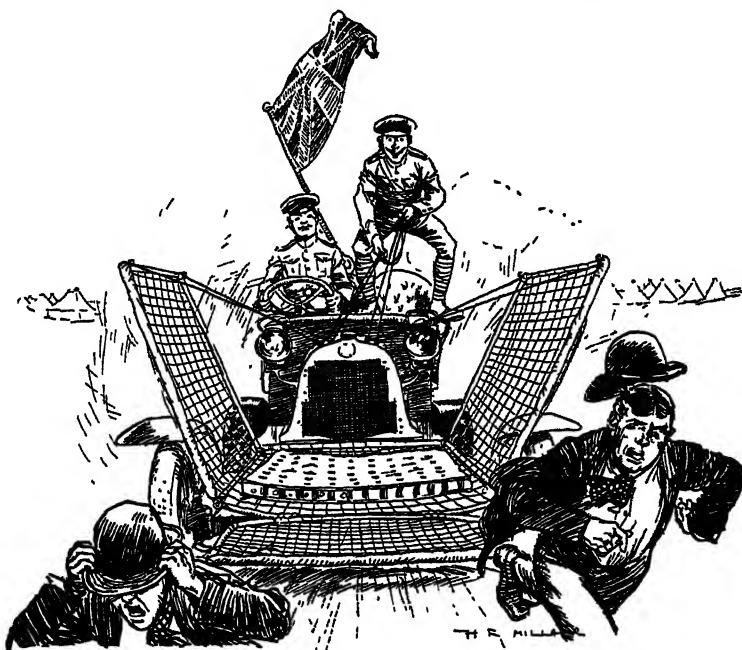
Is the daily newspaper a source of contagious and infectious disease? and ought we only to read it in gloves and a respirator?

Is it really as beneficial to burn coal as to swallow it?

Does a vegetarian diet, after all, foster the military spirit?

A case for the Scottish Temperance League:—

"At a conference of delegates of the Scottish Miners' Federation in Glasgow yesterday, it was decided to hold a national demonstration at Stirling on July 2 to celebrate the inauguration of the tight-hours' day."—*Glasgow Herald*.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

IV.—FOR RECRUITING OFFICERS.

gent beasts realised that they would get remedies there for the cuts caused by the broken glass.

The gentleman who wrote to *The Observer* the other day to point out that Tariff Reform would benefit British artists, should really not have referred to us as being at present "the artless prey" of others.

Lady PENDER, speaking at the annual meeting of the Battersea Home, suggested the imposition of a small tax on puppies "as soon as their eyes are open." As this, however, would necessitate an Inland Revenue official watching over the cradle of every puppy in the kingdom, we fear that the Government will say that the proposal is impracticable on the ground of expense.



## FORTUNE AND FOLLY.

[The author of the following Great Thoughts on Gambling, written in imitation of Lord AVERBURY's latest work, *Peace and Happiness*, admits that he has done this kind of thing before; but then so has Lord AVERBURY. The exigencies of space demand that his name should be written thus, *tout court*, without the modest list of fifty degrees and distinctions which appear on the title-page of his book.]

THE love of money has been described by a Christian writer as "the root of all evil," and the Pagan poet, OVID, gave it as his opinion that riches were "*irritamenta malorum*"<sup>1</sup> In more recent times the following apostrophe was addressed to wealth:—

"Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe;"<sup>2</sup>

and another poet recognised a truth which is now almost universally accepted when he said that

"Riches cannot rescue from the grave,  
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave."<sup>3</sup>

On the other hand, many authorities have regarded wealth as a blessing, even though in disguise. OLIVER GOLDSMITH made the observation that

"Wealth imparts  
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts."

And the author of *Don Quixote*<sup>4</sup> wrote:—

"El mejor cimientto en el mundo es el dinero."<sup>5</sup>

"Money is the man," was the saying of PINDAR (the original being in Greek); and an English writer went so far as to assert that "Money makes the mare to trot,"<sup>6</sup> thus contending that the benefits of wealth are not confined to the human race.

Much depends upon how you come by your wealth. HORACE gave this advice: "Make money; honestly, if you can; but make it somehow." This was, of course, satirical.

One of the best ways of making money is by the honest sweat of the hand or brow. Thus obtained, it is less liable to be thrown away carelessly. Many rich men who began as labourers will agree with *Romeo* when he said that "parting is such sweet sorrow."<sup>7</sup>

One of the worst ways of making money is by gambling. The Dutch have a proverb, "*Ligt gekomen, ligt gegaan*,"<sup>8</sup> of which the converse does not seem to be equally true.

There is a very beautiful spot, called Monte Carlo, situated on the Mediterranean Sea, where

"Every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile."<sup>9</sup>

People have been known to visit this watering-place for the purpose of gambling against the "bank." "Bank" is perhaps a misleading term. "I know a bank"<sup>10</sup> called ROBERTS, LUBBOCK & Co., and I am the head of it, but we are in no way associated with the management of the "bank" at Monte Carlo.

HORACE speaks, in one of his Latin Odes, of country-folk reclining on a "shady bank (*umbrosa ripa*)."<sup>11</sup> I should hesitate to apply this invidious epithet to the bank at Monte Carlo. I am told that here, as in other haunts of vice, honesty is found to be "the best policy."<sup>12</sup>

At the same time, if there were no folly in the world to take advantage of, the "occupation" of the bank, like *Othello's*, would be "gone."<sup>13</sup> "A fool and his money be soon at debate."<sup>14</sup> And GAY remarked:

"Could fools to keep their own contrive,  
On what, on whom, could gamblers thrive?"

Strangely enough, perfect propriety reigns in the gambling-room of the Casino, as it is called. It is in a work entitled

<sup>1</sup> Incentives to evil. <sup>2</sup> George Herbert. <sup>3</sup> Dryden. <sup>4</sup> Cervantes. <sup>5</sup> The best foundation in the world is wealth. <sup>6</sup> Wolcott. <sup>7</sup> Shakespeare. <sup>8</sup> Lightly come, lightly gone. <sup>9</sup> Bishop Heber. <sup>10</sup> Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*. <sup>11</sup> British proverb. <sup>12</sup> Shakespeare. <sup>13</sup> Thomas Tusser.

*Tom Jones*, which I cannot recommend to the young of either sex, that we read: "Nor will Virtue herself look beautiful unless she be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum."<sup>14</sup> And this would appear to be also true of certain forms of vice.

Chance is perhaps the chief element in gambling, and many consider that the leading characteristic of chance is its uncertainty. The author of *Paradise Lost* grasped this fact when he spoke of chance as being "fickle."<sup>15</sup> Yet there are some who rely upon its promises. The philosopher EUPRODOLES, only a few minutes before he lost everything, except one slipper, in the crater of Etna, is said to have observed:

"We lean upon the thought  
That chance will bring us through."<sup>16</sup>

The futility of this belief has been well enunciated by Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and I hardly doubt but what his views are shared by his friend, Mr. VICKERS, though the latter has not actually given them expression in print—not to my knowledge.

Admittedly there is no fixed principle about the movements of chance. "*Fortuna meliores sequitur*"<sup>17</sup> was the theory of SALLUST, and there is a common belief that "fortune favours the brave."<sup>18</sup> But there is also a proverb to the effect that "*Fortuna favet fatuis*."<sup>19</sup> Anyhow, one need never run short of quotations to suit all cases.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY, who flourished in the 16th century, spoke of "the giddy wheel of fortune." The phrase is peculiarly adapted to the game known as roulette, where a rotatory motion is given to the instrument of chance. No one can with any exactitude foretell what number will fall. RORY O'MORE recommended *impair*, meaning the odd numbers.

"There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More."<sup>20</sup>

But according to the expert, Mr. VICTOR BERHEL, the even numbers occur quite as often.

Many prefer to put their money on zero, which is neither odd nor even, but equivalent to naught (0). Here they have the support of the brothers JAMES and HORACE SMITH, who wrote:

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And naught is everything, and everything is naught."<sup>21</sup>

On the other hand the Latins had a proverb: "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*."<sup>22</sup>

There is one consoling thought to which ISAAC WALTON gave utterance when he said: "No man can lose what he never had." This is nearly always true, and especially applies to gambling where the bank refuses to accept your I.O.U. or promissory note. Yet to lose all the cash that you have about you is sometimes more than enough.

Over the door of Hell the Italian poet, DANTE, saw written the words: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate*."<sup>23</sup> Over the door of the Salle du Jeu<sup>24</sup> we might well affix the striking phrase of MONTAIGNE: "*Le jeu ne vault pas la chandelle*."<sup>25</sup>

O. S.

<sup>14</sup> Henry Fielding. <sup>15</sup> Milton. <sup>16</sup> Matthew Arnold. <sup>17</sup> Fortune backs up the better class of man. <sup>18</sup> British proverb. <sup>19</sup> Fortune sides with fools. <sup>20</sup> Samuel Lover. <sup>21</sup> *Rejected Addresses*. <sup>22</sup> You can't make anything out of zero. <sup>23</sup> Abandon all hope, oh ye who enter. <sup>24</sup> Gaming-room. <sup>25</sup> The game is not worth the candle.

## Military Tactics.

"The Lieut.-General Commanding the Division considers that the destruction of the Borer beetle is so very important that he asks everyone to assist in exterminating them. They can be easily found on the trunks of trees at night time and can be killed by knocking them on the head with a stick."

Another way is to shave their heads and let them stay out in the chill night air till they catch their deaths of cold.



### ON THE SAFE SIDE.

ASQUITH (watchman.) "ALL'S WELL."

JOHN BULL. "SO YOU SAY. ALL THE SAME, I THINK I SHALL SIT UP FOR A BIT."





### THE ELECTRIFIED UNDERGROUND.

"WHICH DO YOU PREFER, AUNTIE—FACING OR BACK?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, THERE'S NO LOOKING ON THIS TRAIN, SO IT DOESN'T VERY MUCH MATTER."

### TIPS FOR OUR TOTS:

#### OR, HOW TO CURE HARMFUL HABITS.

THE imperfect physique of the present generation has long excited the anxious attention of educational experts. As prevention is notoriously better than cure, it is well that parents should always be on the watch for those carelessly acquired habits which, if not checked in childhood, are only too apt to mar the mellowness of maturity.

A great writer in one of our most strident contemporaries has recently laid stress on the deadly results of over-indulgence in the hammock and the easy-chair. NELSON, RODNEY, and BLAKE never slept in hammocks except under compulsion, and HANNIBAL, ALEXANDER THE GREAT, and JULIUS CESAR never included armchairs in their camp equipage.

But there are other habits equally deleterious in their effect on the stamina of our tots, titled and otherwise. Long-distance running, for example, in the case of children under ten, is distinctly to be deprecated. Lord DESBOROUGH never ran a three-mile race before he went up to Oxford, and to this fact must be attributed his splendid mastery of the question of bimetallicism.

A similar warning needs to be extended to those injudicious parents who encourage their children to indulge in motor-bicycling as an alternative to exercise in perambulators. Lord WEMYSS, with a restraint that cannot be too highly commended, never mounted a motor-bicycle until his eightieth birthday.

Another question of vital and insistent urgency is this: Ought children under ten to be taken to supper at expensive restaurants after the theatre and the pantomime? On this point the best authorities are divided. Mr. E. H. COOPER, for example, favours the plan, if the company is carefully selected and the menu judiciously chosen. On the other hand Dr. C. Salubry condemns the practice as leading to peevishness on the morrow. As he expresses it in a felicitous epigram: "Nothing is more chastening at the breakfast-table than a chippy child."

At a recent Congress of Infantologists held at Chicago one of the most interesting discussions was that on the subject of the best game for children. Dr. Abner Stoot advocated tip-cat, Professor Stanleyette Folsom championed the claims of tiddleywinks, but Mr.

Volney Brasher carried the Congress with him by his irresistible plea on behalf of auction-bridge. As he pointed out, the words "gambol" and "gamble" are etymologically connected, and therefore ethically identical.

Again, there is the question of reading. Speaking broadly, though it is of course possible for a child to read too much, the choice of books is infinitely less important than the adoption of a proper position. Thus a child that reads WALTER SCOTT in a cramped or twisted attitude must inevitably become a worse citizen than one that studies CASANOVA in a correct posture.

Finally, how are we to combat the tendency of most modern children to run to abnormal weediness, instead of developing a compact well-knit figure?

Can it be that they are not given enough gin in infancy?

#### From a Parish Magazine:—

"Mrs. — has enlisted the following people in polishing the brasses of the church, and I have to thank them all for the very different appearance which they now present."

It seems to be messy work.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S NEW HOME.

"Moving into another house? Oh, that's nothing," they say. "And once you're there!"

But let me tell you a little about it; for we are not yet within hailing distance of moving, and my life is already a burden.

To begin with, there was the advertisement. That was sent off light-heartedly enough: Wanted a house with such and such accommodation; *must be in Dorset or Devon.* Note the words I have thrown into italics. It sounds simple and lucid: a house with so many bedrooms and other rooms, so much land, and *must be in Dorset or Devon*—the italics are again my very own.

Then the replies began; agent after agent—or rather firms of agents, for no agent seems to have enough in him to stand alone—wrote sending desirable residences, unique residences, and old-world residences, and gentlemen's residences, not only in Devon and Dorset, but all over the face of this England, this precious stone set in a silver sea. They came by every post, some accompanied by precious photographs, which we were implored to return at once. By every post they came. Had there been a Sunday post they would have come by that. One came even from Hampstead—an eligible home in the Vale of Health!

Having found the house (in Dorset)—and, strange to relate, one was found very quickly—I stopped the advertisement and wrote politely to the principal agents, telling them that all need for excitement was over: I was suited. But do you think that deterred them? Not a bit. They still went on sending more and more particulars, more and more residences unique, and residences for gentlemen, and residences desirable, and residences old-world (what is an old-world residence?); and then I wrote again and said I really meant it, and gradually the stream dwindled, although there are still little flickers of activity in it, and sometimes two residences will come in in a day, and sometimes only one.

So far so good. The house was mine.

But then the successful agent—the winner of this Marathon—began to get to work. I had never thought of it before, but of course no one can live on house-agency, and he must therefore look around for auxiliary aids. What he does, I gather, is this: he goes to his commercial friends in the town and says, "I have let 'The Fig-trees' at last.

A man has been found ass enough to take it. He is coming in soon. His London address is 48, Pickwick Gate." A nod being as good as a wink to a provincial tradesman, they all hurry to their desks and pen painful prose. This prose began to find its way into my post-box very soon after. Mr. Bunch the butcher had heard a rumour (the literary artist!) that I had taken "The Fig-trees," and might he have the honour of serving me? Nothing could equal the excellence of his beef and the succulence of his mutton. Mr. Wisleigh, another butcher (butchers are much

of two butchers and several other tradesmen, simply by not going to them. No light matter for sensitive folk.

And that is not all, for on the premises is a gardener with a large family who counted upon being retained and wore himself out in zeal when we went to view the house; but unhappily he cannot stay, because we have a gardener already, and there is another broken heart!

Meanwhile the moving (which is "nothing") and bills for new carpets and such-like trifles are all before me!

DIODENES, lend me thy tub!



"WHAT'S THAT, BILL?"  
 "WHY, YOU JUGGINS, IT'S A BISHOP."  
 "WOT'S HE WEAR A APRON FOR?"  
 "'SPOSE 'E'S ONE O' THEM SUFRAGETTE BISHOPS."

## SOLO E TUTTI.

THE end of the Influenza Season being now at hand we are enabled to publish for the first time a remarkable sermon preached by our vicar during the early portion of Lent. That we have not done so before is due to the fact that the state of high tension in the parish in question, occasioned by the weather, has only recently, since the rise in temperature, given place to the usual harmonious relations between vicar and flock.

The vicar, after alluding feelingly to the trying weather we had recently experienced, remarked that it was at such times as these that we learnt to bear with greater kindness and tolerance those infirmities and shortcomings in others which (*cough*)—which often caused us discomfort and annoyance and which (*cough*)—which called for a gentle forbearance on our part (*general coughing*). He would say that perhaps (*burst of coughing*)—he would say again (*lengthy coughing recitative from back of church*)—he would say again—for the third time (*strong bronchial disturbance from old gentleman in front pew*) that at times like these it behoved those who profess Christian principles to carry

them into daily practice (*cough, cough, cough*). It required an heroic mind to bear consistently (*coughing duet ending in general chorus*)—he would repeat, to bear (*atishoo!*)—really this was intolerable! (*General coughing*) He was bound to say there were some things (*burst of sneezing*) which it was indeed hard to put up with. (*Great coughing.*) He would go further and say they ought not to be put up with. (*Spasmodic outbreak amongst choir.*) Indeed he was not going too far (*sneezing contest between two old ladies with coughing accompaniment*) when he said that there were some people (*cough*) who came to church (*atishoo*) with the sole (*cough*)—that was to say they came simply and

the worst) had also heard a rumour, and might he have the privilege of purveying whatever meat it pleased me and mine to devour? Mr. Starcher, however, the third butcher in the town, either doubting his penmanship or believing solely in the personal appeal, took train to London and actually called at Pickwick Gate twice in one day.

Meanwhile were the grocers and greengrocers and bakers of this little Dorset town idle? They were not. They also were laying burdens on our postman's back, and still are. Their letters arrive daily. The result is that when we do move and are settled and visit the little Dorset town we shall be conscious of having broken the hearts





### SHOW SUNDAY: A TIME-HONOURED CUSTOM.

AN EMINENT R. A. THROWS OPEN HIS STUDIO FOR THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF SPRING MODELS

solely (cough, atishoo, atishoo, cough) to annoy the clergyman with an unseemly display of noises (*Mrs. Robinson: tch-tch*)—of noises (*tch-tch*)—really he must request that—er—person (*tch-tch-tch*) with a cold in the head either to sneeze or— (*Mrs. Robinson, forte, crescendo: At-ishoo oo!*). Here he was, trying to inculcate—(loud and obviously long restrained chorus of barks carrying all before it). The Collection would be for the (general bronchial outburst)—for the Curates' Augmentation Fund.

#### Dread Nought!

[“Lord Crewe at Leicester deprecated panic on the subject of the navy.”—*Daily Paper*  
“Buff and blue and Mrs. Crewe.”—*Old Whig Toast.*]

“No fleet!” he cried, with scornful lip;  
“By all that’s buff and blue,  
Why, WINSTON’S there for statesmanship,  
And I’m the nucleus CREWE.”

“At a wedding at Audlem, near Nantwich, the bridegroom discovered that he had no certificate, and the wedding party waited for two hours while a man galloped a distance of four miles on horseback to procure the necessary document.”—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

Where’s your PHEDIPPIDES now?

#### SPRING DAY BY DAY,

(With sincere compliments in the right quarter.)

APRIL is now with us, the fickle month of smiles and tears. It is exceedingly improbable that anything can now prevent the cuckoo being heard, except by the very deaf. “That’s the wise cuckoo,” as the poet said; “he sings his song a hundred times over, until you think he never can recover his self-respect again!”—a fine trope. SHAKESPEARE called the cuckoo the “bird of fear,” but POPE preferred the raven to that post: “Bird, if bird thou art, or demon.” The bird of freedom is, of course, the sawin, as every reader of *Biglow* knows; but we have no sawins in England. Like the bobolink, they are American.

In April there is a distinct tendency on the part of human beings to change their plumage, and the streets of this dear grey city—“the city of dreadful night,” as poor THOMSON called it—become more gay. The straw hat carries till June, and the white waistcoat is not yet conspicuous; but the *genus* man will no doubt go through his wardrobe with some care in a day or two, lured thither by the genial sun (“the orb of day”) to

see if last year’s tweeds are fit for wear this year, or if he must visit the tailor.

Spring of course is not in town what it is in the country. There are, for example, no clods in London, and clods, I can tell you, are devilish useful things when you have to make a quarter of a column of small print about this hackneyed season every day. It adds I do not know what interest to the life of the farm to pull up a clover root and mark in nodules on the roots the massed colonies of such organisms, robbing the air of its gases and giving them to the roots to feed on. But this, of course, you can’t do in London. There is, however, no reason why you should not, like M. ZOLA when in exile here, hunt for hairpins (which I might by a poetical figure call the plovers’ eggs of the city; at any rate they are to be found only on the ground). These fall in great profusion at all times of the year, but never with more abandon than in the merry merry spring-time.

PEBBLY TOM.

#### The Best Story of the Week.

“It is much rarer for a woman to marry outside her own class than it is for a man.”—*Black and White.*

## TO AN OLD BAT.

When Vesper trails her gown of grey  
Across the launcs at six or seven,  
The diligent observer may  
(Or may not) see, athwart the Heaven,  
A small marsupial on the wing. Well, that  
Is (probably) a Bat . . .  
In any case I shall not sing of that.

O Willow, in our hours of ease  
(That is to say, throughout the Winter),  
I take you sometimes on my knees,  
And, careless of the frequent splinter,  
Caress you tenderly, and sigh, and say,  
"Ye gods, how long till May?"

So, Willow, now that April's here  
I do not sob for Spring to show its  
Pale daffodils and all the dear  
Old flowers that keep the minor poets;  
I hail it just because a month (about)  
Will find You fairly out.

Revered, beloved, O you whose job  
Is but to serve throughout the season—  
To make, if so it be, the Blob,  
And not (thank Heaven!) to ask the reason—  
To stand, like Mrs. HEMANS' little friend,  
Undoubting to the end:

Old Willow, what a tale to tell—  
Our steady rise, from small beginnings,  
Ab ovo usque—usque—well,  
To 84, our highest innings;  
(Ah me, that crowded hour of glorious lives—  
Ten of them, all from drives!)

Once only have you let me in,  
Through all the tonks we've had together;  
That time when, wanting four to win,  
I fairly tried to loot the leather—  
And lo! a full-faced welt, without the least  
Warning, went S.S.E.

A painful scene. In point of fact  
I'm doubtful if I ought to hymn it;  
Enough to say you went and cracked,  
And left me saying things like "Dimmit"  
(And not like "Dimmit"), as I heard Slip call  
"Mine!" and he pouched the ball.

Do you remember, too, the game  
Last August somewhere down in Dorset,  
When, being told to force the same,  
We straightway started in to force it . . .  
For half-an-hour or so we saw it through,  
And scratched a priceless 2;

Or how the prayer to play for keeps  
And hang the runs, we didn't need 'em,  
So stirred us we collected heaps  
With rather more than usual freedom:  
Fifty in fourteen minutes—till a catch  
Abruptly closed the match?

\* \* \* \*

What memories! Yet 1909  
May find us going even stronger;  
So, pouring out the oil and wine,  
Let's sit, and drink, a little longer;  
Here's to a decent average of 10!  
(Yours is the oil. Say when . . .)

When Morning on the heels of Night  
Picks up her shroud at five and after,  
The diffident observer might  
(Or might not) see, beneath a rafter,  
A small marsupial upside down. Well, that  
Is (possibly) a Bat . . .  
In any case I have not sung of that. A. A. M.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, did you make a speech at the meeting last night?

Papa. Yes, my boy, I proposed a vote of confidence in Lord Taplow, our new Candidate.

L. A. Do you know Lord Taplow well, Papa?

Papa. No, never saw him before. Fine upstanding young fellow, but nothing of a speaker. No choice of language. However, he'll learn as he goes along.

L. A. I wish I could have heard you speak, Papa.

Papa. So you shall some day, when you're a bit older. However, there's quite a decent report of the meeting in the *Sentinel*. You can read my speech in that. There, that's the place where I begin, where my thumb is. (Hands a paper to Little Arthur.)

L. A. Thank you, Papa. (He reads.)

Papa. How do you like it?

L. A. Oh, Papa, I think it splendid. Did you really say all that?

Papa. Yes, and a good deal more too. It's not a verbatim report.

L. A. No, Papa. May I read out some bits, Papa?

Papa (flattered). Certainly, my boy, certainly; read away.

L. A. Here's a bit, Papa (reads aloud):—"In Lord Taplow they had a man whose brilliant career was well known to them. Indeed they might say that they were all on terms of warm personal friendship with Lord Taplow. (Cheers.) He himself (the speaker) had known Lord Taplow from his boyhood up, and he was proud—" But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy, what is it?

L. A. I thought you told me you never saw Lord Taplow before last night?

Papa. Did I say that?

L. A. Yes, Papa, you did. But in your speech you say you have known him from his boyhood up.

Papa. Oh, of course that's a—how shall I describe it?—a *façon de parler*.

L. A. What does that mean, Papa? Something that's not quite true?

Papa. Of course not; of course not. It's a way of putting things. It's expected at public meetings. They all knew what I meant—and, besides, I have known quite a lot about Lord Taplow. Don't you remember your mother reading out the account of his wedding a month or two ago?

L. A. Yes, Papa, I remember. Then I suppose if I ever speak at a public meeting I can say that I've known him from his marriage up. (He reads again.) "If there could ever have been any possible doubt as to Lord Taplow's fitness to represent them in the Council-chamber of the nation, his lordship's brilliant and eloquent speech of this evening would have utterly dispelled it. Never in his (the speaker's) long experience had he heard political issues dealt with in so admirable a fashion. Nay, he would go further. He could say without fear of contradiction that Lord Taplow's speech was the most statesmanlike anybody in that room had ever listened to. (Loud applause, Lord Taplow smiling and shaking his head.)" I say, Papa, isn't that—



CRUEL EMBARRASSMENT OF BROWN AND JONES, WHO HAVE CUT ONE ANOTHER DEAD FOR SOME TIME, AND NOW SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES LINED TO FACE IN A CROWDED TUBE LIT, UNABLE TO MOVE HAND OR FOOT.

Papa. What's the matter now?

L. A. Well, you told me just now Lord Taplow was nothing of a speaker, and he hadn't got any choice of language.

Papa (testily). Well?

L. A. But if his speech was brilliant and eloquent, and the most statesmanlike anybody ever—

Papa. You'd better hand me back that paper.

L. A. Yes, Papa, in a minute. I suppose it was another *façon de parler*.

Papa (desperately). Lord Taplow isn't an orator, of course, but he's very effective, and that's a very good test of eloquence and statesmanship.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. I say, Papa, do you really hate Mr. Cutts?

Papa. What a ridiculous question! Of course I don't.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Cutts is a supporter of the present Government, and you said in your speech yesterday (reads).—"Of all the despicable Governments that had disgraced this country the present Government were the most despicable. By their conduct in pandering to extreme Socialism and in weakening the naval forces of the Kingdom they had incurred the contempt of every honest man. They and their supporters ought to be branded as traitors to their King and country." That sounds splendid, Papa; but if Mr. Cutts is a traitor, oughtn't he to have his head chopped off? Oughtn't we to tell the police about him?

Papa. You mustn't be so literal, my boy.

L. A. No, Papa; but if he's a traitor—

Papa. That'll do. You can go now.

#### The Journalistic Touch.

"The Liverpool Echo' has now a position which is quite unique, having a larger number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain"—*Liverpool Echo*.

But you can fill "a position which is quite unique" much more easily by having a smaller number of advertisements than any other evening paper in Great Britain.

#### A New Thing in Loopholes.

"The Government's view, I understand, is that there is still a loophole for negotiations with Germany in regard to a modification of the respective naval programmes of the two countries, and that to announce definitely that they were going to lay down the eight Dreadnoughts within the coming twelve months would be to close that loophole with a bang"—*Irish Times*.

"From the middle of November to February 3 the party had only two meals, including that on Christmas Day"—*Glasgow Herald*.

And then, according to another paper, they "found a crêche." We cannot bear to dwell on the picture.

Under the heading "The Weary Titian's Sons," *The Toronto Globe* prints a stirring article on the duties of Empire. From the reference to TITIAN it seems that Canada at any rate does not intend to cut the painter.

"In the semi-final round for the 'Arthur Dunn' Memorial Cup, Old Malvernians, for the first time, defeated Old Malvernians (the holders of the trophy)."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We hope the vanquished will hand over the cup with a good grace.



The Professor (deliberately). "——!!!! AND—I—DON'T—APOLOGISE!"

## CELEBRITIES OF THE RAILWAY WORLD.

### I.

BEN KIRBY lives in a little house with one window and sells cardboard. He deals in three colours, never varies the size of the piece, and has 4,532 variations of price. A personal friend of his, also in the business, has composed a little poem on a collateral subject, indifferent perhaps in point of rhyme, but striking in metre:—

Save Money,  
Avoid Delay,  
Buy  
Strip Tickets.

Unfortunately the composer of those lines practises on a tube railway, and those tube fellows will, as Ben Kirby rightly remarks, say anything.

"Good morning, Ben," said I. "Have you any cardboard?"

"Where do you want to go to?" he asked irrelevantly.

"I don't want to seem rude," I answered, "but surely that is my business. What have you got?"

"Red, white and green," he answered more sensibly.

"I will have eighteen-pennyworth of the green," I said.

### II.

Harold Perks makes his living by

opening and shutting gates. He too is not uninterested in cardboard.

"Good morning, Harold," I said.

"May I have a look at it?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied. "The date is 5 Ap 09, and none of the companies on whose steamboats, trains, coaches, carriages, wheelbarrows or carts I travel cares what becomes of me *en route*. So says my little piece of cardboard, issued subject to all those conditions, regulations and bye-laws of which you wot. It is one-and-sixpence parly. I don't know what 'parly' may mean, but have a bit."

Harold produced his cigar-cutter and helped himself to the bit with the one-and-sixpence on it.

### III.

Percy Tibbits does not live anywhere. He merely travels, and that not commercially but for the fun of the thing. He called on me at Blimy Junction, ostensibly out of politeness, but really to satisfy his lust for cardboard.

"Good morning, Percy," I said. "Have some ticket? Harold has snipped the best bit, but help yourself."

"Green, my dear fellow?" he cried.

"But you are sitting in an armchair."

"Yes, a first-class armchair."

"That is the sad part. You ought to have a white piece of cardboard," he said.

"Snob," I replied.

I gave him one-and-fourpence.

He gave me a piece of paper with his autograph on it.

### IV.

Teddy Shaw has a little place all to himself in the country, which (being, I suppose, a Colonial) he calls Five Ashes Station. He blows whistles, lights lamps, and waves his arms about. His favourite occupation is boxing. Sometimes he portmanteaus, is not above a milk-can now and then, but in no circumstances will he have anything to do with packages containing gunpowder, nitro-glycerine, or any explosive of what kind, nature or sort soever. Incidentally he collects cardboard, paper, money and anything he can get hold of.

"Thank you," he said, meaning that he wanted the rest of my bit of cardboard.

"Thank you," I answered, meaning that he was welcome to it and to my bit of paper as well.

"Thank you," he added, meaning, I take it, nothing in particular.

### V.

Herbert Watson lives in a box and pulls signals. He does not sell, inspect or collect cardboard. As a result of the foregoing, I have never met him, and I don't much mind if I never do.





## MIGHT IS RIGHT.

A STUDY IN INTERNATIONAL CHIVALRY.

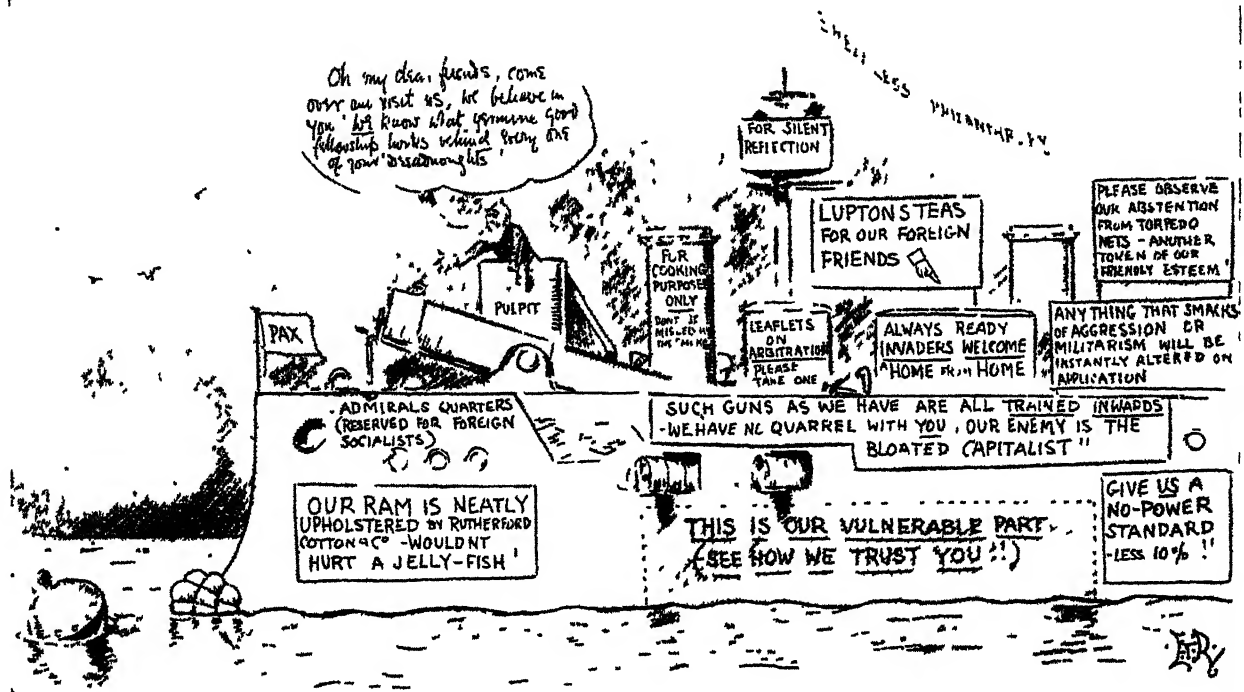
GERMANY (to RUSSIA). "I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND MY ARGUMENTS IRRESISTIBLE—IN YOUR PRESENT CONDITION."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



H.M.S. INOFFENSIVE (SISTER SHIPS—H.M.S. INNOCUOUS, ABJECT, AND UNOBTRUSIVE—NOT TO BE BUILT).

A Design for a Dreadnought to be presented to the nation by the Labour Party and a few other equally ardent patriots.

## House of Commons, Monday, March 29.

—Save for bare rows of benches in Strangers' Galleries, every seat occupied when that Marine of politics, ARTHUR LEE, formerly of the Army, of late the Navy, his motto *Per mare per terras*, rose to move Vote of Censure upon Government inasmuch as their provision of battleships of the newest type does not sufficiently secure safety of the Empire. Peers flocked down early to secure places. From Diplomatic Gallery the world looked on in persons of Foreign Ministers. One notable absentee. America was there; Austria-Hungary, Japan, Portugal, Greece, Norway, and eke Sweden were represented. Germany modestly held aloof.

Except when GREY was speaking, and later when PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR had wrestling bout, proceedings were, considering their importance, curiously dull. Fact is, they partook of character of anti-climax. The real sensation was created a fortnight ago when Navy Estimates were introduced, when PRINCE ARTHUR made grave protest against insufficiency of shipbuilding programme, when PREMIER, in speech obviously directed to recalcitrant friends below Gangway, admitted and enforced gravity of situation. House of Commons can never be twice wound up to pitch of excitement when same key is used.

What it wanted to hear to-night was what might be said by FOREIGN SECRETARY, PREMIER, and PRINCE ARTHUR, above all the FOREIGN SECRETARY. For the rest, hon. Members, voicing personally their views and opinions, might as well have stayed at home delighting and instructing the family circle.

At one moment desolate appearance of benches suggested a count. This was tried; but it would never do for momentous debate involving life of Ministry and safety of Empire to conclude in that ignominious fashion. Accordingly, Members at dinner or willing away the time elsewhere rushed in and saved the situation.

This happened after EDWARD GREY had delivered a fine speech, stately in diction, statesmanlike in substance. As twice a day the Severn fills, so, just before ten o'clock, when news went round that ASQUITH was up, the stream poured in again. Once more was presented the impressive scene of benches thronged with men intently listening. PREMIER, above all things a practical business man, recognised absence of necessity for making long, elaborate speech. Had his turn a fortnight ago. Dexterously took second innings last Monday when, unexpectedly nipping in on Naval Estimates, he re-stated case of the Government with surpassing clarity

and force. Now, with reiterated complimentary reference to EDWARD GREY'S speech, he, like a statesman of earlier birth, was content to "say ditto to Mr. BURKE."

Only once roused himself above level of conversational tone. This in concluding passage, when he warmly protested against the obvious implication underlying Vote of Censure, that, though Ministers had given definite pledges of intention with respect to naval programme, the Opposition "distrust either our intelligence or our good faith."

PRINCE ARTHUR, as usual when dealing with a case bristling with facts and figures, was at his worst. Said nothing more about the four phantom ships discovered in his speech a fortnight ago, which brought up Germany's force of battleships in 1912 to 21. Have doubtless foundered on Dogger Bank, that mystic mirage-haunted speck of Northern Sea. Made his way painfully through intricacies of figures, growing increasingly irritable when corrected.

On stroke of eleven he sat down. House cleared for a division. Members, having saved (or failed to save) the State, hurriedly passed through Division Lobby into Palace Yard, hoping to be in first flight for cabs. Comparatively few stayed to hear particulars of foregone conclusion in Division Lobbies.



"SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO."—Kipling.  
(Mr. Arthur Lee.)

*Business done*—Vote of Censure negated by 353 votes against 135.

*Tuesday*.—Another Irish Land Bill. What is its number in the ascending scale? No one quite certain. Seems that since, forty years ago, the game started we have had one, if not every year, certainly with each successive Ministry. The latest is designed to amend Act passed by last Government when GEORGE WYNDHAM was Secretary. Time was when introduction and progress of an Irish Land Bill used to fill House with stormy crowd. To-day CHIEF SECRETARY talks to benches along which are many gaps.

Otherwise matters much as usual. The more Irish Land Bills change, the more they are the same thing. Faithful Ministerialists support Government of the day, whatever its denomination be. (Gentlemen from Ulster cry aloud against fresh spoliation. Nationalists give grudging consent to Second Reading, with avowed determination of seeing how much more money they will be able to wring out of the Exchequer in Committee. And after all Ireland remains the same dear distressful country it ever was.

*Business done*.—Second Reading of latest Irish Land Bill moved.

*Wednesday*.—Ordered business of day just got into stride when there were strange doings at the door. Messenger hurriedly entered; whispered something

in ear of SERGEANT-AT-ARMS seated on Cross Bench. With air of quiet determination flushing a countenance habitually resolute, the one man armed in House of Commons quitted his seat and strode to the door opening on to the Lobby. Peering forth, he, unlike *Sister Anne*, at once saw somebody coming; with great presence of mind closed and locked the heavy portal. Then was heard a timid knocking. Peeping through a latticed opening in the door the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS seemed satisfied with his survey. He unlocked and opened the door.

Entered a figure strangely garbed. The door-keeper, advancing to the Bar, broke in upon the speech of the Minister on his legs with the cry, "Black Rod!" ST. AUGUSTINE (it happened to be he), stopping midway in a sentence, suddenly dropped into his seat as if he were an Irish Landlord in proximity of a hedge with the gleam of a gun-barrel behind it. The figure in black coat, breeches and stockings, carrying an ebony stick tipped with golden crown, made solemn advance up the floor, halting midway to make obeisance to the Chair. With these preliminaries he delivered his message, bidding the Commons repair to the House of Lords to hear the assent to certain Bills given by Royal Commission.

The SPEAKER stepped down in wig and gown, and, escorted by the now unruffled SERGEANT-AT-ARMS with Mace on his shoulder, obeyed the summons. When he returned, passing to the Chair through upstanding ranks of Members,



"SEATELY IN DICTION, STATESMANLIKE IN SUBSTANCE."

(A sketch of Sir Edward Grey. Monday, March 29.)



"I WANT EIGHT,  
AND I WON'T WAIT."

It is rumoured that some people just a leetle bit lost their heads at Croydon.  
(Sir R. Hermon-Hodge.)

he communicated to the House the nature of the business transacted in his absence.

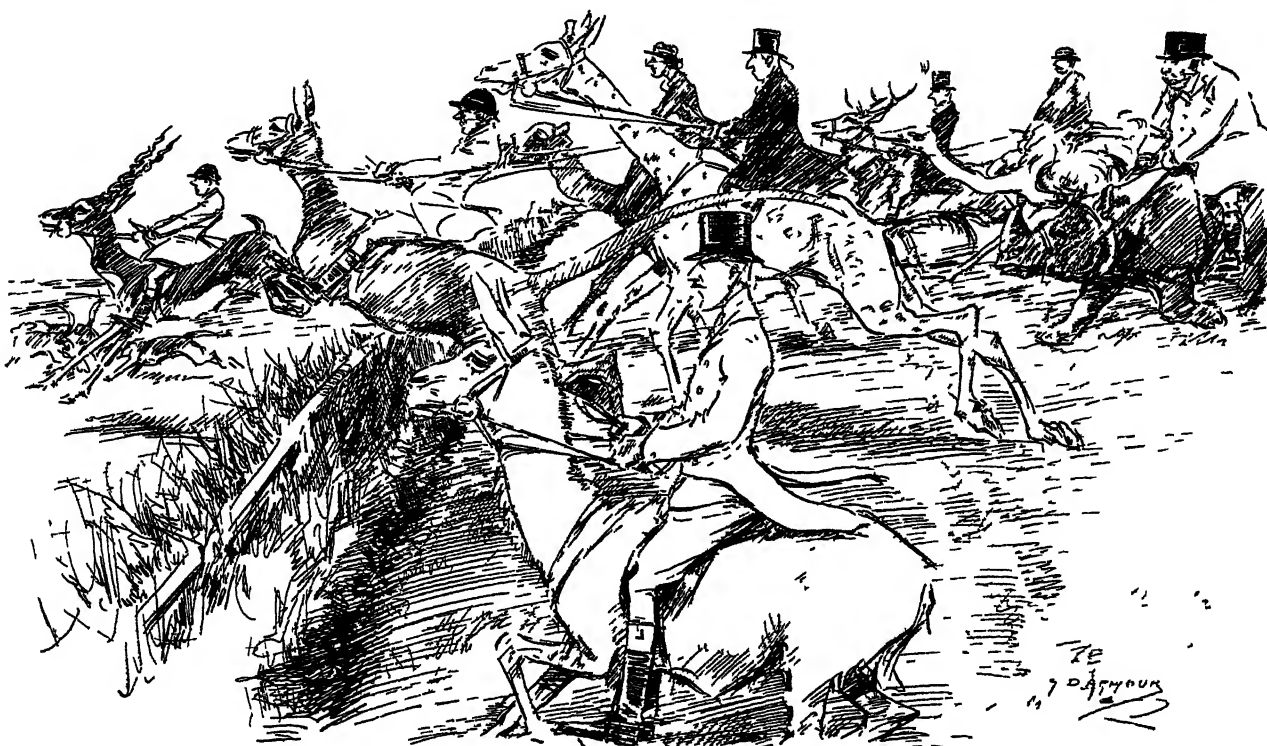
This was ST. AUGUSTINE's cue. Returning to the Table, he picked up the sentence broken by entry of Black Rod, completed it, and went on as if there had not happened what is equivalent to the seventeenth century momentarily popping in on the twentieth and dislocating its prosaic business.

*Business done*.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

*Thursday*.—General NAPOLEON B. HALDANE unusually reserved of late. Answers MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS with refreshing taciturnity; has volunteered no further explanation of recent growth of Territorial army. Fact is even his indomitably massive mind, Atlas that lightly bears aloft what to others would be crushing weight of thought, is temporarily depressed by problem submitted by that veteran GEORGE GIBBS, Major of North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry.

Suddenly, à propos de bottes, G. G. posed SECRETARY OF STATE with enquiry "whether he will consider the advisability of substituting a flannel shirt for the shaving appliances carried in the knapsack."

At first sight suggestion seems absurd.



("At Amptull, in Bedfordshire, may be seen the unusual sight of a small flock of llamas, which have been trained to the saddle by Mr W. . . . Mr W also keeps a flock of ostriches, some being ridden by his men without saddle or bridle"—*Daily Paper*)

THE IDEA SEEMS TO MR PUNCH TO BE CAPABLE OF CONSIDERABLE DEVELOPMENT, WHICH SHOULD BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN. HERFIN ALSO MAY BE THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF THE SCARCITY OF HORSES WAR OFFICE, PITANT NOTE

No man could shave himself with a flannel shirt. Then why suggest the substitution? N. B. HALDANE happily a statesman of broad ideas. Not disposed lightly to set aside a suggestion concerning comfort of battalions on the march because it looks impracticable. Is thinking the matter over. Regrets that when, the other day, he placed in the tea-room two foot-soldiers diversely dressed so that Members might satisfy themselves of the desirability of proposed sartorial alteration, he did not, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone. At stated intervals the men might, under direction of Major Gibbs, have experimented in direction of demonstrating to what extent (if any) a flannel shirt may be substituted for a razor.

Too late now. The matter will come up again after Easter.

*Business done.*—Indian Councils Bill read a second time.

From the notices of the Minister of a Congregational Church near Manchester.—

"March 21st Subject: 'Looking forward'  
March 28th. Subject: 'Never again'"

A saddening example of the triumph of experience over hope.

### A CHESS-MATCH.

SHE had moved into Laurestine Villa, I was informed, on New Year's Day. Not knowing what the lady was like, I moved into the attached villa at Lady-day.

On that same day she followed with a move down the garden path into the road, a music case in her hand and a Merry Widow hat upon her head.

I moved a kitchen chair and the dining-room clock to let her pass.

The game was renewed the next day. I was sitting on the bare floor of the drawing-room, when I heard the third movement of a Beethoven sonata very plainly from her side of the wall. I knew then that it was my turn once more, and as she appeared to be a very strong player, reckless in attack, I felt that my only chance of winning lay in a bold effort. I therefore promptly moved in a packing-case and proceeded to hammer it open.

The game continued briskly, and eventually I consulted my landlord.

"No, I can't thicken the wall," he said. "An Englishman's semi-detached house is his semi-detached castle, you know, Mr. Smith. I'm afraid we can't interfere," he added brightly.

I could not take her castle, and I didn't see my way to move my rook.

A few days later she brought in her young man to sing "*I fear no foe*" and "*Because*" This was a master-stroke with her knight that I had not reckoned upon; I replied with my other neighbour's dog, borrowed for the occasion. However, I could not so much as check her; and obviously my prospects of mating her were very poor. Yet I knew of a little house on the other side of London that would have suited them splendidly.

These prolonged games are exhausting, and I resolved last week to make a final attempt to compel her to retire. She had been playing very strongly, and I was sick of it. So I went up to Brinsbroad's and asked to see their stoutest pianos.

"Overstrung?" asked the manager. "Yes," I replied; "but how did you know?" He said I had misunderstood, and proceeded to show me an instrument with what he called a front escapement check-action.

"Check-action? Good!" I said. "If you have one with a check-mate action, so much the better."

The piano came yesterday.

Ha, ha! It is now my move. Lover of music though I am, I do not play well. I have put it quite near the wall. I feel that I am in a very strong position.

## WANT PLACES.

**DUKE**, out of place, open to engagement on staff of sound Unionist organ. Speciality—caustic criticism of cousins in office.—Address, CRUSHED SIR WILFRY, Poste Restante, Woodstock.

**EMINENT STATESMAN**, young, hardworking, versatile, flexible fiscalist, anxious to secure engagement as PREMIER or FOREIGN SECRETARY. Testimonials from all Parties.—Apply Box 2468, Board of Trade.

**CABINET MINISTER**, genial, general favourite, finding Home climate rather trying, would exchange present post for first-rate Ambassadorship or Viceroyalty.—Address, Box 2D, Littlestone Mansions, E.C.

**FAMOUS NOVELIST AND PLAY-WRIGHT**, anxious for new worlds to conquer, would accept first-class Colonial Governorship. Has had experience of entertaining Royalties. No objection to the Order of Merit or G.C.M.G.—Address, H. C., Isle of Heinemann.

**ACTOR-MANAGER**, weary of flying *matinées* and the squalor of Bohemianism, wishes to negotiate for safe seat in Parliament, with good prospect of baronetcy. Views moderate, elocution sound, wardrobe unimpeachable.—Address, PELLATUS JUVENIS, c/o Clothes-Press Agency, S.W.

**MILLIONAIRE**, with three handsome daughters, seeks place as Father-in-law to Dukes, Earls, or prospective Premiers. Widower; no poor relations; aspirates above reproach.—Apply STONEY & Co., Brokers, Mincing Lane, E.C.

**BARRISTER**, painstaking, ambitious, obsequious, accepted candidate for safe seat; will abandon promising political career if it is made worth his while by the Party in power. Would make excellent Judge.—Address, K.C., c/o WYRE, PULLAR & Co., 551, Old Bailey.

**POLITICIAN**, of undecided views, with no prejudices, prepared to contribute £50,000 to Party funds. What offers?—Address, PATRIOT, c/o SWITHERS AND BAILLANCE, Fencing Lane, E.C.

**FRENCH ARTIST** requires very badly sittings from Sir EDWARD GREY, to correct his recent "impression" of that statesman.—Apply, N. D., *Daily Chronicle*.

## "I Don't Think."

Yet one more quotation (this time a popular slang phrase) has been discovered in *Hamlet*:—

*Laertes.* My lord, I'll hit him now.  
*King.* I do not think 't.

ACT V., SCENE 2

## AT THE PLAY.

"BEVIS."

*Bevis* is, after all, not a new Ox Extract, but a young Marquis who is going to marry Beer. His personal motives are not purely mercenary; he really likes the girl; but his field of selection, which otherwise would have had no bounds, has been conditioned by the pecuniary needs of his house. His mother, on the other hand, is cynically frank on the subject of marriage settlements; and there is also a stray uncle who sees his way to some pickings; and a middlewoman who has brought the young couple together and wants what she calls "recognition." The girl gets wind of these schemes and shows spirit enough to break off the engagement. This rouses the boy from his complacent lethargy, and puts him on what he thinks is his mettle. He will



NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

*Rachel Hopkins* (Miss Madge Titheradge) weeps over the cap of *Bevis*, Marquis of Bewdley (Mr. A. E. Matthews), whom she imagines to be drowned.

start courting the girl over again, but this time on her merits. He induces the middlewoman to get up a week-end party and throw the girl and her father in contact with his own strained relations. Follows a scene of mutual embarrassment, quite awful in its tension; but the girl is eventually persuaded to give in by her father, who has no idea of losing a good thing, and only bucks at being asked to pension the uncle, who, unlike the middlewoman, has done no "work" for him. It is now the boy's turn to decline an arrangement that offends his *amour propre*. Nothing heroic, however, ensues. He does not migrate to another continent (though the names of several occur to him), where he might prove himself to be a man as well as a marquis. A conventional episode, on the borderland between farce and melodrama, brings the two together, and all ends happily and tamely on an undertone of sentiment. A quiet vein of very fresh and attrac-

tive wit runs through the passages which illustrate the main theme; while a subordinate affair of hearts between the uncle and the middlewoman, pushed perhaps a little too much into the foreground, supplies the kind of humour which is known as "rich."

Mr. MATTHEWS, as the pleasant half-fledged youth, was of course admirably in his element, and at times he pulled himself together and assumed an air of martial resolution; but he failed to put much heart into his serious wooing. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, in the trying part of the heiress, showed a nice maidenly dignity, but lacked the wings of impulse. Miss LOTTIE VENNE, as *Mrs. Pym*, matchmaker, was superb. It was nothing to her that this was supposed to be a comedy; she was out for farce, and meant to enjoy herself. On the other hand, Miss WATSON, who played the mother of the Marquis, kept well in the picture; and my only complaint is that she was a little apodeictic (if Mr. WALKLEY will permit me) with her hands. Finally Mr. LOWNE, as the uncle, and Mr. FRANCE, as the brewing magnate, did excellently what was asked of them. Indeed the whole cast was beyond praise, and so was the management, except perhaps in the second scene. Here the embarrassment on the stage almost communicated itself to the house, so stickily was it presented.

My best compliments to Mr. HUBERT DAVIES, and I hope he may never again have in the audience the large man who sat two rows behind me on the first night and barked with so hoisterous an hilarity that nobody else in the neighbourhood could hear himself laugh.

O. S.

## A CONFESSION.

[To build an unlimited number of *Dreadnoughts* requires money; that money must be provided by the Government from its exchequer; that exchequer must be replenished by taxes. The Poet feels confident that, at this moment of universal patriotism, he is unique in the atrocious attitude to which he hereby confesses.]

I must admit that I am not  
By any means a patriot.

I sometimes used to think I was,  
But now I know I'm not because

Though I'm prepared to shout and rave,  
"Let Britons really rule the wave!"

Though I have sat and scratched my  
head

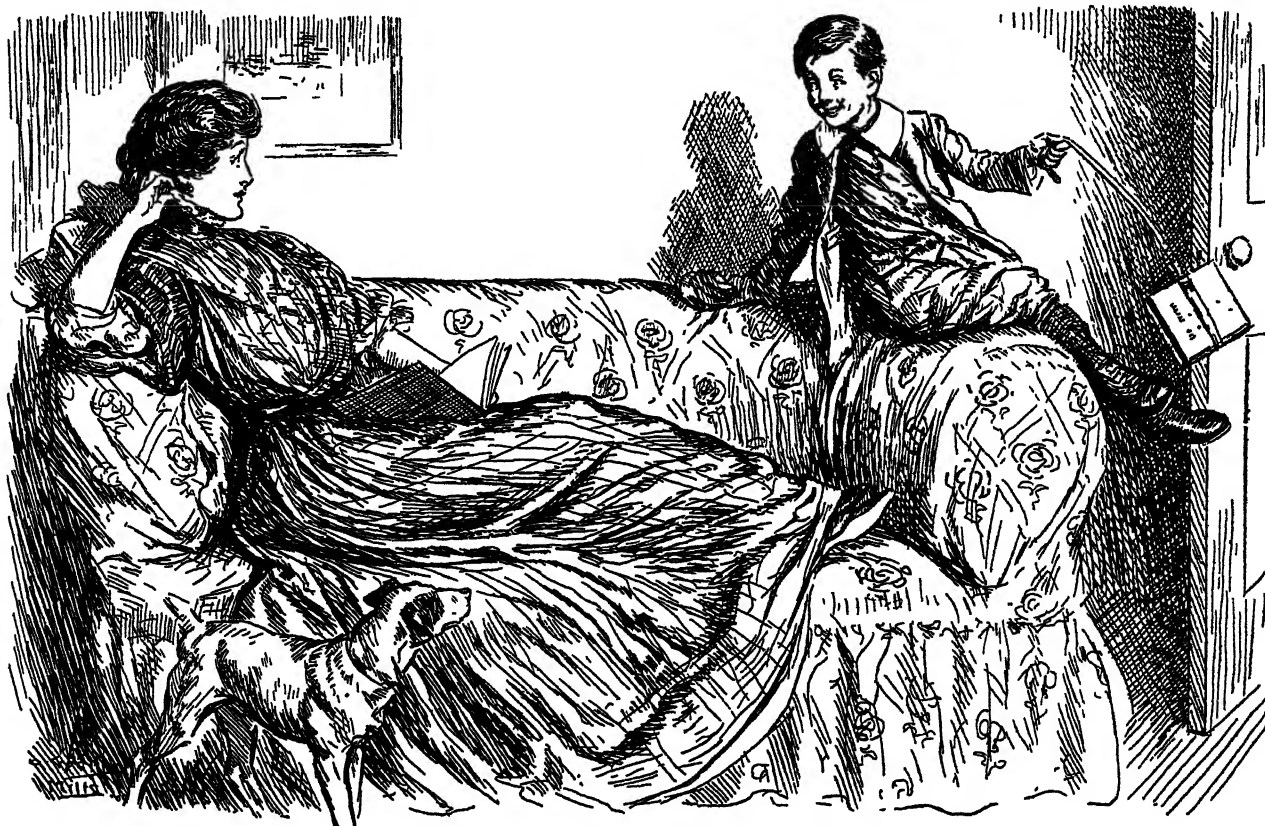
And written to *The Times* and said:—

"What is the use of all this fussin'?  
When they build one, let's build a  
dozen"

(When I am writing to *The Times*  
I'm rather reckless with my rhymes);

"Expense be blowed; let's cut a dash.  
Why stint the fleet to save the cash?"





Mother. "WELL, DARLING, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARN'T, AND HOW DO YOU LIKE SCHOOL?"

Tommy. "OH, MATER, THE BOYS CALL EACH OTHER FOOLS AND IDIOTS AND ASSES—IT'S JUST RIPPIN'!"

I somehow find I'm most unwilling  
To give the Treasury a shilling.

In fact, I'm on at D. L.-GEORGE  
To try and get him to disgorge

(Nay, make him, if he can be made)  
What little income-tax I've paid.

I'm bound to own that that is not  
The way to be a patriot.

#### A GOLF DEGREE.

A UNIVERSITY of Bull-fighting (says *The Express* of March 30) has been established at Bilbao, and will open its doors on July 1. The new University will grant two degrees—licentiate and doctor of tauromachy, and lectures will be given on the history of bull-fighting, the classic and romantic schools, the anatomy of the bull and of the horse, the study of arms and the biographies of great *toreros*.

We understand that the University of St. Andrews will shortly follow suit, and devote itself entirely to the æsthetic and practical aspects of golpnomachy. The Professors are to be elevated to Professionals, taking seniority according to their handicap. The course for students at this Royal and Ancient Academy of Learning will be a daily round of eighteen holes, with the usual

penalties for the Swilcan Burn, the Eden, and the Station-master's Garden. Medals will be granted for proficiency, and the "honours" awarded from time to time to the side that gains a hole. The examinee with fewest marks shall head the list, and those who are duly qualified in the championship will be awarded the degree of B.A., that is to say, Bunkers Avoided; while candidates who fail will be "gulphed."

By this patriotic action of the Scottish Alma Mater it is confidently expected that the Art and Science of Golf will take its proper place among the humanities.

#### The Truth about the Sexes.

In its half-column of "Notable Sayings of To day," *The Westminster Gazette* quotes Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN as remarking, "Men are men, and women are women." Which, as the song says, nobody can deny. The marvel is that the circumstance (apparently) was never before noticed, and might now have been overlooked had not the eagle glance of *The Westminster*, in search of striking sayings, fallen upon this exposure of it.

"For sale, a quiet pony, sound, good feet and legs, 12 hands." The extremities, however, are not everything.

#### WOMAN'S FRANCHISE.

["The latest mode demands that the waist must measure its natural circumference, and must be twenty-four inches, at least."—*Fashion Column, Daily Paper.*]

At Fashion's edict, stern and brief—

"The waist must be compressed no more"—

A suspiration of relief

Goes up from shore to shore.

Behold the triumph of the plump!

Her ample symmetry she hastes  
To blazon boldly, while a slump  
Occurs in willow waists.

For "twenty-four" is *chic*, no less;  
And maids too slender by an inch  
To save themselves from dowdiness  
Will have to pad, not pinch.

While multitudes of cords and bands  
And tapes, uncomfortably tense,  
Spring looser now the mode demands  
A wide circumference.

Man gives the fashion his support  
With approbation deep and strong,  
For tempers will not be so short  
Nor doctors' bills so long.

In fact, the female form divine  
Once more will transiently reign,  
Now Paris follows nature's line  
And ladies breathe again.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE long had a suspicion that SELWYN was one of the frauds of the eighteenth century. After reading Mr. PARNELL KERR's *George Selwyn and the Wits* (METHUEN) the impression is confirmed. HORACE WALPOLE did much to create a phantom reputation for him. His Letters are full of references to his friend and citation of his good things, which, such as they are, probably owe much to the polish of the recorder. THACKERAY, steeped in the lore and gossip of the time, drags SELWYN into the company of *Henry Esmond Warrington*, who meets him at White's Club. Mr. KERR destroys his hero's last hope of justification as a wit by compiling a chapter presumably recording his choicest productions. Here is a sample, not better or worse than the bulk, but selected by reason of its attractive brevity: "One night at White's, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawcner, losing a large sum of money at picquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked, 'See how he is robbing the mail.'" And this, reverently circulated at the time, is remembered and handed on over a century and a half!

SELWYN was sent down from Oxford for a blasphemous escapade unredeemed by flash of humour. He lived partly upon his father, partly upon the State, which bestowed small pensions for sinecure offices. There is no record that he earned an honest penny in his life. Two illusions are connected with his individuality. By one he is labelled a wit; by the second he is described as an habitual attendant at public executions. Mr. KERR dispenses of both, more completely of the first. Incidentally he gives some vivid peeps at social life in London when White's was the hub of the aristocratic universe.

EYRE HUSSEY's *Polly Winford* (from LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.) is not exactly galloping and not exactly slow; It's neither poor nor excellent, discursive nor compact; It's not exactly anything, and that's about the fact.

It deals, of course, with hunting folk—EYRE HUSSEY's novels do—

Delightfully conceived, at just a passing glance or two, But subsequent acquaintance shows that almost every one Is just a little raw or else a little overdone.

There are, besides the folk who hunt, a number who do not, And those who do and those who don't are mixed to make the plot,

With garnishings of sense and fun artistically placed, But just too much coincidence to suit a seasoned taste.

But still the tale is readable, and doubtless not a few Who fancied HUSSEY's former books will also like the new; And I am only sorry that the fourth should still be curst With the failings of the third one, and the second, and the first.

Colonel Marwood's trouble was that there was another man in England who looked exactly like him. If this happened to you or me we should be inclined to say that it was the other man's trouble, and if ever we met him to offer our sympathies. But the Colonel was a Tory Member of Parliament, and so it really was annoying for him when his double went down to his constituency and advocated Disestablishment, Free Trade, and the Taxation of Land Values. Naturally the Confederates began to strop their daggers. In the circumstances the only thing for the hon. and gallant Member to do was to trot down to Great Bagerton the next afternoon, and repudiate the speech; whereupon late that night the double turned up in the House and repudiated the repudiation. But the double had even better jokes in hand. He gave the whole of the Colonel's employes (The Co-operative Household Stores, Ltd.) a holiday

to celebrate the birth of a son to him. Marwood and his wife heard nothing of this till later, when at a mass meeting of the men the middle-aged couple were solemnly presented with a christening-bowl. Imagine the lady's horror. You will find these truthful narrations and others in *The Troubles of Colonel Marwood* (F. V. WHITE). Unfortunately Mr. A. C. FOX-DAVIES has hardly done justice throughout to his happy idea. Melodrama, rather than comedy, is his medium, and he does not seem quite at his ease in a book of this kind.

When I saw Mr. ARTHUR MORRISON's name on the cover of *Green Ginger* (HUTCHINSON) I expected the book to contain some powerful, gloomy stories of Shoreditch slums and Essex villages; but I was wrong. Essex and the slums are there, it is true, but they form the background of farce, instead of tragedy. The change is welcome, since writers of good farce, and Mr. MORRISON is one of them, are far to seek. Special gratitude is due to him not only for creating

laughable situations, but for allowing the curtain to fall upon them at precisely the right moment. "Mr. Bostock's Backsliding" and "A Lucifo Match" left me chuckling both at what is told and also at the ludicrous events which must inevitably follow. Mr. MORRISON has invented some most amusing and plausible rascals, and has watched over them so carefully that their little games are not interrupted by the attentions of inquisitive policemen. *Bill Wragg*, indeed, who "began business in the parrot line with a capital of nothing and no parrots," had more good luck in a few hours than comes to most people in a lifetime. As a digestive, to be taken in small quantities after dinner, I cordially recommend *Green Ginger*.

The following Book Review has appeared in the *Agony Column of The Times*:—

"In absence and silence, we keep the watch on Rhine;  
Woe worth the latest book, one fired down the line! M. A. D."  
The critic does well to be reticent about the names both of the book and its author, for the tone of his review is very bitter.



The Youth. "OH, THE CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY! JUST THE THING I WANT FOR MY ADVENTURE. MAY I TRY IT ON?"  
The Dealer in Magic. "YOUNG MAN, FOR GOODS OF THIS DESCRIPTION WE ALWAYS REQUIRE PAYMENT IN ADVANCE."

## CHARIVARIA.

THE ex-Crown Prince GEORGE has declared that he "belongs to Serbia." We had no idea that there was any competition for him. \* \*

Placards have been posted throughout the Krupp works at Essen denying the report that there had been dissensions between the owner of the works and her husband. We understand that the employees are to be kept fully informed in this respect, as by notifications of the following kind:—

In order to prevent exaggerated reports, I wish it to be known that my wife and myself had a few words to-day on the Latchkey Question, but the matter has now been arranged

(Signed)

KARL VON BOHLEN  
UND HALBACH.

There seems no limit to the spread of the strike movement in Paris. With reference to the new post-office which has been erected on the site of the Maison Dorée, we are told that even the decorations are striking

"The Admiralty," we read, "have acquired the new steam trawler *Nunthorpe Hall* from Smith's Dock Company, North Shields, and two trawlers which are now under construction in other districts. The purpose of the acquisition is not known." Is it, we wonder, an attempt at a compromise on the *Dreadnought* question? \* \*

The Army Bill which provides for the billeting of soldiers on private householders, if it has not been well received by all sections of HIS MAJESTY'S subjects, has at least enjoyed the marked approval of cooks, housemaids, and nurses. \* \*

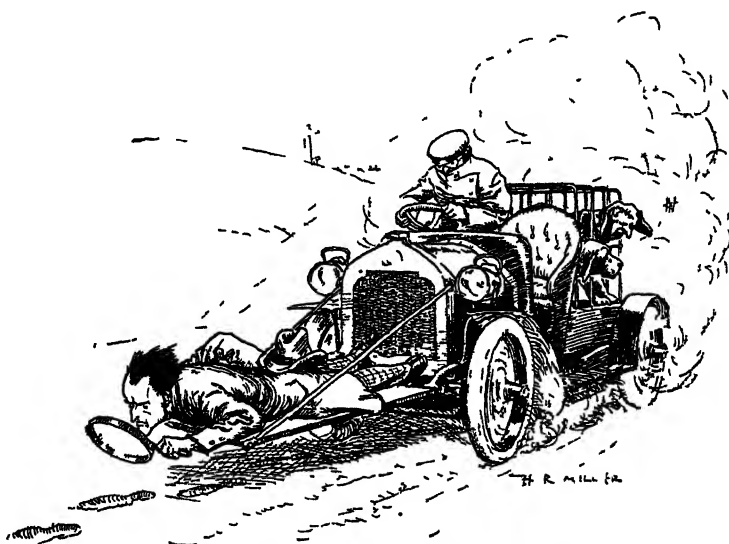
The Thames steambot *Gibbon* is to be sold by the L.C.C. for £1,000. She should now be re-named *Gibbon's Decline and Fall*. \* \*

An aeroplane with which the designer was experimenting at Wivenhoe sank in the river Colne, but was recovered, and may shortly be placed on the market as a submarine. \* \*

The Railway Companies are beginning to realise that they must leave no stone unturned in order to attract the

attention of the Public to the advantages of their method of locomotion. For example, a model of the first-class carriage in a compartment of which Mr BRIGGS, an elderly bank clerk, was murdered on July 9, 1861, is to be exhibited at Euston Station. \* \*

A case of great hardship arising out of the hide-bound administration of our prisons has been brought to our notice. Among a recent batch of prisoners was one who was wearing a valuable wig. *The wig was cropped close by the prison barber*, and naturalists say it will never grow again. A question, we understand, is to be asked on the subject in Parliament.



MR PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

V FOR DRIVERS.

"The Banana's New Footing" was the title of a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. This looks as if a want is going to be supplied, for hitherto anyone stepping on a banana has found the existing footing most unsatisfactory. \* \*

Mrs. CARR, of New York, the President of the International Suffrage Alliance, has been touring Europe, and was, we are told, "lionised in Berlin." Should not the word be "tigerised"? \* \*

A visitor to the Esperanto Concert which was given last week informs us that, though he was ignorant of Esperanto, he found the *artistes* no less intelligible than the average singer of English. \* \*

Says "Observer" in *The Observer*:—"A boy of twelve has had a picture accepted for the exhibition of the Society of French Artists. Why do we hear

so much of musical prodigies, and so little of artistic prodigies?" The reason, *Observer*, is that the musical prodigies make more noise. \* \*

"Mr. ALGILION CHAMBERLAIN SWINBURNE celebrated his seventy-second birthday on the 5th inst.," we are informed. It seems rather hard that in this year of public "anniversaries" he should have had to do it himself. \* \*

The past week was a notable one in the *Parrot World*. At Ardleigh, Essex, some burglars who had entered a house were frightened away by a talking parrot, and at Norwich a new vicar was appointed by means of a poll.

An Anti-Female Suffrage writer points out that, while women have many periodicals for their exclusive use, men have none. To remedy this a companion production to *Mother and Home* is about to be issued. It will be entitled *Father and the Public House*

"Required to purchase, a white elephant, within reasonable radius of London, with at least 20 acres. Must be cheap, as required for institution"

As a rule white elephants "are cheap today." In the language of the Ring they are more frequently offered than taken. The stipulation that the one here sought must, so to speak, belong to the landed gentry class may, however, put up the price.

"The trappings and howdah of their Excellencies' elephant, which came at the end of the procession, also included squadrons of the 25th Cavalry and trumpeters, the Inspector-General of Police, the vice-president of the Municipal Committee, a mounted battery of the Royal Field Artillery, and a detachment of Punjab Light Horse."—*Daily Mail*

A clear case of overcrowding and cruelty to elephant.

## The Gods and some Mortals.

Extract from a letter addressed by the President of the Manchester United F. C. (*Hats off, please*) to the Secretary of the Sheffield United F. C.

"I cannot help but feel that great pains had been taken in seeing to the comfort of every one, from myself and directors, down to the humble spectator."

## SHOUTING FOR A TAX ON NOISE.

[Mr. RUNCIMAN has been stumping the country and breathing revenge against those who urge the Government to guarantee our naval security. At Wolverhampton he threatened them with Budget reprisals, suggesting, in a passage itself not too subdued in tone, the "new principle," that "He who shouts the loudest pays most." Later, at Newcastle, he is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said: "We know where wealth lies . . . and when the time comes round for the Budget I hope the patriots won't squeal."]

How ever will you do it, DAVID LLOYD?

How tell our natures each from each and say,

"This is a patriot: he shall fill my void;

And this is not: and so he needn't pay?"

How will you know just where to gorge?

I can't imagine, Mr. GEORGE.

The simple test of Party scarcely serves,

For there are Liberals who want a Fleet;

Nor can you judge by noise that jars the nerves,

For there are patriots who restrain their heat,

Who do not shout till they are sore,

But, like the parrot, think the more.

And if you go by noise do you propose

To plant a taximeter on our tongues?

Or, with a wind-gauge lashed beneath our nose,

Check off the volume issuing from the lungs,

And charge upon a sliding scale

From zephyrs up to half-a-gale?

The principle is fairly sound, I own,

If not confined to those who shout for ships;

I'd love to see a Treasury metrophone

Instantly clapped on any noisy lips;

I loathe your kind that talk too loud—

Even a Little-Navy crowd.

So, Sir, if you would really have on toast

The ranter and the roarer; if your game

Is "He who shouts the loudest pays the most,"—

For a beginning I would wish to name

(Mention a likelier, if you can)

The rather raucous RUNCIMAN.

O. S.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; his sister Mabel, aged 18.)

Mabel (reading a letter). Well, I'm—

Little Arthur. What's the matter, Mabs?

Mabel. Oh, nothing. Only a letter from Helen Vincent to say she's engaged; and she's going to be married in a month; and it's to Ronald Knight; and he's the noblest and best in the world; and will I be a bridesmaid? and don't I think she's a lucky girl?

L. A. Oh, Mabs, isn't that jolly?

Mabel. Jolly? I don't see anything particularly jolly about it.

L. A. Why not, Mabs?

Mabel. Well, to begin with, there's our Hockey Team. She doesn't say a word about that; and how I'm to fill her place I don't know.

L. A. I see, Mabs. What a pity she didn't think of that.

Mabel. Yes, that's always the way with these sentimental girls. You can never get them to think seriously of important things.

L. A. But, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, Arthur; what is it?

L. A. Is Hockey so frightfully important?

Mabel. Of course it is. We want to show that we're just

as capable of taking part in sports as men. It's part of our Cause, you know.

L. A. Mamma never played Hockey, did she?

Mabel (shortly). No.

L. A. Ah, I thought not, because I heard her say the other day that she didn't know what girls were coming to nowadays; they thought of nothing but games, and games made them rude and mannish, and she was sure nice men didn't like that kind of thing. She said a lot more, but I can't remember it all.

Mabel. I've often told you, Arthur, that Mamma's a little old-fashioned in these things—and, besides, who cares what men think?

L. A. But, Mabs, don't girls want nice men to like them?

Mabel. We don't see why we should go out of our way to cringe for their liking. Girls have got their own lives to live, and they mean to do it.

L. A. I remember Helen Vincent said exactly those words not so very long ago.

Mabel. Yes, I know; she was very determined about it. We often talked it over together.

L. A. And now she's gone and promised to marry Mr. Knight. I say, Mabs.

Mabel. Yes, dear.

L. A. Won't she have to live Mr. Knight's life a good deal when she's married? Won't she have to live where he wants her to, and do things he asks? Isn't that it?

Mabel. Yes; and that makes it all the more annoying. She's one of the worst backsliders I ever heard of.

L. A. Don't you like men, Mabs?

Mabel. Don't ask silly questions.

L. A. But you'll never marry one, will you, Mabs? You'll be an old maid all your life, beginning from now, won't you?

Mabel. Isn't it your tea-time?

L. A. I've had my tea, Mabs. I wish you'd tell me if you mean to be an old maid.

Mabel. Why, you silly little boy, of course I don't.

L. A. But then you'll have to marry some one, Mabs; and if you marry some one you can't live your own life, you know; and, oh, Mabs—

Mabel. What's up now?

L. A. Mabs, you'll be a backslider, and I don't want you to be that. Please, please don't be a backslider.

Mabel (with dignity). You may be quite sure that I shall know how to go straight on. I shall never marry anyone who won't agree—

L. A. But that's what Helen Vincent said. Do you think Mr. Knight agreed to things?

Mabel. No, I don't. Men never do; and it's the fault of the women.

L. A. Well, perhaps your man won't agree either. Are you going to write to Helen to tell her what you think of her?

Mabel. No, of course not.

L. A. Well then, are you going to be one of her bridesmaids?

Mabel. Yes, I think so. She says (referring to letter): "The bridesmaids' dresses are going to be dreams, and Ronald has made all sorts of gorgeous proposals for the bridesmaids' presents. He's really the most—" The rest doesn't matter.

L. A. Then you don't mind so much, after all, Mabs, do you?

Mabel. There's Mamma calling. I must go to her.

## Political Candour.

One of the main objects of the "All for Ireland League" is, according to *The Statesman*, "the cultivation of language, traditions, and ideals of the Gaol."





### THE NEW "TERROR."

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. "WELL, COMRADE, IS IT THE OLD CRY AGAIN—'À BAS LA NOBLESSE'?"

MEMBER OF THE PARIS GENERAL STRIKE COMMITTEE. "NO, WE'VE GOT BEYOND THAT NOW; IT'S 'À BAS LA PATRIE'!"







### THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMAN.

ANOTHER IMPUDENT CASE OF KLEPTOMANIA IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

#### MORE PANIC.

COINCIDENT with the Navy "scare" (as Germany and the British Radical Press call it—each, no doubt, for good reasons of its own) several collateral cases of unworthy panic have come under our notice. We intend to expose some of them, in the hope of shaming those who have thus fallen from the high standard of bull-dog courage which has made our nation what it is.

A Mr. Jones, who recently bought the Villa Maggione, Nether Tooting, has, in a moment of abject pusillanimity, taken out a fire insurance policy. Coward!

A Mr. Robinson, of Esperanto, Balham Grove, has, in view of the uncertainty of our Spring climate, acquired the unmanly habit of wearing flannel next to his contemptible skin. Coward!

A Mr. Brown, near whose residence, which shall be nameless, a number of burglars have lately been plying their trade with impunity, has taken the un-English precaution of fitting his doors and windows with electric alarms. Coward!

A Mr. Smith, of The Sanctuary,

Turnham Green, who moves in social circles which have been decimated by influenza, has adopted the despicable practice of using tobacco as a disinfectant. Coward!

A Mr. Trotter, who has just returned from the Malay Peninsula, admits that under the enervating influence of a tropical climate he allowed himself to assume a pith helmet by day and mosquito curtains by night. Coward!

Owing to a paltry fear of collision during a fog off Ushant, a Captain Tomkyns (the name of whose ship we suppress for the sake of the other officers, whose courage is not in question) so far forgot himself as to run his engines at half-speed and sound his siren at frequent intervals. Coward!

Both the Manchester United and Bristol City Clubs, ignoring those splendid traditions of British gallantry by which the adversary was always invited to attack you unawares, and take every other conceivable advantage of you, have put their teams into strict training for the Final of the Cup, and propose to employ the maximum permissible number of players. Cowards!

Things that might have been put differently.

In its review of *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, *The Scotsman* says:—

"So lively an author as the writer of 'The Diary of Toby M.P.' in *Punch* cannot be dull even when talking about himself."

"Even" is a happy touch.

#### Fashionable Intelligence.

"Mr. J. Heaven, of Jerusalem, is continuing to make good progress towards recovery." *Adelaide Advertiser*.

#### More Commercial Candour.

From an advt. for artificial teeth:

"Mr. — has fitted many patients who have hitherto failed to obtain satisfaction."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph*

It looks as if the juries contained too many dental artists.

"In the two-furlong race Waterhouse was first, Jones second, and Graham third, but when they met in the quarter-mile Jones secured the premier marks."—*Manchester Guardian*.

We should have been interested to hear what happened in the 440 yards.

## THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just been studying those articles on "The Coming Cricket Season," which appear regularly at this time of the year in the daily papers. Shades of GAUKRODGER! was there ever such dull reading? You know (only too well, I expect) the sort of thing that is offered to us.

### BLANKSHIRE.

"Blankshire will have the same arduous programme as last year, with the addition that the Australians will be met at Blankton in the early part of June. Mr. Robinson will once again assume the command, and he expects to have the services of all the amateurs and paid players who were available last year. No new talent has been unearthed, though a young professional from Blobleigh is spoken of as likely to be useful in the near future. Mr. Robinson speaks highly of the prospects of his team, and there can be no doubt that Blankshire will take a creditable place in the final order, if, indeed, they do not actually win the championship. The Blankton Week begins on the 1st of August."

That, I fancy you will admit, is a perfectly fair example of the sort of thing which is expected to enliven our Easter holiday. Now what can be done to alter this distressing state of affairs? Well, I have two suggestions to make. The first is that, in order to make the forecasts really sensational, truth should be disregarded altogether. There is at least one paper which could do this without any loss of reputation; which indeed might acquire thus an added reputation for consistency, in that it brought its cricket prophecies into line with its others.

I give two or three examples of the sort of thing I mean.

### YORKSHIRE.

"The personnel of the Yorkshire team is likely to be entirely changed this year. In the early matches, at any rate, the side will consist of ten Leeds amateurs, all well-known billiard players, and HARDISTY, who will captain the eleven. Only one county will be met, and HARDISTY confidently expects that his side will come out bottom of the list. A match for the benefit of Lord Hawke will be played against the Australians in July."

### KENT.

"At the last moment Mr. E. W. DILLON has had to resign the captaincy, and Sir GILBERT PARKER has been appointed in his place. All the counties will be met twice, and, if necessary, three times, while the Australians will be played on second Thursdays throughout the season. An interesting experiment will be made by the committee, BLYTHE keeping wicket

for the first few matches, HUISEN having been badly bitten in the thumb by a rabbit. There will be no Canterbury week this year, owing to the high-handed action of the Mayor, and all the matches will be played at Gravesend."

### SURREY.

"For some time it was doubtful if Surrey would play any matches at all this season, owing to a difficulty about finding a ground, but a few acres have now been secured in the neighbourhood of Kennington, and here all the first-class counties, the Australians, Northamptonshire, and the Provincial Actors will be met. Mr. RAPHAEL, Sir R. HERMON-HODGE and Mr. FRANK SMITH will turn out among the amateurs; while JOE WARD, ALF DEAKIN and the Mayor of Cambridge are qualifying as professionals. The whole of the Lancashire eleven have also offered their services if required. There will be no entrance fee at any of the matches."

### LEICESTERSHIRE.

"The team and fixtures will be the same as last year except that Sir ARTHUR HAZLERIGG will in future play as a professional. The challenge from Australia to five Test Matches, to be played to a finish, has been accepted, and these will be played on the first five days in June."

Now, Mr. Punch, you see from this how interesting cricket forecasts can be made, given the necessary imagination. But if you still maintain that Truth is of the essence of the matter, then I offer instead my second suggestion.

Why bother about the actual cricketers who are going to play for the counties? For one man who watches them a hundred will read about them. The interest of the public, so far as our summer game is concerned, lies elsewhere. This, then, Mr. Punch, is how the ideal article should be written:

### PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

#### *The Westminster Gazette.*

Mr. P. F. WARNER will once more turn out signed articles in the first person plural upon the doings of Mr. NOBLE, Mr. TRUMPER, Mr. WASS, Mr. CARKEEK, Mr. FRY, Mr. KERMODE, Mr. BENSKIN, Mr. HOBBS and Mr. CRAIG.

#### *The Daily Telegraph.*

So far as we are informed there will be no changes this year, and Major TREVOR will again throw light upon the dark corners of the game at the rate of five lines per ball.

#### *The Daily Mirror.*

All the old words are again available, and several promising young ones have been unearthed. Moreover an entirely new anecdote of VIO TRUMPER at Cambridge will be played off on the public.

### *The Sportsman.*

Side will again be assumed by "Wanderer," who will keep himself *au fait* with the inner council of the Selection Committee. In the early part of the season he is expected to refer to somebody's innings as being "like the curate's egg, good in parts." In this case he may not be available for the rest of the summer.

A novel feature of the season's programme will be the inclusion every three days of a list of the names and states of the Colonials from whom the Australian eleven will be selected. This should be studied each time it appears, so that, if Mr. NOBLE should decide suddenly to give a trial to one of the many Colonial residents in London, the fact may not escape the attention of the reader.

### *The Evening News.*

An immense amount of new blood will be infused into the side, the most promising of them being "Old Blue," "Brixton C.C.," "Fair Play," "Z," and "Englishman," all of whom will point out that if only somebody else had been selected the result of the Test Matches might have been different.

There, Mr. Punch! How much more interesting that would be! Yet there is one forecast which I have omitted. It comes under a heading not unknown to you, and mentions that once more a friendly attempt would be made to get a little fun out of a body of good sportsmen who perform a difficult task quite efficiently. A. A. M.

## ROSES FOR SPRING PLANTING.

*The Maud Allan.*—Pale flesh colour tending to rosy blush; scanty bloomer, but perfect form. Fine for exhibition.

*The Winston.*—Uncertain. Liable to revert to stock.

*The Balfour.*—Very graceful contour; requires protection.

*The Arthur Benson.*—Very prolific; flowers freely produced throughout the season; good in the bud, but flat when open.

*The De Morgan.*—Late blooming; elongated form; sport of Charles Dickens.

*The Chesterton.*—Exceptionally large and of great substance; shape globular.

*The Transformation.*—Coppery tint, with buff at base; growth vigorous; edges waved.

*The Suffragette.*—Purple, white and green; rampant climber, thorny; grows freely on railings, requires severe cutting.

"Finishing Governess, 30, or otherwise."—*Brighton Herald.*

It is generous of her to waive a year or two, if desired.

MR. ASQUITH AND THAT CONFOUNDED No. 8.

(Even the Continent, if he had gone there for his holidays, would have afforded him no relief.)



"MOST BECOMING, SIR! IT'S A NUMBER H'EIGHT, SIR."



"WOT'S THAT A-STRIKIN', SIR? THAT'S EIGHT BELLS, THAT IS, SIR."



"AHA! MONSIEUR ASK-HUIT! (Prime Minister wince). ONE FAIRY NICE ROOM, SARE. NOMBER EIGHT—OZZERVISE NOSSING!!"



"THAT BEASTLY NUMBER AGAIN! OH, NO IT ISN'T, BUT I BELIEVE THAT WRETCHED WAITER KNOWS SOMETHING!!"



## ENGLAND'S BEST GIRLS.

## A STUDY IN THE FULSOME.

(With profuse acknowledgments to the *Radical Press*.)

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever," was all very well for the dowdy damsels of the mid-Victorian era. But in our enlighten'd age girls are very properly encouraged to be original. If they are dowered with some special gift, such as caricaturing or whistling, or "Saloming," as it is charmingly called, they need not feel ashamed of it as of an attribute disgraceful in their sex. Indeed, as that stalwart organ of democracy, *The Daily Chronicle*, truly puts it, "without a certain cleverness and sparkle, even beauty cannot make its owner a success in society." Wealth is of course indispensable, though there have been instances in recent years of young girls with practically no fortunes making brilliant matches. But it is dangerous to build upon the unsubstantial foundation of the exceptional. The young girl is in fashion, to quote again from our stalwart *Radical* contemporary, but it is significant that of the beauties specially singled out for appreciative notice in its pages there is hardly one who is not directly connected with "our old nobility."

Wise mothers—and modern mothers are seldom wanting in astuteness—do not keep their young "flapper" daughters buried in the schoolroom until the day of presentation. They prepare them for their complete emancipation by a series of preliminary canterers. Thus they take them to dine at the Fitz or the Turlton while the hair that is hanging down their back is still their own. Once a month at least in the best houses the "flapper" is taken behind the scenes at the Tav., or on the top of a motor bus, or, when they are running, on a penny steamer, so as to gain that wider view of life so indispensable to the up-to-date *châteline*. The modern girl who counts is invariably a mistress of a rich and copious vocabulary, and to their command of slang no less than to their looks must be attributed the immense popularity of Lady Sheila Swilly, Lady Usquebaugh's high-spirited daughter, and of Miss Marigo Smirnoff, one of the most gifted Levantine *débutantes* of the season. The upbringing of Lady Sarah Boodle has been wholly unconventional, and as her parents spend most of their time in balloons, she is looking forward to her first season with all the *fougue de dix-huit ans*. Until she was sixteen Lady Sarah was allowed to read nothing but *The Sporting Times* and *The Statist*. This led, not unnaturally, to a violent reaction, and Lady Sarah is now a

devoted student of MAETERLINCK, Mr. W. B. YEATS, and FIONA MACLEOD. Happily this development has not impaired her healthy enjoyment of bridge. Last year she won £300 at this winsome pastime, and one of the finest players at the Portland is rumoured to have said that if she gave her whole time to it she might win three times that amount. So far, however, Lady Sarah, with a restraint that does her infinite credit, has never played for more than ten hours at a stretch.

One may fitly conclude this group of winsome English girls by the mention of two beautiful cousins, Lady Phoebe Bunting and Miss Miriam Belshazzar. By an extraordinary coincidence they are both third cousins once removed of Daphne, Lady Saxthorpe, whose coster impersonations were so marked a feature of her late husband's tenure of office as Governor of Hong Kong. Lady Phoebe, strange to say, never learned her alphabet until she was nearly fifteen, while her cousin had mastered the intricacies of compound interest almost before she could walk. Lady Phoebe is a winsome blonde, while Miss Belshazzar is a *svelte* brunette whose superb Semitic profile recalls the delicious proboscis of her illustrious grandfather, Sir Joshua Schnabelheimer.

(Not to be continued.)

## APRIL IN "THE STREET."

APRIL of the shining tresses,  
Tearful mouth, and laughing eyes!  
Where the budding wildernesses  
Wait the swallow's glad surprise,  
Where the slender  
Larch's tender  
Green is new and neat,  
Most folk set you;  
Yet I've met you  
In Throgmorton Street!

When the City pigeon's cooing  
Takes a soft domestic note,  
When the daffodil is doing  
Duty in the broker's coat,  
When through highway,  
Court and byway,  
Gusts and sunshine range,  
And the racing  
Clouds are chasing  
Over the Exchange;

What if rates be flat or firmer,  
What if prices fill or back,  
If I hear your sunny murmur  
Of a four days' Easter slack,  
Of absconding,  
Vagabonding  
From the Street's grim aisle,  
While its chill stones,  
Mammon's millstones,  
Cease to grind awhile!

## BLACKMAIL.

The eminent West End physician felt my pulse with his right hand, pushed a thermometer as far down the basement of my tongue as he decently could with his left, and went out of the room. He returned in two minutes, took out the thermometer and examined it.

"Hn! Influenza!" he said. "Three days in bed—this prescription" (he took one, ready written, from a pile on his table)—"that will be two guineas."

"No!" I said. "Not influenza, but a cold—a common cold in the head, and you know it."

"Hush!" he implored; and his face paled. He went swiftly and silently across the room and locked the door.

"So you know all," he said.

"I do; you may therefore tell me everything," I replied. Briefly, the story he told me was as follows:

Twenty years ago this great doctor was a young and struggling practitioner in Tooting. One day there came to consult him a man of unusually prosperous appearance suffering from a heavy cold. The young doctor, in the moment's excitement, made a mistake and diagnosed the case as influenza; and the patient was so charmed that he shook the young man warmly by the hand and went home to bed, where the doctor visited him each day for a week, running up a very useful little bill.

Not to be outdone, the patient's friends, when they in their turn fell victims to catarrh, called in the same young doctor to ascertain whether they too were not distinguished by influenza. Having put his hand by accident to the plough, our friend refused to look back, and pursued the downward path of worldly success.

Thereafter he never diagnosed a cold in the head as anything but influenza. He quickly made a reputation as a young man who knew a bad thing when he saw it; and his progress to Harley Street was accomplished as easily as the descent of Aeneas.

"I have told you all this," he concluded, "because you had guessed it already. It remains merely to add that I place implicit confidence in your secrecy, and to repeat that my fee is two guineas."

"Your confidence," I said, "is not misplaced. It remains merely to add that my fee for discretion is five guineas, and I will therefore trouble you for the difference."

I have had a very good winter season.

From the window of a restaurant off the Strand:—

"Chickens cooked or uncooked."

How do you uncook a chicken?

## THE INSURANCE QUESTION.

"It is the duty of every man to insure his life," pronounced Patty.

"I had an uncle once," said Dibchick. She smiled.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I daresay you had a dozen."

"No, only two. They were twins," he added with a sigh.

"But what's that got to do with insuring your life?"

"You see," he explained, "one of them was an African bishop. I forget what the other took up. I fancy he eventually became a gentleman jockey. But the point is that my uncle Arthur was a bishop. In fact, they said that with any luck he might have been an archbishop; but unfortunately——"

"Still, I don't quite see——"

He waved his hand. "Wait a moment. I'm just coming to it. What I was going to say, when you interrupted me——"

"I like that," said Patty.

"Well, when I interrupted you, then. What I was about to observe when I interrupted you was that my uncle Arthur felt very strongly on the subject of insurance agents. He used to maintain that there was only one effectual way of dealing with them. When they called and suggested your insuring in their office, you should always begin by producing the whisky."

"But I couldn't very well do that, could I?"

"No, I suppose not. He was speaking more from a bishop's point of view, as it were. Well, after that, the next thing to do, said my uncle Arthur, was to mix them a liberal dose, and then, holding the glass in your hand, say, 'Would you mind letting me have a prospectus?' Then they gave you the prospectus, and you gave them the whisky, and—well, then they went away and tried to forget you."

"I should have thought giving them whisky would have been the very way to make them call again."

"Oh, no, not at all. Directly you had given it to them, you murmured, 'Excuse me,' and rang the bell. Then they would think you were in a great hurry, and would drink it off quickly, before they realised what they were doing. That was the essential part of the treatment. My uncle Arthur said that you should never give them time to sip a little, and then leave the rest, or pour it into a flower-pot when they thought you weren't looking. You see, it wasn't the ordinary whisky; you got it at the grocer's."

"I don't think your uncle can have been a very nice man," said Patty.

"There you are wrong," answered Dibchick; "he was one of the best of



## A LONG FAREWELL.

*She (effusively).* "HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE MET YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, MY DEAR CAPTAIN BURLINGTON."

*He.* "MAJOR NOW! THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO, YOU KNOW."

*She (still more effusively).* "HOW TIME FLIES! WELL, CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD-BYE, I HOPE YOU'LL BE A GENERAL WHEN NEXT WE MEET."

bishops. But I admit he wanted knowing."

"Then you don't agree with me about insuring?"

"Certainly, I agree with you. But personally, so far as I am concerned—well, I shall probably never leave a widow now. Once " He paused.

"Yes?"

"I remember I was quite young at the time. She was older, about thirty, I think, a rather massive blonde. It hurt frightfully."

"Ah!"

"I could never eat anything when she dropped in to tea." He stopped and gazed absently into the distance.

"Was that all?" asked Patty.

"All!"

"Didn't you do anything?"

"No; you see, I was only twelve at the time. As my father told me, it was a hopeless case. She wouldn't have understood, probably, even if I had said anything, and in those days I was singularly sensitive to ridicule. But I have always felt that she was the only widow I should ever have really cared to leave."

"We seem to have rather wandered from our original conversation," said Patty.

"Have we? Well, to continue, my uncle Arthur——"



*Pedestrian* "How far is it to ALDERSHOT? LET ME SEE. WELL, AS THE CROW FLIES——"  
*Foolscap Tommy* "NEVLR MIND 'OW THE BEGGAR FLIES, 'OW FAR IS IT AS THE BEGGAR 'OPS?"

### THE SPRINGS OF YESTER-CENTURY.

Spring, when the first buds of the crocus waken,<sup>1</sup>  
 Dusting with gold the carpet of the glade,  
 Say, may I hope that these remarks be taken  
 In the same friendly spirit they are made?  
 Gentle I wrote you, once beloved thesis  
 Of adolescence and its callow pen;  
 My dear, I sometimes think you've gone to pieces  
 Confoundedly since then!

Those were the days when you were always good for  
 A sonnet's impulse; yours the usual shrine  
 At which I wooed the guinea which has stood for  
 The laurel wreath in any rhymes of mine.  
 You tuned my heart to your brown lark's elation  
 'Mid white clouds piping, lost in breezy blue;  
 Now I might starve for all the inspiration  
 I seem to get from you!

Mutely I wander where my early hymn rose  
 When tender catkins do a tail unfold,  
 All unaffected by the budding primrose  
 Raising her head above the chilly mould;

<sup>1</sup> Delayed in publication.

Loud whoops the blizzard,<sup>2</sup> biting, song-benumbing,  
 Blasting pale blossoms ere they know the sun;  
 Not thus you heralded the cuckoo's coming  
 When I was twenty-one!

Madam, I charge you, ere these antic actions  
 Tarnish the memory of your former gold,  
 That you produce at least a few attractions  
 For which I loved you in those days of old;  
 Keep your afflatus (it was ne'er a deep kind),  
 Your woodland walks—keep these for younger legs,  
 But give me your asparagus—the cheap kind,  
 Give me your plovers' eggs!

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Punch cannot hold himself responsible for the weather forecasts of his contributors.

"Advertiser wishes to hear of a bright, cheerful family with Suffragette interests, residing in a fairly quiet district, where a lady, recovering from a nervous breakdown, could be received, and where one of the members, a bright strong character, would be willing to devote her interest and influence in helping the lady to recovery."—*Votes for Women*

The name of one bright, strong character leaps to the mind, but we should hardly have thought she was the best companion for a lady recovering from a nervous breakdown.



## THE PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.

JOHN BULL (to the Budget Dog) "GOOD DOG! (WONDER WHEREABOUTS HE'S GOING TO BITE ME.)"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 5.*  
—JOHN BURNS moved second reading of Housing and Town Planning Bill. In course of speech strongly denounced the insalubrity and general undesirability of what he called Back-to-back houses. Reference fluttered hon. Members below Gangway. Earlier in day, question arising about noble lords lending Mr. Du Cros spare motor cars for Party purposes in Parliamentary elections, ATTORNEY-GENERAL suggested that suitable time for legislation on subject would be when whole matter of relations of two Houses comes up for consideration.

"And when may that be?" blandly asked WINTERTON, ever on alert in search of useful information.

"It does not rest with me to fix the day," said RONSON, with a sigh in his soft voice. "If it did I should certainly make the date an early one."

Thoughts thus attuned to the subject, BRENNER at first imagined that when PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD talked of Back-to-back houses he had in mind the two Houses of Parliament, separated as they are by a corridor. LUPTON, who, with intention of keeping a closer eye on his late friend JOHN (now Right Honourable), shifted his position from usual seat below Gangway on Ministerial side to Front Bench below Gangway opposite, knew better. Long connection with Leeds made him familiar with this homely form of structure and its conveniences. In Back-to-back houses it is the custom of an afternoon for the lady on the third storey—usually with her cap awry—to lean out of window and enter into conversation with lady in window opposite, whose proximity is happily so close that one almost could, sometimes nearly does, emphasise remarks by tugging at the other's towzled hair.

Mr. LUPTON proceeded to adapt the pleasing custom to habits of House of Commons. Leaning out of what represented his window on the second floor back opposite Treasury Bench, he offered a few observations personal to PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD and his views on House Bill. J. B., always ready for a fight, sharply responded. Mr. LUPTON, with true Back-to-back-house readiness, "let him have it" in reply.

Situation growing exciting when SPEAKER interposed with remark: "The hon. Member must not carry on a conversation with the right hon. gentleman. This is a debate, not a conversation."

Whereupon Mr. LUPTON withdrew and shut down his window with a bang.

*Business done.*—Housing and Town



Billy "WHAT'S THAT FUNNY THING?"

Mamma. "THAT'S A STORK."

Billy. "YES, I CAN SEE IT'S A STORK, BUT WHAT'S THAT THING ON THE TOP OF IT?"

Planning Bill read a second time and referred to Committee of whole House.

*Tuesday.*—In a series of thirteen consecutive questions addressed to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, Captain CRAIG told touching, though intricate, story of an Irish lifebuoy. As far as can be made out from the medley of interrogations, there is moored off Ballyquintin Point, County Down, a lifebuoy, officially named Strangford Lough buoy, because it is far out of sight of Strangford. It was the original intention of Irish Lights Commissioners to moor it about a mile and a half from the bar mouth. Someone, probably connected with the Land League, having placed it at the distance named, it still bears the name of Strangford.

A peculiarity about this buoy is that at approach of night it regularly goes out. It appears that the Irish Lights Commissioners, "accompanied by some members of the Elder Brethren," spend most of their spare time in putting forth from Ballyquintin Point, making for the buoy, and taking it away to be repaired. The arduousness of this labour, long endured, has so worked upon the mind and body of Viscount MONCK, one of the Commissioners, that he has retired from the Board. Captain CRAIG sees opportunity of "appointing some representative of the Board of Trade to fill the vacancy who will be responsible to Parliament in regard to questions affecting the administration of the Board."

Meanwhile he sternly demands that

PRELIMINARY OF BOARD OF TRADE shall state the number of communications received recommending the Irish Lights Commissioners to remove the so-called Strangford Lough Buoy, County Down, so far out as six-and-a-half miles from the bar mouth and give the names of those tendering the recommendation, and also their reason."

Hope I have made the matter clear.

WINSTON as a rule always ready to face the music. Notable that he shrank from this encounter. Put forward the hapless Parliamentary Secretary. House has not for long time witnessed more pathetic scene than TENNANT trying to tackle LILBURY CRAIG. Air of depression more eloquent than speech; which was fortunate, as he once or twice threatened to break down.

Business done.—  
In Committee on Army Annual Bill.  
Wednesday.—  
House adjourns for Easter recess.

### ONE OF THE OVER-EMPLOYED.

We were sitting together in a large room hung with Titians and Botticellis, each worth a King's ransom.

A man-servant came in noiselessly, took from a scuttle, that had once been the BLACK PRINCE'S tilting-helmet, some perfumed cedar-logs that had formed part of an Emperor's bedstead, put them on the fire, and withdrew. As he did so I was amazed to see my host dash across the carpet—it had been the praying-rug of a Shah—and deliver a flying kick at the door.

"Never mind," he said, nursing his toe, "I'll get him next time. I hate him and his perfectly-trained manner. He's one of 'em—he's in the conspiracy against me—showing in all sorts of impossible people, at all hours, day and night.

My host, I now noted, had a face almost coarse in its expression of strength and virility. This, together with the magnetic, compelling quality of his glance, which suggested latent power and ruthless will, made me feel at home with him at once; for I knew him for an old acquaintance.

"I wanted to talk to you," he went on, biting off his words like ginger-nuts;

"but first of all have something to drink. Have a bottle of Wettierwiesle 1804, that formerly reposed in the cellars of Prince METTERNICH. Do! Help me out with it. I'm sick of these priceless vintages. You smoke?"

"But of course," I replied; and he pushed over to me a silver box, an exquisite example of BRV TROVATO CELINI'S repoussé work, which had formerly held the scented gloves of Le Grand Monarque. It now contained a huge torpedo-shaped black cigar.

"You know," he continued dejectedly, lighting himself a cigarette set with seed pearls, and flinging it into the fire after a single pull at it, "I'm about done up, I am. It's quite time I had a rest.

room," I reminded him, "with its bistre hangings and copper-coloured dado, and——"

"Morning-room?" he almost screamed. "It's in the morning-room that she always gets at me. And I'd rather have the Inspector for company any day than Mary Montpensier. Do you like widows?" he broke off thoughtfully, almost wistfully. "She's quite young, and her face has the warm ivory flesh tints that DA VINCI loved to paint. If you *would* take her off my hands—— But of course you wouldn't. You know how she goes on."

"No," I said. "Tell me."

"Calls about eleven in the morning—

her veins full of the wine of life—dressed in one of Paquorth's latest creations, —dove grey, trimmed with ermine, and old lace that MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS wore on her wedding-day. Walks up and down like a cat on hot bricks, and finally bursts into tears and asks me to lend her a million or two on rotten security to save Cortelyou Carstairs—chap with a face like one of TINTORETTO'S angels, you know—from ruin. Refuses to enter into details, and—— No, I can't stand it!"

"But the Princess," I said, "surely her visits compensate for a good deal?"

"The Princess?" he shouted. "Do you mean the

green-eyed one whose set of saibles ran well into four figures? That minor? What do you think of her latest? Comes and threatens to make disclosures that will plunge Europe in war, and play old Harry with my Bulgarian loan, unless I recover the crown jewels she pawned in Paris last spring."

"You certainly seem to be mixed up in a good many big affairs," I mused.

"Mixed up! I'm mixed up all right!" he retorted savagely. "There's the telephone bell now." He took up the receiver wearily. "Yes. All right. All right. Yes. Yes, I'm the Feuilletton Millionaire. Who are you? What? Mary what? Oh! ring off, ring off——"

But I wish the alarm clock had given me time to finish Prince METTERNICH'S hook.



Countryman (to Doctor) "THINK I BAIN I WELL, DOCTOR THE MORE I EATS THE LESS I WANTS, TOTAL"  
Doctor (impressively) "AH, YES, OF COURSE YOU SEE, EVERYTHING YOU EAT FLIES TO YOUR STOMACH"

I can't stand the strain of it much longer. The excitement of it all is killing me. Look here, you envy me my old masters, my porphyry staircase and all that; but what do you think of a fellow going into his drawing-room and finding an Under-Secretary of State lying on the hearth-rug, strangled with a diamond necklace that formerly clasped the neck of a Begum? That's what happened to me yesterday. And if I go into my library what do I find? A Russian Grand Duke, as likely as not, stabbed to the heart with a ruby-hilted yataghan that once glittered in the belt of the Great Mogul—*toujours le grand luxe*. Why, I'm afraid to go to my dressing-room to-night. There's sure to be something behind the wardrobe, or hanging from a peg. Oh, the things that go on in this house!" He shuddered.

"But you have your cheerful morning-

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

AFTER MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

TWO men walked along the road together. They walked because they were poor, and they kept company because they were friends. It was an ordinary English road, bordered by hedges, and CÆSAR's legionaries had not passed that way for many years. Some people say that CÆSAR's legionaries have never marched on that road at all, which is a very strange thing.

One of these men was named Deux Bocks; he was a Gaul of cheerful temperament and active tongue. Also his nose was of the colour of carmine—not lake or red ochre, but carmine. One cannot mistake a nose of that kind. His companion was a Teuton, and he was called Wiederschen—Alf Wiederschen.

Now Deux Bocks the Cheerful was strange in his manner of walking. He went from side to side and often brushed the hedges with his coat-sleeve. (There were hedges on both sides of this road.) When he had thus brushed a hedge he would turn to his companion and smile, and say nothing. Then he would walk obliquely to the other side of the road, and do the same thing again. CÆSAR's legionaries never walked in this way. Alf Wiederschen was not like Deux Bocks, and he was dressed in a more fashionable style. He wore a black morning coat, for one thing; a silk cummerbund clasped his ample waist, and on his head was a deerstalker hat, the flaps of which were tied up with ribbon as the weather was sultry. Because of his habit of dressing in the height of fashion he had often been mistaken for an insurance agent, but he was nothing of the kind. He was a quantity surveyor.

Neither of the men was in a hurry, though the road was very long and the daylight was failing. As it grew darker Deux Bocks scraped the hedge more frequently. Once by mistake he missed it and struck a gate which led into a field. It was a turnip field, and in it were growing many turnips—hundreds of thousands of them, perhaps. The gate was newly dressed with Stockholm tar, and Deux Bocks leant against the topmost bar—there were five in all—and hummed an old Basque villanelle. When he had done this he looked straight before him, but saw nothing except the turnips.

Wiederschen had been busy all this time. He held a notebook in one hand—the left—and with the other drew a pen from his pocket. Then he said "Potztausend" three times, and frowned, for it was a fountain pen. Then he recollected the pencil which was behind his ear and made shift with that. In the darkness he drew a plan of the countryside;



## HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

Motorist (to P.C. who has been working a motor-trap). "CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?"

it was not a complete plan because he could not see very far; but it satisfied Wiederschen, and he said "Hoch!" three times.

A cyclist came along the road, steering carefully between the hedges. When he reached the two friends he dismounted. This cyclist was an athlete and wore a dark grey jersey. On the handle of his bicycle hung a paper lantern, and a bunch of ferns was tied to the mudguard.

He approached Wiederschen and addressed him. "Seen any of the 'Poly' boys?" he asked abruptly.

The man of fashion returned no answer to this athlete, for he knew no more English than did CÆSAR's legionaries (this affair, you must know, took place in England). Instead, he noted in his plan the sleeping accommodation afforded by a disused pound that stood close at hand.

"Fünfzig!" he said, as he folded the paper; then he added, "Vorwärts!"

The athlete mounted his velocipede and rode off. As he turned the corner he shouted one word to Wiederschen; one English word—"Rats!"

Deux Bocks was the next to speak.

"Je suis sec comme un pois-on!" he said. Then he added "Hélas!" and shook his head; for the turnips disheartened him.

After a while the two friends continued on their way to the next town, and spent the night in an ale-house.

In the parlour-bar stood two men, dressed in uniform. They were Territorials, and were dressed quite unlike CÆSAR's legionaries. Nevertheless they were sociable fellows—one was taller than the other—and they drank bottled beer until the clock struck eleven. Then they left.



## HOW TO BE A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

## No. I.—WHY I AM POPULAR AT THE POST-OFFICE.

Do you sell stamps, please?

What sort do you keep?

Please be civil to me. Don't you stock a line of elevenpenny-halfpenny ones?

Very well, then I suppose I must put up with inferior goods, as usual. Show me the fivepennies.

Won't do; perfect eyesores. Anything at three-pence?

How dare you show me a soiled sheet? Now, now, now, don't thumb it about like that. No, decidedly not. . . . Let me see those red ones over there. . . . really? That's very reasonable.

Yes, I like them. In fact, I'll have that one.

Oh, dear no. Kindly give me the one I wish for. Take this back. I asked for that one—the centre one.

Now wrap it up.

No, I have no smaller change.

## No. II.—WHY MY BANK LOOKS FORWARD TO SEEING ME.

Good morning.

Why am I kept waiting?

Are you aware I have a good deal of money at this bank, and that unless you are prompt and obsequious I can cause you trouble and official displeasure?

All right, then I will do my very utmost to get you dismissed. Now to pass to the business of the day. What is my balance?

Add it up again.

Oh, you never make mistakes? Well then, I want fifteen pounds ten and the Manager; the fifteen pounds ten is for me, and the Manager is for you. All silver, please; and I can wait indefinitely. Offer me a seat.

## No. III.—WHY THEY APPRECIATE ME AT THE OFFICE.

What do you mean by "late"?

Very well, then, I apologise. I know my time is not my own, but I think it unreasonable that I should be criticised for keeping an appointment with my doctor.

I gather it would be superfluous to refer you to the doctor, because if you don't believe me you'll think me capable of going to a doctor who tells lies. However, I don't suppose the question is as important as all that. Punish me in the extreme penalty, only don't nag; my head aches.

I don't remember the papers you mean.

Oh, those? Well, I don't know where they are. I didn't have them.

No, I did not.

Well, perhaps I believe I do remem-

ber. . . . You mean the day I upset the ink over the letter book? I must have mislaid them on my way back from Somerset House—in the train perhaps. The Lost Property Office might know.

I'm really exceedingly sorry. . . . Is there any need to take on so? . . . I think you're exceedingly unkind and unjust. . . . Boo-hoo!

## No. IV.—WHY I AM PERSONA GRATA AT THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL.

Take my bag.

No, not a room. I only want afternoon tea in the drawing-room.

You are thoughtful, but I prefer to run the risk of ordinary hotel thefts rather than leave my things in the cloak-room.

Surely this is not the passenger-lift! Isn't it for the coal or the boots or the hotel staff?

Then I will go in it on sufferance.

Tea for one, please—Indo-China blend, cream, bread-and-butter, sandwiches and every species of cake and pastry one is allowed. I take it the shilling is inclusive.

Don't loiter round me, I never give gratuities.

Pens, ink, paper, envelopes and telegram forms, please. . . . Thank you.

Bradshaw and A. B. C., please. . . . Thank you. . . .

Ash-tray and matches, please. . . . Hurry up. . . . Thank you. . . .

Do you mind closing that window? There's a draught. . . . Would you be so kind as to get me a fire-screen? . . . Do you happen to have a theatre list? . . . I'm much obliged.

Your horrible tea has made me feel bilious; bring me a glass of water. . . . Where are the periodicals kept? . . . Then bring me them. . . .

I shall play the piano; go right away. . . . How dare you? You are not the Manager, you are much too badly dressed—be off. . . . You bore me. Shoo! . . .

You need not use coercion, I shall go with much greater pleasure than I came.

## No. V.—WHY I GET SO MANY BRIDGE INVITATIONS.

Oh, yes, by all means let us play for nominal stakes; but I think it unsteady the game a little, don't you?

Go original spades?—All my calls are original, Madam. I abhor plagiarism. . . . No, I am delightfully unconventional.

Do you? Personally I discard from clubs, they are so inartistic.

No, not the eleven rule, but I find the rule of three invaluable. . . . Oh! by all means we will play according to common sense.

Did I misdeal? I am sorry. Not very clean cards though, are they? I expect they stick every now and then.

Why mayn't I sort out the suits face downwards on the table? Does it hurt anyone?

A penny for your thoughts, partner. Oh, my declaration, is it? Well, I'm sure I don't know what to go, my hand is a perfect rummage-sale. What infernal luck I do get. Hulloo! I seem to have five suits. Oh! half a tick. That's all right. Now then, my declaration, is it? . . . I don't know. . . . I'm ashamed to make anything trumps. . . . No trumps!

Don't look like that, partner. Merry and bright, please.

Five tricks against us, and doubled? A hundred and twenty? Tut-tut. Never mind, better luck next time. Bruce and the spider, eh, partner?

I can't think why some people lose their tempers over a paltry game of cards.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

Editor. And so you want to be a sub-editor?

Aspirant. Yes.

E. What qualifications do you think you have?

A. Well, for one thing, I rather fancy myself at headings—titles for articles, you know.

E. Yes, I know. Let me have a specimen of your skill. Suppose, for example, that a factory was burned down at Balham, what would you say?

A. I should call that "Big Balham Conflagration," I think.

E. Not in my paper.

A. Not—?

E. No, there are no conflagrations at Balham in my paper. Conflagrations are all at Canonbury or Cricklewood, Clapham or Camden Town. Balham has Big Blazes, a peculiarity it shares with Battersea, Bermondsey and Bow.

A. I see, I see.

E. Well, if you see, what would you say of a fire at Kennington?

A. I should say "Conflagration," but I should spell it with a K.

E. No, that wouldn't do. It would be all right if the fire were not fatal, but with any loss of life the title would look flippant, in bad taste. It's too risky. Try again.

A. Well—well—I should say—I really don't know.

E. I will tell you. "Serious Fire at Kennington."

A. But that's—that's—

E. Not clever? No, it isn't apparently. But cleverness consists not only in being clever, but in knowing when not to be clever. As there is no good adjective to accompany a fire in Kennington, Kensington, or Kilburn, we merely state the fact simply and truthfully.



## SUFFRAGETTES AT HOME.

He "I SAY, THAT LADY OVER THERE LOOKS RATHER OUT OF IT"

She "YE, YOU SEE, MOST OF US HERE HAVE BEEN IN PRISON TWO OR THREE TIMES, AND SHE, POOR DEAR, HAS ONLY BEEN BOUND OVER!"

A. I see; but it's rather perplexing.

E. Tooting now—a fire at Tooting—how would you announce that?

A. "Tooting in Flames."

E. Not bad; but "Terrible Fire at Tooting" is better. Similarly, "Dreadful Fire at Dartford" (or the Docks); "Horrible Fire at Hampstead" (or Hornsey), unless, of course, a number of persons were killed, in which case "Holocaust at Hampstead" (or Hornsey) comes very pat.

A. I see.

E. But let us turn to other subjects less fiery. How would you describe an unexpected eclipse of the sun?

A. "Solar Solecism?"

E. No, that would be too learned. Out of every ten men in the street, three know nothing of the meaning of solecism. They only know SOLLY JOEL. Try again.

A. "When it was Dark?"

E. Better.

A. "Strike of the Sun?"

E. Much better. Now supposing that the famous Isle of Man novelist met with an accident?

A. "HALL CAINE half disabled."

E. Excellent. We will find you a post.

## AMERICA AND THE MASTERS.

CAUGHT by our representative at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. CYRUS K. GARNER, the famous millionaire collector of Chicago, willingly consented to discuss the removal of the 60 per cent. tariff on all works of art imported into the United States.

"It will," he said, "make a great difference to me. In fact, that is why I am visiting Europe. Now that one can freely take back whatever one buys I mean to buy in earnest. I mean to make this effete island and that old back number of a Continent contribute the best there is to my walls."

"I'm a bit of a poet in my way," he went on. "I've made my money out of pork, and artists paint their pictures with hogs' bristles, I'm told. Do you see? My idea is that a man who has made his money out of pig's flesh can't spend that money more poetically than on the products of pig's hair. That's why I'm out for old masters."

"Now they tell me there's a house here in London called Artford House, or something like that, that's full of Old Masters. Well, I'm here to buy it."

I'm here, too, to do a deal over your National Gallery, if you've got enough business enterprise to consider it. Then I shall go over to Paris, where I'm told there's a unique called the 'Venus of Milo.' That's my programme, young man. But I wouldn't have thought twice about it as long as the 60 per cent. tariff was on."

Our American correspondent telegraphs that the consternation which was expected to reign at Coromaker's great fine art store in Pittsburg is quite absent. "Yes," said Mr. Coromaker, when asked his opinion, "the lifting of the import will no doubt tend to cause many of our connoisseurs and collectors to go to Europe direct for their pictures; but that will not injure our business. We were prepared for it, and have now a number of agents in London and on the Continent whom we shall keep supplied with excellent works of the Barbizon school. The only difference will be that these pictures will now cross the Atlantic twice, instead of never having travelled at all; but a corresponding rise in price will recoup us for the outward journey, and of course the journey back is the connoisseur's affair."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE first thing to notice about *Uncle Gregory* (HEINEMANN) is that *Uncle Gregory* himself, the central character who gives his name to the story, has been dead six months before it opens. This, however, does not prevent his being the strongest and, in a sense, most vital figure in the book. *Bolily Uncle Gregory* sleeps with his fathers; spiritually his monstrous personality lives on, dominating and crushing all who are brought within its influence, even as his Benefactions dominate the neighbourhood in which he moved. It is the history of the last and greatest of these Benefactions, the colossal Trust left by *Gregory Rowley* to be administered by his unhappy heirs, that has given *GEORGE SANDEMAN* the theme for a very unusual and entertaining story. Of plot in the ordinary sense there is none—nothing but the overpowering memory of *Uncle Gregory*, and its effect upon the group of very human survivors who have to struggle with it. And all the time the *Mighty Dead* himself was in reality only—but to tell that would be to rob a fascinating book of half its charm. *GEORGE SANDEMAN* is the master (or should it be mistress?)—one suspects these literary Georges) of a pleasant and distinguished style; his studies are touched-in with a dry humour that has rewarded me for not skipping a single page. Even the somewhat drawn out exordium, the long Gregorian chant (if you will forgive me!) which introduces us to the deceased philanthropist, is worth reading; and, once this is past, my attention was held delightedly to every word in an exceedingly clever piece of work, the final surprise of which is reserved for exactly the last line but one.

With the possible exception of the mystery of the robbery of the Crown Jewels, Dublin Castle hides no secrets from Mr. BARRY O'BRIEN. He knows it from its roof-tree to its spacious cellars, which once held a fine assortment of claret. In *Dublin Castle and the Irish People* (KEGAN PAUL) he tells its story in detail. Very instructive it is, on the whole painful, in no wise creditable to the predominant partner of the Union. The only Secretary to the LORD-LIEUTENANT whom Irishmen hold in reverence is THOMAS DRUMMOND, author of the immortal, illuminating aphorism, "Property has its duties as well as its rights." DRUMMOND has long been buried, and there is no harm in praising a dead Englishman, albeit for a time he dominated Irish affairs from Dublin Castle. The real truth underlying Irish discontent is that, whether the hand of the British Government strokes or strikes, it is an alien hand. It follows that the enormous sacrifices of party interests and national resources, made since Mr. GLADSTONE forty years ago attempted to grasp the nettle of the relations of the

two countries, have had no effect in mitigating Irish animosity to British rule. Mr. O'BRIEN's book is a compendious contribution to knowledge of the machinery by which that rule has for more than a century been administered.

*The Measure of our Youth* (LANE) is not a discussion of the standard to be required of Territorials, but a rather pessimistic view of the romantic temperament. For some reason or other ALICE HERBERT has handicapped her hero with an Eurasian origin and an alcoholic father, but as no attempt is made during the rest of the book to insist on the doctrine of heredity, I can only regard these particulars as incidental. *Francis Bewley* falls in love with a beautiful but terribly matter-of-fact girl at home, and after being repulsed as insufficiently wealthy, experiences a course of amorous adventures, some rather sordid and discreditable, and then, having formed the acquaintance of two "fathers" who conduct an East-End mission, becomes violently—not to say hysterically—religious. Finally he is bequeathed two

hundred pounds a year, which he promises to devote to the service of the Church, but thoughtlessly (after a good dinner) proposes to his first love, and ends as a hen-pecked husband. To tell the truth, I found *Francis Bewley* too much of a wobbler to be very interesting, and the only really exciting thing about him was that he was in the "Treasure" Office. I have asked a number of Civil Service clerks, and they have never even heard of this Department; but I suspect it to be the



A LITTLE SUPPER PARTY AT 'THE BORGIAS'.

[With apologies to Mr. John Collier.]

place where they bring the buried ingots and Roman coins that are unearthed from time to time. If so, it was far too heady a vocation for Mr. Bewley. He ought to have been in something more tranquillising, like the Board of Agriculture or the War Office.

The title of *The Canon's Dilemma* (FISHER UNWIN) is taken from the first of a collection of short stories for which, apparently, Mr. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH wishes a longer life than is accorded to the contents of popular magazines. Personally I am not assured that they are worth it. When I read of the canon, on the first page, that, "discarding his clerical frock coat and collar, he would put on a rough blue guernsey and sea boots instead," I felt that his dilemma might present interesting possibilities. But I was disappointed, for the real dilemma was not that one at all, but another far less exciting than any which might be expected to arise from a canon wearing waders round his neck. The stories are nearly all about parsons of some grade or another, and I am inclined to judge from the inherent improbability of most of the situations that parsons are the least likely of all readers to be attracted to them. Perhaps in remote country parishes, where the improbable is regarded as liable to happen, there may be a chance for the book. I wish it luck.

## CHARIVARIA.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS became seventy-four last week. He is really old enough now to know better.

\*\*

The carelessness with which Acts of Parliament are drawn is notorious. The new Children's Act contains no provision to prevent children being left by their mothers in a horse-trough lined with mats and hay outside a public-house, and advantage is now being taken of this lack of foresight at Waltham Cross.

\*\*

FRENCH NAVAL CRISIS.

POOR GUNNERY.

BAD MATERIAL.

NO AMMUNITION.

"Ah," sighed the Little Englander as he read the above headlines, "if only we had a navy like that! . . . Never mind, we must persevere."

\*\*

Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT having apologised to the House of Commons for a "stupid blunder," it is being asked why other Ministers do not act likewise. Of course the time of the House is limited.

\*\*

It is rumoured that one of the Candidates for the Stratford-on-Avon division is of the opinion that SHAKESPEARE'S plays were written by BACON, and he is terrified lest a heckler shall ask a question on the subject.

\*\*

Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE and Miss FAY DAVIS are trying the experiment of giving SHAKESPEARE without scenery. If it should be a success we would suggest that at their next conference the Independent Labour Party might try the effect of performing without scenes.

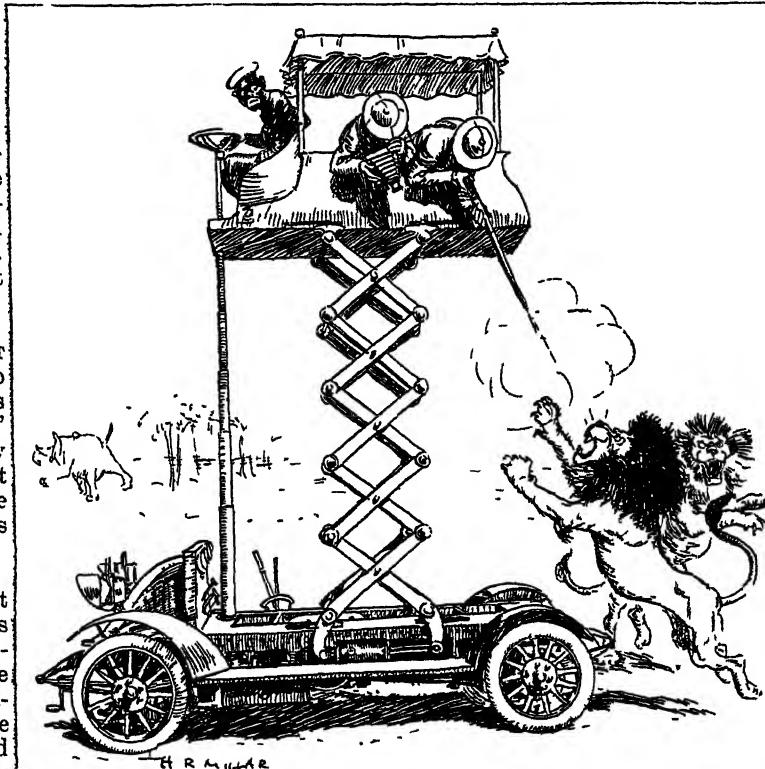
\*\*

"Amused Actor" writes to draw attention to one more instance of the impracticability of Socialist proposals. Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S suggestion for the Budget, seriously put forward in *The Clarion*, is "A super-tax of 3d. in the pound on incomes of £5,000 a year." Our Correspondent points out that no super is in receipt of an income approaching anywhere near that figure.

A small man has written to *The Daily Mail* to suggest the formation of a regiment of Territorials composed of citizens from five feet to five feet four inches in height. If only LITTLE TICH would consent to act as honorary colonel of such a body, success would be assured.

\*\*

The heading in *The Express*, "COMPULSORY FROCK FOR TYPISTS," has, we hear, caused considerable indignation among the young ladies concerned, who declare angrily that they are not Classical Dancers.



MR PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR-CARS.

VI.—FOR BIG GAME HUNTERS

If they like to steal my sermons," said the Rev. D. M. KILSON in his manifesto to burglars, "they can." The Public may laugh, but we can assure them that a great many sermons are stolen.

\*\*

Methuselah, the oldest tortoise at the Zoo, has now reached his 250th year. Considerable interest attaches to the only living contemporary of CHARLES II.

\*\*

Sunderland is getting quite a reputation for tragedies. The other day it was a murder, and now it is reported that last week burglars broke into the offices of Messrs. JOHN RULE, secured a safe weighing 3 cwt., removed it to the opposite side of the river, burst it open, and found it empty.

"Do you wear Shock Absorbers?" asks a pertinent advertisement in a certain half-penny newspaper which is sometimes called yellow.

\*\*

In spite of a desperate attempt to revive the waning popularity of hot cross buns this year by a statement to the effect that they contain a large quantity of alcohol the sales on Good Friday were, we hear, no larger than usual, and the bakers are at a loss to know what to do to stem the growing irreligion of the masses.

\*\*

Earthenware jars and glass bottles of curious design have been discovered in the course of excavations at Hampton Court. This looks as if the trippers of the past had a sense of tidiness, unknown to our age, in the matter of picnic debris.

\*\*

Rooks, a contemporary informs us, have deserted their ancient nesting place in Gray's Inn Gardens. It is ungenerously suggested that they could not stand the competition of the local lawyers.

\*\*

The National Sea Fisheries Protection Association is to start a campaign with a view to popularise fish. The situation is rather a piquant one in view of the fact that the fish themselves are, we are informed, strongly opposed to popularity.

\*\*

It is possible that Salisbury Plain will be thrown open to aerial navigators for experiments. At present the authorities are said to be boggling at the expense of covering such a vast area with mattresses.

\*\*

A lady writes to ask us whether we think the Bath Pageant will be fit for her daughter to see.

\*\*

The Editor of *Punch* extremely regrets the paragraph relating to Mr. SWINBURNE which appeared on this page in the issue of last week. Owing to the Easter holidays the number went to press much earlier than usual, and long before the sad news of Mr. SWINBURNE'S death was made known.



## IN MEMORIAM.

## Algernon Charles Swinburne.

BORN 1837. DIED APRIL 10TH, 1909.

WHAT of the night? For now his day is done,  
And he, the herald of the red sunrise,  
Leaves us in shadow even as when the sun  
Sinks from the sombre skies.

High peer of SHELLEY, with the chosen few  
He shared the secrets of Apollo's lyre,  
Nor less from Dionysian altars drew  
The god's authentic fire.

Last of our land's great singers, dowered at birth  
With music's passion, swift and sweet and strong,  
Who taught in heavenly numbers, new to earth,  
The wizardry of song—

His spirit, fashioned after Freedom's mould,  
Impatient of the bonds that mortals bear,  
Achieves a franchise large and uncontrolled,  
Rapt through the void of air.

"What of the night?" For him no night can be;  
The night is ours, left songless and forlorn;  
Yet o'er the darkness, where he wanders free,  
Behold, a star is born!

O. S.

## HOME FISHERY FOR CITY CLERKS.

[This article seems to us in close accord with a certain class of fishing chronicle favoured by a contemporary, an eminent Sporting Weekly.]

THAT the British sportsman of humble means can possess a first-class fishery within the bosom of his family and ten miles of Charing Cross is a fact not generally known. That such nevertheless is the case we will proceed to demonstrate.

The fishery in question is situated at the house bearing the title "stone," which is the latter half of the name "Elphinstone" shared by two houses in Mount Sion Avenue, West Dulwich, the word being inscribed across the joint. The garden, which extends for a distance of forty-seven yards behind the house, contains the fishery referred to. This consists of a cemented basin four feet two inches in diameter and twenty-seven inches deep in the middle. The basin formerly had two cracks in it, A and B, which were stopped with red lead putty applied with the tin-opener. The pool is fed by a pipe the origin of whose supply is unknown, and in time of drought is replenished from the scullery tap by means of a rubber hose. This water has a bracing effect on the fishery and acts like a tonic.

In May of last year two trout (*Salmo ferox*), weighing respectively 1 lb. 2 ozs., and 10½ ozs., were purchased at a restaurant in Old Coventry Street. They were named Charles and Jane for convenience of reference and were conveyed to "Elphinstone" in a bait-can *per* electric tram. Both fish arrived faint, but appeared to revive when introduced to their new quarters. Next morning, however, the fish Jane was discovered to be in a defunct condition, and was accordingly buried with regret near the roots of an indiarubber plant which had been bedded out after wintering in a pot on the dining-room table. It may be observed however that fresh fish is not a form of nourishment readily assimilated by indiarubber plants that have passed their prime.

What follows is the Diary of the "Elphinstone" fishery, and though the season came to a premature conclusion it will be seen that excellent sport was enjoyed. It should be added that the natural food resources of the fishery were

supplemented by judicious allowances of Tidd's Fario Feed, a savoury compound, price £14 10s. 0d. a ton, very nutritious, and much relished by Charles.

## DIARY.

June 3.—Began fishing at 3.15 with a 00 Sneek Limerick Hook dressed as a Greenwell's Glory. At the first cast Charles came brightly to the hook. He fought strongly, and it was nearly two minutes before the net could be got under him. During the following half-hour caught Charles five times, when the fish unaccountably went off feed. (Note.—This has proved to be a record bag for the fishery.)

June 5.—Got Charles twice before tea on a Greenwell's Glory. The water fishes excellently. (Note.—Greenwell's Glory is greatly under-rated, in fact, when tied with gold ribbing, it proved to be Charles's favourite fly.)

June 6.—Did not fish this day.

June 7.—The fish puzzles me. Began fishing at 3.40. Charles saw me, but after tea he was caught twice. The second time he made no fight, but came to the net like a log, and then suddenly turned and bit me savagely on the thumb. (Note.—Too much care cannot be exercised in handling large trout.)

June 8 and 9.—These days I did not fish.

June 10 and 11.—Caught Charles once on each of these days. He appears to be getting listless, but continues to fish fairly well.

June 12.—Charles saw me.

June 17.—Have fished carefully these last three days, but Charles will not rise. Cannot make out what is wrong. Have sent for patterns of patent Varox flies.

June 19.—A disappointing day. Fished with the patent flies; no result. Then changed my clothes, whereupon Charles rose at the Varox, but I missed him. He splashed about all over the pool like a mad thing. Cannot understand the fish. The Varox patent flies are beautifully tied and very expensive.

June 30.—Have been fishing every day, but had no rise; greatly perplexed.

July 2.—Have solved mystery. Charles feeds at night. Happened to go into garden after supper and found Charles rising. He saw me and stopped. Felt embarrassed. Will try to-morrow.

July 3.—A memorable night. Approached pool at 10.30 p.m. with White Moth fished dry. Got into Charles instantly, who made a great fight. Caught him twice again before leaving him at 3.15 a.m. It is certain that I have a magnificent bit of fishing all to myself. (Note.—The White Moth is a fly that is too infrequently used. There is no more deadly lure when fished dry after nightfall.)

July 4.—This day has been disastrous. Tried Charles again after supper. He rose cautiously to my sixth cast, and was hooked. He fought a little, and then let me reel him in; but just as I was stooping to put the net under him he made a rush and came right out of the water at me. I fell back, and in saving myself unfortunately broke my rod and the hook got embedded in the lobe of my left ear. Charles, after throwing about in a threatening manner, got back into the pool unassisted. (Note.—It is impossible to pull a fish-hook out of the lobe of the ear by force. It must be cut out, and even if the sufferer can refer to the files of *The Family Doctor*, the operation, when attempted within the home circle, is apt to lead to marital estrangement.)

July 18.—As I observed Charles to be feeding again, telephoned Pilquart of the Flyfishers' Club to come for an afternoon's sport to-morrow.

July 19.—Strange matters. Pilquart came and lunched. He likes my "Weedy Whiffs." As he had brought waders under a misapprehension and seemed a little depressed, I promised him a Weedy Whiff for every time he landed





### A SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

MR. KEIR HARDIE DECLINES TO "DEPART FROM THE LINES OF SANITY AND FOLLOW SOME VAGUE CHIMERA CALLED SOCIALISM."

[In making the above remark before the Conference of the Independent Labour Party, it is possible that Mr. KEIR HARDIE did not perfectly visualize the Chimera of classical legend.]





Mother. "WHY, BABY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Baby (with her ear to crack in floor above the dining-room). "DON'T KNOW, BUT NURSIE DOES IT."

Charles. I put him right and left him. When I returned an hour later I found him lying on the grass smoking. He astonished me by telling me that I owed him a shilling box of Weedy Whiffs, and invited me to try to win them back. I went on casting steadily until tea-time without getting a rise, although Pilquart encouraged me and gave me much advice. After tea Pilquart took his rod, but, to my astonishment, instead of fishing, began to put up his tackle and gave me to understand that he was going home to fish his bath, as he had reason to know he should find as good fish there as at the "Elphinstone fishery." It then transpired that Charles was gone and that Pilquart had discovered the fact early in the afternoon.

(Note.—In order to have uninterrupted enjoyment of a fishery it is advisable to fix barbed wire along the top of the fence when there is a boy living next-door.)

#### TO A CUCKOO, HEARD ON THE LINKS.

BOHEMIAN spirit! unencumbered by Penates,  
And sole performer of the woodland band  
Whose contributions I can recognise with great ease,  
Let others count you shifting as the sand,  
But surely underneath that bosom black-barred  
There lurks a sentiment that I (the hack-bard)  
Can fully comprehend. So, cuckoo, here's my hand.

Not for the sake of ease you flit about the copses  
And bid your partner to an alien care

Entrust the incubation of her popsy-wopsies,  
Planting the eggy nites at unaware;  
But art, the voice of art, is ever calling.  
How could CHARLES sing with infants squalling?  
To fetter genius is to drive it to despair.

Should I not also turn my heartstrings to macadam?  
I too deposit, whereso'er I could,  
A host of unmelodious babies (if I had 'em)  
Or in the kindly shelter of some wood  
(With robins), or whatever *crèche* was going,  
Soon as I felt the inspiration flowing,  
The bubbling in my brain-pan? Yes, by Jove, I should.

'Tis therefore that I sometimes wonder when I hear you  
Fulfil the valley with that vagrant noise,  
Now by the holm-oak yonder, now beside this near yew  
(Unhampered as you are by household ploys),  
Why you have never hit on something neater,  
Some outburst less monotonous of metre,  
Less easy to be aped by unregenerate boys.

Is it perhaps that, like that other star, the throistle,  
Simply to prove your throat can stand the strain  
You too keep on, the Spring's repetitive apostle,  
Piping your pean till it haunts the brain?  
I cannot say. But what I find so sad is  
One never knows if you or if the caddies  
Are making all that rumpus. There it goes again!

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME SPRING SUBJECTS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Do you *puz*? If you don't, by all means keep on don'ting, for puzzles have a fatal fascination, and lots of people wish they'd never begun to love them. You've heard, of course, of the De Lacy-Vandeleur-wedding fiasco? Poor dear Veronica in her bridal gown, with her maids and her pages and her parents and her best enemies and everything that is hers, waiting at St. Agatha's for half-an-hour, and Piggy proving a non-starter! Some of the dailies have built up wonderful, fearful stories on it, but not one of them touches the spot. The true inwardness of the affair, my dear, is *puzzles*, no less! For a week Piggy had been putting together one of the big, diffy ones, and when the wedding morning came they couldn't get him away from it. His best man argued with him, and even tried force, but it was no good. "I won't be married," screamed Piggy, "till I've polished off this blank puzzle!"

And by the time he *has* polished off the blank puzzle, and comes out among his kind again, he'll find himself treated to the cut direct and the cut with circumstance wherever he goes, and perhaps thrashed by one of the Vandeleurs. Moral—Don't *puz*!

Josiah's back again from San Bangador safe and sound and horribly glad to be at home. He has an idea that he's very much altered by what he went through there; but it's only a pleasant delusion on his part. As a matter of fact, he's more like himself than ever! He has some fearful friends in tow that he knew out there—a planter-man and his wife; *simple* and *utterly* impossible people, my dear! The wife wears silk and satin frocks first thing in the morning, and chirps out, "Beg y' pardon?" whenever one speaks to her. The man does such weird things with his knife and fork at feeding time that Norty said to me one evening, "Is that your *own* idea, Blanche, to have a conjurer to amuse us at dinner?" Also, the wretch makes *puns*, if you please! When he let one off the other day and seemed to think I would laugh at it, I said, "Oh, that's a *pun*, is it? What deliciously moss-grown old things they are! The *rhignons* and *long whiskers* of conversation, don't you think?" He hasn't made any since.

I've done my level to be civil to them, said how interesting it must be to be a planter, and watch the things growing and pick them when they're *done* enough, and what a wonderful arrangement it is of what-d'you-call-it that the leaves of the plant should make tea, and

the berries coffee, and another part sugar—and all that sort of thing, you know. And as if that weren't enough, I find Josiah expects me—*me*, you know—*myself*—your own Blanche, to take this tea-and-coffee woman about and show her London!! Meaning the Tower, the Monument, the British Museum, and all those other chambers of horrors! As if they had anything to do with London.

Oh, my dearest! such a funny little something happened just after Josiah's return. I'd got a bit careless, I suppose, in leaving things about while I was on my own, and one day I found him looking at a certain little miniature of an *eye* that someone gave me as an *Easter offering*—a dark eye, never mind *whose*, with a look of mischief in it and a setting of brilliants. "Whatever's this?" said the Head of the Firm in a queer voice. I felt it was a case for "*de l'audace, de l'audace, et encore de l'audace*." "Why, you silly man," I said, "don't you know your own eye when you see it?" "*Mine!*" he said. "*My eyes are light*." "That's all you know! When you're animated and excited your eyes *look quite dark*. I snap-shotted you once when they looked dark, and this was done from it."

And (oh, *ces hommes! ces hommes!*) he actually took it all in, and was quite flattered, and has given me a new long chain of brilliants to hang the miniature on! There are *some* people, you see, who in an emergency can not only take the bull by the horns, but ride off in triumph on the animal's back.

Did I tell you of Norty's new departure?—"Straight Talks on the Enormities of Society—By one who knows It from the Inside." He says there's money in scolding us and abusing us, and why shouldn't we make it ourselves?—especially as we know the most *about* ourselves and therefore are best able to *do* the scolding. He gives his Talks every Wednesday afternoon at the Fitz, tickets a guinea each, and the room is always *packed*. He gives it us right and left, and we enjoy it *immensely*. The last "Straight Talk" was about our custom of organising *dances* in aid of charities. Oh, he *was* down on us, and we *did* laugh! He said, among other things, that getting up dances for charity was not only letting your left hand know what your right hand does, but letting *both your feet* know as well! He was very hard on us women another time about our way of criticising each other and suspecting the genuineness of each other's complexions and hair, and he said we ought not only to live and let live, but *dye* and *let dye*.

The next "Straight Talk" is to be on "Money Marriages." He's not a bit afraid of people saying, "You're

another!" He says those who've *made* them are most qualified to speak about them. The *coolness* of the boy, you know!

Everyone who's been round the studios is raving about Major's portrait of Sibyl St. James. Profile, of course. Bosh says she's "profile et pretty well nihil," meaning, you know, that she's *only* a profile. And certainly she's sacrificed everything to that profile of hers. She doesn't give dinners or suppers or go to them. *Et pourquoi?* Because the profile mustn't be seen eating! She hasn't any friends. It isn't that people *won't* know her; they *can't*. How can one be pally with a *profile*, or make a confidant of it, or talk scandal with it, or do *anything* but just look at it? We were talking about Sibyl at Wee-Wee's the other night, and Bosh said people told a story of her husband meeting her suddenly round a corner one day and not recognising her, because he'd never seen her front face before. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

## THE PORTERESQUE.

["During the hearing of a motor-car case at Bournemouth a witness, described as a porter, said: 'I saw a motor-car coming towards me with marvellous rapidity, and if I had not possessed great agility and youthfulness I should have been killed. I afterwards looked round at the driver's face, which was scintillating with vicious grins. The driver also made some insipid remarks, and the car was travelling with the silence and swiftness of a shrapnel shell.'—*Morning Leader*."]

IN the interests of the colour of life it is to be hoped that the Bournemouth porter will set a fashion—more than that, inaugurate a tradition. How much more entertaining would the daily routine become if all public servants talked like this! Not only porters, but commissionaires and boy-messengers, and policemen and postmen too. Perhaps Mr. RUNCIMAN will smile upon the scheme and arrange for lecturers in the Porter-esque to visit the schools. Then some such results as these might follow:—

In directing an old lady from the country who had asked the way to the Bank, a constable stationed yesterday at Trafalgar Square replied thus: "Dear Madam, the journey is not only simple but of engrossing interest. The first step is to leave the august spot on which we now stand, overshadowed as it is by the lithic semblance, poised 'twixt heaven and earth (like MAHOMET'S coffin), of Lord NELSON AND BRONTË, the hero of a hundred fights and the terror of the sea, and mount one of those *Mauretania*s of the London streets known as a motor-bus bound in an easterly direction. Passing through the crowded and animated Strand, you will enter the City



at the Temple, the abode of Law, and then traversing Fleet Street and climbing the Hill of Ludgate, be under the façade of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's mighty lane, now the lunching resort of the wholesale drapery trade . . ."

Or again, at Charing Cross Station, a porter wheeling a truck may thus chatter. "Your consideration I crave to allow this not inconsiderable vehicle to pass. This way, lady, for the train which in course of time will take its departure from this platform on its perilous and protracted journey with the nominal intent of reaching the ancient seaport of Dover (one of the Cinque Ports) at 5.3. At what hour, however, its happy arrival will actually occur one hesitates to hazard. Conjecture's fires pale before such a problem. This way, lady, this way."

A hotel porter, having been inadvertently mistaken for the boots by a short-sighted guest, would reply to a request about calling him in the morning in the following terms: "Incurious stranger, why this sad confusion of functions? Dost thou truly believe this uniform to be attuned to the ignoble duty of foot-wear-cleaning? Or is thy mistake due to myopia, astigmatism, or incipient cataract? Discuss, infatuated stranger, for, as thou art aware, the ball of repartee cannot be kept up without constant repercussion."

Once more, if the Porteresque diction becomes general, we can easily imagine a caddie, on being asked by a beginner what is the best club to use for a long approach shot, lapsing into poetry as follows.—

"Fair Sir, although the lie be grassy I cannot recommend the brassy. Again, undoubted risks environ Your handling of the cleek or iron, For on each side, I grieve to state, Pot-bunkers simply pullulate. To use a baffle or a spoon Were unpropitious and jejune. In fine, my deft elimination Has clarified the situation; And, to conclude this talky-talky, Just take your mashie and play pawky."

#### A Marathon Record in Church Services.

"After a service of about five years the Rev Thos Egerton Wilton Ruld has intimated his intention to resign the curacy of Northenden Parish Church"—*Manchester Evening News*.

#### "The Vacancy at Stratford-on-Avon."

As this headline has given rise to a good deal of misapprehension and not a few false hopes, it is as well to state that the most illustrious living resident has no intention of removing elsewhere.



Dentist "Now, what can I do for you?"

Patient (whose heart has failed her at the last moment) "Oh! Sir MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, THANKS. ER—WHAT I REALLY CAME FOR WAS TO ASK IF YOU WOULD—ER—CARE TO PLAY GOIT WITH ME—FR—SOME TIME THIS SUMMER."

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

A correspondent writes:—"The daily papers in their obituary notices of the famous actress, Madame MODRKA, state that on one occasion in London she recited the multiplication table in Polish, her native tongue, with such harrowing effect as to reduce her audience to tears. I see nothing remarkable in this. My own little girl, aged five and a half, to whom I teach mathematics, daily causes me to weep copiously in geometrical progression with some such effort as the following—"Twice one is three, twice two is seven, twice three is fourteen"; and so on."

His Second Time on Earth.

By-Elector (pointing out to his daughter the chief figures in the fight). And look, there's Hunnable.

High School Daughter. Oh, yes; the man who tried to cross the Alps some years ago.

"The summons had been issued to the wrong man . . . There had evidently been a mix-up of names, the driver and the owner of the engine being nephews and bearing the same name."—*The Irvine Herald*.

We have always noticed that confusion is apt to be caused by a man's being his own great-uncle.

### SOME NEW HEAD-LINES.

[With acknowledgments to all rival Arbiters of Fashion]

So Spring, the sweet Spring, is here, and most of us are naturally giving anxious thought to the subject of our "top-dressing"—as a witty young Marquis of agricultural tastes once called his hat in my presence. Having just returned from naughty, enticing, delightful Paris, where I made my annual tour of the *magasins des modes*, I am now in a position to indicate precisely what surprises Dame Fashion has in store for you. The "cartwheel" has gone—trundled into the limbo of forgotten things; the busby we can suitably relinquish to those dear Territorials, now that they are preparing in grim earnest to frighten the wicked invader from our poor, peaceful shores; and the beehive, symbol of industry and perseverance, is, appropriately enough, to be the wear *par excellence* of those who are making another attempt this year to take advantage of the season's influence upon "a young man's fancy." *Entre nous*, a balmy smile goes best with this really "dossy" *chapeau*, and the coiffure, being completely hidden, may be worn *négligée*, or be left at home altogether.

But a greater surprise awaits you in the "barn thatch." This sensational design is in the form of any other thatched covering of an empty top-loft, and can be worn "fore-and-aft," as our gallant tars phrase it, when beating up against those boisterous winds that come "before the swallows dare;" or "broadside on" in the wet, when the eaves carry the rain clear of the shoulders. The jodel laugh, which is something between a Swiss yodel and a contralto chuckle, can be practised for use with this.

And now, looking ahead into those days "with roses red incarnadine," when the daily papers tell us that "yesterday was the hottest 10th of June for ninety-one years," what do you say, my lady fair, to the "water-butt" hat? Isn't the idea arresting? But, to let you into a secret, this is an adaptation of the "wine-cask" straw with which the hatters made an abortive attempt last season to oust the "boater" for men—a hat, by the way, which has nothing but cheapness and comfort to recommend it. So great, however, is the obstinate prejudice of the "lords of creation" against anything really striking and conspicuous that not even in Paris, that city of *flâneurs*, would any male creature muster up sufficient courage to don it.

*A propos*, I must tell you a story, which goes to show that some of these strange creatures positively admire dowdiness in us. I was at a smart afternoon reception the other day, in a Faubourg not a

thousand miles from the Pont Neuf, when an English "mees" came in with her papa, a brown-faced Colonel from India's coral strand. Pretty she was, undeniably, but, if you believe me, she was wearing one of those hats we all thought so becoming in the spring of 1907!!! You never saw anything more countrified or ridiculous, more—in a word—hopelessly middle-class.

Two nice-looking, well-groomed English boys were standing near me. "Hulloa!" said one, "what a pretty girl!" "Awfully fetching hat—what?" growled the other. And one gaby went off, no doubt to manœuvre for an introduction, while the other sighed a big sigh. And I daresay I did too, to think that these great, irrational creatures have votes, while we pioneers of taste and fashion, who put our heads fearlessly into beehives at the word given, have none.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, as a humorous Frenchman said to me once when the telephone bell had called him momentarily from the dinner-table. The "water-butt" should be built of chip, in one of the latest art-shades—a "garden-seat" green or "boiled gooseberry" grey. Trimmed with duck-weed or water-cress, and conveying a pleasantly cooling suggestion of water on the brain, nothing certainly could look better in the languid heat of the dog days.

### KILTS.

"SPEAKING of clothes," began Dibchick, "I remember, years and years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford——"

"It's no good your attempting the patriarchal with us," interrupted Patty, "because you can't be so very old, now. What do you think, Bob?"

"I don't think," said Bob calmly, "I know."

Dibchick regarded him with an air of approval. "You will end as a legislator, Bob."

"Rot," said Bob; "I know you're thirty-five. It isn't a thing that wants thinking about."

"There you are wrong. Of all the seventy ages of man, thirty-five is the one that affords food for the most serious reflection. At thirty-five a man has lost the first blush of youth, while——"

Patty turned again to Bob. "Do you believe he has ever blushed?"

"No," said Bob. "If he had, he wouldn't mention it."

"To return to our original topic," said Dibchick. "Speaking of clothes, I remember, when I was at the Varsity, a friend of mine introduced me, as a great favour, to his tailor, a very pleasant fellow. Not that there is anything

remarkable in that, because, of course, tailors are, as a general rule, a particularly ingratiating body of men. Well, all I wanted at the time was a tweed suit. Six months afterwards we found that I owed him seventy-eight pounds. He was quite as much surprised about it as I was."

"You must have been a juggins," said Bob.

"No, I think not. You see, when he had once got my measurements, he contracted a habit of sending things round on trial, as it were; and of course, when a man has actually gone to the trouble of making a thing for you, it seems rather—er—rather a reflection on him to send it back again. I've got lots of his garments by me still. I remember his speciality was overcoats and kilts."

"Have you lived much in Scotland?" asked Patty.

"No, that's just the point. I explained to him that I didn't really need kilts, because the only place I went to in the vacation was the Channel Islands. But he said you never knew when they might come in useful. When I took my degree, I gave them to my scout. He was a man with several small daughters, who had once played inside right for Oxford City. So naturally he was very glad of them."

"Did all his daughters play inside right together?" asked Bob.

"No, he was alone there. They never joined him. I should have made that clearer. It was before he had acquired any daughters to speak of."

"Were they all daughters?" inquired Patty.

"I believe there was a boy here and there; but it was the girls he was really wrapt up in."

"I thought it was the kilts," said Bob.

Dibchick leant back in his chair and blew rings of cigarette smoke. Patty watched him respectfully.

"You're rather good at those things," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered modestly; "the plain, straightforward article is easy enough, but I seem to have lost the knack of breaking them from leg."

Bob got up. "I vote we leave him, Patty. Let's go and play croquet."

"But I should like to have understood about the kilts," said Patty.

"Why should his scout have been so glad of them?"

"To tell the truth," said Dibchick, "he wasn't—at first; at least, not so much. His original idea—a poor one—was that his wife might work them into a tea-cosy or a bed-quilt or something of that kind. But being a woman of social ambitions, she thought it would



Maid. "PLEASE, MISS JESSIE, WHAT AM I TO DO? THERE'S NOTHING FOR BREAKFAST, AND THE MISSIS IS SO VERY PARTICULAR."

be *chic* if he wore them on Saturday afternoons, when he played golf. As it turned out, she was quite right; they gave the family quite a social lift, besides enabling him to develop a much freer swing."

"Come along, Patty," said Bob scornfully. "If you listen much longer he'll give you a sunstroke."

"I certainly have rather a giddy sensation," she said.

#### Solitude by the Sea.

"12,000 PEOPLE GO TO BLACKPOOL ALONE."  
Headline from "Sunday Chronicle."

The *Friend*, a Bloemfontein paper not given to frivolity, has found a new name for the Member for King's Lynn. It is Mr. Helloc Bellairs. It might have been worse. They might have called him Mr. Hellains Belloc.

From the "Correspondence" column (agony) in *La Tribuna*:—

"WEDNESDAY. Received yesterday evening. What a night! How I wept! What words you wrote me! If you saw me, how you should have taken pity upon me! . . . Be quiet, my love. I write. Be quiet."

#### "PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

THE saddest thing I ever saw? he said. Well, I don't know that I can remember quite the saddest, at this moment, but one of the saddest was a row of railway trucks on the line somewhere near Redruth, on the way to Penzance. We had left London full of anticipation of our holiday—in thorough holiday mood—the sky seemed for the moment to have no clouds in it—and then suddenly we came upon this pathetic sight, a row of dispirited trucks in a siding, on each of which was painted the bitter words: "This truck not to go east of Truro." Now think of that! Think of what it must mean to an adventurous ambitious truck to have its wings thus clipped by some unimaginative jackanapes of a traffic superintendant! Our hearts bled for them. I am fairly phlegmatic myself, but I could not bear to look at them; and when my wife saw how small they were, she completely broke down. You know women, sir, you know their tender ways.

The fact that the trucks were so small certainly made it worse. One pictured

the new ones full of freshness, unaware of the cruel legend on their sides, running up to Truro so gaily and confidently, all expectant of their long and delightful journey to the east, and then being pulled up sharp and sent back again without a word of explanation. No east of Truro for them! For them the dull west. Dull indeed. For what has life to offer west of Truro when you may not go east?

One thought of the young ones forced to listen to the talk of large trucks who had been to Plymouth and Exeter and London even. Could there be a harder fate than that—to have to hear of the promised land knowing you may never enter it? We wondered if one of them had ever managed to break away and run the blockade of Truro station. But I fear not; man, and especially official man, is too sharp, too tyrannical.

The incident entirely spoiled our holiday. My wife moped all the time, and though she was as brave as she could be she did not deceive me—I knew where her thoughts were. How could I fail to, when mine were there too?

Poor little trucks.



### THE ROBINSONS' EASTER TRIP TO PARIS.

"HOLD ON, M'RIA! BEFORE YOU GO RIGHT OFF, TELL ME THE FRENCH FOR SAL VOLATILE"

#### TO SPRING.

[The weather in Los Angeles, where these lines come from, seems to have caused dissatisfaction.]

BEAUFORT month, whose advent is connected  
With poets, onions, eggs, and early peas,  
With fragile blossoms blooming undetected,  
And fleecy lambs a-scramper on the leas;  
When April smiles, and all the world seems young,  
And girls are ironing their linen bonnets,  
And Smith, my neighbour, who composes sonnets,  
Caulks his dismantled lung,  
And plays the living deuce with SHAKESPEARE'S native tongue,

I too rejoice, although belated blizzards  
Retard the genial glow of actual Spring;  
Although the feathered choirs, with *frappés* gizzards  
Still feel an inability to sing.  
For either deep inside or down below  
In leaf and blade the vital sap is humming,  
And blustering Boreas bellows: "Spring is coming!"  
Although it doesn't show,  
And should have properly occurred a month ago.

O blessed Spring! whose penetrating breezes,  
From amorous Arctic regions lightly rolled,  
Inspire the shy and shivering swain to wheeze his  
Absurd request that Chloe won't be cold;

I too upon the bosom of some fair  
Would lay the tribute of a brief devotion,  
If I could find some satisfactory lotion  
For carpeting the bare  
Spots on a toil-worn crust with ornamental hair.

Well, thou hast other and less meretricious  
Pleasures, O Spring, that Time has not effaced;  
Those lambkins I referred to—how delicious  
Mint sauce and young green peas will make them  
taste!  
The vernal wind that sweeps my very soul  
Hints at the salmon-steak, the shy *champignon*;  
And think of those fat squabs that gurgle in yon  
Dovecote—*en casserole*!  
Or served as pigeon pie, or simply roasted whole!

Then welcome, primrose-girdled Primavera,  
Goddess (atchoo!) of sunshine and desire;  
I know thou'rt come, although I have to wear a  
Thick waistcoat still, and sit beside the fire;  
For I beheld upon to-day's menu  
"Spring chicken," "Brussels sprouts" and "new  
potatoes;"  
And "Ah!" I cried, "a man who loves his plate owes  
A deal, O Spring, to you,  
Whether it's nice and fine, or sleet obscures the view!"

ALGOL.





## BACK TO THE LAND.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I BE TRAINED FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE?"

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. "PARENTS IN THE WORKHOUSE?"

Boy (*cheerfully*). "NO, SIR."

P. B. T. "WELL, RUN ALONG AND COMMIT A CRIME, OR ELSE WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU."

[Apart from those training-ships which are either industrial or reformatory schools and a single ship for workhouse boys the Government does nothing by way of education for our Merchant Service. All other training ships, such as the *Mercury*, of which Mr. C. B. Fry has recently taken over the control, are dependent for support on voluntary contributions. Yet more than half a century has passed since a Royal Commission recommended the encouragement of training-ships, and more than a year since a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade suggested capitation grants by the State for the instruction of boys wishing to join the Merchant Navy; but nothing seems to have been done. Meanwhile this Service, from which we are supposed to draw our Naval Reserve, is largely manned by aliens.]





### "JUDGING CHARACTER BY CORRESPONDENCE": OR, THE WINSTON TOUCH.

OUR ARTIST HAS CURIOUSLY FEW OPPORTUNITIES OF ATTENDING CABINET COUNCILS, BUT, AFTER A CAREFUL STUDY OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LETTER TO HIS CONSTITUENTS ABOUT THE "S" (DREADNOUGHTS) QUESTION, IN WHICH HE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY CASTIGATES EVERY ANIM AND ARGUMENT OF HIS DEAR COLLEAGUES, HE FEELS SURE THAT THE ABOVE CAN BE NO INACCURATE REPRESENTATION OF WHAT USUALLY OCCURS WHEN THE CABINET MEETS IN COUNCIL.

#### THE POETRY OF "BRADSHAW" ANNOTATED.

[In the manner of the Higher Criticism of Poetry]

"PASSENGERS commencing a long distance journey on a Saturday or Sunday, when the destination will not be reached till the following day, are recommended to consult the detailed tables covering the whole of the Route, as the Train service on Sundays often differs from that on Week Days."

The above selection opens with a most complex mixture of metres and with a very large proportion of unaccented syllables. These devices are employed to give a vivid impression of the speed and confusion incidental to the beginning of a long railway journey.

The paragraph starts with a dactyl; this is followed by an amphibrach, and this by an iambus; three trochees are next used, and then another dactyl. On a cursory reading these opening phrases might be considered a mere jumble; but what to the uninitiated seems to be a jumble is to the truly poetic mind a fine example of forceful heterogeneity

of rhythm. Contrast, for example, the quick movement expressed in the word *Saturday* (the busy day) with the slower movement denoted by the word *Sunday* (the day of quiet). But even *Sunday* does not suggest such peacefulness as *Sabbath* would have done. The secular word *Sunday* is very appropriately used here as the employment of labour is entailed.

In the phrase *long distance journey* we have an excellent example of the wonderful effect of onomatopoeia. The idea of a *long distance journey* is indicated very forcibly by the sound, for "the words move slow" on account of the accumulation of consonants—eleven consonants to eight vowels. Note also the careful choice of the long word *destination* used in connection with a long distance journey, and, in contrast with this, note the sharp sound in *reached* and the shortness of the word, suggesting the sudden stopping of the train.

Throughout the paragraph one cannot fail to hear the short sharp sounds of the engine expressed by the sounds *ch* and *j* (*reached*, *journey*), as well as the large number of sibilants, as in *passen-*

*gers*, *commencing*, *distance*, *Saturday*, *Sunday*, *destination*, etc., etc.

*Following day*. By the second day the rhythmical motion has produced a somnolent effect; this is finely expressed by the use of the liquid *l* and the lullaby sound of the word *day*.

*Recommended to consult*. The time now quickens at the hopeful outlook expressed in this phrase; but when one comes to "the detailed tables" one is compelled by the accumulation of similar consonants (two *d*'s, two *l*'s, and two *r*'s) to read the words slowly and so feel the labour of consulting time-tables in detail.

To prevent monotony the rhythm has been varied; but now the poet returns exactly to the metre used in the opening sentence. This is very skilfully worked in, and without careful perusal one would be at a loss to understand why the words *covering the whole of the route* produce upon the reader such a remarkable effect. The repetition is of the very essence of the poetry of motion. Employing the usual *dum* and *di* to express a long and a short syllable respectively, we find that *covering the whole of the route* and *Passengers commencing a long*

... are both of the form *dum di di di dum di di dum*.

It is quite impossible to point out all the beauties of this exquisite poem, but we cannot leave the subject without a reference to two or three other points of interest.

It will be noticed that rhyme, the most humble of the expedients employed for the creation of musical beauty, is almost discarded by the author, as it is by many other great poets, but that of the more refined and subtle aid of assonance he gives us a fine example in the words *journey and service*, and of alliteration in the words *detailed, tables, train, days*, etc. And what glorious music in the succession of *a's* in these same four words!

In some portions of this selection the author must certainly rank with the greatest masters of our noble language. Compare, for example, the phrase, "To be reached till the following day," with TENNYSON'S "That he shouts with his sister at play."

And, again, compare "Often differs from that on week days" with the line of SHAKESPEARE, "Gauler, look to him—tell not me of (mercy)," or the late Laureate's "Guinevere and in her his one delight!"

#### A Delicate Way of Putting It.

For general fatuousness the holiday panegyrist is hard to beat, especially when he breaks loose—often, too, in verse—in the albums where the proprietors of provincial hostels and lodging-houses are wont to fish for the eulogies of their guests. We would forbear to indicate exactly where in the West Country a particular Golden Treasury of Cockney wit and sentiment was to be found this Eastertide, for fear of giving a bad advertisement to a not very high-class *cuisine* and somewhat indifferent sleeping accommodation; but after wading through pages in which the virtues of "mine hostess" were painted *couleur de rose* it was not a little refreshing to come across the following terse comment, which we think deserves a wider publicity:—

"Quoth the Raven —"

And the landlady, who apparently is not very well versed in American literature, is still in the dark as to its meaning and application.

From answers to a Literature paper:—

"Congreve, of the school of immoral drama, so won the respect of Dante that the latter came across to England to visit him."

### AT THE PLAY.

#### THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE public is greatly indebted to Mr. TREE, and he, in turn, to Mr. PERCY MACQUOID, for a revival most exquisite in every detail of scenery and costume. The company, too, was a veritable galaxy of stars, though the magnitude of some of them seemed to be unfavourably affected by an atmosphere to which they could not perfectly accommodate themselves. Mr. LORAINÉ, in particular, while he did sufficient justice to the breeziness and generous *bonhomie* of Charles Surface, had really stepped into the picture

in the manners of the time; but Miss SUZANNE SHELTON'S Mrs. Candour was a delightfully robust performance, and her own spontaneous humour was a very attractive enlargement upon SHERRIDAN'S wit.

Mr. TREE as Sir Peter was admirable, more especially in his confidential soliloquies; and Mr. BASIL GILL, if he bore no facial resemblance to the ideal Joseph, acted with greater subtlety than one might have expected. Mr. LIONEL BROUGH was a masterly Moses, and Mr. HENRY NEVILLE gave the right measure of rotundity to his interpretation of Sir Oliver. Mr. EDWARD TERRY, as Crabtree,

provided what I suppose was a proper relief to the general atmosphere of refined artificiality; and Mr. HENRY ESMOND, who made an amusing dandy, was, I am glad to say, less restive than usual. Finally, Miss DAGMAR WIEHE looked extremely pretty in the rather thankless part of Maria.

Never was a more charming picture than the minuet in the First Act, and, indeed, the whole performance was delightful. Possibly the stickler for pure comedy might cavil just a little at the way in which the Screen Scene was allowed to drift perilously near to farce.

I half hope that this revival will do something to restore the vogue of soliloquy; not, of course, of the kind employed for the chronicling of facts or as a device for the evasion of other and superable difficulties, but the permissible sort, in which the actors take the audience into their confidence. I like to think that they recognise that I am there and worth talking to.

O. S.

#### A New Record.

[No more costly arrayed bride has ever entered the church (St. Paul's, Knightsbridge).—*Daily Chronicle*.]

How curiously impatient of delays  
Are our young couples in these hustling days!

At least, to judge from journalistic headings,  
They start their married life with  
"diamond" weddings.

"There will be no Shakespeare festival at His Majesty's Theatre owing to the marked success of his revival of 'The School for Scandal,' the run of which he does not care to temporarily break."

This paragraph appears all by itself in *The Standard*, and leaves us uncertain whether "he" refers to SHAKESPEARE or HIS MAJESTY.



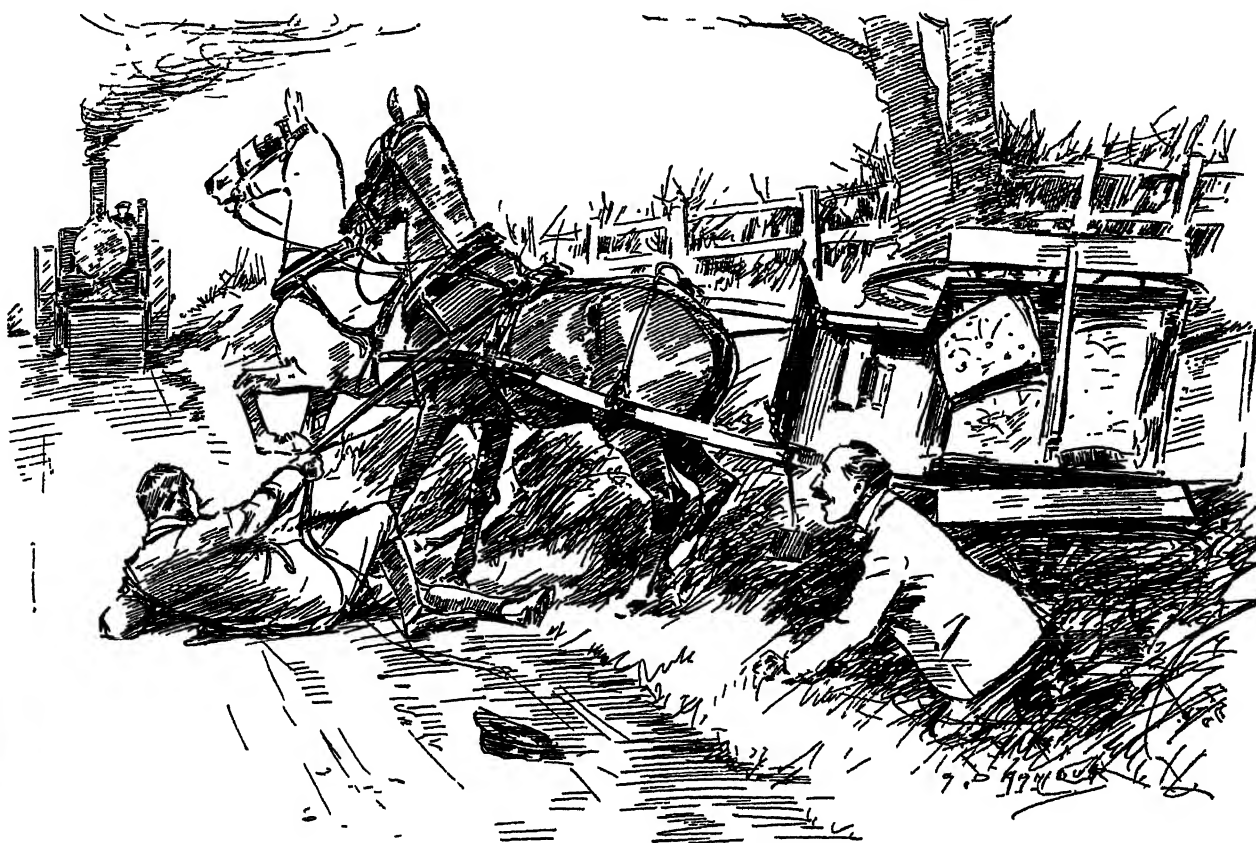
CONCERNING "THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER."

Sir Peter Teazle . . . Mr. TREE.  
Charles Surface . . . Mr. LORAINÉ.

straight out of the twentieth century, and might have been mistaken for Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS *au naturel*, with a touch of Sir CHARLES WYNDEHAM thrown in. Miss MARIE LÖHN, again, whose fresh young beauty does not in the least lend itself to the paint and powder and patches of the period, was never quite at her charming best, even in *Lady Teazle's* earlier and more playful scenes, and for the Third Act she wanted experience. I venture to plead with those who have the care of Miss LÖHN'S career that they will not try to force her flower-like gifts, and put burdens upon her which her youth, with all its cleverness and adaptability, is unable to bear.

Of the women, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, as *Lady Sneerwell*, was far the best equipped





Guest. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, DO YOU THINK IT'S THE PACE OF THE THING THAT WORRIES 'EM?"

### TO A BISON.

[After reading a recent article in "The Times" on his preservation.]

CREATURE, regards! What though river and prairie  
Know not to-day the stampede of your horde,  
See not the maelstrom of heads huge and hairy,  
Hear not the thunder of hoof upon sward?  
What though the plough breaks the trails where your  
following

Millions once surged like the flow of the tide,  
And o'er your picturesque places of wallowing  
Golden as sunrise the wheat stretches wide?

For there's romance in your veriest mention;  
Camp-fires at nightfall and mountings at morn,  
Wigwam and war-path again claim attention,  
Hair-breadth escapes from your perilous horn!  
Yes, when we read of you, boyhood comes back again,  
(Shade of MAYNE REID and of BALLANTYNE too!)  
And we're repelling a Red-skin attack again,  
Strewing the lawn with belligerent Sioux!

Or, on our mustangs (the fire-breathing devils)  
Madly we gallop with never a pull,  
Close with your mob on the alkali levels  
(Sometimes the garden), and drop the big bull!  
Back to the waggons (the tool-shed or rockery),  
Loose in the saddle to breakfast we ride,  
Naught of contemptible cruet and crockery  
Needs the proved plainsman when pemmican's fried!

Will you once more in Saskatchewan's regions  
Thrive, as we hope, just as hardy and tough

As when the red man of old saw your legions  
Blacken the plains from some prominent bluff?  
Will the bronzed cow-puncher hear, when the twittering  
Quail greet the morning, your truculent moo  
Boom down the cañon where snow-peaks are glittering,  
Soaring aloft to the fathomless blue?

Only your Totem can tell; so at present  
Just let us wish you the peace of the hills,  
Salt-lick and wallow, and pasturage pleasant,  
Safe from the bullets of "Buffalo Bills";  
Few, half domestic—the blood's not degenerate—  
Long may you rule your park-ranges at ease,  
And here's regards to you, creature, at any rate,  
Since your mere mention brings dreams such as these!

From the Supplement to *The Schoolmistress* we extract the following questions set by the Board of Education in an English Language Paper in the Preliminary Examination for the certificate:

"A traveller in Africa saw two animals which he took to be young lions running towards him. His negro servants ran away in fright, while he shot both the animals—a feat with which he was pleased. Immediately afterwards, however, a white man came out of the neighbouring wood and remonstrated with him, explaining that the animals were not lions but dogs brought at great expense from England. The traveller was much abashed and apologised for his mistake.

Tell the above story again in your own words so as to make it as vivid and interesting as you can. Make the two men talk to each other."

We sincerely trust that no young girl among the candidates was capable of so much as imagining the probable language of the owner of the dogs.

## THE STANDING GRIEVANCE.

I HAVE heard the question discussed from every side—including the inside and outside. Perhaps this is why I have never been able to make up my mind. My wife is a Suffragette. My wife's mother is a Suffragist. My mother is an Anti-Suffragette. My sister—who considers that the proper moment has not yet arrived—might best be described as an Anti-Suffrago-As-Yet. The views of my daughter are totally incapable of description, though she is perhaps the most earnest of them all.

"Why don't you consider women as they are, and not as you think they might be if they became different to what they are," said my wife.

"Because," I replied, "you want to become different to what you are, and if you did become different it would be foolish to consider you as you were before you did."

"What I mean," she said, "is this. Take the general conduct of women through any series of every-day events, and, if that conduct is satisfactory, apply it to events on a larger scale in the government of nations."

This struck me as being reasonable, and I ruled two columns in my notebook and headed them "Pros" and "Cons" respectively. As I raced down the hill to catch my "Circle" train to the City it struck me that I would put the idea into practice on my journey.

I reached the booking-office in a dancing hurry. There were exactly twenty seconds before my train was due in. The lady *in situ* waited till she had received her ticket, and then commenced the necessary sequence of events that leads to the production of a purse.

A statesman should always be prepared—even for an emergency. The expected appearance of a railway-ticket on the slab could not truthfully be called an emergency, so I entered a mark in the "Cons." column.

My heart smote me as I watched her take her purse out of her reticule and open the inmost compartment. She was really rather pretty. I entered a mark on the "Pro" side, because carefulness about money is an excellent quality in people who prepare the Budget.

Having looked inside the purse she inquired the price of the ticket. The answer to this question necessitated the return of the purse to the reticule and a search for a pocket in an underskirt. After a short but determined struggle she produced a second purse, which proved equal to the financial strain. While the clerk was counting out her change I entered a second mark in the "Cons." column. I don't know in what category this mark should be placed, but I heard my train in the

distance and moistened the tip of my pencil before I wrote with it.

Having obtained my ticket I made a dash for the barrier, and was again held up while she made careful inquiries as to her destination. While the ticket collector was informing her for the third time that any train going to the left would take her to the Mansion House, I made a second entry on the Credit side. This was rather noble of me, but I felt she deserved one for such a display of caution. Excellent quality in a young Minister of State.

The five additional points which I then entered on the Debit side I afterwards crossed out. I felt that my personal feelings should not enter into the matter, and, after all, trains are very frequent on that line. I spent the time in drawing a more elaborate scheme of marks and remarks. This is how it runs:—

Brought forward 2 2

*On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.*

This showed a healthy mistrust for officialdom and a pleasing repetition of her caution.

*On her asking a porter the same question directly afterwards.*

(I haven't invented this—there really was a porter.) Over-caution—bad.

*On her asking the conductor of the train the same question.*

Persistence.

*On her entering a smoking compartment in frantic haste.*

Lack of perception.

*On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.*

Willingness to acknowledge errors.

*On the conductor calling, "All change!" asking him twice if she changed there for the Mansion House.*

Useful heckling gift for member of Opposition.

(This occurred at South Kensington on one of the surviving semi-circle trains.)

*On her asking me if the next train was right for the Mansion House.*

Power of reposing confidence in the right person.

Useful gift for First Lord of the Admiralty.

*On her asking the conductor the same question.*

Tactlessness.

*On her entering crowded smoking compartment in frantic haste.*

Lack of perception.

Lack of presence of mind.

Brought forward 13 12  
*On her attempting to leave it after the train had started.*

Lack of ability to profit by experience.

*On her thanking me very much for my seat.*

Politeness. Excellent quality for Leader of Opposition.

*On her retaining the seat at Sloane Square instead of seeking a non-smoking compartment.*

do. do. Victoria.

do. do. St. James's Park.

do. do. Westminster.

do. do. Charing Cross.

do. do. Temple.

do. do. Blackfriars.

15 178

It was my last entry—about a Member retaining a seat while another person was standing for it—that made my wife think I hadn't treated the matter seriously. She said that only a woman could apply the test with absolute impartiality. I am inclined, as they never give up their seats to other women, to agree with her.

## NARROW ESCAPES.

It appears from his recently published biography that Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS, the well-known music-hall artist, was originally intended by his parents to become a missionary.

It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that this is an isolated case of the abandonment of one career for another of a diametrically opposed character. As a matter of fact the annals of contemporary life teem with analogous cases of conversion.

Mr. RUFUS ISAACS not only wished to become a sailor, but actually went to sea before the jury mast. He was eventually called to the harbour bar, with results that are familiar to all our readers.

The late Sir HENRY IRVING as a boy cherished the ambition of being an engine-driver. He ultimately adopted the career of an actor, but found consolation for the change in a close friendship with his faithful STOKER.

The parents of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN were bent on his entering the political arena, and confidently looked forward to his one day becoming Prime Minister. "After all," as the Bard wittily puts it, "I only missed it by one letter. Instead of being P.M., I am P.L."

Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL justified his Christian name in early youth by his first-rate fighting qualities, and had already challenged FITZSIMMONS when the success of "Pompadour Jim" on the

boards induced him to abandon pugilism for histrionics. But to this day he prefers a strong, repellent, aggressive part to one of a pacifist character.

Mr. HADEN COTTIN was within an ace of becoming an archbishop—if he had adhered to his original intention of entering the Church. But on its being pointed out to him that his name would be worth a fortune in musical comedy, to say nothing of his golden voice and priceless deportment, he reconsidered his verdict. Yet to this day his ascetic features and rapt gaze often cause him to be mistaken for an archdeacon.

### FRANCHISE FETTERMENTS.

THE "Woman's Freedom League Fancy Fair" has offered a prize for the best Suffragette blouse for practical wear, and *Mr. Punch's* modiste has entered the competition with the following design for a complete costume:—

Beehive hat in purple green and white straw, with long plume standing erect in front to tickle the constable's cheeks and reduce him to a state of hysterical collapse. Sterner measures indicated by 14-inch hat-pins, which are also specially designed to keep the headgear straight in the subsequent rough-and-tumble, and ensure a more dignified snapshot of the "Cause in Action" for the various Press cameras.

Blouse made of specially prepared oiled silk guaranteed to slip through the arms of the law. Cuffs and revers daintily edged with barbed wire in the latest shades, waistband and shoulder-straps to match. All fastenings made doubly secure by pins, the points uncovered to taste. The blouse should be made without a yoke, which must not be worn under any circumstances.

Skirt of stout grey gaberdine, warranted not to tear or catch on the tops of iron palings round public men's front gardens and statues. This garment, which is close and clinging, is provided with a patch pocket large enough to hold megaphone and dog-whip.

Chiffon boa two yards long, concealing along its length a slender steel chain with padlock attached.

Footwear, stout nature-form shoes with broad welts and spiked soles.

Hose, blue.

*The Birmingham Daily Post* reports the refloating, at Port Said, of a damaged steamer belonging to the "Societa Vene Ziana (sic) di Navigazione a Vapore."

"What news on the Ri Alto?"

### Our Pampered Poultry.

"Convertible Carriage, for one to lay and one to sit."

Advt. in "*Sheffield Daily Independent*."



"LOOK HERE, MABEL, IF YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD ABOUT MACGREGOR'S FEET I SHAN'T PLAY WITH YOU ANY MORE."

"AILE RIGHT, DARLING. I'LL ONLY MAKE THE SERVANT SAY, 'DO YOU WANT YOUR BOOTS CLEANED, SIR?'"

According to *The Manchester Evening Chronicle* the Bishop of Manchester has made the suggestion that "all purveyors of injurious and immoral literature should be shut up in a library of wholesome literature till they were repentant." Surely the Right Rev. Prelate exaggerates the painfulness of this form of purgatory.

From *The Sportsman's* notice of the Harrow Sports:—

"Quarter-mile (big), G. F. Royle, 4 min. 57½ secs."

It seems to have been quite a "big" quarter-mile.

### Hunting Notes.

*Runs with the Rabbit Hounds.*

From a catalogue:—

"Bay mare, 15-1, sound. Only reason for selling, close of rabbit season."

### Military Tactics.

From a speech at a meeting of Postal Clerks:—

"Having once raised the siege they were not going to give up until it had fallen."

"Italian is the easiest language in which to sing, because it contains the fewest vowels and consonants."—*Scribner's Magazine*.

Diphthongs are its only other weak point.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is something rather melodramatic about the conditions of the agreement between the two rivals which gives its name to Mr. RIDGWELL CULLUM'S novel, *The Compact* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), but it is difficult to conceive anything too melodramatic for the country and the time in which the story is placed. As Mr. CULLUM suggests in a useful "Introduction," recent events in South Africa have largely obscured our recollection of those which preceded them, and it is scarcely realised that during the years following Majuba the land was a paradise for freebooters. He reproduces this atmosphere of lawlessness, with cross wind-currents of political scheming—BISMARCK and CECIL RHODES, GLANSTONE, LORD DERBY, and W. E. FORSTER all contributing; and this makes his book so exceptionally readable that I am quite willing to accept the stagy situations which are introduced to round up the facts for popular consumption.

A purty tale for sartin sure  
Have EDEN PHILLIPS took and writ

Along o' they on Dartymoor,  
And HUTCHINSON be zellin' it.  
'Called *The Three Brothers*, zo it be,  
For such it's most of it about,  
But crowds o' volk besides them three

Keeps poppin' in and peerin' out.

He've done en all zo large as day;  
Not moumets made o' bits an' scraps

After the hookem-snivey way  
Of some o' these here writin' chaps,

But human bein's, gay and glum,  
Ploddin' and flighty, false and true—

Some as I'd kick at sight, and some  
I'd stand a pint o' liquor to.

*Tommy Kingsmead*, Earl of that ilk, has been compelled by poverty to sell *Kingsmead*, the home of his fathers, to old *Bath-Tub Lansing*, manufacturer. Mr. *Lansing* is rich, for there is something about his bath-tubs which makes them indispensable to every properly regulated household. He is a kind, unassuming, uneducated old gentleman with a kind old wife to match him, and he has an Oxford son, handsome as Apollo and a friend of *Tommy Kingsmead*. Also he has a daughter *Inez*, less agreeable, because she is more of a snob than her parents or her Greek god of a brother. *Tommy*, being a good little chap, comes to stay with this family in his own ancestral mansion in order to give them a lift with the stiff idiots who compose society round about *Kingsmead*. This is the basis of the story which the Baroness von HUTTEN tells in *Kingsmead* (HUTCHINSON). In an amusing preface she apologises for various chronological inconsistencies which may trouble those who have read her earlier work and who now read this book. Some of her characters will be found to have grown up too soon in *Kingsmead*, particularly *Pam*, whom we all remember. Well, I own I don't mind much, for I thoroughly enjoyed the reading of her new book, and I heartily recommend

it. The Baroness has a friendly way with her, the sort of way that THACKERAY had, and TROLLOPE and our own beloved DU MAURIER. If she wants to make you love her characters she manages to do it. They are all real people, and they talk and act as such. Still, *Tommy Kingsmead* having in Chapter I. started to walk from the station and not having met with or been overtaken by any vehicle on his way, ought not to have been allowed to arrive at the courtyard in a cart in Chapter II.

If you have seen that play of newspaper life, *The Earth*, at the Kingsway, then you had better read Mr. OLIVER ONIONS' story of newspaper life, *Little Devil Doubt* (MURRAY); the novel, at any rate, carries conviction in every detail. Mr. ONIONS does not introduce us to the daily with the circulation of two millions, but to the companion magazines which thrive

on its powers of advertisement; to *Sunny Sundays*, *The Boys' Billion*, *Chiyikes*, *Match Tricks*, and the rest of them. *Sunny Sundays* did not really begin to pay until the editor hit upon the brilliant idea of including each week a scandalous article from some other paper and commenting sorrowfully upon its more lurid improprieties—under the heading "Groans from Gomorrah." Readers of *The Boys' Billion* were invited to become members of the United Band of Billionaires, which involved practising the Band's grip, wearing the Band's badge, using the Band's dumb-bell, and devoting one evening a week to making *The Billion* better known. Though many joined, it was believed that the editor was the only man who invariably saluted his friends with the *Billion* grip. "*Chiyikes* and *Match Tricks* were edited by an Imperialist called Israels." For further information about these and other allied papers, I must refer you to *Little Devil Doubt*. Mr. ONIONS has written his best book so far; a delightful story, told with a reticent humour and feeling for character which make it excellent reading.



AN UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

When a gentleman sues for a lady's hand, it is not usual, I believe, for him to inform his beloved that, though he adores her, he rather prefers the society of a male friend. Nor is it usual, I fancy, for the lady to accept him on such terms; or to answer, like the heroine in Mr. JOHN BARNETT'S new novel, *Geoffrey Cheriton* (SMITH, ELDER), "I used to fancy that the second place was impossible to me. But it isn't—it isn't! I'm really very proud to take it." However that may be, if the heroine does not mind playing second fiddle, I see no particular cause for the reader to cavil at the improbability of an uncommonly well-written novel. The best of the book is the everyday life in a City office, with all its petty meannesses, its jealousies, rivalries, and hopeless outlook: that at least rings true in every note. For the rest, the gentleman whose friendship ranked higher than the love of the lady does not move me. He is a kind of inferior *Steerforth*, and of such persons one may easily have more than enough, in real life and in fiction.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE recent undoubted improvement in the quality of the British Army is now explained. There are, it is said, twenty-two German privates in our Land Forces. It is wonderful what a little stiffening like that will do.

Mr. ASQUITH, in his Glasgow speech, referred to "those who framed the Navy Estimates." We are astonished to hear that anyone thought them worth framing.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, in a letter read at a Liberal meeting, condemned "the monstrous war scare." *Little Novels of Italy* may yet be followed by *Novels of Little England*.

Now that the beatification of JOAN OF ARC is complete it has been suggested that she shall be known in future as *L'Arc en ciel*.

Mr. JIM PATTEN, the Chicago wheat gambler, has been obliged to engage a bodyguard, as so many persons have threatened to step on his corns.

We have long suspected it; now we are sure of it. *The Daily Chronicle* has a humourist on its staff. The result of the East Edinburgh Election, when the Liberal vote was reduced by 3,716, was announced in a headline as:—

TRIUMPH OF FREE TRADE CANDIDATE.

Bathing dresses, we are told, are now being made from blotting-paper. The advantage of such costumes consists, we understand, in the fact that, as soon as you get out of your depth, the blotting-paper sucks up the water.

It is rumoured that a startling development of the idea of presenting SHAKESPEARE'S plays without scenery may be expected shortly. A number of our leading Classical Dancers are said to be considering the production of *As You Like It* without costumes.

"Great actors and, for the matter of that, great actresses," said Mr. DAVID BELASCO, the other day, "may be plain in looks." We understand that this permission of the great playwright has given

much satisfaction to those concerned and full advantage is being taken of it.

In connection with the movement in favour of holding special Sunday Services for Sportsmen there will, we hear, shortly be issued a list of revised expressions to be used by golfers on the Sabbath, such as "There now!" "Bother!" "Tut!" and "Dear me!"—the last-mentioned words to be used only in bad crises, and great care to be taken over their enunciation.

*The Express* gives us particulars of a "strange monster" which has been seen haunting the shores of lonely lochs in the Isle of Harris. It is described as having short and thick legs, a square and somewhat long head, and pendulous ears. This looks rather as if a British Dachshund has been evolved at last.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has introduced a Bill to prohibit gambling on loss by maritime perils. The pity is that he should not be in favour of minimising our maritime perils by the development of a strong Navy.

"Artist with airbrush desires commissions," says an advertisement. Here, surely is the man to paint Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT'S portrait?

It is not, we believe, generally known that the Poet Laureate is an expert skater. Such, however, is the fact, and we understand that his next volume will contain the following words by way of preface:—"This is my new book of poems, but I skate very nicely."

The recent imposing procession of Suffragettes through the heart of London is bearing fruit. For example, *Feathered Life* is not an organ which in the past has distinguished itself by its championship of the fair sex, but in its current number it acknowledges handsomely that "women possess many characteristics that fit them remarkably well for looking after poultry."

From an account of a cricket match in *The Leicester Daily Mercury*:

"Victor 2nd: E. Carter b Moseley 7, F. Wildman b supporting the Government and the Opposition."

If you try that double game you're bound to be bowled out before long.

"However, duties must be attended to, and with a School Board election before us it behoves every well-intended Alythionian to have his lambs trimmed and his loins girded."—*The Alyth Guardian*.

"Lambs" would appear to be Alythionian for "mutton chop whiskers."

More Commercial Candour.

"WANTED: Customers for our deadly cheap Gramophone."—*Madras Mail*.



"MEET ME AT 4.15 UNDER THE CLOCK."

MR. SMYTHE-DAUBENT HOPES TO SECURE THE COVETED HONOUR OF EXHIBITING "THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR." TO THIS END HE HAS INTRODUCED A REAL WORKING CLOCK INTO HIS LARGE PAINTING, "BY THE ASHES OF OUR FATHERS."

Kensington Gardens are to have a rain-shelter, the use of which will be restricted to children. Adults who frequent the Gardens will do well to carry a small pinafore and a sun-bonnet, which can be hastily donned in the event of a shower.

At a vestry meeting at Brushford, Somerset, the churchwardens were authorised to remonstrate with a parishioner who had made it a practice to walk out of church just before the rector began his sermon. We trust that such acts of cowardice among worshippers are rare.

## THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE NAVY QUESTION AGAIN.

"WELL," I said—for I had made my peace with Prenderby—"you're to have your eight *Dreadnoughts* after all."

"Who told you so?" he asked.

"A little bird put it into a paper the other Sunday," I said.

"I like to hear these things direct from headquarters," said Prenderby, "and I hear nothing. ASQUITH may be wanting to save his own face; but in the meantime what about the speaking countenance of your little bird? From the PREMIER's last Scotch speech I gathered that he thought it wilful waste to build more *Dreadnoughts* when you never could tell but what at any moment somebody might invent a *Dread-nothing-not-even-a-Dreadnought*, and leave us choked up with a lot of hulks only fit for scrapping."

"But," I protested, "wasn't something of the same kind said at Cardiff by Lord ROSEBERY? and you wouldn't call him a Little-fleeter. He told us that before he joined the popular clamour for more ships he would want to know what was going on in the brooding brain of our Naval Constructor."

"I was there myself," said Prenderby; "and I make allowances for his lordship. He had to talk from a landing half-way up a staircase, and this was uncomfortable. Besides, he was speaking in praise of a great past-master of the art of Naval Construction, and one of his successors, Sir PHILIP WATTS, was present to do honour to the memory of his old teacher. I have never yet, in a long acquaintance, dissected Sir PHILIP's brooding brain, but I am certain of one thing that is always going on inside it. I know that he knows that in every ship he turns out there is the seed of obsolescence. Being an honest man, he doesn't plant it there on purpose; but all the same his occupation would be gone without it. Even if, in a moment of pardonable pride, he so far forgot himself as to address the latest of his monstrous inventions as follows:—'*O Insuperable, live for ever!*' it would be his business to start brooding again at once with the idea of making it obsolete as soon as might be."

"But supposing," I suggested, "that he already sees his way, by brooding for another paltry eighteen months or so, to invent a type that will reduce all previous types to the relative fighting capacity of a trim-built wherry, would you have the Government go on building four extra *Dreadnoughts*, well knowing that they would be obsolete by 1914?"

"Oblige me," said Prenderby, "by confining your attention to the year 1912. We are strong enough to-day (as the Radicals assure us), and we might, if certain things happened and other things didn't, be strong enough in 1914; but kindly fix your brooding eye on the danger zone of 1912. If in that year we are beaten by Germany——"

"Would it not," I interrupted, "be more discreet to speak of the forces of 'The Empress of the North,' as in *An Englishman's Home*?"

"Never allude to that play again in my presence, if you please," said Prenderby. "The lack of decency and patriotism shown by those responsible for the exposure of our soiled linen on a Berlin stage fills me with unspeakable shame and disgust. But to resume. If in 1912 we are beaten by Germany (and please don't call me a coward because I happen to have a little imagination) will you derive any solace from the reflection that both sides were fighting with obsolete ships, and that we failed because, in our wisdom and foresight, we refused to build enough of them?"

"But the Government," I urged, "are building one quartet; it is only the other quartet that they are doubtful about."

"But why build any at all, if their probable obsolescence is the objection? And how should the second four be more tainted in this respect than the first?"

"Can't you understand," I said rather petulantly, "that it is waste of good money to build superfluous *Dreadnoughts* when the Government have got wind of something better that will revolutionise naval warfare in 1914?"

"That," said Prenderby bitterly, "should make a noble spectacle for our invaders in 1912. *Fifty pfennigs entrance to see the British Super-Dreadnought (1914 pattern) on the stocks.* By the way, I rather wonder that some of those Radical papers which have been sniffing at the nation's 'cowardice' in the present Navy 'scare' should tolerate this idea of designing a *Super-Dreadnought*. Does it not argue panic? Is it quite consonant with the spirit of Nelson's day that they should cravenly desire to best the enemy's ships in the matter of quality, if not of quantity?"

"I take it," I said, "that you persist in your unreason; that you go one better than Wordsworth's stubborn little maid in '*We are Seven*'?"

"I am for the whole eight unconditionally, if that is what your humour means. I should think very little of the captain of a Varsity boat if, on the day of the race, he were to say, 'We shall start with four men, anyhow; and pick up the other four at Hammersmith, if we find that we want 'em.'"

"You remind me," I said, "of the *Westminster* cartoon—the 'Unionist parrot' that keeps on screaming '*Dreadnoughts!*'"

"I am no Unionist," said Prenderby, always irritated by any suggestion that his views have a party bias; "and, besides, the Unionists haven't got a parrot of their own, unless they have taken over the only established parrot, the one belonging to the other side—I mean the bird that persisted in saying 'Your food will cost you more.' By the way, the bird was right. Our food is costing us more. Possibly that was why the Free Fooders got rid of their parrot, lest he should go on adding to the many truths that are uttered by inadvertence."

"Talking of food," I said, "did you read Lord MILNER's speech at Nottingham and his defence of a Preferential policy?"

"I never read party speeches on such economic questions, as I desire to preserve an open mind. My studies in Preference and Tariff Reform have only extended over four or five years, and my judgment is therefore still unformed. But that part of his speech which dealt with purely patriotic themes seemed to me to rank among the great utterances of the hour."

"Lord MILNER grows in mental breadth. There was a time when I thought him narrowed by personal prejudice, and too bitter about the Boers. But his outlook has widened. I should have little fear for the construction of the next Government if it might include another MILNER or two."

"Well, my *Westminster Gazette* doesn't seem to think much of him," I said.

"I am aware of that," said Prenderby. "I observed its comments on the patriotic portion of his speech, and I found them petty and partisan—unworthy of a great paper. It looks as if the Government, of which the *Westminster* is the evening mouthpiece, cannot pardon Lord MILNER for having been publicly censured by them. We forgive those who have wronged us, not those whom we have wronged."

"But you forgave me the other week," I said.

"Because it was I who was wronged," said he.

And on this conciliatory note we parted.

O. S.

## Oriental Operations.

Oil has been discovered in Egypt, and we understand that, in view of the greater profits likely to be derived from this venture, several of our Semitic speculators are selling out their stock of Balm in Gilead.



## RICH FARE.

THE GIANT LLOYD-GORGIBU-TER: "FEE, FI, FO, FAT,  
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A PLUTOCRAT;  
BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD,  
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD."







Joan "I'M AWFUL FRIGHTENED AT THE NIGHTIN'. I WISH THERE WAS A MAN HERE"

Mistress "WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO?"

Joan "HE'D TELL ME NOT TO BE SUCH A FOOL"

## THE BUILDERS.

### I.

*Mrs. Thrush.* What do you think of that hawthorn?

*Mr. Thrush.* Oh, no, my dear, no; much too isolated, it would attract attention at once. I can see the boys on a Sunday afternoon. "Hallo, there's a tree that's bound to have a nest in it." And then where are you? You know what boys are on a Sunday afternoon? You remember that from last year, when we lost the finest clutch of eggs in the county.

*Mrs. Thrush.* Stop, stop, dear, I can't bear it. Why do you remind me of it? And as for Sunday afternoons they never ought to have been invented.

*Mr. Thrush.* There, there, compose yourself, my pretty. What other suggestions have you?

*Mrs. Thrush.* One of the laurels, then, in the shrubbery at the Great House.

*Mr. Thrush.* Much better. But the trouble there is the cat.

*Mrs. Thrush.* Oh dear, I wish you'd find a place for me; I assure you (blushing) it's time.

*Mr. Thrush.* Well, my notion, as I

have said all along, is that there's nothing to beat the very middle of a big bramble. I don't mind whether it's in the hedge or whether it's on the common. But it must be the very middle. It doesn't matter very much then whether it's seen or not, because no one can reach it.

*Mrs. Thrush.* Very well then, be it so; but do hurry with the building, there's a dear.

### II.

*Mr. Tree-Creeper.* I've had the most extraordinary luck. Listen. You know that farmhouse by the pond. Well, there's a cow-shed with a door that won't shut, and even if it would it's got a hole in it, and in the roof, at the very top, there's a hollow. It's the most perfect place you ever saw, because, even if the farmer twigged us, he couldn't get at the nest without pulling off a lot of tiles. Do you see?

*Mrs. Tree-Creeper.* It sounds perfect.

*Mr. Tree-Creeper.* Yes, but it's no use waiting here. We must collar it at once. There were a lot of prying birds all about when I was there, and I noticed a particularly nosy flycatcher watching me all the time. Come along quick;

and you'd better bring a piece of hay with you to look like business.

### III.

*Mr. Wren.* Well, darling, what shall it be this year—one of those boxes at "The Firs," or the letter-box at "Meadow View," where the open-air journalist lives, or shall we build for ourselves like honest wrens?

*Mrs. Wren.* I leave it to you, dearest. Just as you wish.

*Mr. Wren.* No, I want your help. I'll just give you the pros and cons.

*Mrs. Wren.* Yes, dear, do; you're so clear-headed.

*Mr. Wren.* Listen then. If we use the nest box there's nothing to do, no fag of building, but we have to put up with visitors peeping in every day and pawing the eggs or the kids about. If we use the letter-box we shall have to line it, and there will be some of the same human fussiness to endure; but, on the other hand, we shall become famous—we shall get into the papers. Don't you see the heading, "Remarkable Nest in Surrey"? And then it will go on, "A pair of wrens have chosen a strange abode in which to rear their little fluffy brood—" and so forth.

Mrs. Wren. That's rather delightful, all the same.

Mr. Wren. Finally, there is the nest which we build ourselves, running just the ordinary risks of boys and ornithologists, but feeling at any rate that we are independent. What do you say?

Mrs. Wren. Well, dearest, I think I say the last.

Mr. Wren. Good. Spoken like a brave hen. Then let's look about for a site at once.

#### IV.

Mr. Swallow. I've looked at every house with decent eaves in the whole place until I'm ready to drop.

Mrs. Swallow. What do you think about it?

Mr. Swallow. Well, it's a puzzle. There's the Manor House: I began with that. There is good holding there, but the pond is a long way off, and carrying mud so far would be a fearful grind. None the less it's a well-built house, and I feel sure we shouldn't be disturbed.

Mrs. Swallow. What about the people?

Mr. Swallow. How funny you are about the people always! Never mind. All I can find out is that there's the squire and his wife and a companion.

Mrs. Swallow. No children?

Mr. Swallow. None.

Mrs. Swallow. Then I don't care for the Manor House. Tell me of another.

Mr. Swallow. This is the merest sentiment; but no matter. The Vicarage next.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children there?

Mr. Swallow. No, but it's much nearer the pond.

Mrs. Swallow. And the next?

Mr. Swallow. The farmhouse. A beautiful place with a pond at your very door. Everything you require, and lots of company. Good sheltered eaves, too.

Mrs. Swallow. Any children?

Mr. Swallow. Yes, one little girl.

Mrs. Swallow. Isn't there any house with babies?

Mr. Swallow. Only one that could possibly be any use to us; but it's a miserably poor place. No style.

Mrs. Swallow. How many babies?

Mr. Swallow. Twins, just born, and others of one and two and three.

Mrs. Swallow. We'll build there.

Mr. Swallow. They'll make a horrible row all night.

Mrs. Swallow. We'll build there.

#### A Chinese Plot.

"J. L., Successor to A. Katayama, has opened pleasant"

DENTAL PARLOURS,  
Special Prices to Missionaries."

The Chinese Illustrated News.

We think the bland innocuous air of this is a little overdone.

#### A TRIFLE OFF.

"HALLO," said Miss Middleton, as we met suddenly in the Park, "how are you?" She held out her hand.

"Very pale," I answered, as I grasped her wrist; "very pale and thin." I took out my watch. "Will you say 'Go!' when you're ready?"

"I don't know what the game is, but I'm always ready. Go!"

"... Ten, eleven, twelve," I finished up. "Now, in the same time mine does thirteen and a touch." I put my watch back and let go of her wrist. "That shows you."

Miss Middleton looked anxiously at me. "Aren't you very well?" she asked. "Of course I'm not," I said peevishly.

"That's what I've been trying to explain all this time. I'm very ill. My pulse is—well, you saw just now. I've no business to be in London at all. I ought really to be at Brighton, lapping up ozone."

"Oh, what's the matter?"

"Influenza," I muttered gloomily.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Have you taken anything for it?"

I turned excitedly to her.

"Have I tak— I say, you aren't trying to be brisk, are you? You know nobody appreciates brisk humour or intellectual badinage more than I do—when I'm feeling well. But there are times, and this is one of them—there are emphatically times—"

"What have I done?" cried Miss Middleton in dismay. "I simply said—"

"You simply said, had I taken anything for it? Have you ever had influenza?"

"I expect so."

"If you can't remember it better than that, you haven't. Well, anyhow, there are two ways of taking it; one is lying down, and the other is sitting up. I took mine sitting up."

"What does that mean?"

"Why, that I went home and fought it, Madam. Wrestled with it. Drowned it. Great Barlow, the things I drowned it with!"

"Tell me," said Miss Middleton.

"I can only remember some of them. One's memory goes with influenza, and they mixed the things up so. Let us sit down here for a little while."

We took two green chairs, and I leaned back and closed my eyes.

"There was somebody's Lung lotion," I began dreamily, "very thick and black and beastly, and somebody's Tonic Port, very thin and red and beastly, and they came together every three hours. And there was somebody's Eucalyptus on a lump of sugar, and somebody's lozenges, and somebody's jujubes. And a cough mixture. And a gargle. And

there was something to bathe the eyes with. And there was a wash for giving the coats of spaniels a glossy appearance, and a spray for removing greenfly from rose-trees . . . And I drank them all."

There was an impressive stillness after this. Then said Miss Middleton:

"You don't look very—er—glossy. Can't you get the money back?"

"I don't feel very glossy," I said.

There was another impressive silence. I began to fumble in my waistcoat pocket.

"This is really my gargling time," I began, "but I have here a tablet which is said to be equally efficacious. You will forgive me for not offering one to you," I went on as I held it between my finger and thumb, "but this is the last."

"What a curious thing," said Miss Middleton. "It looks just like the tip of a billiard cue."

"Hang it, it is the top of a billiard cue," I said, as I looked at it more closely. "Thank you." I threw it away in disgust. "But it would probably have done me a lot of good," I added. "The great thing with influenza is to keep on. On and on until you gradually wear it away. Have you a teaspoon with you?"

"There!" cried Miss Middleton. "All the time I was putting on my hat I kept saying to myself, Now don't forget a teaspoon this time. And I knew I should."

"Very brisk," I said appreciatively. "Very brisk and airy. But I really want a tablespoon too."

I took a bottle out of my coat pocket.

"We're right out of tablespoons," said Miss Middleton. "To tell you the truth, Sir, there's really no demand for them nowadays."

"There is a demand," I said crossly. "I've got to take a teaspoonful of this in a tablespoonful of water. Here's the water," I added, as I took out a flask from another pocket.

"You'd better drink from the bottle, and I'll say 'Woa!' when I think you've had a teaspoon's worth. And you can have as much water as you like afterwards . . . Woa! Better?"

"Much. That's done me a lot of good. By Horsley!" I cried, "I feel a new man. I'm ready for anything."

"You wouldn't like to take me back this afternoon and play a little cricket with me, and stay to dinner, I suppose?"

"Like it?" I shouted. "I should love it." I jumped up and began to make drives with my umbrella. "There you are—four all the way. And there's my cover shot. And there—"

I suddenly felt very hot and unhappy. I sat down again and shut my eyes. "It's no good," I said.

"I'm so sorry. But you'll be quite well soon, won't you? Promise."

"I'm all right," I said grumpily. "As a matter of fact I was playing cricket only last night."

"A dream?" said Miss Middleton. "Do tell me. I love dreams."

"I went on to bowl. It's a funny thing—I've dreamed about cricket every night for the last week, but last night was the first time I've been on to bowl."

"They say dreams go by contraries," said Miss Middleton, "but it isn't true."

"I went on first change," I said, ignoring her. "Jove, I remember every detail of it—it was a soaking wet wicket, no sawdust, and I hadn't any spikes. My first ball was a wide. Off my second he was caught at cover."

"Hooray!"

"You were looking on—in fact you were the only one. I'd been fielding next to you in the deep, and, when I took that wicket I thought, 'Now she'll admit that I can bowl.' Then I sent down another wide, and then the man gave an easy chance to cover, which was missed. I don't know if you know that ball of mine which swerves across and simply makes you send up a skier—"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Middleton eagerly. "Was I still there?"

"Well, then I bowled another wide, and our captain said, 'My dear old fool. Really!' And I said, 'Hang it, who could, in this mud?'—and I bowled another wide. And then I yorked him clean. And I looked round and you weren't there, and you hadn't seen me take either wicket!"

"Oh, I was a beast!" said Miss Middleton remorsefully. "I'm so sorry. I expect I simply had to go. Mother wanted me, or something."

"Well, there it was; I nearly cried. And I woke up, feeling ever so much worse. But now I've told you all about it I feel better. Two wickets in my first over, and a chance. Don't forget."

"It was splendid. Oh, are you going?"

"I must go," I said. "It's time for my Tonic Port. It's too big a bottle to carry about. Good-bye."

"Good-bye! Remember you've promised to get quite well soon."

"Right O."

I moved off; and then a sudden thought occurred to me, and I went back.

"I say," I began excitedly. "You know you said I didn't look very glossy?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know why it is. That spaniel stuff was meant to be taken externally! Good Sir Frederick, it may have made all the difference!"

And I hurried off again to try.

A. A. M.



Maiden Lady (after declaring, as dummy, a sporting no-trumper. "YOU DON'T MIND ME BEING A TRILL HINAY, DO YOU?")

#### "BROADENING THE BASIS."

["A man should be taxed according to his character."] WE suggest a tariff to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—

Billiards—Tax of 1d. on every completed game of 100 up.

Amateur Reciter's Licence or Dispensation (liable to endorsement)—£5.

Invitations to bridge parties—To bear 6d. contract stamp.

Letters of Marque for Church bazaars (to be open to Government inspection)—5 per cent. on gross takings.

Tickets for glove fights and music-halls—2 per cent. (to be raised to 10 per cent. in the case of music-halls when classic dances are performed).

Land Tax on football grounds—10s. per acre; and one halfpenny entrance-tax for League matches.

Import duties on Polish wrestlers, American boxers, Chinese conjurers and Scotch variety artistes—3 per cent. on first year's salary.

Answers in anagram, triquet and juggle competitions—1d. embossed stamp (incapable of being removed by office boy). Competition judges to carry 5s. game licence and register their finger-prints at Scotland Yard.

Speeches (Parliamentary, complimentary, etc.)—4s. an hour within the London radius (taximeter compulsory).

Duties on food:—

Tinned meat—See Dog-licences.

Turtle soup, caviare, plovers' eggs, early peas and all delicacies—1d. *valorem* 5 per cent.

Railway buns, potted lobster and ice-cream to be chargeable under the death duties.

City Dinners—(birth tax for corporations and livermen (sliding scale).

"The Transvaal team for the match against the Western Province to-day will not, it is stated, be chosen until to-morrow morning."

*Rand Daily Mail*

After this it was not surprising that Western Province won.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

*(Little Arthur, aged 12; Mamma, aged 41.)*

*Little Arthur.* Mamma, why are you giving a dinner-party to-morrow?

*Mamma.* Oh, one must show a certain amount of hospitality, you know, Arthur. People show us hospitality, and we mustn't be backward in making a return. Besides, we like to have our friends round us occasionally, just for the pleasure of meeting them.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I see. But are they all friends?

*Mamma.* Of course they are. Why do you ask?

*L. A.* Oh, I don't know, Mamma; but when you told Papa that Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy were coming he said—I don't like to say what he said, but you know, Mamma.

*Mamma.* No, I don't think he said that, Arthur.

*L. A.* Said what, Mamma?

*Mamma.* What you said he said.

*L. A.* But I didn't say it, Mamma.

*Mamma.* Well, never mind. Your father may have been hasty, or probably you misunderstood him.

*L. A.* No, Mamma, I heard him quite plainly, and I'm sure Papa wasn't at all pleased. I know quite well when Papa isn't pleased.

*Mamma.* Well, we won't discuss that any more.

*L. A.* No, Mamma. But when you and Papa give a dinner-party, don't both of you send the invitations? I've seen the cards, and they say, "Mr. and Mrs. Elton request." That means both of you, doesn't it?

*Mamma.* Yes. What then?

*L. A.* But if Papa invited Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy, why was he so angry when you told him they were coming?

*Mamma.* I've told you not to discuss that any more.

*L. A.* No, Mamma, I won't discuss it because I know he was angry. I only want to know why he was angry. Aren't Mr. and Mrs. Tadworthy friends of Papa?

*Mamma.* Well, perhaps not friends exactly—"business acquaintances" would be the better term.

*L. A.* I see, Mamma; but they can't be business acquaintances of yours, Mamma, can they, because you've no business, have you? Are they friends of yours, Mamma?

*Mamma.* Yes, of course, in a way they are.

*L. A.* But is that quite right, Mamma?

*Mamma.* Is what quite right?

*L. A.* Is it quite right for you to have friends who are not friends of Papa? I thought—

*Mamma.* Weren't you to go out with Mabel this morning?

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, but not for another quarter of an hour. She's to call out when she's ready. Mamma!

*Mamma.* Yes, dear.

*L. A.* Ought you to have friends who are not Papa's friends?

*Mamma.* Well, they're not really friends in that way. We know one another, and they're very honourable people who have made their way by their own exertions, and I'm sure we ought to respect them for it.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I think so too. But Papa didn't seem to think so, did he?

*Mamma.* I've told you before you mustn't take everything your father says quite literally. He likes his joke sometimes.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, and I like Papa's jokes too when I understand them; but when you told him about the Tadworthys he only said one word, you know, and it wasn't a jokey word at all, so you see I had to take it literally, hadn't I, Mamma? But I say, Mamma.

*Mamma.* Well, what is it now?

*L. A.* You said just now that all the people who were coming to the dinner were your friends.

*Mamma.* Did I say that?

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, you said that, and I think you meant it.

*Mamma.* Why shouldn't I? I mean, of course I did.

*L. A.* And then, Mamma, you told me the Tadworthys were not friends of Papa's, and you went on to say they were not really friends of yours, but they were very honourable people. But if they're not friends why did you invite them?

*Mamma.* You're too young to understand these things, as I've often told you.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I'm afraid I am; but you and Papa always tell me to speak up freely and not to mind asking questions.

*Mamma.* Yes, yes, I know; but sometimes you ask a great many.

*L. A.* Yes, Mamma; but if they're not friends, you know, the dinner-party won't be as pleasant as it ought to be, will it? You won't like it as much as you would if the Tadworthys were not there, will you? And, perhaps, the Tadworthys won't like it either, and then—

*Mamma.* There's Mabel calling you. Run quick and get your hat on.

## BEAUTY IN BUSINESS.

[From the records of the "Social Circle," a club founded in Hampstead over three years ago for the purpose of bringing lonely, eligible Londoners together, it appears that, while millionaires and Government officials with the certainty of pensions stand high on the list of men whom women want to marry, poets are the least popular.]

O BARD, do you sigh for a face that is fair,

And are you so sombre and doleful

Because you are filled with desire for a pair

Of eyes that are azure and soulful?

If Beauty's your quarry away with your verse!

By poetry hope not to win her,

The lady will think of the state of your purse

And what you can give her for dinner.

Then seek not to soar on poetical wings—

Your genuine Beauty refuses

Chill teetotal draughts from Castalian springs

And grass from the mount of the Muses.

She wants to be lodged in an elegant way,

She means to be suitably boarded—

In short, you will find her, I'm sorry to say,

Commercially minded and sordid.

No doubt she will smile at your figures and tropes,

At your flowers all a-blowing and growing,

But do not on that base extravagant hopes—

She knows that her teeth are worth showing.

The questions that really concern her will be:

Pray, how, when, and whence will the tin come?

She won't miss her motors and sables, not she!

For a paltry poetical income.

Then dip not your pen in Pierian ink;

Keep all your available vigour

For companies, corners—whatever you think

Will swell up your pile a bit bigger.

Or, if this be too much for the brains you possess,

Poor poet, pray turn your attention

To Government billets. The girl may say "Yes"

If you offer a passable pension.

## The Journalistic Touch.

"The presents numbered about 100, and were numerous and costly."  
—*Leicestershire Borough News.*



## WORLD SNIPLETS.

[Scissored and pasted in imitation of "The World's Press" column in "The Daily Mail."]

N.B.—Ordinary papers have to take their turn in a world-wide cycle, but a certain few, which represent the flower of journalism and are distinguished by an asterisk (such as *The Times* and *The Weekly Dispatch*), have the right to a quotation from every issue.

## Semper eadem.

"Fashions change, but every attempt to provide a substitute convinces us that trousers have come to stay."

*The Louisiana Tailor and Misfitter.*

## A Question of Sex.

"The next twenty-four hours should solve the riddle of Prince or Princess, if all goes well" (Our Own Correspondent at the Hague, April 17).

*The Observer.\**

## Lay on, Macduff.

"It is now a recognised axiom that the more laying hens you keep the more eggs you get."

*The Kamshatka Poultry Gazette.*

## The Unknown Future.

"What is going to happen? What new form of taxation does Mr. Lloyd-George propose to levy? . . . The answer to these questions is that everything depends on the Chancellor's anxiously awaited statement next week."

*The Weekly Dispatch.\**

## Experientia docet.

"One of the secrets of success in bee-keeping, as in other things, lies in experience." — *The St. Ives Amateur Apirist.*

## Epigrammatic.

"When people sit them down to write  
Elaborate and lengthy letters  
Intended to shed useful light  
Upon the theories of their betters,  
'Twould be advisable that they  
The details of the theme should master,  
And know the future, not to-day  
It is that warns us of disaster.  
E'en those who in Lloyd George's foot-  
steps tread  
Might with distinct advantage look  
ahead." — *The World.\**

## Back to the Land.

"It only needs a permanent rise in the price of cereals to place the position of the British farmer upon a more secure footing." — *Wheat and Wisdom.*

## Abdul to be Damned?

"There are rumours afloat that there is to be a change of Sultans. That is a grave step, which it is for the Turks themselves to decide." — *The Times.\**



Loafer "LUMMY! AS IF THERE WAS A CHOICE! 'FREE FOOD' FER ME, EVERY TIME! 'OO WANTS TER WORK FOR 'MEANS TO BUY IT'?"

"True to its principles," says the Viennese *Fremdenblatt*, "Austria-Hungary will abstain from any interference in the present Turkish crisis." We trust that every care will be taken in the nursing of these principles, which are still in long-clothes, having only been born since the last Turkish crisis, of which the fullest advantage was taken.

"A pig weighing 80 stones, or 640lb, has been sold in Bishop's Stortford Market for £10 5s." — *Hull Daily News.*

If an option is permitted, we prefer "80 stones," as being more sensational.

## M.A.P. on Count ZEPPELIN:

"He fought in the Franco-German War, in which he greatly distinguished himself by several conspicuous acts of bravery. . . . Seven years later found him in America offering himself as a volunteer for the Civil War." Another eight years or so and there he was in the Crimea with RAGLAN. What a man!

"Two lairs of ground for sale, with tombstone; also gas cooker." — *Edinburgh Evening News.*

This is not the place for us to discuss the merits of cremation.



## REVENGE.

*Vegetarian.* "If I GET OUT OF THIS I'LL EAT BEEF FOR THE REST OF MY DAYS"

## MUSICAL NOTES.

THE announcement that Signor CARUSO's sovereignty is to be challenged by a new tenor of the name of CARISA, and the fact that Signor TAVINI aspires to the laurels of the late Signor TAMAGNO, are by no means the most remarkable instances of romantic coincidence in the annals of musical nomenclature.

Thus intense interest is excited by the impending arrival of Madame Blara Utt; a vocalist of such Patagonian proportions that, in the words of KEATS,

"By her in stature the tall Amazon  
Had stood a pygmy's growth"

Madame Utt, who is married to that extraordinarily handsome and gifted tenor, Mr. Cummerley Bundford, is the happy mother of a delightful little daughter, who is humorously known in the profession as the "Cuttlet."

Great and ebullient interest has been excited by the imminent advent of the far-famed Italian *prima donna*, Madame Tetrachini. This wonderful young artist has never visited England before, but her name has long been a household

word in the Argentine and at the Antipodes. Her voice, which has been aptly compared to a blend of gold and velvet, has never been subjected to the strain of Wagnerian lyric drama and, having been devoted exclusively to the interpretation of the standard Italian operas, retains a girlish freshness more suggestive of eighteen than Madame's real age, which is officially stated to be twenty-eight.

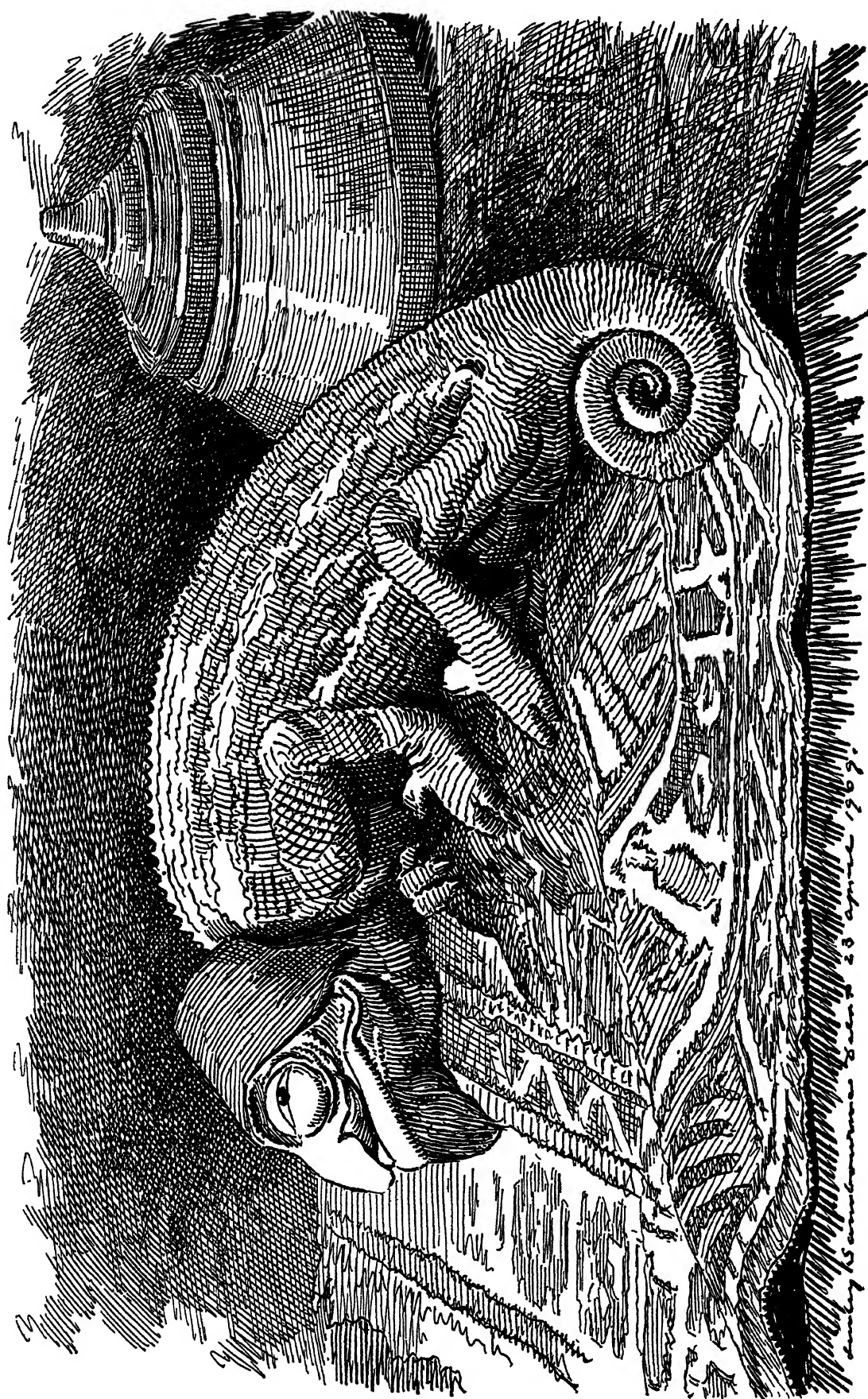
Amongst the most richly endowed *débutantes* of the season is Miss Southern Crossley, an Antipodean contralto whose organ has the luscious richness of a Carlsbad plum combined with the translucent purity of rock crystal.

The multiplication of new orchestras goes on with unabated vigour. Only the other day Mr. BEECHAM, after severing his connection with the new Symphony orchestra, founded a fresh band of his own. Within the last few weeks, however, further organizations have sprung into vigorous life. Foremost in power and influence amongst these is the Vickers and Maximphony Orchestra, which has been founded at Barrow, and has already attained a high

level of efficiency. Next we have to notice the G. R. Simsphony Orchestra, a body of players who in volume of chevelure and general capillary attraction leave little to be desired.

Considerable anxiety has been aroused amongst chamber music players by the announcement that an ingenious gentleman named MILLS has invented an instrument, operated by electricity, which combines the tones of the finest string quartet. As the leader of the Bohemian Quartet, in an interview at Prague, puts it, windmills, though obsolete, are an ornament to the landscape, but string Mills are an intolerable innovation which cannot be permitted.

"There is a time in the early part of each year when the thought comes that warm coats should be donned and petrol tanks filled to take the highroad and byroad, whither bound matters little, so we may be braced by running briskly up the lifts of the way, and blown through and through with fresh air as the easing levels seemingly roll back beneath the tireless wheels of the car."—*The Morning Post*. Very pretty and all that, but we still think that "tireless" wheels are a mistake.



### PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

ABOUT THE CHAMELEON (*on Young Turkey Carpet*). "I THOUGHT I COULD MANAGE SOMEHOW TO TAKE THE COLOUR OF MY SURROUNDINGS, BUT I'M NOT AT ALL SURE THAT THESE LIBERTY DESIGNS WON'T BE TOO MUCH FOR ME."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 19.*  
—Admiral SMITH-DORRIEN never so surprised in his life. You might, as he said, have knocked him down with a marlingspike. The other day, being at home with friends and neighbours at Berkhamstead, he merely remarked that it would be a good thing if the late PREMIER were dug out of his grave and hanged on the gallows tree. Has an idea that something of the kind *was* once done. CHARLES I.—or was it CROMWELL?—was treated in that way. When he comes to think of it, couldn't have been CHARLES I., as he earlier lost his head. In such circumstances there were difficulties in way of subsequent proceedings; so it must have been CROMWELL. Anyhow, it was a person moving in a certain respectable walk of life.

Now here's the House of Commons reassembling after Easter recess, and instead of straightway going for the Government in the matter of those four extra *Dreadnoughts*, or on any other of the dozen grounds upon which they might be attacked, it turns upon him (the Admiral), and wants to know what the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY proposes to do in the matter?

Only six questions on the paper,



FANCY PICTURE OF MR. MENZIES' LADY FRIENDS'

"Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the lady friends of Mr. Menzies are very meek and mild—(laughter)—and of a very well-behaved disposition?" (loud laughter)—Mr. Watt.

thirty-three and a third per cent. are devoted to this affair. Worst of it is, it is not only the Radicals who affect to be shocked. That the Admiral could stand. But ARTHUR LEE, rising from Front Opposition Bench, wants to know whether conduct of this kind is becoming in an individual who enjoys a pension.

Here's a pretty go! Admiral, called upon for explanations by FIRST LORD, had explained it was all a joke. Or, as he precisely put it, it was "in the nature of a metaphorical expression." Had he suspected for one moment that it would have attracted this embarrassing amount of public attention he would never have cast his ideas of current events into that particular form of expression. Undertakes to refrain from further flashes of humour, and the House reluctantly lets him go with his pension.

*Business done.*—LULU brings in Bill for electoral reform of City of London.

In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, BANBURY intimates that City of London doesn't want to be reformed. Very well satisfied with its present representation and the methods of securing it. As for the Bill he, as becomes a neighbour, dropping into the French of Stratford-atte-Bow, scornfully dismisses it as "a *reeshofay* of one brought in last year."

*Tuesday.*—Little been heard of late of ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Time was when his figure, standing well out on floor of House so that it might be seen of men, was a familiar adornment of the nightly scene. Somehow, for one of those subtle reasons which make study of life here ever fresh in interest, ALPHEUS has not caught on with the present House. Failure not due to lack of effort to resume and maintain former position. From the outset he was coldly received; seriously thought of changing his first Christian name to OMEGA, by way of intimating conviction that all was up.

To every honest citizen there comes a time when duty calls for the sacrifice of private modesty on the altar of public



THE GALLANT ADMIRAL WHO LOST HIS HEAD.

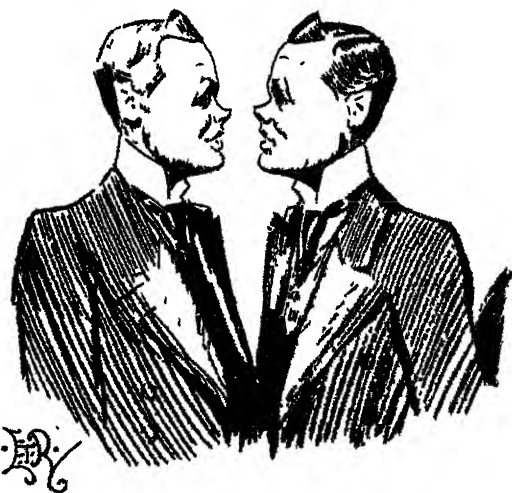
(This being "in the nature of a metaphorical expression")  
Mr McKenna does his best for that nautical orator Admiral Smith-Dorrien.

interest. The hour struck to night, and lo! ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS responded to the summons. Bill before the House proposes to repeal the parsimonious enactment that limits the salary of PRESIDENT or BOARD OF TRADE to a pittance of £2,000 a year. In criticising the measure DILKE suggested that, instead of raising the salary of Ministers, they should reduce the number seated in the House. Whilst payment of Members was refused, so numerous were Ministerial offices that the cost to the country was not much less than the total reached elsewhere where Members were paid. As things are, accommodation could not be found on the Treasury Bench for all the men who had a right to be seated there.

Murmur of applause below the Gangway here broke in. DILKE had evidently touched a chord of personal conviction strongly held and widely extended.

Perhaps it was this little wave of enthusiasm that moved ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Anyhow, there he was as of yore, his legs astride, his face turned upon the Treasury Bench, so that with eagle eye he might search the countenances and the consciences of Ministers.

"Curious," he remarked, "that, at a moment when everybody else's income has decreased, the House is asked to increase the salaries of Members of the



"WE IS MYSELF."

"I say, old man, are you JOYNSON or HICKS?"

"Hanged if I know, dear boy! Which are you?"

Both (aside). "Pon my word, for the moment I thought it was Churchill!"

Cabinet. Before the matter is considered the question of the payment of Members should be dealt with. Otherwise there will be nothing left for us."

So depressed was ALPHUS at this prospect that he did not observe the hand of the clock approaching eleven, and was still lamenting the situation when the debate automatically stood adjourned.

*Business done.*—Rather negative in its conclusions. Bill designed for discipline of unruly strangers so riddled in debate that PREMIER withdrew it for further consideration. Another dealing with official salaries talked out by ALPHUS CLOTHAS.

*Wednesday.*—Curious dilemma presents itself. Wonder is that it has not earlier overtaken the House. In course of few remarks JOYNSON-HICKS introduces the first person plural.

"Who's 'we'?" asked a Member, equally punctilious, though on other lines, with Sam Weller's father when question arose in court as to the method of spelling the family name.

"We is myself," said the Member for North Manchester, loftily regardless of grammar.

Of course he is—I mean they are—quite right. JOYNSON is "I," and HICKS is "I." JOYNSON and HICKS are "we."

ATHERLEY-JONES has long had matter at heart. Glad to find it at last taken up. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, probably attracted by the circumstance that he was himself inheritor of double-barrelled surname, thirty years ago led the way in direction of belittling those who shared this distinction.

"Remarkable," he said in one of his earliest speeches, "how often we find

of forming a Parliamentary Party be preferred, ACLAND-HOOD will be Whip. In addition to these gentlemen, and of course JOYNSON-HICKS—"Wee, wee, certainment," says ATHERLEY-JONES, an accomplished French conversationalist—invitations will be issued to HICKS - BEACH, BURDETT - COUTTS, FREEMAN - THOMAS, MEYSEY - THOMPSON and



"WEE, WEE, CERTAINEMENT"  
(Mr. Ath-er-ly-Jones, K.C.)

mediocrity with a double-barrelled name."

As he spoke he gazed pensively on the broad back of SOLATER-BOOTIE, then President of the Local Government Board, seated on Treasury Bench below him.

ATHERLEY-JONES, a man of business, proposes to summon meeting of Members concerned. LLOYD-GEORGE will be asked to take the Chair. In the event of an organisation being formed to preserve the privileges of the Guild, STUART-WORTLEY will act as Secretary. Should the alternate plan

MITCHELL-THOMSON. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has asked that the opening meeting may be deferred till after the Budget, a suggestion cordially agreed to.

*Business done.*—PREMIER introduces Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

*Thursday.*—"Isn't there," asked the MEMBER FOR SARK *à propos de souliers*, "a paper that undertakes every morning to give a fresh definition of 'What Tariff Reform Means,' varying its fundamental assumption that a duty on corn and other necessities of life will cheapen the expenditure in British homes, from the Mansion House down to the single room of the working man? A hard game to keep up; glad to help the poor chap who essays the task. Nearly 300 years ago ANDREW MARVELL a' unconsciously contributed to the daily headline. You will find the passage in the song the poet heard rising from a small boat that sauntered

'Where the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom unespied.'

The boatmen are exiles from England, and their song extols the exceeding richness of the island upon which their lot has been cast. Here comes the adaptation to politics of the hour:

"Tariff Reform means"—

'It tak s the figs our mouths to meet,  
And throws the melons at our feet.'

That will be hard to beat in prose."

*Business done.*—Civil Service Estimates.

#### National News.

Collected by one of Mr. Punch's Flunkies.

[With the idea that too much insistence cannot be laid upon facts that closely concern the welfare of all thinking people, Mr. Punch is instructing his second footman to furnish him from time to time with items such as the following, culled directly from the Press Credit in every case will be given to the paper from which any world-news is quoted.]

"The Misses Bellasis are in town with their aunt."—*The Morning Post*.

"Mrs. Stainton's small dance takes place on May 6."—*The Daily Mail*.

"VENICE.—Recent arrivals at Danieli's include Mr. Ferdinand Schlesinger."—*The World*.

"NICE.—Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger gave a dinner recently."—*The Tatler*.

From "Doubts and Difficulties" in *Amateur Gardening*:—

"Can you advise me what can be done to rid my house of earwigs? Last year we were alive with them. We used to find them on our bed, and used to run down the wall, and across the table at meal times"

Anyone might be frightened of an earwig, but this is sheer panic.

## AMBASSADORIAL ADVENTURES.

Mr. BRYCE, the British Ambassador in the United States (so it is stated in a daily paper), while on a visit at the house of the President of Wisconsin University, discovered that his boots, which in a moment of insular aberration, he had placed outside his door, had been cleaned by the daughters of the house. On learning what had happened, the great diplomatist at once took them off, declaring that he would preserve them as a souvenir of the charming way in which he had been extricated from the embarrassment caused by his disregard of American customs.

A later report, not yet published, states that His Excellency proposes to have the boots set up on his drawing-room mantelpiece at home and to grow maidenhair ferns in them.

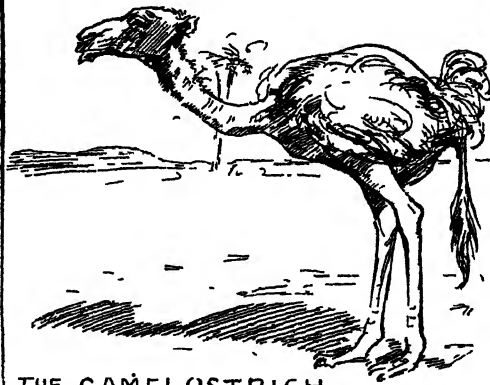
Mr. BRYCE's next visit was to the Governor of Oklahoma, where the Bayard of diplomacy enjoyed a further opportunity for adding to his collection of chivalrous keepsakes. In a moment of inadvertence he asked for a boiled egg for breakfast, but on learning, just as he was in the act of cracking the shell, that it had been prepared by his hostess, he at once forbore to impair its symmetry, and, wrapping it up carefully in tissue-paper, placed it in his despatch box as a touching souvenir of American hospitality.

Shortly afterwards Mr. BRYCE was the guest of the Governor of Newtimberville, where he arrived after a long bicycle ride, completely saturated by a storm of rain. Retiring to his room, Mr. BRYCE thoughtlessly placed his wet clothes on a chair outside the door, and went through his usual course of Sandow exercises until the humid garments had been restored to their normal dryness. Subsequently, at afternoon tea, it transpired that the process of desiccation had been exclusively carried out by the Governor's talented daughter, Stanleyette. "Never again," at once exclaimed the historian of the Holy Roman Empire, "can I wear garments glorified by so generous an act;" and retiring to his apartment he at once removed his clothes, and remained in bed until the Poole of Newtimberville had provided him with a new outfit. We understand that Mr. BRYCE, while retaining his dried vestments for the present, has decided to bequeath them to the British Museum as a concrete example of the splendid courtesy of our lady-cousins across the Atlantic.

No incident marked Mr. BRYCE's recent sojourn at the palatial residence of the Governor of Pittsburg until the morning of his departure. Just before he was starting, in a moment of obliviousness he turned to the seneschal and



THE CROCOPORCUPIGI RAFFE



THE CAMELOSTRICH.



THE HIPPOLION



THE ZEBRELEPHANT.

THE PRESS HAS GIVEN FORECASTS OF "WHAT MR. ROOSEVELT MAY SEE IN EASTERN AFRICA." MR. PUNCH FEELS THAT A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS OF WHAT MR. R. MAY NOT SEE WOULD BE OF INTEREST TO HIS JUVENILE ADMIRERS.

asked him to help him on with his overcoat. The Governor's wife with exquisite tact saved the situation, and deftly performed a function which would have destroyed the seneschal's self-respect for ever. Suddenly realising his mistake, Mr. BRYCE hastily removed his overcoat, folded it up reverently, and declared that it should henceforth be the choicest of his family heirlooms. Although a blizzard was raging, Mr. BRYCE was as good as his word, and travelled back to Washington without resuming his overcoat, thus contracting a severe cold, from which, however, we rejoice to hear he has now recovered.

## Kubelik—a new phase.

From a programme advertisement: "Mr. E. J., whose brilliant zither-banjo solos showed that he was as much at home on that merry twanging instrument as Kubelik."—*Gloucestershire Echo*.

"Since the arrest of Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and her colleagues another deputation has proved the power of women to withstand the measures of coercion which the Government use against them. This deputation sought an interview with the Prime Minister and persisted in the attempt to see him until overcome by force."—*Voices for Women*.

This is known as "withstanding measures of coercion."

## AT THE PLAY.

"THE EARTH."

I DON'T know how many days Mr. FAGAN took over his creation of "The Earth," but, once the idea came into his head, the rest must have been easy enough. There are practically only three characters, and one issue. The other persons contribute to the atmosphere in which the Paper-King has his being, but they present no minor interests or complications of their own. Perhaps the very simplicity of the scheme gives it its arresting force, for the play certainly holds the attention. It is a curious blend of realism and improbability. No one imagines that Sir



AN EARTH PARADISE.

Lady Killone . . . MISS LENA ASHWELL.  
Rt. Hon. Denis Trevena

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH  
Sir Felix Janion (in background)  
MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

Felix Janion could have made so snug a corner in journals without a certain slimness and facility of conscience; but the kind of unscrupulousness which he shows in his treatment of the Cabinet Minister, Trevena, has no sort of relation to the credible. Newspapers that depend upon all classes of society for their circulation do not, to-day, use a woman's honour as a weapon for political intrigues. Strangely enough, though he had to bear this preposterous stigma, Sir Felix was, perhaps, the most attractive figure on the stage. This was due in some measure to Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL's interpretation. Though no actor can be more admirably brutal when he chooses, he brought to the part a smiling imperturbability which almost disarmed the scandalised critic.

His quiet and laconic cynicism, matched against the fluent rhetoric of Trevena, nearly made the worse argument appear the better. Trevena, of course, wins in the end because his lover threatens, at the cost of her own public disgrace, to expose Janion's designs; but nobody imagines that the other evening papers would have had the temerity to print her confession.

The two characters were well balanced. The villain had his touches of generosity; the hero's fibre was weakened by a secret shame, and even the sincerity of his attitude as a public philanthropist was called in question by his apathy towards private claims upon his charity.

The play was followed with a close attention that was a better compliment than applause. Even the gods of the gallery, who, being greedy devourers of the kind of journalism exposed to righteous contempt on the stage, might have been expected, after the detached manner of audiences, to join heartily in the denunciation of a system which they supported, were noticeably undemonstrative. This may to some extent be explained by Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH's rendering of the part of Trevena; for it was difficult to mistake his bearing for that of an ideal "idealist," and he rather rushed his declamations as if he were afraid of boring us. In the lighter parts he was excellent, but became a little stagey under pressure.

I wish I could speak with more enthusiasm of the performance of that delightful actress Miss LENA ASHWELL. Up to the last scene, when she was forced to rise to the occasion, she played with indifference, and spoke often in a harsh recitative. But she had rare moments, illuminated by an irresistible grace and tenderness of voice and expression.

The minor characters, most of whom regrettably disappeared after the First Act, were admirable, and the humour of Mr. FOULTON, as Janion's impossible business-manager, was a most refreshing relief.

The moral of the play, apart from the false picture of journalistic intrigue in the matter of a woman's honour, is pretty useless, because it ignores the fact that a Newspaper Trust in the hands of a single man is very little more dangerous than a number of rival papers, if all are actuated by purely commercial motives; and because (what is more important) it omits to trace the evil to its root, and to remark that every nation has the Press which it deserves; that the choice of its journals, as of its Governments, lies with a public which can choose well if it wishes; since the same people who gave *The Earth* its circulation of two millions, also gave Trevena his chance of making laws for the regeneration of the race. O. S.

"MR. FREDDY AND THE COUNTESS."

Mr. CARTON has labelled his play a farce. If he had called it a comedy he would have spoilt my whole evening; as it was, I laughed uproariously through the three Acts of it. That should please Mr. CARTON, for he has deliberately set out to make people laugh, and he has disdained no artifice to accomplish that purpose. No joke is too old for him. But how cleverly he has used his material. For instance, a whimsical fancy about the age and appearance of a London egg—he does not play this off upon us in the First Act. No, he waits until we have watched Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH (Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH at his best) through an Act and a half; he

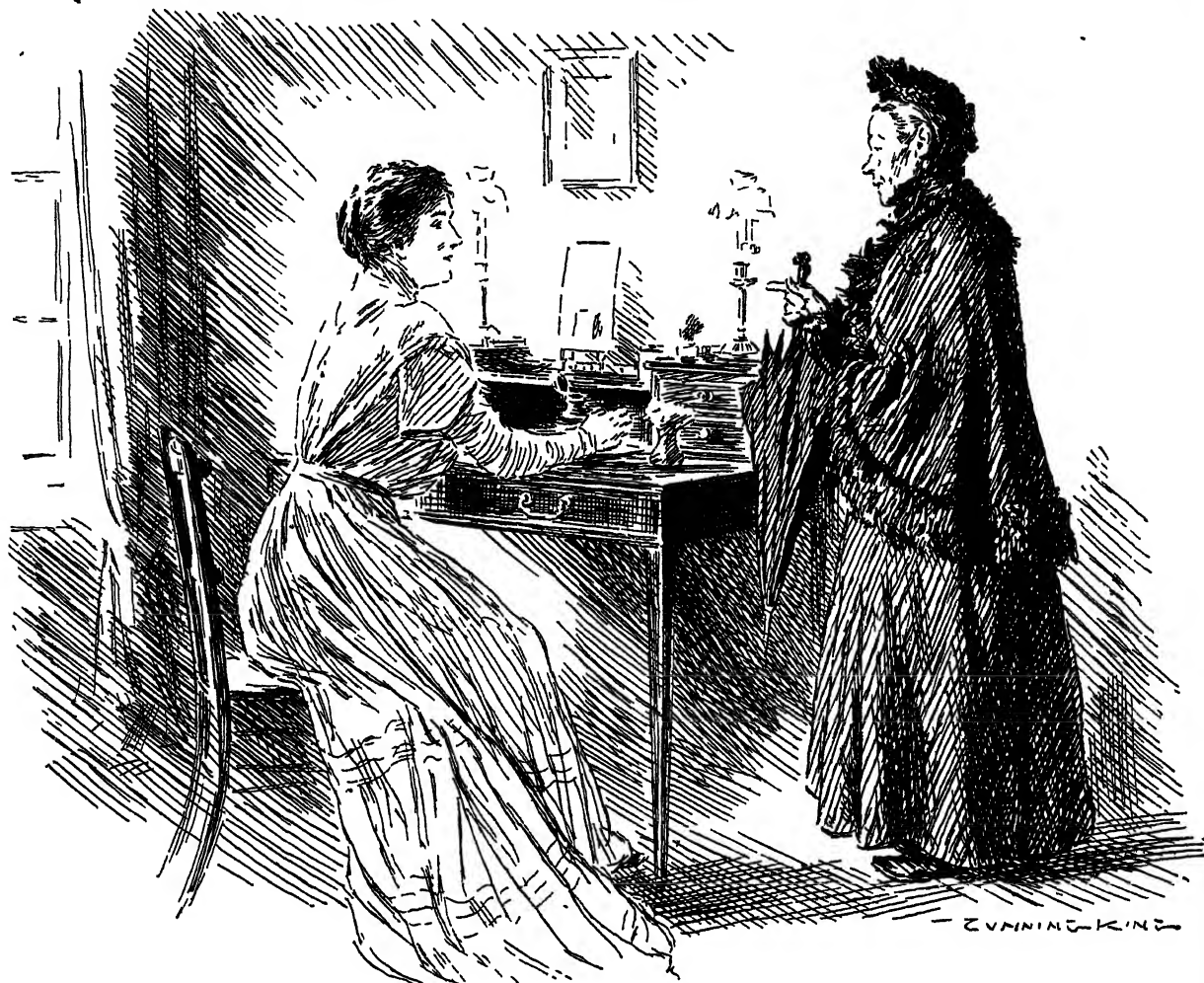


AN EXOTIC "PLANT."

Countess of Rushmere . . . MISS COMPTON.  
Hamilton Freddy . . . MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.

knows that by the end of that time we are in such a hilarious state that we are ready to laugh at anything; then with a wave of the hand he produces his egg, and behold, we are rolling off our seats in a paroxysm of mirth. All the best knockabout business, too, is kept back until we are ready for it; and it takes a master of stage-craft to recognise just that moment when one is prepared to laugh at an involuntary collision between two of the performers. But I had one disappointment. When the curtain fell on the Second Act I giggled to myself, "What an artist! He's keeping the soda-water syphon business for the last Act! There's restraint!" And all through the Third Act I was bubbling over with laughter . . . ever on the verge of that one final roar with which I would greet the soda . . . tee-hee-hee-hee . . . the s-soda . . . tee-hee . . . And then he went and forgot it!





*Taily* (to applicant for post of caretaker). "AND YOUR NAME?"

*Applicant* "MRS. 'EDGE, PLEASE, MA'AM. SPELT WITH A HAITCH, SAME AS THE 'EDGES OUTSIDE!"

If I am feeling a little bitter against Mr. CARTON, it is not because of the egg or the knockabout business, but because he gave us the terrible old joke about "principle" and "interest." One must draw the line somewhere, and Mr. CARTON should have drawn it there. But at the same time he really has written an immensely amusing farce, to which full justice is done by the players. Indeed it could hardly help being funny. Mr. Bounsall, running away with the *Countess of Rushmere*, plants her in the flat of his junior partner, Mr. Preedy, while he attends the bedside of a dying relative. He is unexpectedly detained, and in consequence *Lady Rushmere* is left on Mr. Preedy's hands for twenty-four hours. The latter is a nervous little man who has just become engaged to a solicitor's daughter. Mr. WEDDON GROSSMITH is Mr. Preedy, and Miss COMPTON the *Countess*; the rest, I think, may be imagined. But perhaps I should add that Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST is, as usual, perfectly delightful in an unfortunately small part. M.

#### THE HIGHER HEDONISM.

[A daily paper sighs for the days when the rarity of the bath lifted it to the rank of a ceremony, in which one was conducted to the bathroom by musicians, and served with water perfumed with flowers.]

I LOVE the dear, dead days of old,  
Of which historians declare  
The knights were usually bold,  
And baths so generally rare  
That their occurrence roused in some  
A joyful tendency to strum.

For then, when rumour ran around  
That bathing pleased the baron's views,  
Forthwith the solemn sackbut's sound  
Acclaimed the interesting news,  
And pipes (which never knew the  
"main")  
Assisted with a glad refrain.

For him the festive cymbals beat,  
For him with frequent rub-a-dub  
Appropriate kettle-drums would greet  
The boiling water for his tub;  
And, if a troubadour appeared,  
His services were commandeered.

But now, when, mindful of my bath,  
Reluctantly from bed I slip,  
No minstrels flock around my path,  
Nor does my customary dip  
Provoke a solitary toot  
From anybody's jocund flute.

But all is still. To me belongs  
No kind of minstrelsy at all,  
Save when I warble comic songs  
Imported from the music-hall,  
And even these are marred by rude  
Complainings from the neighbourhood.

Yet, after all, complaint is vain.  
For, though our melodies be less,  
The world has now contrived to gain  
A compensating cleanliness,  
And baths and bath-rooms are for us  
Enjoyably ubiquitous.

Though it is true the cheap supplies  
Vouchsafed us by a Water Board  
Do not incite our friends to rise  
And hammer on a harpsichord,  
Regret seems really rather wrong,  
For soap has superseded song.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ORME AGNUS did a bold thing in staking out his literary claim in the very heart of the country that owes allegiance to the old lion of Dorchester; but he has long since proved himself worthy even of the associations of Wessex. In *Sarah Tuldon's Lovers* (WARD, LOCK) he has continued the story of his best-known heroine so pleasantly that she will now have more lovers than ever. The book is a comedy of courtships, interspersed with happy little sketches of Dorset life; and, though inanimate Nature does not play quite the same part in Mr. AGNUS's writings as in those of his greater neighbour, still, for one who loves Purbeck as well as I do, the suggestion of that wonderful landscape in the background, its great skies and brown heaths, gives to a delightful novel by no means its least charm. To Holiday-Makers Commencing (as the advertisements say) my advice next Whitsuntide would certainly be to purchase at Waterloo Station a return ticket

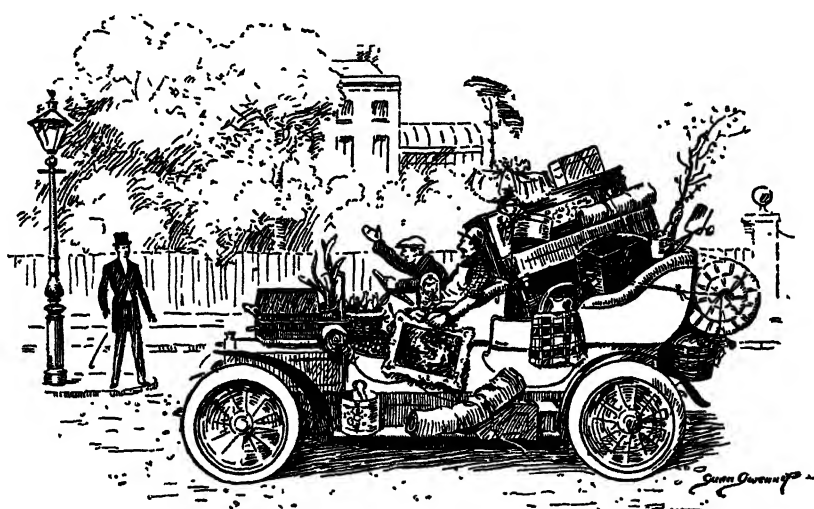
to Wareham and a copy of *Sarah Tuldon's Lovers*. The journey will just carry you nicely through the book. At Winchester the parson and the old squire will have had their dismissal; before Bournemouth you will know the true character of Ostramore and what Sarah did when she discovered it; and, if the ending leaves you a little sad, by that time the tower of Corfe and the great hills will be on the horizon to console you, and you will be in that glorious country to which Mr. ORME AGNUS has given yet another literary snark.

I am afraid that I am not a hall-marked Englishman. I hunt just as often as I take a bath without the chill off, which is never. But, if I know a hunter from a cab-horse and Leicestershire from Leicester Square, *The Straw* (HUTCHINSON), by R. RAMSAY, can give the ordinary hunting-novel several fields and a beating. It is Leicestershire to the life, and it has in it as pretty a love-story and as thrilling a point-to-point and as mysterious a murder as the heart of man or *Jack Mytton* or *Sherlock Holmes* could desire. And these are only some of its good points. If ever I am overtaken by my past and overwhelmed by my debts I shall be a lucky man if I find a "straw" as charming as *Judy Stewart* to catch at. Poor *Judy*! For her own sweet sake as well as from a sentimental affection (on Mr. Punch's account) for the honoured name which she bears I rejoice to think that in the end she reached the sun-kissed haven of peaceful love. And, as straws show which way the wind blows, I don't think I am far wrong in guessing, from many feminine touches in R. RAMSAY's book, that the hand which held the tiller is a woman's. Besides, I happen to know.

A clever book of an unusual kind is *The Valley of Shadows* (CONSTABLE), in which Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON has told with wonderful charm his early memories of Illinois in the days immediately preceding the Civil War, when ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a candidate for the Presidency and the whole land was troubled with the expectation of coming change. In a series of vivid personal impressions Mr. GRIERSON gives us a history of that time that is as enthralling as any romance. His pictures of life on the prairie, or, a little later, in St. Louis itself, are things of real beauty and power, touched with just that element of mysticism that might be expected from the writer's other work and adds enormously to his value as the critic of an extraordinary epoch. There are chapters in the book—"The Camp Meeting" is an example of one kind, "The Log House" of another—that haunt one afterwards like remembered music, or like passages in the prose of WALTER PATER, to which indeed there is much in Mr. GRIERSON's style that is akin. Yet for all this the book produces no effect of artifice; it is as true with lively and vigorous movement. To sum up, truth, though often stranger

than fiction, is almost always duller; Mr. GRIERSON has accomplished the rare feat of making it more interesting.

In a brief business-like preface to *The Press Album*, published by Mr. MURRAY in aid of the Journalists' Orphan Fund, Mr. HARRY LAWSON explains that every penny contributed is devoted to the keep and education of the orphans. No money is wasted on bricks and mortar: the principle laid down is that of saving the child to its home and its



NEVER LEND YOUR CAR WITHOUT YOUR CHAUFFEUR.

Borrower (meeting owner of car). "ONLY ONE MORE LOAD, OLD BOY! DO IT IN SIX EASY—WHAT?"

home to the child. To this end *The Press Album* has been compiled under the unwearying and able editorship of Mr. THOMAS CATLING. Congratulations are due to him, to the Fund, and to the public who have the opportunity, by the expenditure of half-a-crown, of possessing a handsome volume containing rich variety of contributions from masters of the sister crafts of Literature and Art. To select for special notice particular contributions would be as difficult as it would be invidious; nor can I gratify the impulse to quote in full a catalogue of names and subjects extending over seven pages. Space forbids. As alternative the reader is invited to plank down his half-crown and call the book his own. The coin, like the poet's bedstead, will serve a double debt to pay. The buyer will get five shillings' worth for his money, and an excellent charity will be richer by half-a-crown.

"'Mothers are the only animals who do not bring up their young by instinct; they have always to be taught,' said one of the candidates for appointment as lady house visitor at last night's meeting of Battersea Borough Council."—*Daily Mail*.

Yet one has known cows and cats, to take two simple instances, who, without any apparent tuition, have made admirable mothers.

## CHARIVARIA.

KING MANOEL of Portugal has been appointed a Knight of the Order of the Elephant. This Order, we understand, gives young sovereigns the right to free rides on elephants in all the Continental Zoos.

Ex-President CASTRO is apparently tiring of unpopularity, and is determined to make himself beloved and admired. He made his entry into Paris in a smart brown suit, an embroidered smoking-cap, and crimson velvet slippers.

Mr. ROOSEVELT, on reaching British East Africa, rode ninety miles on a cow-catcher, but caught nothing. *Absit omen!*

The First Lord of the Admiralty has informed an anxious inquirer that there is not a single dry dock on our East coast which a damaged *Dreadnought* could enter if, from any cause, she were drawing more water than usual. There were, he added, five docks in Germany with the requisite capacity. In time of war our *Dreadnoughts*, we understand, would find a hearty welcome in these quarters.

Twenty-four postal orders for £1 have, it is announced, been received by the Accountant-General, marked "For the Admiralty." It seems almost incredible that, after this, the Government should still be hesitating about those additional *Dreadnoughts*.

"The Treasury," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "is to be congratulated on rescuing the very much neglected but appropriate word 'outgo' on the heading of a White Paper just issued on the subject of 'National Income and Outgo.'" We are a little surprised that a Liberal organ should dwell on the merits of this word in connection with the present Government.

At the annual meeting of the Bar held last week the creation of additional judges was declared to be "an imperative necessity." Moreover, there is, we understand, no great financial difficulty in the way, for there are any number of members of the Junior Bar who would be willing to accept the posts at half the

salaries which are at present paid to judges.

The punishment inflicted on the Suffragettes who chained themselves to statues in St. Stephen's Hall last week savours somewhat of inhumanity. The police took no proceedings against them.

It is proposed to build a new home for the Royal Geographical Society. It has been suggested that an appropriate structure would be one on the lines of the huge "rabbit warrens" which are

in the event of her hopes not being fulfilled, she would care to adopt him.

We understand that since the Budget announcement Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has been the recipient of innumerable motor-cars, presented by his dearest motoring enemies.

Judge WILLIS, of Southwark County Court, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday last week. This statement will surprise many persons who imagined, from his remarks as published from time to time in the press, that His Honour was much younger.

Protests continue to be made against ships of the Royal Navy being manned by skeleton crews. Defenders of the system declare, however, that this does not mean impaired efficiency, and point to the example of the fastest vessel afloat, namely *The Flying Dutchman*, which has always been worked by skeleton sailors, except in opera.

## Answer to Suppositions.

"Mr. ISAACS: Supposing the person who wrote the article and published it said he had never heard of Rufus Isaacs, and said that he did not know there was any such person in existence—

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Nobody would believe it."

The above legal opinion is also the right answer to the following:—

Supposing it were stated that Mr. HARRY LAUDER's most popular songs were the joint work of the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. ANDREW LANG?

Supposing it were announced that Lord WINTERTON is seeking a purchaser for his trouser-press?

Supposing it were reported that Mr. ROOSEVELT, during an okapi-hunt, had dropped his gun and made a bolt for it, calling loudly on KERMIT for aid?

Supposing Mr. CHESTERTON presented himself at the door of the National Sporting Club and claimed to be admitted on the ground that he was the amateur light-weight champion of New South Wales?

"The plaintiff and the defendant were out with a pheasant shooting party, in September last, and the latter's gun went off and shot the plaintiff."—*The Globe*.

Which shows the danger of going pheasant shooting in the close season.



Occ. Gardener. "I'M AFRAID THE GRASS PLOT HAS GOT A BIT OUT OF 'AND, SIR. THIS MOWER WON'T BE MUCH GOOD FOR IT."

Mr. Townley. "UM - THAT'S A PITY. WE'VE GOT SOME PEOPLE COMING TO-MORROW. OH WELL, TO SMARTEN IT UP A BIT, JUST PART IT DOWN THE MIDDLE."

springing up in the City, and where only practised explorers can find their way about.

The Massachusetts State Legislature has passed a Bill making it compulsory for proprietors of liquor saloons to post up photographs of all the men in their neighbourhood who are known to be excessive drinkers. A false report to the effect that the portraits were to be coloured caused a sharp rise in the price of carmine paint.

The latest rumour about ABDUL HAMID is to the effect that he wrote to Queen WILHELMINA of Holland, asking whether,

## BEAUTY IN THE MAKING.

[An esteemed contemporary has made the authoritative statement that "no woman has completely reached the zenith of her charms until she has suffered, nor a man until he has had disappointment."]

THE papers said the usual things,  
Mentioned the bride's unearthly grace,  
Her angel figure (less the wings),  
Her trousseau trimmed with costly lace;  
Told how the bridesmaids' heads were tired,  
And what the midget page was wearing,  
And found the gallant much admired  
For manly build and martial bearing.

Well, I was also there and felt  
That, if I had to tell the tale,  
A plainer couple never knelt  
At the marital altar-rail;  
She might be good and he be brave,  
But nothing surely *could* be sorrier  
Than the design which Nature gave  
To both their faces—bride and warrior.

So they were wed, this "happy pair;"  
But scarce the honied moon had waned  
When discord, darkening all the air,  
Got their relations rudely strained;  
Another month—and (oh, how sad!)  
They parted, miserable creatures,  
Each sore because the other had  
A simply rotten set of features.

On rolled the earth, till both were fair  
To fix the breach and have recourse  
To where they turn one flesh to twain  
By Separation (or Divorce);  
And I, the loyal fellow who  
Assisted at the earlier function,  
Turned up to see the business through,  
And watch their secular disjunction.

A feather might have knocked me flat!  
What mystic power had wrought the spell?  
A fairer couple never sat  
Among the wigs within the well!  
Then I recalled how beauty's glow  
Will thus occur as though by magic  
When men have had a horrid blow  
And women sampled something tragic.

A most affecting scene ensued.  
The sight of such amazing charms  
Moved them to drop their bitter feud  
And fall inside each other's arms.  
Tough Counsel melted who had seen  
Whole stacks of married pairs unmated,  
And through the lids of BARGRAVE DEANE  
The stealthy tear-drop percolated.

O. S.

## Budget Note.

The rebate of £10 per child on small earned incomes works out at 7s. 6d. per annum—the price of a dog-licence. Consequently the little boy who, on being asked whether he would like a baby sister, said he would rather have a fox-terrier, will now be able to have both.

The description under a photograph, in *The Daily Mirror*, of the First Sea Lord runs:—"Admiral Sir John Fisher (near the cart)." Not, as Mr. MAXSE would like, "Admiral Sir John Fisher (in the cart)."

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.*)

*Little Arthur.* Papa, may I talk to you about Sunday?

*Papa.* Sunday? Of course you may. But I'm afraid we can't alter our arrangements.

*L. A.* What arrangements, Papa?

*Papa.* Well, you know, Mr. Blinkenstein and I are to play a round of golf in the morning at Wexley Heath, and you're to carry my clubs for me; and then we're coming home to lunch—your mother's asked some friends to it—and if it's a fine day we're to go out in the motor in the afternoon; and then there'll be tea, and then dinner; and then most of them will be getting back to London by train. It's all pretty well settled. I don't see how we can alter the arrangements.

*L. A.* No, Papa, I don't mean that. I don't want to talk about this next Sunday particularly. I want to know if you're sure it's quite right for us to go on in the way we're going on Sundays.

*Papa.* O-ho! Somebody's been putting Sabbatarian notions into your head. You'll be telling me next I mustn't whistle on Sunday.

*L. A.* Oh no, Papa, I shouldn't think of that. I'm sure if you would really like to whistle on Sunday I should like to listen to you. But, Papa!

*Papa.* Yes, what is it? Cut it short now.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I'll try. What does "Sabbatarian" mean?

*Papa.* Well, ah—um—it's not very easy to explain.

*L. A.* But, Papa, you used the word just now, you know. You said somebody had been putting Sabbatarian notions into my head, didn't you?

*Papa.* Oh, well, when people have exaggerated notions about Sunday and think one oughtn't to do anything at all on a Sunday, why, we call them Sabbatarians.

*L. A.* Then Mr. Harding the vicar and John the butler are Sabbatarians. I've heard Mr. Harding preach about it. He said the modern fashionable crazes for playing golf and rushing about the country in motor-cars on Sundays were destroying the good old observance of the day of rest; and John said last Monday he was so run off his legs with one thing and another every Sunday he didn't have half a minute to himself, and he knew it was killing him.

*Papa.* You mustn't listen to what John says. Besides, he had no business to talk to you like that.

*L. A.* No, Papa, perhaps not. And he said a lot more about being a negro slave, and getting ordered about like cattle, and oughtn't he to have a bit of his Sunday to himself, like other people? I'm afraid he's a Sabbatarian, Papa.

*Papa.* Well, well, we won't talk about John.

*L. A.* No, Papa. And if you don't like Sabbatarians, Papa, I'm sure I don't want to be one.

*Papa.* That's right, my boy.

*L. A.* But then, I suppose you think we ought all to work on Sundays, and do anything we like and make other people work.

*Papa.* I never said that.

*L. A.* But, Papa, Sabbatarians are the people who say we mustn't do these things, and so if you dislike Sabbatarians you must want to do the things the Sabbatarians *don't* want.

*Papa.* Now don't you catch me up like that, my boy. It's not respectful. Besides, I never thought anything of the sort.

*L. A.* Didn't you, Papa? But you *said* it, you know. Oughtn't we to work on Sundays, then, Papa?

*Papa.* No, you know we're told not to. But I don't call golf work. It's mere play.





## THE BREAKING OF THE CHARM.

*The Sleeping Beauty* . . . . . OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

*The Fairy Prince* . . . . . LORD CURZON.

THE CHANCELLOR (after reading aloud his "Memorandum"). "AWAKE! 'ADORABLE DREAMER'!"





*Mrs Bullyon-Boundermere (delighted to find herself chatting with a Countess) "HATS AREN'T PRETTY JUST NOW, ARE THEY? AND REALLY I THINK AMOURETTE'S ARE THE UGLIEST OF ALL. I WAS THERE TO-DAY AND POSITIVELY COULDN'T GIVE AN ORDER. EACH HAT THEY SHOWED ME WAS MORE FRIGHTFUL THAN THE LAST."*

*The Countess "SO SORRY WE COULDN'T PLEASE YOU. AMOURETTE'S IS A LITTLE VENTURE OF MINE, YOU KNOW."*

*L. A.* But carrying clubs isn't play for me, Papa. Ought I to carry clubs?

*Papa.* Well, you're going to, anyhow.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I suppose I am; but I'm afraid it'll be very wrong of me. And then there's John, and the cook and the other servants. And, oh, Papa, there's the railway and the *chauffeur*, and all the rest of them. And you know you're not going to church, Papa.

*Papa.* What do you mean, you young—

*L. A.* I'm sorry, Papa, if I've hurt your feelings. I didn't mean to. But Mr. Harding said that if people only had the grace to attend divine service it might be different—

*Papa.* Well, your mother's going, and Mabel.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, that's just what Mr. Harding said. He said men thought their duty was done when they had allowed the women of the family to go to church; but he said they were quite wrong about that. They ought to go themselves.

*Papa.* Now, look here. I want to tell you once for all, it's no use your trying to fling quotations from Mr. Harding at my head just to bully me—yes, bully me. I'm quite competent to decide these matters for myself.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I'm sure you are. And if you don't like what Mr. Harding says in his sermons—

*Papa.* Don't put words into my mouth.

*L. A.* No, Papa; but you said I was flinging quotations from Mr. Harding at your head just to bully you, and nobody likes things that bully, so you can't like what Mr. Harding says in his sermons. And if you don't like the sermons I quite understand why you don't want me to go to church.

*Papa.* Who said I didn't want you to go to church?

*L. A.* Well, Papa, you're going to take me to carry your clubs on Sunday morning, so I shan't get to church. And there's John—he can't get to church; and the women servants. But anyhow, it's jolly to think we're not Sab-batarians, Papa. That would be awful, wouldn't it?

*Papa.* You'd better tiddle off and attend to your postage-stamp album.

*L. A.* Oh, there's plenty of time for that.

*Papa.* No time like the present. Off you go.

*L. A.* I could do it on Sunday, Papa.

*Papa.* No, you'll do it now. I've told you fifty times I won't have you sticking in stamps on Sundays.

#### A Pleasant Emendation.

"Mr. Jack Pease, the Chief Ministerial Whip, recommended the Bill in one of his rare appearances as an orator, for his voice is as seldom heard in the land as that of the tortoise"—*Manchester Courier*.

Only those who have heard the tortoise singing to its mate in the gloaming, or barking angrily at the sight of a sidecomb, will appreciate the pathos of this.

"The outside of her garments were of lawn,  
The lining purple silk . . . her wide sleeves green"

*Marloue's "Hero and Leander"*

Hero must have been one of the earliest members of the Woman's Social and Political Union.

#### Diffidence.

"Piano, make nice sideboard"—*The Feathered World*.

## AT THE PLAY.

"COLONEL SMITH."

In the intervals of those cricket matches at which Mr. MASON and myself have from time to time assisted (in the French sense) I cannot remember that the subject of Dramatic Irony was ever under discussion. Our captain, Mr. J. M. BARRIE, would, I am sure, have discouraged the topic as tending to divert our intelligence from the main purpose. But Mr. MASON should know, without need of reminder, that the sport of SOPHOCLES makes this demand in common with the more difficult game of cricket—that, if you play it at all, you must keep the rules. Now when *Celia Faraday* takes the audience and one of her sisters into her confidence and gives them to understand that *Colonel Smith* is, to the best of her knowledge, a mere figment of the imagination, the author should have remembered that the other actors, not being in the secret, were bound to receive the report of that gallant officer's death with a due decorum and sense of affliction. "Instead of which," they treated the announcement with a dreadful and even revolting frivolity. The result of this behaviour was to change the whole character of the play. What had promised to be a phantastic comedy was reduced to the level of farce. Criticism modified its focus, and we felt that we had been cheated all this while of the irresponsible and knockabout merriment to which we had a just claim. Spasmodic humour, however attractive, could not content us; if it was to be farce, we must have the kind of fun that rollicks breathlessly; and Mr. MASON did not give us nearly enough to go round.

The scheme of the play was sufficiently fresh. This idea of a neglected girl trying to give herself value by pretending to be engaged to an imaginary soldier in Somaliland (who happened to exist in the flesh) might have made excellent stuff for a much shorter play. But Mr. MASON has beaten out his bar of gold too thin. Those excellent young actors, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER and Mr. REGINALD OWEN, who were introduced in order to mark the enhanced value of *Celia Faraday* stock, were themselves a very poor drug in the market; Mr. WILLIAM FARRER had very little chance, except with the obituary notice; and there was also a superfluous sister in the shape of Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE, though I should have been sorry to miss her pretty face and hair.

Still, our best gratitude is due to Mr.

MASON for having broken up the Thief series of plays which threatened to become a permanent feature of the St. James's. And it was delightful at last to see Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in a character which she could play with a light heart and no fear of being lectured portentously for her deceit. In the latter scene she was fascinating; and always her facial play and gestures were extraordinarily clever and illuminating.

Mr. ALEXANDER will probably differ from me when I venture to think that he was more in his true element than he has been in any new play for several



MISS FARADAY'S FOLLOWERS.

<i>Celia Faraday</i> . . . .	MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.
<i>Colonel Smith</i> . . . .	MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
(In the background, left to right.)	
<i>Robert Tarrer.</i> . . . .	MR. EVELYN BEERBOHM.
<i>James Raleigh</i> . . . .	MR. ERNEST THESIGER.
<i>Admiral Grice</i> . . . .	MR. WILLIAM FARRER.

years. Towards the end he had too much talking to do, but his military moustache (a great accession to his charms) carried everything off, and went extremely well with the crease of his trousers.

The look of the stalls on the fourth night made me fear for the success of the play; and it may be that the announcement of *Colonel Smith's* decease will be in the papers before the summer comes. I sincerely hope that the report will once again be false, for the play has many engaging qualities.

One hears, by the way, a rumour that Mr. ALEXANDER proposes to stand for Parliament. If this is a true libel, what

about the seat that Mr. MASON is to vacate? Would it not be a sporting proposition if the retiring Member revived a "Coventry-play" for the retiring actor? O. S.

## DIARY OF THE NEAR EAST.

[Being a brief *résumé* of impressions received from the various Own and Special Correspondents of a well-informed Press.]

April 12.—Balkan question practically settled as far as Turkey is concerned. The admirable dignity and restraint exhibited by the Committee of Union and Progress, who were established by the revolution of last July, is the theme of general admiration. In the course of Turkey's regeneration practically no blood has been shed, nor will be.

April 13.—Mutiny of reactionary troops, softas, hodjas, codjas, etc., with considerable bloodshed. Committee of Union and Progress discredited. Cabinet dismissed.

April 14.—ABDUL HAMID gives his blessing to the mutineers and forms new Cabinet. His position firmer than ever. Where is your Young Turkey Party now?

April 15.—Your Young Turkey Party in Salonika mutinies against mutineers.

April 16.—Young Turkey Party marches on Constantinople. It will take three weeks to get there. ABDUL confident.

April 17.—Advance guard of Young Turkey Party at the gates of Constantinople. Perfect order prevails inside the city.

April 18.—Main body of Young Turkey Party, using a German map, arrives at Sweet Waters of Europe. Relieves thirst.

April 19.—Young Turkey Party draws a cordon round Constantinople.

April 20.—Reactionaries prepared to submit. ABDUL prepared for anything.

April 21.—Complete understanding between besieged and besiegers. War Minister sends out rations, including Turkish Delight, to the army outside. Fleet, whose loyalty to Constitution is doubted, to sail under Sir DOUGLAS GAMBLE for exercise in the Ægean.

April 22.—Fleet sails without Sir DOUGLAS GAMBLE in no particular direction. National Assembly decrees deposition of "ABDUL THE DAMNED" by large majority. ABDUL's yacht takes in ammunition. There will be no bloodshed. Only the leaders of the reactionary party will receive condign punishment.

Later.—Fleet, whose loyalty to Con-





"OH! LADY JANE, YOU MUST TAKE SOME TICKETS FOR A CHARITY DANCE I'M HELPING TO GET UP——"

"AND WHAT'S IT FOR?"

"OH! ER—THE—ER—INDIGENT SOMETHING OR OTHER—AND THE DUCHESS IS BRINGING A PARTY, AND WE'VE GOT THE PINK ALSATIAN BAND!"

"DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ONE'S ALWAYS READY TO HELP A REALLY GOOD CAUSE."

stitution is now admitted, remains where it was.

*April 23.*—ABDUL THE BLESSED to be retained on the throne with impaired powers. There will be no bloodshed. Moslem Turks have never been known to shoot at one another.

*Five minutes later.*—Bloody bombardment of reactionary barracks. ABDUL escapes to German guardship.

*April 24.*—Barracks surrender. ABDUL a prisoner in Yildiz Kiosk. Remained very cool and collected under fire, but will be executed at sunrise.

*April 25.*—Yildiz empty, except for ABDUL and a few firemen, who will put him out if necessary. ABDUL very nervous, and keeps on wearing the Green Mantle of the Prophet.

*Later.*—Six thousand of ABDUL's body-guard discovered in hiding in Yildiz Kiosk. They escape and are at once captured and roped together. They will be flung into the Bosphorus at sunrise.

*April 26.*—Apart from the execution of 10,000 reactionaries there will be no further bloodshed.

*April 27.*—An end of the Caliphate. A military Dictator to be appointed. ABDUL to be executed at sunrise.

*Later.*—ABDUL to be deposed, but will be suffered to retain his head. RESHAD EFFENDI enthroned as Sultan with salute of 101 guns. Perfect order continues to reign in Constantinople and environs. Everybody thoroughly pleased with everybody else.

*Later.*—New SULTAN tells an English correspondent how particularly fond he is of England. New SULTAN tells a German correspondent how particularly fond he is of Germany.

*Still later.*—ABDUL to be deported to neighbouring continent of Asia.

*Later still.*—ABDUL will not change continents, but retire to adjacent palace. His harem has preceded him thither.

*Later than ever.*—ABDUL will leave at 1 a.m. this morning by motor and special train for Salonika, accompanied by eleven ladies of the harem. Mr. WILLIAM WATSON addresses an encouraging letter to the new Grand Vizier.

*April 28.*—Only eight ladies of the

harem accompanied ABDUL. The other three were unavoidably delayed. ABDUL's last words were as follows:—

"I want 8,  
And I won't wait."

*April 29.*—Ex-SULTAN will be allowed to live out his days in peace at Salonika.

*April 30.*—Ex-SULTAN to be tried for his life at sunrise.

"To-morrow will be the birthday anniversary of Cartwright, inventor, born April 24, 1743.

"To-day is the birthday anniversary of Edmund Cartwright, inventor, born April 24, 1743."

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, showing with what celerity the northern papers correct even their smallest misprints.

"The health of 'The King' was submitted by the Speaker, who occupied the chair, and was cordially drunk."—*Warrington Guardian*.

You are implored not to overlook the comma after "chair."

## TOBACCO AND OTHER DUTIES.

[The Chancellor of the Exchequer having introduced his Budget in a brilliant speech, the usual discussion followed.]

"WELL," said Henry, "what do you think of it?"

"Rotten," I said. "I mean ripping," I added hastily. "What I really mean," I went on, as I gathered courage, "is that it is the bankruptcy of Free Trade; it mortgages our resources up to the hilt; it plunders the middle class; it destroys all confidence in the future; it—er—it—I say, why are things always mortgaged up to the hilt? I mean, it's such a silly expression."

"You've been reading *The Daily Mail*."

"I have," I confessed. "I say, Henry, do tell me. Am I one of the middle-class?"

"The middle-class is the class below yourself and the person you happen to be talking to at the time."

"That's you and me. Well, Henry, my lad, the class below us seems to be rather a jolly one. Let's go down a step, shall we?"

"*The Mail* says the middle-class is being plundered. You don't want to be plundered, do you? Look here, it talks about the 'middle-class Issachar'."

"Oh, I say, who was Issachar? Much of a chap?"

"Keep to the point," said Henry.

"Well, the point is this, that the middle-class apparently has £5,000 a year and several motors. I'm all for being one of them. You can plunder me as much as you like, if you give me the stuff first. Henry, my middle-class friend, how's petrol?"

Henry read his paper in silence for a moment.

"Have you a pencil?" he asked at last. "If so, we might work it out."

"Work out what?"

"Why, if it's a good Budget or a bad one, of course."

"How on earth——"

"It is the duty," said Henry solemnly, "of every high-minded Englishman to decide for himself if the Budget affects him personally. If it does, it is a bad one, and, as a true patriot, he must oppose it."

"I never thought of that. I suppose you're right."

"Of course I'm right. Here's the editor of *The Petroleum Review*. He——"

"A nice chatty paper," I interrupted. "I know the man who does their acrostics."

"Well, the editor of *The Petroleum Review* says——"

"Of course, the chess page is not what it used to be."

"The editor of *The Petroleum Review*,"

continued Henry, unmoved, "is all against the tax on petrol. He thinks it bad for the country. And Mr. GLUCKSTEIN is very much shocked at the increased duty on tobacco. Actually shocked. Not on his own account, mind you, but because it may hurt his country. And the brewers——"

"No, no," I begged. "Not them again. One knows their devotion. Besides, I quite see your point."

"Very well then. Where's the pencil?"

I produced it. We sat down in front of a sheet of paper and began.

"Increased tax on motors," I read out.

"Nothing doing there," said Henry, "as we don't belong to the middle class. Go on."

"Tax on petrol."

"Pass."

"Wait a bit," I said. "Don't they clean panama hats with petrol? Or am I thinking of something else?"

"You must be thinking of something else."

"I'm not so sure. Put down '*Petrol, doubtful*.' It might mean another penny a year to us."

"Next."

"Twopence on incomes over £3,000, and another sixpence over £5,000."

Henry turned to me expectantly.

"Well?" he said, poised the pencil.

"If they paid me properly," I began, "I might—— As it is, no. Pass £3,000."

"Next."

"Abatement of £10 per child under sixteen," I read. "Er—sixteen seems a good many."

Henry smiled and looked out of the window.

"However," I said, "we needn't—— Well, then we come to estate duties. I have an aunt who—— It's 15 per cent. on a million, isn't it? . . . She lives at Lewisham, though. And I believe she has a son of her own. In any case she's one of these healthy nut people. Besides, I——"

"Aunt doubtful," wrote Henry.

"Thank you. Stamp duties come next. Have you any bearer securities or option-notes? None at all? What's in that old cupboard? Oh, all right. Then how about licence duties?"

"I'm drinking ginger-ale just now," said Henry.

"I'm drinking cough mixture chiefly. I gather that there's no alcohol in either. Pass licence duties. Next we have unearned increment of land."

"I have," said Henry thoughtfully, "a small share in a cricket ground. At least I haven't paid my subscription this year yet, but——"

"If the subscription was raised you could resign," I pointed out.

"True. In fact I think I shall any-

how. Thanks for reminding me; it's a rotten ground. Then that settles the land-tax. Anything left?"

I choked back a sob as I put down my paper and turned to him.

"Henry, my dear old friend," I said, "there is indeed something left. We are now, in the words of the late Sultan, right up against it. What do you say to eightpence a pound on tobacco?"

Henry told me.

"Quite so," I agreed. "And nothing less. The Government has forfeited our confidence. Your Panama hat and my aunt, we might have forgiven them that. But this—this is too much. To think that *we*, you and I, should have to pay, actually to *pay* for old-age pensions and *Dreadnoughts* and things. That the country should do so is all right, but that you and I—— Henry, it is too much. Pass me a cigarette that has not paid the extra eightpence, and let us be silent for a while. . . ."

When I had finished my cigarette I got up to go.

"Well, I must be off," I said. "I've a lot of work to do. So long."

"Good-bye," said Henry. "By the way, what do you think of the Budget?"

"The Budget?" I cried furiously. "A spiteful and vindictive Budget, Sir! A venomous Budget! The disgraceful and mischievous product of a third-class intellect! He has sold the country, Sir! Budget, indeed!" And I strode from the room. A. A. M.

"She had an elfin grace of movement and a look of strange wonder which would be worthy of even better things than the Arcadians. She should be the Ariel in the next big performance of '*A Midsummer Night's Dream*.'"—*The Morning Post*.

We shall look forward to this. With a suitable *Culibán* and *Desdemona* it might be a very big performance indeed.

M. A. P. on Mr. ROBERT HICHENS:—

"At last, however, he determined to give up music for literature, and what has been the gain of the one has been the misfortune of the other."

A pleasant thought, but it might have been expressed more clearly.

"As soon as they realised that there was an outbreak of fire a lot of children raced off to the alarm, but when they reached it—an excited crowd—they could not reach it."—*Derry Standard*.

As has been pointed out lately, the English language badly wants some new words.

"A Great Novelty, a sport from Carter's Holborn Glory, raised by me, the Largest Sweet William in the World."—*Amateur Gardening*. William's modesty is remarkable.

## ROYAL ACADEMY. FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



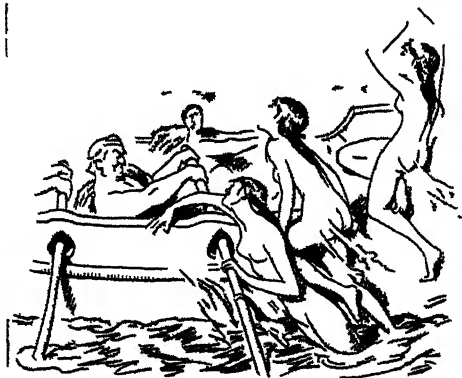
179 'The Monarch of the Glen' by  
Moonlight JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.



282 Katsha, or, Very Old Japan.  
VINANZIO ZOILA



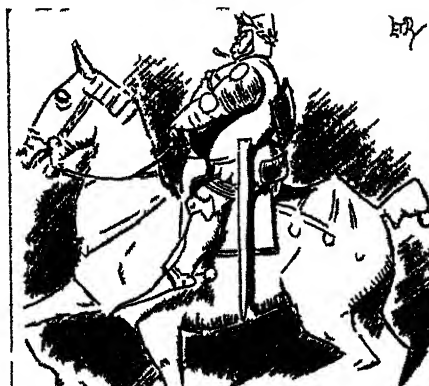
16 'Who said 'Tree Good'?'  
A. S. COPE, A.R.A.



206 Asquith (stroke) and the deep sea Suffragette-  
HERBERT J. DRAPER



261 'Le'sh all go'n burn th' City R (hic) ecords' "  
EDGAR BUNDY



1,837 M<sup>r</sup> Pelissier of The Folies, takes  
horse exercise (The artist calls it 'Bertand  
Duguesclin,' but that, of course, is only his fun)  
EMMANUEL FREMIET



337 M<sup>r</sup> L. H. after Stealing the  
Indon stable!  
(Painted for the Marines by  
HUGH DE L. GLAZEBROOK)



147 M<sup>r</sup> Asquith 'Pon my word,  
I think I look better in the Comic  
Press' "  
SOLOMON J. SOLOVOV, R.A.



236 The Sky-Pilot and his Punch '  
G. CLARK KENNEDY



Doctor. "NOW THERE IS A VERY SIMPLE REMEDY FOR THIS—ER—THIS—ER—RECURRING THIRST. WHENEVER YOU FEEL YOU WANT A WHISKY AND SODA, JUST EAT AN APPLE, EAT AN APPLE."

Patient. "BUT—ER—FANCY EATING FIFTY OR SIXTY APPLES A DAY!"

### WILLIAM'S WAIL.

[“Mr. WILLIAM WALE, the retiring parish constable of Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, has declined the offer of re-appointment, on the ground that the persistent honesty, sobriety and good conduct of the people gave no opportunity or encouragement to a conscientious police officer.”—*Daily Mirror*.]

PROUD, proud was the day when they sought me  
And said, “Be our constable, do!”  
And proud was the day when they brought me  
This beautiful tunic of blue.  
“At last,” cried my soul, “I’ve arrived at my goal,  
For here is a great opportunity  
Of carving my name on the tablets of Fame.  
And serving my native community.”

From my earliest days I would dream of  
Great deeds to be done on my beat;  
I longed to be reckoned the cream of  
My country’s heroic *élite*.  
I thought, “How sublime to do battle with crime!”  
I longed to suppress inebriety;  
I saw myself stand for the law of the land—  
The pillar and prop of society.

My fancy, with nimblest of touches,  
Would paint me in glorious deeds,

Now saving some beautiful duchess  
By stopping her run-away steeds;  
Anon I would catch some burglarious batch—  
Alone I would handcuff a score of ‘em,  
And the medals would shine on this bosom of mine  
Until there was room for no more of ‘em.

Thus fired, I was all eager-hearted  
To enter my gallant career,  
And high was my hope when I started  
Patrolling the village down here.  
I hunted behind every hedge I could find,  
Expectantly bent on discovering  
Some thief to be caught, but I never found aught  
Save harmless young couples out loving.

With Fenny Draytonian morals  
So very insipid, I saw  
No chances of winning my laurels  
As Cerberus, guard of the law.  
If folk have a craze for such virtuous ways  
And scarce even dare to ejaculate  
So much as a “D,” what prospect for me  
Mid people so mild and immaculate?

**Earning an Almost Bare Living.**

“Fitter requires situation in night shift.”—*The Motor*.





### A FIRST DUTY.

EUROPA (to the new Sultan) "AS YOU'RE A YOUNG TURK, SIR, I COUNT ON YOU TO MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF THE OLD METHODS"



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 26.*  
—Interesting debate on Second Reading of Bill designed to augment salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE from £2,000 to £5,000 a year. The scheme, when carried to full extent, will make similar increase in emolument of PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD. Labour Members to a man dead against it. Their remaining point of agreement with their right hon. friend JOHN BURNS is found in his declaration that no man is worth more than £500 a year. True, it was made at a time when JOHN did not think he would live to draw £2,000. But, though circumstances change, truth stands.

Only the other day the Labour Members declared their uncompromising aversion from other people drawing salaries by proposing to dock VICTOR GRAYSON'S. That a mere trifle compared with a proposition which, according to admission of PREMIER, will involve an added annual draft on the Treasury exceeding £10,500. Mr. JOWETT (no family connection with Balliol), went to the root—or, more precisely to the keel—of the matter.

"Barnacles," he said, "have been allowed to grow on the Board of Trade, and they should be looked into."

WINSTON moved uneasily on his seat. The duties of PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE have steadily grown with expansion of industry. Within his time has been added the onerous but beneficent task of acting as mediator in wage conflicts between masters and men. If to these engagements is to be added that of looking into barnacles growing on the Board of Trade, he must reconsider his position.

BYLES OF BRADFORD (First Baron, cr. —) offered a practical suggestion that instantly commanded attention.

"The real question," he said, "is how much is the Ministerial Bench worth, taking it all round? That decided, let us vote a lump sum and leave division of the pooled salaries to right hon. gentlemen themselves."

PREMIER shook his head. Sufficient for the day are the disagreements among his flock. To have this bone of contention superadded was more than he could contemplate with equanimity. Still it

is a business proposition so illuminating that something may be heard of it in Committee.

WINSTON takes characteristically dignified view of situation. If the House likes to be generous with public money, it is not for him to thwart benevolent intention. Personally he will not profit by it. Increased salary of PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE must date from the term of his successor in the office. Remembering his Virgil, he murmurs:—

"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;  
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves."

Opposition, not to be outdone in



THE WICKED UNCLE

"Sydney Buxton fell on his knees and promised a full enquiry."

generosity, protest. BALCARRES, who dearly loves a Liberal Minister, gives notice that in Committee he will move an amendment making the increased salary forthwith payable. F. E. SMITH takes the same line. Incidentally drops remark that may have autobiographical interest.

"There is," he said, "many a junior at the Bar who earns more salary than the PRIME MINISTER."

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Board of Trade (Salary) Bill carried by 152 votes against 76.

*Tuesday.*—JOYNSON-HICKS, the "We" of Parliamentary debate, continues to develop. This afternoon he flung across

arid waste of Committee on Post Office Estimates the garland of an idyll. Everybody knows how *David Copperfield's* acquaintance, Mr. Dick, found it impossible to abstain from dragging into his Memorial reference to the head of CHARLES I. JOYNSON-HICKS, going one better, dragged Mr. DICK himself on to floor of House of Commons.

It was the old, old story, told with such artless simplicity that when JOYNSON sat down amid a murmur of cheers he sympathetically mopped the eyes of HICKS. As for the audience, there was scarcely a dry eye among them.

Mr. DICK, it seems, is a Post Office official "who cast an eye on a young lady in the Telegraph Department." "It was," JOYNSON-HICKS hastened to add, "a perfectly moral and justifiable eye, which ripened into an attachment." Not the eye, you know, but circumstances generally. The lady's name was, as the Catechism hath it, M. or N. as the case may be. With permission of the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, JOYNSON-HICKS agreed to call her "Miss M."

All went well for a time, till Miss M.'s father got wind of what was going on in the Telegraph Department. Recognising in the POSTMASTER-GENERAL a family man, capable of sympathy with a perturbed father, he wrote to him complaining of Mr. DICK's procedure. His confidence was amply justified. Setting aside problems arising out of wireless telegraphy, deferring establishment of penny postage with France, SYDNEY BUXTON threw himself into the affair with remarkable display of energy and concentration of purpose. He not only wrote stating that he "viewed with displeasure" Mr. DICK's action in regard to Miss M., but

straightway transferred the swain to Manchester "at his own expense." There he would have remained, with Miss M. crying her pretty eyes out at Glasgow, only for JOYNSON-HICKS. This worthy couple, remembering that they too were once young, resolved to come to the rescue. Hence this touching story interposed in dry discussion of the Vote for £12,337,930 for the salaries and expenses of the Post Office, including telegraphs and telephones.

Emotion excited in the Committee swept away everything before it. SYDNEY BUXTON, temporarily cast for part of the Wicked Uncle, fell on his knees,

promised full inquiry into the matter and immediate reinstatement of Mr DICK, if it were shown that he had suffered injustice. With this assurance, promising to wind up the romance with the familiar line, "Mr DICK and Miss M. were married and lived happily ever afterwards," the Committee cried content, and what threatened to prove a serious Ministerial crisis passed over.

*Business done.*—Post Office Vote agreed to.

*Thursday.*—"The Hon. Member seems to be in an argumentative mood."

Thus mused the SPEAKER, regarding JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE with fresh interest. It was the state of the Navy that wrought upon the mind of the Member for North Birmingham. The geographical position of his constituency forced upon him the necessity of hurrying on with the building of destroyers. He cannot sleep o' nights till he learns "how many dry docks capable of docking *Dreadnoughts* we shall have in the North Sea," say, by the year 1916.

"The matter is very urgent," he said. "When the house is on fire—"

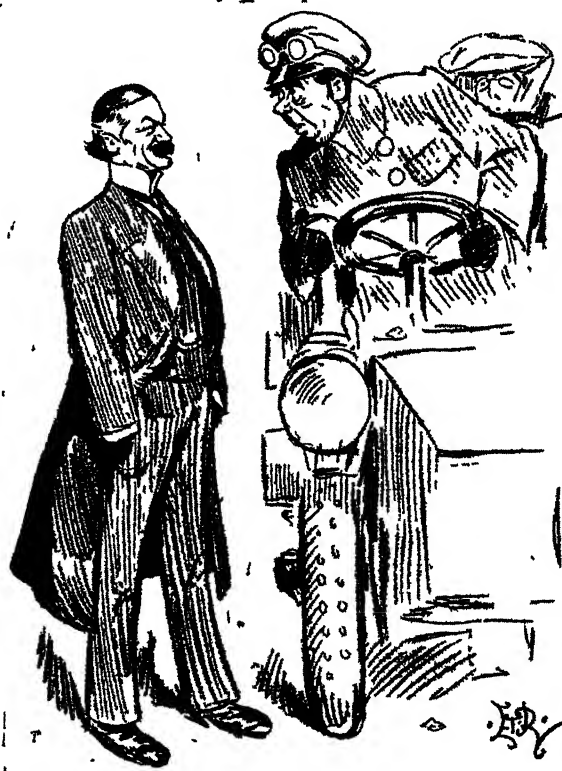
What would thereupon happen was left untold. There is a strict rule dominating Question Time which forbids the interpolation of speeches. Of this the SPEAKER reminded JOHN T., and he, under compulsion, left the house burning. Up again when ADMIRAL McKENNA attempted to sheer off from question of dry docks in North Sea.

"But, Sir—" he insisted, jumping to his feet with more than sexagenarian alacrity. Had he been left alone for a quarter of an hour the ADMIRAL would (in a Parliamentary sense, of course) have been wrapped up in his old tarpaulin jacket and swung below.

Here the SPEAKER interposed with imputation about an argumentative mood. It was a second warning. A third might have awful consequences. So J. T. subsided, and to the many mysteries the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear is added one that conceals the number of dry docks we shall have in the North Sea seven years hence.

*Business done.*—LLOYD-GEORGE introduces and expounds Budget. A story of unrelieved melancholy. Deficit not of thirteen millions, as anticipated, but exceeding sixteen millions, with revenue dropping, expenditure increasing, and Trade depressed. Prodigious speech;

four hours and a-half long with interval of half-an-hour for refreshment. Approaching close of third hour CHANCELLOR showed signs of collapse. Still an hour and a-half to run before he reached Athens with the full tale of Marathon—victory over unparalleled deficit in time of peace. Would he hold out? PREMIER plainly perturbed; Prince ARTHUR regarded him across the table with pained anxiety. At length the LEADER OF OPPOSITION interposed, and, backing up the PREMIER's entreaty, hitherto unavailing, persuaded the fagged and fainting Minister to take brief rest.



*Chancellor of the Exchequer.* "Nice car. How many horse-power?"  
*Owner (with pardonable pride).* "About 30."  
*Chancellor of the Exchequer.* "Oh, then I want Eight (guineas), and I won't wait."

#### ANOTHER VICTIM OF PROGRESS.

"WELL," I said, "what do you think of it all?"

He was the fifth horse on the rank, and had spilt all his dinner in the roadway through over-desire to get at the bottom of his nose-bag. His driver being beyond call in a neighbouring public house, he was not in the best of humour.

"I'm glad you asked me," he said. "You're the first to do so. It's cabby, cabby, cabby, that the people are slopping over; not a word of cabby's best friend!"

"That's how it strikes you?" I remarked.

"How else?" he replied. "We've

been having a pretty rotten time, I can tell you, ever since those oil-carts came in. It's got steadily worse and worse. We used to be looked after once; fed regularly, groomed regularly; not overworked. But now! Now no one cares a straw about us. The drivers have taken to drink, and the cleaners have lost hope, and the owners can't afford fodder. We stand about in the cold all day, starving, and at night there's no one to treat us like friends."

I expressed a sympathy which I really felt.

"I don't wonder," he went on, "that people take the taxis now; but I used to wonder once. Look at the difference! There was a noisy, nasty little rattling box, with a driver who was always having tea, seldom had change, and never said "Thank you"; while here was a smart, comfortable cab, a smart horse with pretty musical bells, and a cheery driver with a joke in his mouth. How any one in his senses could prefer an oil-cart to that I can't see; but now, of course, it's different. The horses aren't smart any more, and the cabmen aren't cheery. But it's letting the horses get poor that's done the mischief, because what me and my mates believe is that the people would soon have tired of the new toy and come back to us; but now they can't—we're too wretched."

I was forced to agree.

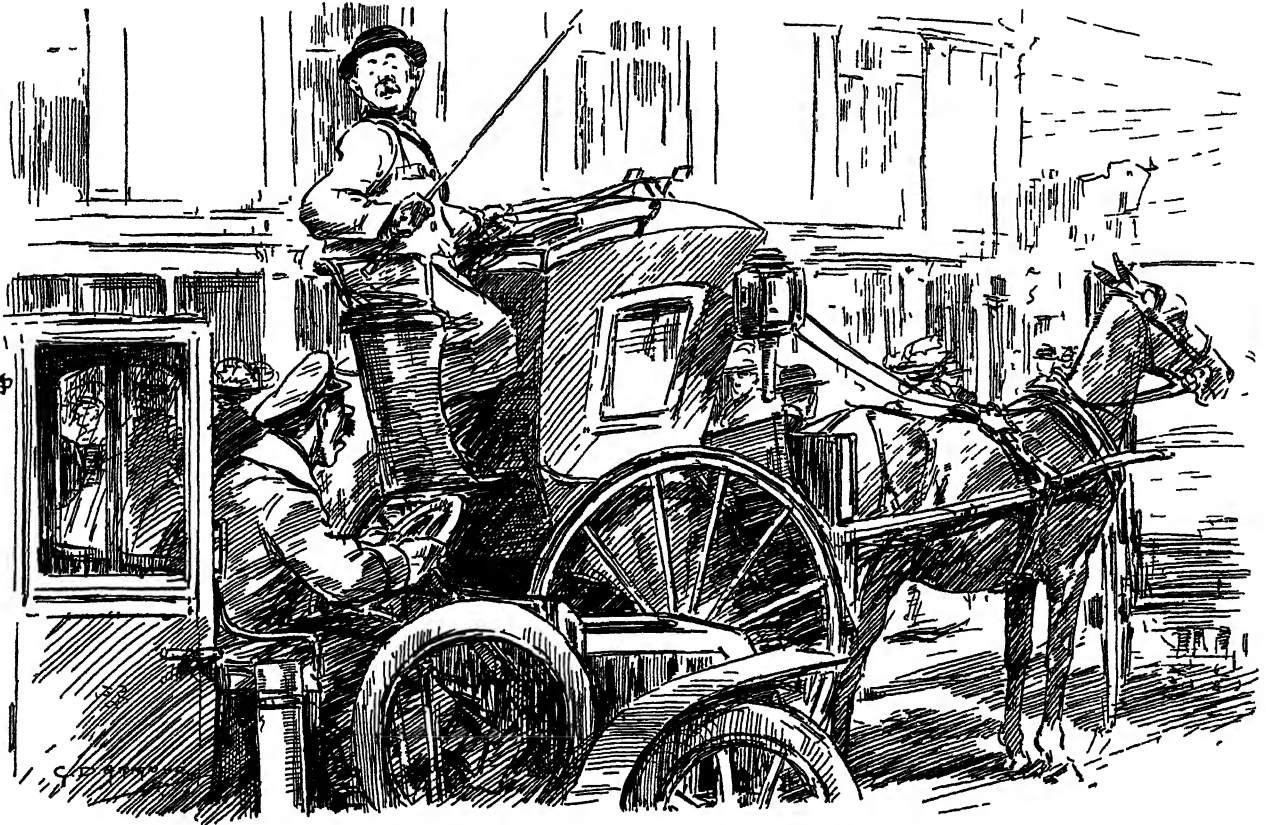
"It's very kind of Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. ROTHSCHILD to do what they have, to say nothing of *The Daily Mail*," he continued; "but what I want to know is, who's going to look after us? Who's going to put flesh on us again, and a glossy shine, and make it a pride once again to lift up our hoofs? Who's going to do that? Cabby, indeed! Cabby has a chance. He can buck up if he wants to, but we can't. What we want is a month or two at grass and a little affection."

"We must get Lord ROSEBURY to think of that too," I said; "or Mr. ROTHSCHILD."

"They won't," said the horse, gloomily. "It's always cabby. Why, look at the pheasants Mr. ROTHSCHILD gives them every Christmas. Did he ever give the horses anything? Never. Not even a lump of sugar! No, this is a bad world for horses. But what me and my mates are always hoping is that there's a better somewhere else on the other side of the knacker's yard."

"I hope so too, I'm sure," I said.





*Taxi.* "WAT'S THE MATTER WIV YOU?"

*Hansom.* "THERE AIN'T NOTHING THE MATTER WIV ME"

*Taxi.* "THEN WHY DID YOU GIVE ME SUCH A NASY LOOK?"

*Hansom.* "I DIDN'T GIVE IT YER; YOU 'AD IT TO START WIV"

### THE LATEST MARTYR.

AN ARTICLE WITHOUT A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT.

HAVING heard disquieting rumours of LITTLE TICH's health, and being anxious to see for myself how that mirth-maker of genius, the maximum of fun in the minimum of space, or, as another scholar has described him, "the *multum-in-parvo* of merriment," really was, I ventured to intrude upon his privacy and make inquiries at the fountain head.

It did not take long to reach the comedian's minute bijou residence in Lilliput Lane, Little Britain, where he has for neighbours SIR GEORGE SMALLMAN and MR. SHORTER. On knocking at the door a feeble voice bade me come in, and I found myself in the presence of the great little droll. But, oh, how wasted! what a change! Where was now that bright and saucy eye? It was dimmed and melancholy. Those amazing legs that have so oft set the Tivoli in a roar—could these staid and woe begone limbs be they?

"Then, my dear sir," I gasped, "it's true; you are ill."

"I am," he said, in a voice from which

all the old irresponsibility and gaiety had passed away; "I am."

"And may I ask," I inquired, "what is your trouble?"

"You may," he said. "I will put it briefly. I am gradually perishing of thirst."

"Thirst," I cried—"thirst—in the heart of London, in the midst of public-houses!"

"Ah, there," he interrupted—"there you have it. Public-houses! Do you know, I have not had a drink since the passing of the new Children's Bill. They won't serve me, they're so terrified of the fine—forty shillings the first time and five pounds the next. If I could only get inside I should have a chance, for they would know me; but I can't; they're all on the watch. No sooner does the shadow of my head appear in the door than they order me to quit. 'Outside there!' they cry. 'Barman, put that boy out.' Their vigilance is something terrible. Why, once I got an old pal to take me in—we'd been there scores of times in the kind old days; but it was no good. 'No children allowed here,' the landlord barked at us, and my friend had to leave me outside—with the babies. No wonder I'm blighted."

"But, my dear sir," I said, "why not send for your beverages and consume them here?"

"No fun in it," said he, "no friendship, no conviviality. That's what I miss. It's not so much the liquor as the jolly company. All gone, all gone!"

I sympathised with him.

"Yes," he continued, "and it's loss of money too. I used to pick up hints for my songs in those bars. All gone now."

"You will, at any rate, let me join you in a bottle here," I said; "I will be as jovial as I can and do my best to recall the past."

"You're very kind," he replied; "I'll try too. But you mustn't mind if I don't quite rise to it"; and so saying he produced a bottle and, with the tears bedewing that once most facetious of visages, poured out two glasses. Having done so he buried his head in his hands and sobbed, and I slipped noiselessly away, leaving him alone with his grief.

But think of it! What a Government we have! Here is a well of humour and innocent delight dried up by insane legislation! First the Navy is starved and then LITTLE TICH is reduced to a cruel state of drought. How long, how long?

## WORDS IN THE DOCK.

THE long-expected trial of a number of suspect words began yesterday in Bolt Court, in the house once inhabited by Dr. JOHNSON, before Mr. Justice J. A. H. MURRAY. The court was crowded; among those present whom we noticed being the compilers of a number of dictionaries, editors, journalists, and advertising agents. On the back benches sat several words who greatly showed their daring by venturing into the precincts at all, among them being "Oxo," "Post-Toasties," "Obsession," and "Booklet."

"Presents" first stepped into the dock, closely guarded by two strapping worders.

A number of English theatrical managers having testified to the undesirability of this neologism, Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN entered the witness-box, and proceeded to give "Presents" a good character. He had, he said, employed the word all over the globe, but especially in America and England, and had found it willing and honest. "Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN presents" had indeed become a phrase familiar in the mouth as household words. Other managers, he believed, "offered" plays; Mr. REGINALD DANCY, again, "submitted" them; but for himself he "presented" them, and should continue to do.

Cross-examined, Mr. FROHMAN said it was true that a charge for admittance to his plays was made.

"Then, strictly speaking, you do not 'present' anything; you charge for it?"

"Certainly; I am a business man."

"Is it, then, truthful to say you 'present'?"

"Why, certainly. You have heard of people being presented at Court, I suppose. Well, you would not say that they were given to the King! (*Applause and laughter.*)"

The Judge said he was not convinced that "presents" was guilty; but he hoped that nobody else would adopt the word. (Mr. FROHMAN: "Hear, hear!")

"Century" was then called, and entered the dock.

"The charge against this person," said the Public Prosecutor, "is that he is an impostor and fraud. In the winter he is little heard of, but directly the summer begins he bursts forth and takes the bread from the mouth of poor 'Hundred,' a very honest fellow, at every turn."

Mr. C. B. FRY, called for the defence, said that "Century" was a great friend of his. Mr. THOMAS HAYWARD agreed.

Dr. W. G. GRACE, for the prosecution, said that he hated the word. "Hundred" was the word he was accustomed to, and "Century" he looked upon as an interloper and thief.

Major PHILIP TREVOR said that he adored "Century," and should always stand by him. Similarly, he adored "Rabbit." (*Sensation.*)

After listening to other testimony, the Judge sentenced "Century" to a year's rest, amid applause.

"Scientist" took his place.

A memorial from the Royal Society was read by the Public Prosecutor, calling attention to the baleful activities of this person, who was, it is said, an American adventurer with a bad record in his own country.

The Judge: "Can one have a bad record in America?" (*Laughter.*)

Evidence was also given to the prisoner's disadvantage by a deputation from the Athenæum Club.

In his defence a long speech was made by Dr. SALEBY, who said that without the valuable and expert assistance of "Scientist" there would be no means whatever of rapidly describing a certain type of savant who had taken all learning for his province.

The publisher of *The Harmarcorth Encyclopedia* concurred.

A letter having been read from Sir OLIVER LODGE, the Judge passed sentence of three years' imprisonment in Carmelite Street.

## A NEGLECTED CENTENARIST.

(DANIEL LAUBERT, DIED 1809; AGE, 40; WEIGHT, 739 LBS.)

"OTHERS abide our question; thou art free"

Alike from flattery and party spite;

DARWIN was but a dwarf compared with thee,

GLADSTONE a transient, embarrassed sprite;

MOORE of Corunna, TENNYSON, and FITZ

Evanish like the wraith of last week's *Classy Bits*.

Columns have been upreared to LINCOLN's fame—

Columns that flaunt the leaded platitude;

Thine is to-day an unremembered name,

Although amazed contemporaries viewed

Thee as the greatest marvel of the Age,

Out-topping statesman, soldier, mountebank, and sage.

Others have won renown by word and deed,

Wielding a sword or the more puissant pen;

For some their fellow-mortals toil and bleed,

Founding their empire on the bones of men;

Thy fame owed naught to brain or mailed fist;

Thou, simple in thy greatness, hadst but to exist.

Thou wert a man that, take thee all in all,

Could tip the scale at fully 50 stone;

No relative, when honoured by a call,

Omitted to remark, "Lawks, how you've grown!"

When thou hadst need to cross the busy Strand

The traffic stopped without the Law's uplifted hand.

Thine was at least an 84-inch waist;

A yard-tape burst if it were carried round

Thy calf; the cheapest tailor who encased

Thy Greatness sent a bill for twenty pound;

And for thy funeral in eighteen-nine

They had to fell five acres of primeval pine.

Hail, LAUBERT! though a century has sped

Since thy earth-shaking tread convulsed the town,

Such men as thou are never really dead;

Immortal is Obesity's renown;

Fame is no plant that age or canker knows,

Rooted in the incomparable Adipose.

"*Shall I strike at it with my partisan!*"—*Hamlet.*

We wonder whether the Duke of Rutland, when he sent £10 to "Cabby's" Fund and pleaded that the Death Duties (this was before the new Budget came out) prevented his sending more, had any suspicion that he was to be charged with importing a party spirit into a matter of common charity. Yet this is how *The Westminster Gazette* comments upon the Duke's letter: "We thought that the hard lot of the cabin was independent of politics, but to a Duke no task is too hard, and his Grace of Rutland has contrived to show how the fate of the London cabman can be made part and parcel of a campaign against Liberalism." The italics are our own contribution to *The Westminster's* amazing illustration of its own partisanship. It is well that Sir WILLIAM HAROULT's memory as the inventor of the Death Duties should be kept green, and *The Westminster Gazette* is, of course, of the right *nuance* for this purpose, but we had always thought that succeeding Chancellors on the Tory side had paid him the practical flattery of imitation. Would *The Westminster* accuse every one who grumbles at the Income-tax of joining in a campaign against the principles of the Tory party to which the Chancellor who invented it belonged?

## UNSETTLED CONVICTIONS.

["Argument is always pure waste of time. Every man's mind is made up on every question."—*Mr. B. Maguire at Liverpool.*]

If I were only certain

That two and one make three,  
Once more would youthful vigour  
Fulfil my ageing figure;  
No half-transparent curtain  
Would hide the Truth from me,  
If I were only certain  
That two and one make three.

If I were only clear to

Which party I belong,  
If I were *con amore*  
A Liberal or Tory,  
Then should I never fear to  
Say who is right, or wrong,  
If I were only clear to  
Which party I belong.

If I were quite decided

That black is never white,  
And did not wonder whether  
They sometimes mix together,  
Why then, whate'er betided,  
I'd see my course aright,  
If I were quite decided  
That black is never white.

If I were only twenty

Instead of forty-three,  
I should not fear suggestions  
Of second sides to questions;  
*Festina (sans the lente)*  
My motto then would be,  
If I were only twenty  
Instead of forty-three.

## BEASTS AND THEIR BUYERS.

## INCIDENTS OF THE BOSTOCK SALE.

THE accounts of the sale recently held at Glasgow, when the "Scottish Zoo" of Councillor Bostock was put up to auction, have been unaccountably meagre, the only interesting fact divulged being the purchase by Mr. BRANBY WILLIAMS of a talking raven with a view to lending additional realism to his representation of *Barnaby Rudge*. As a matter of fact, the progress of the sale positively teemed with incidents in which the personal note was loudly, nay sensationally, prominent.

One of the most remarkable lots put up was a magnificent camel—wittily called a Camelot by the auctioneer—which, after spirited bidding, was knocked down for 350 guineas to Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, who proposes to ride his new acquisition in the Row on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays during the season. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the ship of the desert will remain at its moorings in a sumptuous Hippodromedarium erected after a design supplied by Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.



*Teacher.* "I WONDER WHAT YOUR MOTHER WOULD SAY IF SHE KNEW HOW BACKWARD YOU ARE IN GEOGRAPHY?"

*Girl.* "OH, MY MOTHER SAYS SHE NEVER LEARNT JOGFY AND SHE'S MARRIED, AND AUNT SALLY SAYS SHE NEVER LEARNT JOGFY AND SHE'S MARRIED; AND YOU DID AND YOU AIN'T."

A massive elephant, weighing 35 tons and standing some 45 hands high, realised 400 guineas, the fortunate purchaser being Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD, the author of *Jimbo*. As the elephant in question is a grandchild of the late lamented *Jumbo*, the felicity of his purchase will leap to the eye of persons of the meanest intelligence.

A brace of superb lions were knocked down at 250 guineas to Messrs. SALMON AND GLUCKSTEIN. Here again the bidding was very keen, but although the eminent Nicotinian experts were opposed by numerous competitors, including Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Dr. HEBER HART, they ultimately secured the lot amid roars of applause from their purchase.

Mr. HERBERT TRENCH, the eminent poet impresario, was also a large purchaser, and secured for his new repertory theatre several valuable performers, including a spacious hippopotamus (125

guineas), four gorillas, a laughing jackass which is to be trained to lead the claque, and a splendid talking cormorant, a delicate homage to his late chief at the Education Office.

## From the Royal Institution's Annual Report:—

"Permission was given to Dr. H— to carry out a research on 'Isomeric Forms of Dibenzoylacetylmethane.' Dr. H— wrote to say he was unable to avail himself of the permission kindly granted him."

Coward!

"Chauffeur-mechanic seeks engagement (Surrey preferred). Good driver. Bench experience."—*The Times*.

The Kingston Bench for a million.

## Retaliation.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Morley, John. The Life of, by Richard Cobden."

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

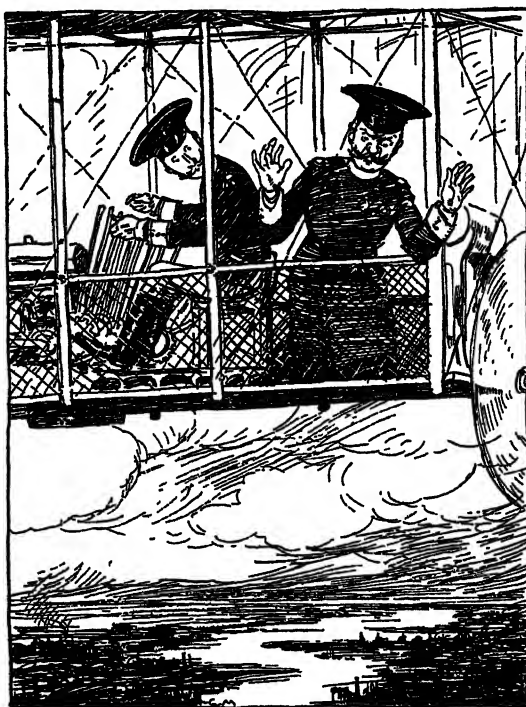
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE great drawback for me to the pleasure of opening a book with the name of MR. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS upon its cover is that I am always so sadly disappointed to find within no mention of *Brer Rabbit* and his immortal company of victims. Not that, this apart, *The Bishop and the Bogie Man* (MURRAY) is by any means destitute of charm; on the contrary, the simple story of *Adelaide* and her childhood in the house of *Uncle Jonas* is admirably told, with the same kindly, old-fashioned humour that has made its author beloved in two continents. I liked *Adelaide* at once, and *Mr. Sanders*, especially after he pretended so nicely to see *Cally-lou*, *Adelaide's* invisible playfellow. *Randall*, the black boy, likewise endeared himself by his obliging tact in falling down dead the very first time *Adelaide* shot at him with a corn-stalk and said "Bang!" You perceive that *Adelaide* had quite a good time of it at *Uncle Jonas's*; afterwards she grew up into a rather conventional heroine, and was less interesting. But of all the characters an easy favourite for me was old *Aunt Lucindy*, simply because, in recounting some adventure, she described herself as having "lit out fom dar." Which is precisely what the great protagonist of the *Remus* tales was wont to do when circumstances became too strong for him. If only MR. HARRIS would "quit" writing stories that other people could do equally well, so that bimeby ole *Brer Rabbit* might again come lipperty-lopperty out of his enchanted woods, that would be an event worth any quantity of bishops!

*Love and Battles* (MELROSE), by F. SIDGWICK, is one of those nice friendly books whose characters seem to make a personal appeal to the reader. Unfortunately there are so many characters, connected by so ramiferous a family tree (and, it may be added, such a variety of family jokes), that the impatient reader might begin to despair of establishing relations with them. However, this esoteric company of youths and maidens is such a very jolly one that no difficulties of initiation should be allowed to stand in the way of a more intimate acquaintance. I particularly like *Bumble*. When he falls into a furze-bush he says, "Ber-lud, Iago, blood! Bah, sweetheart, 'tis but a scratch; fear not for—*ee-ha!* O hell!" which is exactly what one ought to say. The hero, *Tony Bargrave*, is perhaps the least realised of the many young men in the book. He is a shadowy sentimentalist who imagines himself to be in love with every girl he meets; and it is only in the last part of the work that we can visualise him properly. MR. SIDGWICK, in fact, would have written a more interesting book if he had begun and ended it a hundred pages later.

The barmaid-heroine of *Margery Pigeon* (ARNOLD) knew nothing about her parents, and I wish to compliment Miss JANE WARDLE on allowing her to stand—if I may say so—

upon her own legs, and not discovering that she was of aristocratic origin. *Margery*, who did not suffer from any excess of modesty, proposed, in the first chapter, to a peculiarly offensive bounder. He declined very frankly; and having given him up as a bad job *Margery's* next step was to answer an advertisement and then to leave "The Feathers." From a barmaid she now became "niece" to *Lady Pomphrey*, and her name of Pigeon was altered to Daw—which was, after all, more or less in the family. *Lady Pomphrey*, though her bark was worse than her bite, had succeeded in quarrelling with her son, and was clearly anxious to quarrel with the rest of her relations. To become suddenly the niece of such a high-spirited lady was no sinecure, for apart from other inconveniences the position entailed a lot of determined lying, and as a liar *Margery* never got thoroughly set. Nevertheless, as she and her successor at "The Feathers" married relations of *Lady Pomphrey*, this cleverly written story may be said to provide a small boom for barmaids.



MR. PUNCH'S INVASION STORY.

(Foreign Artillery Officer, after dropping shell from Dirigible with the idea of destroying London) "TUT! TUT! I'VE MISSED IT!"

I FANCY MRS. DAWSON SCOTT

Was troubled with a sort of doubt,  
In writing *Treasure Trove*, of what  
She really meant to write about;  
Was it to prove ill-gotten gains  
Bring no good luck and fly  
apace?  
Or was it that ancestral strains  
Keep reappearing in the race?

She writes of both, and though the one  
Provides the name, the finer part  
Expounds the other, and it's done  
With not a little skill and art.  
Which being so, it's understood  
Mypoint implies nosort of blame;  
The story (HEINEMANN) is good,  
And, after all, what's in a name?

Books about WAGNER are already to be numbered by battalions. But a new and interesting point of view is revealed in *Personal Recollections of Wagner*, by AN-

GELO NEUMANN (CONSTABLE), in which that veteran *impresario* records in a lively narrative the services rendered by himself and his companions in spreading the cult of WAGNER both in and out of Germany. NEUMANN, who began as an opera singer, combined considerable business aptitude with a great deal of genuine enthusiasm—indeed, when it came to bargain-driving, we feel that he was distinctly inferior to WAGNER. The story of their temporary estrangement and reconciliation throws a somewhat painful light on the colossal egotism of the "Bayreuth Colossus," as musical critics delight to call him. Miss EDITH LIVERMORE has done her work as translator in competent fashion, and the book is enriched with some good illustrations, notably a fine portrait of HEDWIG REICHER-KINDERMANN, whose early death, when at the height of her fame, was due, like that of MALIBRAN, to her own reckless and self-sacrificing spirit. The progress of WAGNER reminds one not a little of that of the Car of Juggernaut. His devotees prostrated themselves before him, and were occasionally crushed by his genius.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards is offering a prize for the best designs for the backs of playing cards, the subject being "England's Naval Supremacy." In higher quarters, too, this has been regarded as a fit subject to gamble with.

MR. CHURCHILL asserts that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget is a popular one. It certainly cannot be denied that it has caused a rise in spirits, thus giving occasion for the revival of almost the oldest joke in the world.

The provision in the Budget as to the abatement of income tax in the case of every child under sixteen is, it is admitted by all thoughtful persons, a really statesmanlike act, for, since the Legislature made it illegal for little boys or girls to fetch beer from public-houses, it had in many cases become absolutely necessary to invent a new use for children, as they were beginning to go out of fashion.

And this provision does credit to the CHANCELLOR'S kindness of heart. In his attack on the hen-roosts he had a kind thought for the chicks.

At the same time we trust that an incident which has been brought to our notice will prove to be an isolated one. The day after the introduction of the Budget a tax-payer was heard addressing his newly-born infant in the following terms:—"And if ever you exceed the age of sixteen I'll give you such a thrashing as you won't forget in a hurry, my lad!"

It has been left to a member of a firm of tobacconists to call attention to one of the most serious results of the Budget. "The five-a-penny packet of cigarettes," he says, "is in my opinion doomed." But what we would like to know is this: Will it still be possible to get a really good penny cigar?

We understand that the reason why it has been decided to establish an Aerial Navigation Committee to further the science of aviation is that the Government suddenly awoke to the fact that we had no aerial vehicles to tax.

A feature of the Socialists' Demon-

stration in Hyde Park on Labour Day was the large number of children who participated. There is something about Socialism which seems to appeal particularly to the brains of little children.

We hear from an unexceptionable source that the Princess JULIANA is longing to learn to speak in order that she may say to the Dutch people, "Sorry to have kept you all waiting."

THE SHAH has once more accorded a Constitution to his people. It looks as if this granting of Constitutions will soon degenerate into a habit with him.

"Time flies," we are told. But then he has always been wonderfully up-to-date.

Musical artists are starting a campaign against singing for charity. The public will be with them to a certain extent, we fancy. More than once we have heard the remark in a concert hall, "For mercy's sake, stop singing!"

In Stuttgart there has been instituted a permanent exhibition of objects which are flagrant examples of bad taste, in order that the young student may take warning. No such purpose has ever been attributed to a British Exhibition.

Speaking at the Dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution Mr. ASQUITH asserted that, while sitting for his portrait, he had acquired a virtue which he had never before possessed—that of complete immobility. We think he is too modest. What about his promised campaign against the Lords?

## Society Gleanings.

"Her Highness is a great lover of animals and drives a white Egyptian donkey (like the late Lady G——) in a little pony cart."—*Daily Chronicle*.

We do not care for these personalities.

"The Viking and Venture coaches belonging to Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt commence their daily service from the Victoria and Métropole Hotels, in London, respectively, to-morrow. A coach will start each way daily."

Observer.

Coaches with names like these might surely contrive to do the double journey between the Victoria and Métropole Hotels in one day.

## Coming Fashions.

The *Daily News* quotes Mr. CHURCHILL as follows:—

"The leader writers who yesterday decreed this year's deficit were now lamenting next year's surplice."

We hear, on the best authority, that next year's surplice will be a much more dressy affair with the waist line more severely marked.

"SURREY & NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—This match was commenced at Derby. Last year Yorkshire won by 100 runs."—*Southern Evening News*.

For the return at Worcester keep your eye on Kent.



Curate. "IS THIS SOFT? OR WHAT IS IT, MRS. JONES?"  
Mrs. Jones "YEs, SIR, IT'S SOLE BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'S COMIN' TO THE FISH, SIR; IT'S NOT ITSELF AT ALL LATELY."

The news that the ladies of ABDUL HAMID'S harem are now suffering great hardships prompts a kindly little gentleman to write to us from Upper Tooting with the proposal that, if we can overcome the absurd prejudices of his wife, he will be willing to take half-a-dozen of the poor creatures into his house.

There is certainly nothing narrow-minded about the Young Turks. They have chosen as their ruler a young fellow of sixty-five.

Before leaving this country Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT and Mr. ORVILLE WRIGHT informed a press representative that they took a very optimistic view of Great Britain's prospects in aviation. All that we lack is airships and aeroplanes.

## THE JERRY-BUILDER'S BUDGET.

[Under the provisions of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Budget, any owner of a garden of more than one acre in an urban neighbourhood is to be suspected of attempting to "create a speculative inflation of values which is socially mischievous." Beyond the one acre his garden, as "not being used to the best advantage," will, in addition to the present rates and taxes chargeable on a residential assessment, be taxed on its capital value as an eligible site for rows of shops or villas, unless the owner throws it open to the public to picnic in.]

I HAVE a little garden glade  
Sheltered and green and fair,  
And elms that throw a pleasant shade  
To cool the summer air;  
Hard by, the town folk make a dust,  
But you would never guess  
What peace is here—and only just  
Two acres, more or less.

Below the terrace lies the lawn  
With chestnut-shadows shot,  
Where roses take the dews of dawn,  
And pale forget-me-not,  
And there are winding ways that steal  
To sudden ivied bowers,  
So screened and close they scarcely feel  
The touch of winter hours.

And then I have, for ease of heart,  
An *allée* where I go  
To think of things and pace apart  
Leisurely to and fro;  
Yew-hedges flank my grassy space,  
And at the blossoms' prime  
I hardly know a nicer place  
For getting words to rhyme.

This was my kingdom, where I ranged  
Lord of my tiny lands,  
But all, it seems, will soon be changed  
Under the spoiler's hands;  
Mine was an Eden ere the fall,  
Unsoiled of snakes and sin;  
Now comes the worm and wants to call  
The jerry-builder in.

"One acre you may keep," says GEORGE,  
" (Such is my generous plan),  
But all the rest shall go to gorge  
The bricks-and-mortar man."  
"Unless your leafy place," says LLOYD,  
" (Such are my liberal views),  
Be opened to the unemployed  
To wallow where they choose.

"Otherwise on your purse the fell  
Swoop of my fist shall come,  
Treating you just like those who sell  
Whiskey and gin and rum;  
And you must cut your timber or  
Let run your plot to weeds,  
To make, or save, the money for  
Afforestation's needs!"

Well, I must grin and pay my fine  
To suit the Georgian taste,  
And somehow keep my garden mine,  
Though it were bare and waste.  
No tinker here shall fake his huts  
To squeeze my quiet chalet;  
No Weary Willies play, for nuts,  
Aunt Sally in my *allée*.

O. S.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.*)

*Little Arthur.* Uncle John, may I ask you some questions?

*Uncle John.* Any amount, my boy. Just you fire ahead.

My time's yours, you know.

*L. A.* Thank you, Uncle John. You're quite sure you don't mind?

*U. J.* Lord bless you, no, I don't mind. I've got nothing to do for a minute or two.

*L. A.* Shall you have a great deal to do after that, Uncle?

*U. J.* After what?

*L. A.* After you've answered my questions.

*U. J.* Oh, I don't know. There's the dog; he'll want a bit of a run. And then there'll be lunch, and just the slightest nap after lunch—good for the health, you know, Arty; and I might put in a round of golf; and then there's tea and so on. I daresay I shall worry through the day all right.

*L. A.* Yes, Uncle, I am sure you will.

*U. J.* And I'll tell you what, my lad of wax, if you're a good boy you shall help me to knock the balls about on the billiard-table after tea. Capital thing for the hand and eye.

*L. A.* Oh, thank you, Uncle, that's very good of you. But I'm afraid I must have my German lesson after tea.

*U. J.* Oh, German, is it? Capital thing. Tackle the KAISER when you're grown up. You stick to it, my boy.

*L. A.* Yes, Uncle, I mean to. But, Uncle John!

*U. J.* Yes, Sonny, what is it?

*L. A.* I suppose you do a great deal of work *sometimes*, don't you?

*U. J.* Well, my boy, I don't exactly overdo it, you know, but I manage to rub along. Besides, I did my little bit when I was in the regiment, so I'm entitled to take a rest.

*L. A.* Yes, Uncle. But Papa says the country is being ruined by so many idle men. He says everybody ought to be up and doing; and if we don't all show ourselves willing to work we shall be left behind in the race.

*U. J.* Oh, he said that, did he? And quite right, too. I'm all for it. Nothing like work. That's what I told 'em when they came to me about the unemployed. But it's no good giving 'em work, I said; they won't do it. Loafing's what they want to do, and that's the long and short of it.

*L. A.* Yes, Uncle, I see. Then you think some people may loaf and others mustn't?

*U. J.* Well, ah, I'm not so sure of that. No, I can't say I hold with loafing.

*L. A.* But you think when people have done a little bit they're entitled to a rest.

*U. J.* Oh, yes, that's right enough.

*L. A.* Ought they to rest a long time, Uncle?

*U. J.* No, I'm not for giving 'em too much holiday. A day or two here and there, and then at it again. That's my notion.

*L. A.* Yes, I see. May I ask you a question, Uncle?

*U. J.* I said you might. Out with it.

*L. A.* Isn't it a long time since you left the regiment, Uncle?

*U. J.* Eight years.

*L. A.* And when you were in the regiment, Uncle, I suppose you worked frightfully hard?

*U. J.* Well, I don't know about "frightfully," but we had to buck up a bit.

*L. A.* Then you didn't spend most of your time in hunting and shooting and steeple-chasing and having leave, did you, Uncle?

*U. J.* Who put that idea into your head?



## HANS ACROSS THE SEA ?

STRANGER (USA) "ONCE ABOARD THE LINER, AND THE GYURL IS MINE!"

[The Duke of Norfolk has sold HANS HOLBEIN's masterpiece, "Christina, Duchess of Milan," and there is a danger of its leaving the country]







### OUR VILLAGE CRICKET-CLUB: PRACTICE BEGINS.

THE VISIT OF THE AUSTRALIANS HAS GIVEN A FRESH IMPETUS TO LOCAL EFFORT

L. A. It was something I heard Mamma say to Papa the other day. She said you always were a champion at that kind of thing.

U. J. Did she now? I never knew I had such an ungrateful sister. But I daresay there's a spice of truth in it. All work and no play, you know, makes Jack a dull boy.

L. A. Yes, uncle, I quite see that; and of course you didn't want to be a dull boy. But it's eight years since you left the regiment.

U. J. Yes.

L. A. Isn't eight years a very long time, Uncle?

U. J. Deuced long. You're right there.

L. A. But you said just now you weren't for giving people too much holiday—only a day or two here and there.

U. J. Yes, that's the ticket.

L. A. But, Uncle, you've had eight years, haven't you? And you said eight years was deuced long—so you've had a deuced long holiday.

U. J. Now look here, my boy. I never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle, you did. You said you had done your little bit in the regiment, and you were entitled to take a rest. And then you said—

U. J. So that's your game is it, you young ragamuffin. You've been trying to trip up your Uncle, have you?

L. A. Oh, Uncle, I'm sure I didn't wish to do that. Only I wanted to understand what Papa meant about idle people ruining the country, and—

U. J. Oh, I daresay, I daresay—but I'm off now. Haven't any more time. Letters to write, you know, and all that. So long, Arty.

L. A. So long, Uncle.

### EXPLANATIONS.

(Overheard in Mid-Atlantic.)

"WHAT'S the matter, ORVILLE? You're looking worried."

"I am worried, WILBUR; I'm thinking of what we've told them. I guess we'll have to answer for it in the hereafter."

"Nonsense! All you told them was that they were hospitable. What's wrong with that?"

"I was thinking more of what you told them, WILBUR," replied ORVILLE with a sigh. "You'll remember you said that as aeroplanists they had everything before them."

"And a darn long way, too, ORVILLE. What's wrong with that? Go on; you haven't struck a falsehood yet."

"What about 'You can go ahead with every confidence'? WILBUR, do you think—"

"That's right enough. Of course they can go ahead with every confidence; but once they begin going upwards, there are risks, and it's not for me to encourage them to go any way but ahead."

"I see. I am less uneasy now, WILBUR. And when you said of the ground at Sheppey, 'If a man cannot fly there he never will fly,' did you mean—"

"Just what I said. I could have said the same thing of Hyde Park or the Strand building sites; there's plenty of air over both of them, ORVILLE. Only being at Sheppey I said it of Sheppey."

"Thank you for your kind explanations, WILBUR. I feel I shall sleep to-night."

"Fifteen hundred naval railwaymen have struck work owing to their objection to peace-work."—*Kelso Mail*.

We must see about arranging a little war for them.

### THE LATEST DEPUTATION.

PARTICULARS have just come to hand of a very interesting interview last week between the Editor of *The Times* and a number of ladies and gentlemen. The subject under discussion was the advisability of establishing on the first page of *The Times* a section entitled *Forthcoming Birthdays*, which should announce a few days before the event the proximity of these important festivals, for, as the spokesman, a young Kensington gentleman of three, pointed out, as things now stand it is too easy, owing to a defective parental intelligence department, for every one to know of the nearness of a birthday; and it often happens that the first intimation to one's friends arrives, as in a recent tragic instance, after the event. (*Cries of "Shame!"*)

There were, of course, some persons base enough, mean enough, to prefer such a state of affairs (*Tumult*); but, on the other hand, there were nice people. (*Cheers.*) It was for the nice people that this column would be instituted.

The Editor having inquired as to the actual working of the scheme, the following propositions were offered. The title being "*Forthcoming Birthdays*," each entry should refer to a birthday to be celebrated on that day week. This, it was pointed out, would give time. The rate of payment, it was suggested, should be low. The accounts to be paid by fathers.

Asked to provide a specimen advertisement, the leader of the deputation produced the following:—

"On May 15, Master Herbert Willington Blantyre, of 93, Orme Square, W., will be six. Friends kindly accept and make a note of this intimation."

That is the simplest form. But amendments are possible, such as, for example, indications of the advertiser's taste. Thus:

"N.B.—H. W. B. has a model railway, but it still wants signals."

And again there might be a guiding word or two on the other side, with a parental inspiration, such as:

"No sweets, by request."

The Editor having stated that he would confer with the Advertisement Manager and see what could be done, the deputation withdrew and sorted itself out among its nurses.

"T" = telegrams despatched, but not delivered.—*Post Office Guide.*

We can think of a better letter for this than T.

"Wanted, few good men (Welsh), for egg collection."—*Welsh Gazette.*

Now we know why we heard a man say, "Lloyd-George be blowed!" the other day.

### THE STEPNEY CHILDREN'S PAGEANT.

THE present sporting production of Shakespearean plays without accessories seems to have the approval of the Bard himself, for he is taking part, in person, at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in a pageant for which the irreducible minimum has been expended on costumes and scenery. The average price of the dresses, we are told, was only a crown-piece, and even this figure would have been considerably lower but for the regal splendour—and thoroughly well she deserved it—of *Queen Elizabeth's* apparel.

Very bravely and intelligently, and with a delightful freedom from self-consciousness, the scholars of Stepney played their parts in the pageant of



Boadicea, in contempt of Suetonius Paulinus, takes a poison-pill, with the idea of "dying still a Queen."

London's history, from Saxon ANSGAR to FRANCIS DRAKE, from BOADICEA to the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green. We had no use for a prompter with everybody knowing everybody else's part as well as his own. There were occasional diversions not allowed for in the book, such as the lapse of the villainous *Longchamps's* moustache, shortly after *Prince John* had bade him "Begone, ere we regret our clemency;" but the spirit of humour was so strong among the child actors (notably the boy who played *Gurth*) that they could well afford a little merriment provoked without design.

I hardly suppose that the children of Whitechapel who played in this pageant were much less instructed in their parts beforehand than most of the grown-ups who get by heart the matter for other pageants; but I can imagine no better soil in which to sow the seed of citizen-

ship and patriotism than the hearts of these keen young Londoners.

I present my most cordial compliments to Mr. LOUIS PARKER, Pageant-maker-Extraordinary to the British Nation, who can never have had material more interesting to work upon; to Mr. F. P. HARVEY DARRON, Vice-master of the Ceremonies; to Miss ROSABEL WATSON, Conductor of the Orchestra; to Mr. G. K. MENZIES and the other authors of a libretto distinguished not only by excellent taste but also by a lucidity and directness very proper to its purpose; and finally, to whoever was responsible for some very dainty dances—morris and other—which added charm and gaiety to a performance always picturesque and needing no incidental distraction to save it from dullness.

The pageant will be repeated at 7 P.M. on the 12th, 13th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. Applications for tickets, which are free, should be made to the Secretary, Whitechapel Art Gallery, High Street, Whitechapel, E. O.S.

### WORDS IN THE DOCK.

II.

IN opening the case against "In truth" the Public Prosecutor strongly protested against the odious innuendo involved in the use of these words by a publicist or editor, the suggestion being that his opponents dealt in falsehood or fiction. Besides it was admittedly a blunder to protest too much; and to say continually "I'm telling you the truth," excited suspicion. Mr. JAMES, the eminent novelist, never styled himself "Truthful JAMES," and he certainly didn't suffer in persuasiveness for his reticence. Counsel concluded a brilliant address by reminding the Court that a great Irishman had said that he had "far too great a regard for the truth to be dragging her out on every paltry occasion."

The Editor of *The Spectator*, called for the defence, said that the incriminated words were very good friends of his, and had frequently assisted him in trying circumstances. Occasions arose in which it was the painful duty of a writer to insist on the obvious, and to resist the temptation to indulge in paradox. He was continually, and he trusted successfully, restraining the tendency to be witty.

Cross-examined, the Editor of *The Spectator* said that when he relied on the defendants he did not invariably endorse statements which appeared in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S organ.

At this stage of the proceedings some commotion was caused by a Member of Parliament rising at the back of the Court and shouting out in impassioned accents, "*J'accuse.*" He was promptly



Ethel "MOTHER, MISS BRUCE TOLD US SUCH A FUNNY THING ABOUT THE CUCKOO TO-DAY (Mysteriously) IT DOESN'T LAY ITS OWN EGGS!"

silenced, and, on being reminded that the phrase in question had been used by the late M. ZOLA, fell into a profound swoon. The prisoners were subsequently sentenced not to be heard in Wellington Street for the space of six months.

The next case was that of "Frankly," an insinuating adverb whose conduct in literary and dramatic circles of late had, so it was urged, become a serious nuisance and even a danger to the community.

Counsel for the prosecution in an emotional speech contended that the aggressive appearance of "frankly" in this context was an affront to good sense and the fitness of things, as it was perfectly notorious that literary and dramatic critics never were frank. They could not earn a livelihood if they were. The greatest living novelist—whose name he abstained from mentioning solely in deference to her detestation of publicity—had exposed their Machiavelian treachery again and again, but without result. It was to be hoped that the present action would finally and irrevocably annihilate this ghastly imposture.

Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, who was called by the prosecution, said (through the interpreter) that he never used the word.

The nearest that he came to it was in the phrase *franchement canaille*, which he had applied to the performance of a famous French *comédienne*.

Mr. ROBERT DONLON, the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, summoned to give evidence as to character on behalf of the prisoner, said that he had the highest opinion of him, and found him invaluable in opening the second paragraph of an unfavourable review of a book or play; as for example, "Frankly, this sort of thing won't quite do nowadays."

Mr. MASSINGHAM, on the other hand, said he had no use for otiose adverbs. It was the duty of a critic to be frank, not to say that he was frank.

The prisoner was ordered to be deported to America.

Finally came "Minor," the principal witness against whom was Mr. WILLIAM WATSON. The word, he said, was a danger to Society, in that it aroused the worst passions of all poets whenever it was used in connection with them. To call a man a minor poet was more offensive than to call him a coward. Poetry was poetry and poets were poets. (Ironical cheers.) Such empty-heads as those now cheering were the employers

of the rascal "Minor." He was their friend. (Riot.)

Other witnesses for the prosecution were Mr. JOHN LANE and Mr. FRANCIS COURTS.

The Editor of *The Westminster Gazette* was subpoenaed for the prosecution, but his evidence tended rather to the defence. He found "Minor," he said, a useful fellow. All poets were not of equal genius; why not distinguish? For his part he would, however, agree to drop "minor," but only on condition that he might say "first class" or "second class," or some such phrase. At this point Mr. WILLIAM WATSON'S language became so virulent that the proceedings terminated in an uproar.

#### "Oh, j'aime les Militaires."

"A large crowd cheered the ladies [Yeomanry nurses] who presented a very fine and martial appearance, and attracted a good deal of attention."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

"The draft Act was sown with the words, 'Governor-General-in-Council,' as thickly as autumn leaves in Vallambosch."—*South African News*.

An unfortunate misprint for Stellenbosch, which was what MILTON wrote.

## MR. PUNCH'S BUDGET.

[Mr. Punch prints a few examples of the sort of letter which is now arriving daily at his office.]

*The Fyrie, Tooting.*

DEAR OLD PUNCH,—My income is £700 per annum, and my wife has an allowance of £100 from her father. I have two boys under sixteen and one dog over sixteen, together with an adopted niece of fourteen; we have a garden of three acres, including a small pond, into which there is reasonable access—in fact all the children fell into it yesterday in the search for ungoten minerals. I have a horse whose horse-power is 1, and I smoke three ounces of tobacco a week. What was the name of the scholar—I mean what is the amount of my new taxation?

Yours to a cinder,  
GEORGE KEATS.

[When a niece falls in, the landlord pays ten per cent. on the increased value. The Editor cannot work out the rest of the problem now, but he believes the correct answer is that peacocks don't lay eggs.]

*The Snuggery, Bedford Park.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you use the influence of your great paper to remedy a crying scandal? My uncle died last October and left me all his money, some six hundred a year. When alive he resided at Shepherd's Bush; and on two evenings a week for ten years I used to go down there to see him. No smoking was allowed in his house, and nothing stronger than sherbet. For three hours after dinner I had to read aloud to him—*Times* leaders and things of that kind. Sundays too I generally spent with the old man; that meant sermons in the morning and a little bath chair exercise in the afternoon.

Yet, will you believe it, instead of letting me pay 9d. tax on my new income (well-earned), this detestable Government insists that I should pay 1s. 2d.!

Yours disgustedly,

GUY POTTS.

P.S. You might care to print the enclosed small contribution. If so, you had better sign it "Gypots"—my pseudonym in the *Bedford Park Messenger*.

[The Editor of *Punch* begs to offer Mr. Potts his sympathy and one of his rejection forms.]

31, Grosvenor Square, Pall Mall.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have a daring suggestion for a cartoon which, if it appeared in your paper, would create an immense stir throughout the length and breadth of England, and might indeed give the death-blow to this hated Government. I regret that I am unable to draw it for you myself, but no doubt you have an artist on your staff who could execute my idea.

It is simply this. Draw LLOYD-GEORGE

as a repulsive footpad holding up John Bull with the words, "It's your money I want." BALFOUR, who is standing by dressed as a policeman, says threateningly, "Ah! You wait!" Other policemen might be represented by AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, BONAR LAW, and so on, together with P. S. FOSTER, in a very new uniform, showing that he has only just been elected. ASQUITH and WINSTON might be a little way behind LLOYD-GEORGE. Over the whole scene the brooding spirit of NELSON looks down and says, "Alas, my country!"

This may be considered severe, but if it were well drawn it would, I think, be very effective, and might encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Budget.

Awaiting your reply, I am, etc.,

ERNEST TOOTLE.

[The Editor of *Punch* is afraid that Mr Tootle's cartoon is a little too strong to use at present, but he will keep it in reserve and employ it at the last moment if all else fails. What lovely weather! How are Mr. Tootle's sweet peas getting on?]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Doubtless you have read the letter of Mr. W. W. ASHLEY, M.P., to the Superintendent of some Poor Children's Home, regretting that the increased taxes absolutely prevent him from sending a subscription. The benevolences and (alas!) anticipated poverty of Mr. ASHLEY are matters of world-wide interest; so it was only right that his letter should have been made public. What I want to suggest now is that you should start a fund to take over *all* his charities, until such time as the Tories come back to power? For this purpose I have much pleasure in enclosing a cheque for a guinea.

X. Y. Z.

P.S. These are not my real initials, but I desire to remain anonymous.

[Unfortunately X.Y.Z.'s cheque has remained anonymous too.—Editor.]

*The Crow's Nest, Surbiton.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must tell you of a joke my little girl Gladys (aged 8) made this morning. She was helping me in the kitchen, and watching Berkeley (our maid), who was trying to unscrew the bottle of stout which I always take with my lunch. After trying a long time Berkeley said, "It's no good, mum, I can't budge it." Little Gladys immediately turned to me with a smile and said, "I expect Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE could, Mamma." She must have heard her father and me talking about the Budget (!) Was it not clever of her? I am sure that with a picture this would appeal to your readers, particularly to those who have children of their own. Gladys is a sweet fair-haired little thing, and was wearing a navy-blue serge frock—I enclose a photograph of us both taken last month, for the

guidance of your artist. Berkeley is rather short and has not much figure. You might word it like this:

LLOYD-GEORGE TO THE RESCUE!

Berkeley (unscrewing bottle of stout for her mistress's lunch). It's no good, mum, I can't budge it."

Gladys (aged 8). I expect Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE could, Mamma!

[Merriment of Mamma.]

If you cannot get this drawn at your office I daresay Gladys could make you a little picture of the scene. I may say that I shall put whatever you send me in her little money-box.

Yours very sincerely,  
(Mrs.) H. Q. PLIM.

[The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments and begs to return the beautiful photograph of Gladys's two elder sisters, which appears to have been sent in error. Unfortunately he has already accepted a joke on the subject of the Budget, so that he is unable to use Gladys's delightfully humorous legend. Should she, however, devise some equally witty impromptu on the occasion of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's next Budget the Editor hopes that he will be allowed to hear of it]

SIR,—I am a widow with an unearned income of £205. I live alone with Betsy (my pug) and Jane (my faithful old servant). Now this mercenary Government seeks to impose an additional tax of 2d. in the pound upon me. If it is allowed to do this I shall be compelled to dismiss my faithful companion, Jane (who will in consequence be thrown upon the rates), and eke out a miserable existence with my poor dog. A WIDOW.

[An extra 2d. on the £45 which pays income tax comes to 7s. 6d. a year. As an alternative, therefore, "A Widow" might dismiss Betsy, who would be thrown into a Dog's Home, and eke out a miserable existence with poor Jane.—Editor.] A. A. M.

"DIE STAMPING

Executed on the premises."

*Alnwick Gazette.*

We trust that the condemned man will not die stamping, but behave more seemly.

"Mr. Moore-Brabazon has achieved the distinction of being the first Englishman to fly on English soil."—*Daily Mail*.

A good beginning. We hope soon, though, to see some Englishman flying in English air.

The Law of Averages.

"The average annual mileage of a motor-car is 23,000, though many do more."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Stout lady (33 waist), elephant grey silk voile."—*Adm.* in "*The Gentlewoman*."

Come, come, it can't be so bad as that.



ROYAL ACADEMY. SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



60 AN UNFRIENDLY ZOOLOGICAL LIFE?  
Mrs Griefenhagen, the Hat, and the  
Mummet M GRIEFENHAGEN



100 Harry Lauder discovers Maud Amal.  
G A STORLEY, A R A



148 The 'Marchesa' going down  
with all hands P A HAY.



688. "HOOTS! TOOTS! AND HAVERS!"  
A Fearsome Foursome Reel in Mid-Ayn (Extraordinary be-Havers) VAL HAVERS



392 "Oh, Ma! Do come and look  
at Baby's legs! They've gone  
like a clown's!"  
J. H F BACOV, A R A.



231. Rolling his Lonely Log  
(Pathetic scene—in the Isle of Man,  
no doubt) CATHERINE OULESS.



31 Pampered Miscreant (on his mistress's  
lap). "It's a dull life! She hasn't moved or  
spoken for three weeks! Still, I've got some  
fun out of that ermine cloak!—chewed all the  
tails off but three!"  
SIR W. Q ORCHARDSON, R A



25 Some of the beams in Mr.  
George Clausen's eye.



Rejected One. "Tis wishing I was a GERREL I AM, BIDDY, THE WAY I'D MARRY MESELF, AN' SHOW YE YE'RE NOT THE ONLY GERREL WID A PURTY FACE."

## SEEN IN THE SHOPS.

By MIMI MIDINETTE.

I WOULD preface this article with the statement that everything in it is candid and independent. The reader of the ordinary article of this kind is, not perhaps unnaturally, under the impression that the tradesmen who are recommended in it make it worth either the author's or the paper's while. But not in my article. If I praise a shop it is because that shop is good. To anybody who can prove that I ever received a penny piece from any West-End establishment I will gladly give a king's ransom.

### Messrs. Attalow Price.

This being the season for new clothes, let me say that there is nothing better and cheaper than the stock now to be seen at Messrs. Attalow Price & Co's, in Bond Street. No woman who wishes to make other women turn round in the street (and is there a nobler ideal among the Smart Set?) can afford to neglect Messrs. Attalow Price's hats. Let them be sure to ask for the Salome chip straw, which would work havoc, I am sure, even among Baptists, and is really bon

marché at 8 guineas untrimmed, and 15 with ribbon. I have two.

### "Clothes and the Man."

Male costume may be thought to be a little off my beat, and indeed it is, but if I see in the shops a pair of trousers I have got to write about them, or what becomes of my title? Well, I have seen some, and I wish, entirely without prejudice, to praise them and to advise dressy men to go nowhere else for their trousseaux. The best trousers I have ever seen, or rather the best trousers I have seen since last week's paper came out, are those made by Button and Stitch, of Houndsditch. It is not, I am aware, a fashionable quarter, but Messrs. B. & S.'s clients have to remember that what Messrs. B. & S. save in rent they put into the article. This being so, why assist the Savile Row tailor in paying his rent when, by taking a little longer in getting to the City, you can attain a really better material and better cut? To improve on an old saying, "Men are curious kittle cattle," and surely in no way is their eccentricity more firmly established than in the matter of clothes. Whatever be their occupation or pursuit they must be clad in the prescribed

uniform. The golfing man must have his regulation kit, the cricketer and spectator at Lord's his flannels, the dentist or society man or Cabinet Minister his frock coat and top hat, the artist his lounge suit, the music-hall singer his rags, and so on throughout the whole of life's busy round and common task, and any man reversing the recognised order of things immediately calls for derision and amusement. No one can make them (this week) like Messrs. Button and Stitch. But next week? Ah!

(No more of this, however.—ED.)

### Vanity Fair on "The Devil."

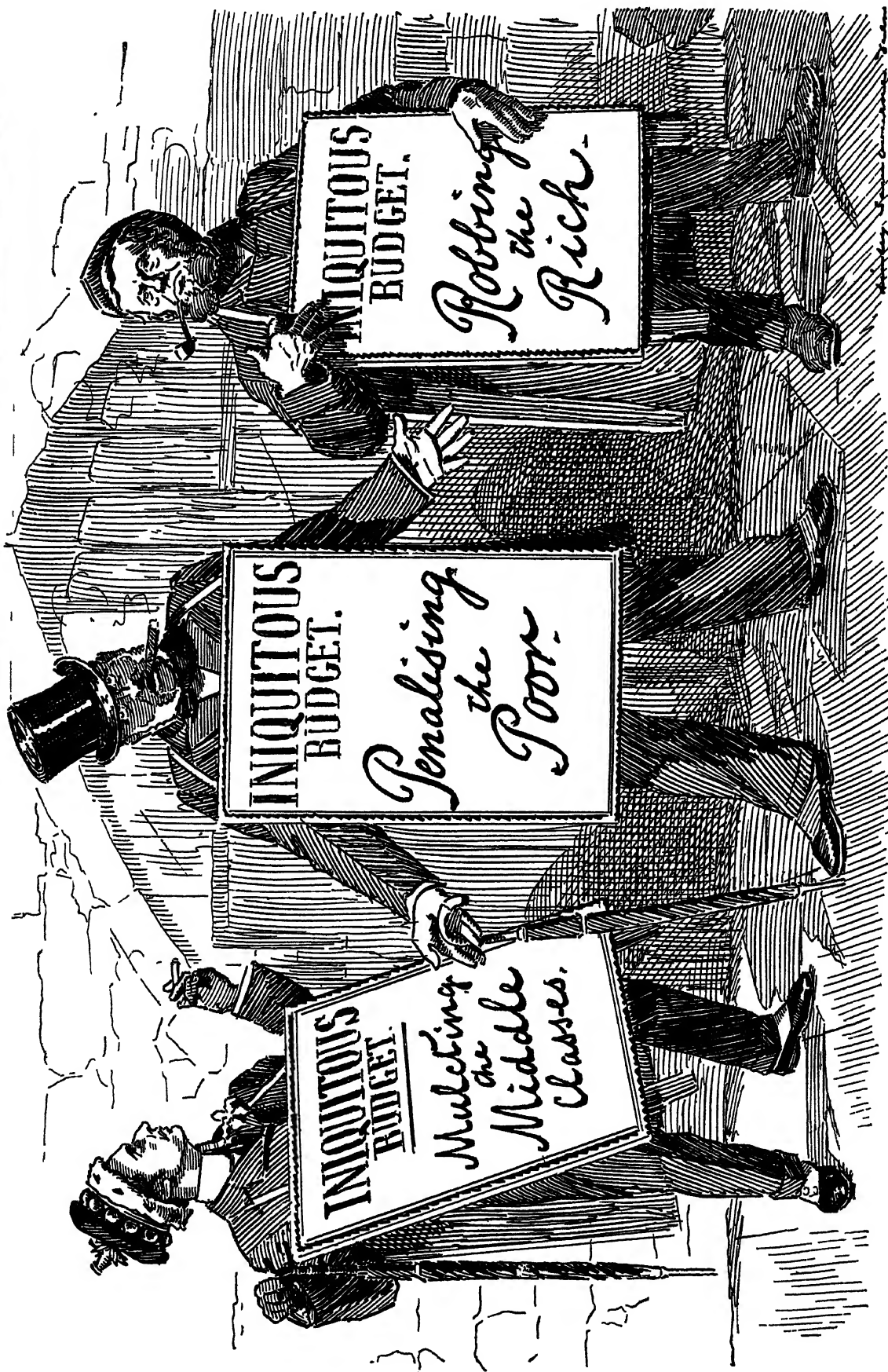
P. 517: "We found it excellent . . . most interesting from start to finish . . . the play and the acting were both admirable"

P. 532: "Simply silly and stupid . . . the *dramatis persone* are puppets; the person who pulls the strings is a bungler; and there is in short nothing in the play."

We agree cordially with *Vanity Fair*.

"Smith at once got Hayes finely taken in the long field by night."—*The Star*.

Another argument for the Daylight Saving Bill.



## THE ALTRUISTS.

RICH MAN } "I DON'T MIND A BIT ABOUT MYSELF, BUT MY HEART BLEEDS FOR THE OTHERS!"  
 MIDDLE-CLASS MAN }  
 POOR MAN }





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 3.*  
—"Reminds me of Agincourt on the eve of the battle," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, glancing round the lists. "Almost one hears

'The armourers, accomplishing the knight,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.'

'The royal captain of this ruined band'  
—I mean PRINCE ARTHUR, in command of the decimated Opposition predestined to rout—seems pretty fit."



"Think! oh, think, of the market gardener! (*Aside, sotto voce*) I never thought of him before, but oh! how pathetic it sounds!"

House just got into Committee of Ways and Means. First round in the great Budget fight. PRINCE ARTHUR promptly leads off. His rising greeted with storm of cheers and counter cheers that truly indicates strained relations of parties. Opposition mean business. Resigned unto the heavenly will in the matter of monotonous defeat in Division Lobbies, they will still carry it on, disputing every foot of advance of Finance Bill through Committee.

Notable change in aspect of two Front Benches. At ordinary times entrance upon business of day is signal for flight of Ministers and ex-Ministers. One in charge of measure to the fore keeps his place, assisted by a junior colleague, occasionally supported by that Ministerial man-of-all-work, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The rest flee to their private rooms, in whose seclusion they are understood to attack arrears of office work. This afternoon both Front Benches

remain full, the occupants intent observers of the tactics governing opening of attack.

PRINCE ARTHUR evidently bestowed exceptional pains on preparation of his speech. Magnificently scornful in denunciation of what he calls "the electioneering manifesto" that prefaced delivery of Budget speech. To delight of Opposition, diags in HENRY GEORGE. At first there was a shocked feeling of breach of Order, doubtless inadvertently committed, accompanied by accidental miscalling of Christian names. The name of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER just now in everyone's mouth. Had PRINCE ARTHUR, not specially notable for accuracy of detail, made a slip and called him HENRY? This takes much longer to explain than it did to flash through the minds of Members. The point suggested with studied innocence was quickly seized and greeted with shout of boisterous laughter.

"Mr. HENRY GEORGE," he continued when silence was restored, "held that possession of all land was intrinsically robbery, and that it ought to be taken away without compensation to existing owners. That is a fairly coherent system; but what on earth lies at the bottom of the system of Mr. HENRY GEORGE's great namesake?"

In the course of speech History, after its occasional manner, repeated itself. Pursuing his argument, denouncing the treatment of landed property by the Budget, PRINCE ARTHUR, looking among his papers, found he had forgotten a particular sheet setting forth figures which, if cited, would establish his case. Eighty years ago ALTHORP (forbear of present Earl SPENCER) found himself, when addressing House as Chancellor of Exchequer, in the same predicament. He apologised for the accident, but assured Members that he had studied the figures, that they led to a certain conclusion, which he hoped would be accepted on his personal declaration. Unconsciously PRINCE ARTHUR, in like predicament, paraphrased the appeal, and by a ready cheer received the same tribute of confidence and acquiescence.

*Business done.*—Got into Committee on Budget Resolutions.

*Tuesday.*—"This is not an ordinary debate," remarked Mr. PREYMAN, rising to resume discussion in Committee on Budget scheme. "It is one of the most momentous issues ever presented for the consideration of Parliament."

Whereupon Members on both sides with one accord strolled out to gossip on the Terrace, write letters or read the evening papers. 'Twas ever thus. They will sit out a debate running through a single sitting. When it comes to allocation of several nights to a particular subject, howsoever important, they

straightway flee. For some hours to-night, whilst speech followed speech, not all as good as PRYMAN'S, the House would have been counted out had the doors been closed against temporary influx of idlers from without.

Filled up when at half-past nine word went round that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was up. To the close of sitting PRINCE ARTHUR was among the absentees. This a pity, since some of the pointed passages of the speech of "HENRY GEORGE's great namesake" were directed to reply to his speech of last night.



THE "BIRD-NESTER" IN BORROWED PLUMAGE

Mr. Lloyd-George in Mr. Chaplin's clothes.

["While the chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Tariff Commission was bathing in the still waters of Tariff Reform, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lurking, I suppose somewhere on the bank (*laughter*), probably on a bird-nesting expedition (*laughter*), suddenly came across the right hon. gentleman's clothes (*laughter*), and being, as everybody knows, a man of predatory disposition, at once took possession of them, and we may assume that in the privacy of his own home he tried them on, and he appeared in them here on Budget night (*loud laughter*). Could you have a better or more cogent reason for a Development Grant? (*roars of laughter*)."]—*Mr. Asquith.*

House glad to find the CHANCELLOR in something of his old form. Relieved of the burden of multitudinous manuscript, he spoke for an hour and a-half, briskly replying to criticisms raised through two nights' debate. At one stage he brought SON AUSTEN up with angry

repudiation of what seemed an innocent remark. Referring to the Conservative Party in the Reichstag, he asked whether the Opposition were aware of legislative action in respect of land taken by "their own party in Germany."

"We have no party in Germany," SON AUSTEN, amid loud laughter, angrily declared. LLOYD-GEORGE smiled across the Table with paternal tenderness, as if addressing a naughty boy who had put his fingers in the jam-pot.

"Whatever effect the Budget may have on property," he said, "it seems to have had disastrous effect on the right hon. gentleman's sense of humour. I am not sure it was ever very strong, but it is completely shattered."

This did not improve matters. Opposition angrily cheered. Ministerialists uproariously laughed. A prolonged scene appeared imminent. But the storm fell as suddenly as it had burst, and Members in whispered conversation asked what it had all been about.

*Business done.* — Budget in Committee.

*Thursday.* — Mr. DOBSON does not know what is the proper thing to do in the circumstances. They are certainly odd.

Among questions on the paper one standing in the name of Mr. JOYCE invited ADMIRAL MCKENNA to state whether his attention has been called to the fact that it is more than thirty years since certain reaches of the River Shannon have been surveyed, with the consequence that, owing to changes taking place, existing charts have become unreliable. The ADMIRAL having made answer, up rose Mr. JOYCE, and in thunderous tones further enquired:

"Will the right hon. gentleman say who carried out the first soundings?"

Quick came reply from neighbour-hood of the Table.

"Mr. DOBSON"

The Member for Croydon audibly gasped. The assertion was absolutely groundless. His private business lies wholly apart from the profession of a surveyor. As a matter of fact he has never seen the Shannon. For a moment the House shared his perplexity. Then explanation flashed upon it, and a burst of laughter greeted the unpremeditated joke.

It was not the ADMIRAL who had made reply. It was the SPEAKER, ignoring JOYCE's supplementary question, calling by name the Member next on the list of questions.

Assisted to his feet by those sitting near him, Mr. DOBSON, in reply to the SPEAKER's call, named the number of his question. But he remains in state of bewilderment, undetermined whether the House really understands that he had nothing to do with the survey of the Shannon, or whether, in justice to

himself and his constituents, he ought to make a personal statement.

*Business done.* — Discussing Small



"ONE OF THE 'OLD GUARD'"

While he would never surrender, he still lives . . . within the sight of this House, to the general admiration of the assembly." — Mr. AQUIETH's graceful tribute to Mr. CHAPLIN.

Holdings Act, STRACHEY, representing Board of Agriculture, gives glowing account of its working.

#### BUDGETINS.

Of far more interest than the views expressed by mere party organs on Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's financial schemes is the verdict of the independent Press, as represented by papers whose concern with politics is either accidental or subsidiary. Thus:—

"The effect of this extraordinary Budget on English trade is bound to be depressing in the extreme. . . Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has set a premium on living for ever, and it remains to be seen whether his attempt to impose on us the habit of athanasia will go down with the country." — *The Undertakers' Gazette*.

"Seldom has a brighter or more hopeful document been compiled." — *The Nursery Times*.

"More stamp duties!" — *The Amateur Philatelist*.

"Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has introduced the most hair-raising Budget of recent years, and all who are interested in the maintenance of a glossy and luxuriant cheve-

lure should study it without delay." — *The Penny Shave and Tonsorial Advertiser*.

"A bright, chatty little work." — *The Statistical Review*.

"An excellent story is going the rounds about the childhood of Mr. D. LLOYD-GEORGE, who (as Chancellor of the Exchequer) is responsible for the Budget now before the House of Commons. Years ago the budding politician was walking in the streets of Carnarvon when he was threatened by an older and larger boy. "My name is DAVID," said the embryo statesman, standing his ground firmly; "have you ever heard what happened to GOLIATH?" His oppressor (runs the story) was so discomfited that he incontinently decamped." — *Snacks*.

"Votes for Women!" — *Votes for Women*.

#### EN ATTENDANT.

DEAR Sir, I beg that you will glance At these few brief remarks from France. The falser forms of British pride It is my boast to set aside: I find I like, upon the whole, To breakfast merely on a roll; I also like the early lunch, And tolerate a tardy *Punch*; The weather too is often fine, And one appreciates the wine; The crossing never makes me ill; I am, in fine, a Francophil. Let me then now without restraint Proceed to air my one complaint.

There is a virtue which I lack: I never yet have learnt to pack. When I get here I often note With grief the absence of a coat; I often leave Southampton (Hants) Without sufficient change of pants. On landing then I send a wire For all the things I most desire, And these are soon upon their way, But do they reach me quickly? Nay. For weeks and weeks I linger here And still the things do not appear. In France, Sir, what is needed most Is an efficient Parcel Post.

"The Rev. Dr. Singleton, Vicar of All Saints', Newmarket, has arranged an exchange of encumbrances with the Rev. E. A. Moxon, Vicar of All Saints', Fosdyke." — *Norwich Post*.

Can this deal be possibly the result of the 7s. 6d. allowance for children under sixteen?

"A gentleman says—'I can now eat cheese without giving me indigestion and is exceptionally appetising.'" — *Advt. in "South Wales Daily Post."*

In the words of the melodrama: "'Aven't I given yer the ejjication of a gen'lman?" — "You 'ave, father."



Fisherman (time 10 A.M.) "WILL YOU HAVE A DRAM?"

Highland Shepherd (preparing to take it) "AW, IT'S IAE OVER FARLA' BESIDES, I HAD HAD YIN."

### THE PENALTIES OF OFFICE.

#### A NEW TERROR FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

THE searchings of the Nonconformist conscience are vividly illustrated in the "Problems of Conduct" appearing week by week in the *British Weekly Problem* No. 229 runs as follows:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, poor and proud, have taken rooms for Whitsuntide at C—. Mrs. Larraby, the Bryces' rich neighbour, calls on Mrs. Bryce and hears her plans, and Mrs. Bryce tells her where they are going. On the morning of starting Mrs. Bryce receives a letter from the landlady saying the rooms have been let to the Larrabys, who are paying double what Mrs. Bryce offered for the rooms. What should Mrs. Bryce do?"

The prize has been awarded to an Edinburgh gentleman for the following answer:—

"Mrs. Bryce should suffer silently and proceed to find fresh rooms. Remonstrances are lost on unprincipled people, and legal action is not for the poor and proud."

Further developments of this new method of inquisition may be expected on some such lines as the following:—

PROBLEM No. 235.

"Mr. and Mrs. McKenna are staying at Etretat for shrimping, a pastime to

which they are passionately addicted. One fine day, while Mrs. McKenna is engaged in her favourite pursuit, a lady whom she has never seen before approaches her with a sinister expression and observes: "I see you can't get away from the 'Fish-pond.' What should Mrs. McKenna do?"

The prize, a volume of sermons by Professor Septimus Bopp, has been awarded to

ALBERT GOUDIE,

4, Pall Mall, Peebles,

for the following answer:—

"Mrs. McKenna should swiftly remove the shrimping net from the briny and bring it down over the head of her tormentor, twisting it tight round her neck until she cries for mercy."

Other solutions are as follows:—

"Mrs. McKenna should say nothing, but politely offer her interlocutor a shrimp. By acting thus she would inflict a much severer reprimand than she could have done by any other means, as her magnanimity would paralyse her antagonist."

"Mrs. McKenna should plunge into the sea and swim rapidly away from the aggressive intruder."

PROBLEM No. 236.

"Mrs. Sidney Buxton receives a copy of a novel written by Mrs. Dorinda Boss,

the postmistress of—, eagerly demanding a criticism. Mrs. Buxton thinks the book absolute drivel but hesitates to say so. Meanwhile a second letter arrives from Mrs. Boss threatening, if the judgment is not favourable, to make the Postmaster-General the villain of her next novel. What should Mrs. Buxton do?"

The prize, a copy of *Cruden's Concordance*, bound in three-quarters levant, has been awarded to

JONAS PERRING,

Laburnum Villa, Swanage,

for the following answer:—

"Mrs. Sidney Buxton should promptly telegraph that the novel eclipsed the finest work of George Sand, Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Marie Corelli."

Other solutions (the first containing some *jeux d'esprit* of a ripe antiquity) are as follows:—

"The most effective course of action which Mrs. Buxton can adopt is to frame a diplomatic answer which can be read in two ways. For instance, she might say that the novel possesses quite exceptional qualities, that she has never read anything like it before, and that the Postmaster-General intends to waste no time in perusing it."

"Mrs. Buxton should stick to her guns, say that the book is drivel, and defy Mrs. Boss to do her worst."

**BILLY BARRINGTON'S MANŒUVRE.**

[Being the first-fruits of the recent appointment of a scientific Aviation Committee.]

BILLY BARRINGTON, an impecunious but impressionable subaltern in the Putty-shires ("The Catch-'em-alive-oh's") had encountered many damsels in the game of love, but when he met May Maddison he knew he was in for the final tie which must end in the nuptial knot. He proposed and was accepted with enthusiasm, and next morning popped and twittered over on his motor-bicycle to interview her father. Mr. Maddison was grey haired but not gouty, and though half Billy's size had twice his energy. Besides, he had other ambitions for his daughter, so he refused Billy's request. At the same time he offered him a drink.

"No thanks," said Billy; "but I may as well tell you, if you won't give us your permission we shall get married without it."

"Thirty years ago," said Mr. Maddison, "such a threat might have alarmed me, because young men had both hardihood and resource when I was a young man, and now it seems the old ones have got it all. I suppose you think that anybody can steal a march on me and take my daughter."

"No, I don't," said Billy; "but I think I can."

"You do, do you? Well, I'll bet you a thousand to one in sovereigns you can't. Now here's a bargain—if during the next seven days, in broad daylight, say from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., you can come and take my daughter *without me*, I'll give you permission to marry her at the village church as soon as you like."

"Done," said Billy. "I'll go and get a special licence."

The ancestral home of the Maddisons was a lonely moated grange; the moat was deep, the walls were high, and the entrance was barred by a lofty iron gate only opening from the inside. Mr. Maddison regarded his position as almost impregnable. "But to feel you are quite safe, my dear," he said to his daughter in explaining matters, "I shall keep you in sight from breakfast till dinner for a week, at the end of which time you shall have the young soldier's sovereign to spend on chocolates, and I'll take you a trip to Paris for a complete change of air and costume."

Six days passed and no sign from Billy. The morning of the seventh was fair but chilly, and a girlish figure, in a warm cloak and cap, might have been seen reclining in a hammock under the mulberry-tree by the arbour, while Papa sat reading the morning paper hard by.

"I fear," he said, looking up, "that your old man isn't going to have a chance of showing his mettle after all.

I think your young one might have had one try for you, my girl—but still, what a lot of chocolates you'll be able to buy for a sovereign!"

He paused, but there was no answer from the hammock.

"Crying again?" he said. "Well, I'm cruel only to be kind; and now I'm going to write my letters, including one to *The Times* on the 'Decay of the British Army.' Mind you stay where you are, my dear;" and he went into the library and took up his position at the writing table in the window, from which he could see his daughter still reclining in her hammock. All of a sudden the room became dark as the light from the French-window was obscured by some huge floating object. Mr. Maddison sprang to his feet as a military balloon made a clever descent so close to the mulberry-tree that, while one of the occupants made fast to the branches, the other, Billy himself, sprang out, and, seizing the recumbent figure in the hammock, slung her into the car just as her father leaped through the library window and dashed up to the spot. To seize Billy round the waist, fling him aside, and jump into the car to retrieve his daughter was the work of a frenzied moment, the very moment, in fact, in which the aeronaut let go the branches. The balloon rose slowly and steadily into the air, and Mr. Maddison leaned back, too breathless to speak, but with a smile of sarcastic triumph playing round his twitching lips.

"So you thought you'd done the old man, did you?" he gasped out to the aeronaut, whom he recognised as one of Billy's particular pals. Billy's pal gave a sheepish smile, and nodded. "Oh, you're very clever! you're very smart; but not quite smart enough for me yet. And as for you," he added, turning to his daughter, huddled up on the opposite seat, "I'm surprised you haven't too much feminine pride to submit to being pitched about like a sack of potatoes—for that was for all the world what you looked like."

The crushed figure made no response, but suddenly lurched forward as the balloon swayed, and would have fallen to the bottom of the car had not Mr. Maddison caught it with sudden tenderness in his arms.

"Merciful Powers! What is this?" he roared, recoiling from his burden, which consisted of a feather bolster attired in his daughter's cloak and hat.

"Where's my daughter?" he thundered. Billy's pal smiled more sheepishly than ever, and pointed downward with his thumb. Gingerly leaning over the side, Mr. Maddison saw his daughter emerge with Billy from the arbour where she had been hiding after planting the dummy-substitute in the ham-

mock when her father returned to the house. He saw their toy-like figures hurry through the gate and down the road to the village church. The girl clung, drooping, to her lover, but as they entered the sacred porch Billy looked up and waved a cheery salute.

"I'm done!" said Mr. Maddison. "I'm not up to your high-flown notions. So let me down as gently as you can, and as quickly, because I want to be the first to wish them luck."

And so he was; and when later in the day they started on their honeymoon Billy had a cheque for a thousand pounds in his pocket towards house-keeping expenses.

**Painful Conversation.**

Of my many virtues one stands out supreme—the gift of aphasia. I am much sought after by garrulous hosts and hostesses for their listening-parties—I do it so well. It is a virtue, however, which brings its owner very little satisfaction.

The person in whose company I feel at the greatest disadvantage is Wrenchall. I see him only occasionally, but I look forward to our interviews just as any other person would anticipate a visit to a dentist.

Wrenchall is really the most genial of fellows. He welcomes me as kindly as any man I know; he insists on my taking the most comfortable chair in the room; and with every effort to make me feel at ease, he chats away brightly about the weather, the Navy, the holidays, his garden, and easy things like that. But my tongue might be of putty for all the contribution I can make to the conversation. If bimetalism or metaphysics or HERBERT SPENCER'S "Data of Ethics," were the subjects in hand I could not be more taciturn. The fact is, Wrenchall is able to ally with the simplest conversation such strength of grip and penetration that a person of timid build like myself is helpless. He possesses irresistible power of benumbing my brain and deadening my perception and sensibilities, and once he has cast his spell over me he contrives to extract from me only what is bad. No man that I know of can with such skill and withal such a genial manner make holes in me, if I may use the expression.

No, I never feel happy with Wrenchall. I have said that I anticipate my visits to him as another would regard a visit to a dentist; and that, perhaps, is not remarkable. For Wrenchall is my dentist. I have just returned from a visit, and he has given me what I may fairly describe as one of the times of my life.





Military Man (coming unexpectedly on the scene). "HULLO, WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU DOING?"  
Private Smith (minor). "PLEASE, SIR, I'M A CONTINENTAL EVASION—"

### TELE-WOING.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON has received from a lady the suggestion that all offers of marriage should be made through the POSTMASTER-GENERAL by means of the telephone at certain fixed fees, to raise the Post-Office revenue. Somewhat as follows, we suppose:—

What number, please?

Double-O Mayfair, darling . . .

Sir?!

Oh, I beg pardon . . . I was thinking of someone else . . . Double-O Mayfair, please! (Pause)

Hullo! . . . Hullo?

I'm sorry the line's engaged.

Conf—I wonder if she's engaged!

(Pause, considerably longer)

You are through now to Double-O Mayfair.

Hullo! . . .

Is that you, dear? . . .

Who is it speaking?

Oh, I say, you know, dear . . .

I'm afraid I don't quite catch—I'll see if the missus is in . . .

Oh dam! Here I say—don't go,

please . . . I don't want the missus . . . ask Gwennie, I mean, Miss Gwendolen, to come . . . (Pause . . .)

Hullo? Who is it?

Hullo, are you there, Gwen?

Yes, yes; who is it? . . . Speak more distinctly, please.

Why, don't you know my voice?

No, I'm afraid I don't . . . Are you Aunt Maria?

Oh, come now, don't be funny . . . I'm George.

George who?

Why, there's only one George, I thought . . .

Indeed? . . . Well,—oh, now I sort of guess . . .

Hullo?

Hullo, are you there still?

What's all this buzzing? . . . I can't hear . . .

I say—hullo—look sharp, or they'll ring us off . . .

Hullo . . . Look here, will you marry me some time—suit yourself as to date. . . .

Hold the line a moment . . . I'll see if . . . (Conversation cut off abruptly).

### ON "BILLY"—AN EPITAPH.

'THE death of Billy, the oldest sheep in England—within two days of his eighth birthday—is reported from Leicestershire. Among his many accomplishments, he would stand perfectly still in a field at the word of command, while his master crouched down by his side and shot at rabbits over his back.

Alas! our all-wool patriarch

Is gone; he was a sheep of mark,

Nearly an octonarian;

He never smoked, he drank no beer,

He lived, throughout his whole career,

A blameless vegetarian.

All Leicester, nay, all England knew

No doggier sheep, no teg so true,

For sport a very glutton!

As stalking-horse, he did his part

At putting rabbits in the cart,

And now he's dead as mutton!

"We understand that the new member, Mr. Pointer, is a thoroughgoing Local Optimist."—*Alliance News*.

This looks hopeful for Attercliffe.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

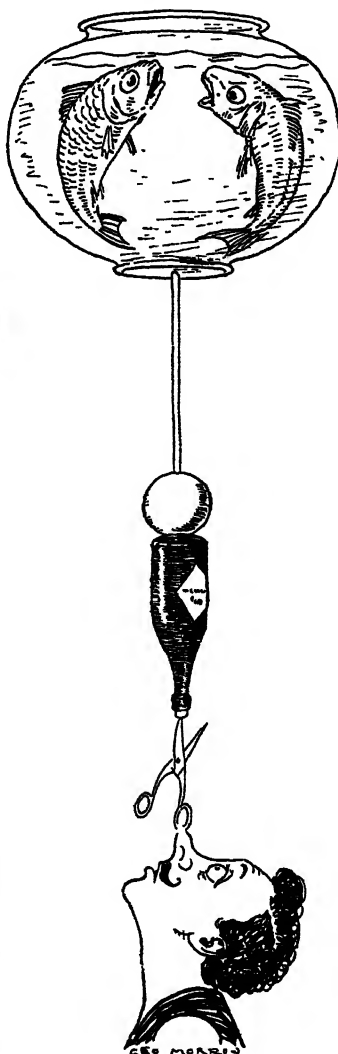
I THINK it would puzzle anybody to give an exact definition of Mr. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM'S creed on the evidence of his last work, which he has entitled *Faith* (Duckworth). Its outlook on life is obviously a little gloomy, but the contents of his book would have been as aptly described if he had called it *Hope* or *Charity*. Anyhow, I am satisfied that the author's creed is not entirely pagan, for on page 160 the word *Periphræstion* occurs, and that would surely have got itself corrected if he had felt any consuming interest in the classical abodes of the dead. The volume consists of a series of very short and very vivid sketches of scenes and personalities, written in a manner that suggests a study of DAVIDET, and set against various backgrounds, Spain, Italy, Morocco, and South America, and one or two in the grey north. The longest, and perhaps the most interesting, is that which deals with the sunny (but otherwise quite un-Cooked) territory of the Andorra Republic. Mr. GRAHAM upholds his high reputation—as the tailors say—for first-class style (in spite of a rather annoying trick of using similes that now and then seem more ornamental than illustrative), and if he intends to complete the trilogy I shall anticipate the companions of *Faith* with the greatest pleasure.

No doubt the title of Mr. SYDNEY C. GRIER's new book, a tale of the "stirring times" of the Peninsular War, is "rote sarcastic." Otherwise I don't see why he calls it *A Young Man Married* (HUTCHINSON), since it directly contradicts the sour dictum of *Parolles* in *All's Well that Ends Well* that "a young man married is a man that's married." Lieut. Arthur Cinnamon, "of the"—th, was not married but made by his marriage with *Doña Rosita de Lara*, a fugitive Spanish maiden who threw herself on the tender mercies of the—th on the morrow of the storming of Badajoz. Till he fell in love with her, Arthur was rather a poor steed, devoted, like Orpheus, to his loot, and deep in the black books of Lord WELLINGTON. But with his donah's dear hand in his he turned over a new leaf (with the other), and became the very model of a regimental officer. At first he didn't score much by the change. He had fallen from the frying-pan of his chief's displeasure into the fire of Fate, who proceeded to give the young couple a very thin time. At the best, *Rosita* was jogging uncomfortably after the army, perched on the top of a baggage-wagon or rushing, like Fame, over the field of battle in pursuit of Arthur, knowing that where the guns were there "my Arturo" would be. At the worst, as ignorant of each other's whereabouts as the maid-servant in Mr. HAWTREY's story was of her master's, they were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with her high-born but bad-mannered family, who bitterly resented her marriage with a heretic. However, after many escapes, more hair-breadth than hair-raising, *Rosita* was restored safe and sound to her Arturo's arms, and the book, like the play from which it borrows its

title, ends happily. But I don't think it shows Mr. GRIER at his best.

There are two things about *The Trickster* (PANEL), by Mr. G. B. BURGYN, which I don't understand. Firstly, I do not understand which person in it is the trickster, and, secondly, I do not understand why the author should have wasted so rare a melodramatic device as that dining-room built above a well in which a plumber was once drowned. Quite early in the book he describes how this well is securely bricked over, but I congratulated myself that this wasn't going to deceive me. There would be, I felt sure, a struggle in that dining-room, and the brickwork would give way, and all the bores in the story would be wiped out at one fell scoop. This hope urged me to give minute attention to many pages of conversation which otherwise I might have skipped. Every time anyone went into the room I grasped the arms of my chair to nerve me for the shock. But it never came. The well remains bricked up, and finally just an ordinary revolver removes the superfluous husband and gets the verbose lovers together. Really, for the author of thirty-four novels—I arrive at the figure after a careful inspection of the fly-leaf—this is a little disappointing. But perhaps the tragedy of the well is reserved for the thirty-fifth.

Why Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD named his book *War* (GEORGE ALLEN) I failed to understand until I found the heroine, *Christabel Lovett-Brown*, taking refuge for the night in Mme. TUSNAUD'S. *Christabel*, far from being alarmed, was "ripe for adventure," so when she saw *John Scream*, a night-watchman (with a curious idea of his duties), kneeling before MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, and saying, "O Queen, deign to look upon thy servant. I think I see the life-blood coursing through thy veins," it was perhaps natural that she should come to his assistance. At any rate she impersonated MARY, and in spite of the fact that her fingers (which she allowed him to kiss) "savoured of buns," *Scream* was supremely content to remain upon his knees. I should think that Mr. LAYARD must have smiled to himself when he thought of this curious situation for his heroine, and I congratulate him upon the humour with which he describes it. Indeed he is to be praised both for his sense of style and his sense of comedy, and the only fault I have to find with him is that his villain is an anæmic creature, badly in need of a tonic.



Either Gold Fish. "I REALLY THINK WE OUGHT TO HAVE A NET UNDERNEATH FOR THIS PERFORMANCE!"

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT, his views on motor and petrol taxes:—

(1) In *The Daily Chronicle*:

"I do not think that it is going to make an enormous difference to the private motor owner . . . I don't suppose people are going to be frightened off from buying motor cars."

(2) In *The Daily Mail*:

"I am so indignant that I find it difficult to express my opinions. The impost will be absolutely disastrous."

We are glad to see that in spite of his indignation Mr. JARROTT has already managed to express two opinions.

## CHARIVARIA.

*The Daily News*, in its remarks on the Australians' first match, said:—"It will be seen that, whereas Notts scored at the rate of a run a minute, the Australians beat that pace by 104 runs . . . They have already convinced everyone of their greatness as a batting side." They have indeed! 105 runs a minute!

Pity the poor rich! The Budget has placed some of them in a pretty quandary. Those who have in the past contributed to Charities will be able to economise in that direction and so make both ends meet; but the others, it is feared, will be put to serious inconvenience.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has stated that medical men will not be entitled to a rebate of duty paid on the petrol used in their cars. The idea, we believe, is that they will be more than compensated by the number of persons who will get ill from financial worry brought on by the Budget.

*The Outfitter* has been criticising Sir LUKE FILDES' portrait of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. "The free abandon of his linen collar will in all probability convey much to the thoughtful student of character," says our contemporary, "while the lack of finish about the cuffs may be regarded as equally suggestive." Boys, of course, will be boys, and bird's-nesting was always bad for the clothes.

The following notice, *The Daily Chronicle* tells us, has been posted in the window of a Dover public-house:—

INCREASED TAXATION  
BY  
LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.  
DEARER BREAD!

IN CONSEQUENCE OF ABOVE THE PRICES OF  
SPIRITS ARE RAISED.

This reminds one of the classic conversation between two British Workmen:—"Had any breakfast, Bill?" "Not a drop!"

To the credit of the Cabinet not a single Member forced his way into the Church and shouted, "No Votes for Women!" while Miss GERTRUDE BROOK,

a well-known Suffragette, was being married.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello* has been performed in Yiddish in the East End, and it is rumoured that the same company is to give an interesting version of *The Merchant of Venice*, in which *Shylock* will be a Gentile, and all the other characters Jews and Jewesses.

To judge by the terms of an advertisement of the Earl's Court Exhibition, it is not only the English people who take their pleasures sadly. Under the heading, "America's most Up-to-date

to an undoubted hardship under which all convicted murderers labour. Unlike other prisoners they are prevented from accepting Music Hall engagements at the expiration of their sentences.

A speed of over seventy-eight miles an hour was recently attained, and maintained for seventy-one miles, by a homing pigeon residing at Preston. This is interesting as showing how the advent of flying machines is evidently putting birds on their mettle.

A deputation from the Cigar Manufacturers' Federation pointed out to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, last week, that it would be necessary to change the sizes of cigars to meet the new duty, and that "fresh moulds would have to be prepared." This strikes us as being a somewhat callous confession, though we had long imagined that moulds of various kinds entered into the composition of some brands we have struck.

Singers, we know, tend to become stout, but to announce the arrival of a popular diva under the heading, "Operatic Cargo," was an ungallant action on the part of *The Daily News*.

It is not, we believe, generally known that our convicts are now clothed in khaki. This, we take it, is one more sign of the humane treatment which is now the vogue for criminals, as, when the prisoners escape, the khaki of course renders them invisible to the warders.



## THE NEW MEASURE.

Barmaid. "HAIT-FINT O' ALE?"

Labourer. "No—CAWNT RUN TO IT. GIMME A 'ALT LLOYD-GEORGE"

Amusements," we find "The Deluge" and "The San Francisco Earthquake."

At Heidelberg they have discovered a skeleton of a creature who was undoubtedly "the missing link" between a gorilla and a human being. To the great annoyance of the inhabitants it is to be known as "Homo Heidelbergiensis."

The rewards distributed in connection with the Tottenham anarchist outrage included the sum of one pound to a lady who threw a potato at one of the miscreants. But is it politic, we would ask, to encourage the public to supply fugitives from justice with food?

A correspondent draws our attention

Extract from a letter addressed by Lord RUSSELL to *The Times* on the subject of the Petrol Tax:

"The difference between us is that he is willing to sink his principles because of some bribe of a central road fund that is dangled before us, the details of which are of the shadowiest character, while I am not."

A man of substance, evidently.

Two consecutive advertisements from *The Globe*:

"BUTLER (single), now in London, wants quiet place.

"JOB BUTTER wanted at once."

If only they could both have been butlers there might have been a deal.

## THE TRANSFORMATION.

[*The Daily Chronicle* has some encouraging remarks for those among its readers who are suffering from imbecility. Our contemporary recalls that LOCKHART wrote of SOUTHEY: 'After his mind failed, his hair, previously snow-white, thickened, curled and became perceptibly darker.']

I KNEW her in her palmy days;  
No woman I have ever met  
Had more of wit and charming ways  
Than she—at five-and-forty *nett*;  
Time, it is true, had left his trace  
On hair already white and waning,  
Yet she preserved a youthful grace  
I found extremely entertaining.

At dinner-parties (where, I hold,  
One's object is to eat and drink)<sup>1</sup>  
I like a neighbour not too old,  
Who doesn't want to make you think;  
But when with *her* I used to dine  
My appetite was gladly wasted;  
Her sparkling wit was all my wine,  
Her talk the only food I tasted.

I took her in the other night.  
Lord! what a falling-off was there!  
Her conversation, once so light,  
Was heavier stuff than I could bear;  
And while she babbled (tedious bore!)  
About her Sex and Votes for Women,  
I fed till I could feed no more,  
And nearly drank enough to swim in.

Nor was this all. Another change  
The rolling years had ushered in:  
Something about her hair was strange,  
Her hair that once was grey and thin;  
Its ample curls, its coppery tone,  
Looked almost like a fresh creation;  
I hardly knew it for her own,  
So curious was the transformation.

Later I saw why this was so.  
I thought of one, with mind unhinged,  
And how his scant hair, white as snow,  
Curled up in masses, darkly tinged;  
These altered locks, this lapse of wit—  
I saw exactly what the change meant:  
Her mental balance—that was it—  
Had undergone a rude derangement.

O. S.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT in *The Pall Mall Gazette* denounces Mr. A. B. WALKLEY and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER as "the two most dangerous enemies of dramatic progress in the Press to-day." It is pleasant, however, to think that they manage things better in the provinces. Thus we note that the dramatic critic of *The Manchester Guardian* applauds Mr. MASEFIELD, the author of *Nan*, because "he neither gives simple people strings of nubbly polysyllables to mouth, nor the bastard semi-metrical stuff in which half our dramatists, in scenes of attempted emotion, ape the dithering whine of fiddlestrings that usually supports them on such occasions."

"If the working man bought a shillingworth of twist he paid 10½d. in taxes and got 1½d. worth of tobacco, but if the rich man bought an eighteenpenny cigar he only paid 1½d. in taxes and got 10½d. worth of tobacco."—*Daily Dispatch*.

The remaining 6d. being for the sash?

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.*)

*Little Arthur.* Papa, do you like talking to Major Ransom?  
*Papa.* Yes, certainly. Very intelligent man, the Major, and a capital talker.

*L. A.* But, Papa, he didn't talk much at lunch to-day, did he?

*Papa.* Didn't he? Why, I thought—

*L. A.* No, Papa. You told him all about your round of golf on Saturday, and the only time he spoke was when you said what hard lines it was for you to have got into the bunker near the fifth hole, and Major Ransom said, "I've heard a lot of 'em say that," and then you told him the story all over again, and you said it was much harder on you than it ever had been on anybody else, and Major Ransom said, "Ah, I dare say," and then you went on to tell him how badly they kept the greens, and you'd written to the Secretary about it. I thought it was very interesting indeed.

*Papa.* Did you now? Well, that's a comfort anyhow.

*L. A.* I'm so pleased you think so, Papa; I like to feel I'm helping you. But, Papa!

*Papa.* Well?

*L. A.* You said just now you liked talking to Major Ransom.

*Papa.* Yes. What of it?

*L. A.* Did you mean you were glad when you talked to him?

*Papa.* Glad? Yes, of course I was glad to talk to him, or I shouldn't have done it.

*L. A.* Then, Papa, do you only do things you're glad to do? Don't you sometimes have to do things you're not glad to do? I have to, you know.

*Papa.* Oh, you're a little boy.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I know I am. But yesterday you said you'd be hanged if you ever wanted to set eyes on old Mrs. Gaynor again, and in the evening you and Mamma went and dined at her house. You weren't glad to do that, were you, Papa?

*Papa.* Now look here, Arthur, you've no earthly business to listen to such things. We won't talk about Mrs. Gaynor. Let's get back to Major Ransom.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, let's. I was going to say you didn't look very glad when you talked to him.

*Papa.* Didn't I?

*L. A.* No, Papa, you didn't. You kept on getting quite angry about what you'd done in playing golf, and you said some terrible things about the bunker and the Secretary. I began to think you didn't like golf.

*Papa.* Oh, come, come, that's perfect nonsense. I may have been a little *rexed*, you know—any man might have been if he'd had my infamous luck; but as to not liking it—why, there's nothing in the world I'm more interested in.

*L. A.* Yes, Papa, I thought that was it; and when you are interested in things you talk about them, don't you?

*Papa.* Naturally.

*L. A.* And you don't talk about things you're not interested in, do you?

*Papa.* That's right enough.

*L. A.* Then, Papa, I suppose you're not interested in your business.

*Papa.* What on earth put that notion into your head? Of course I'm interested in my business.

*L. A.* Well, Papa, you said you didn't talk about things you weren't interested in, and you never will talk about your business. When Mamma asked you something about it the other day, you said if there was one thing you hated more



THE  
SHIP  
RESTAURANT



## ANON! ANON!

JOHN BULL (*weary with waiting*). "NOW THEN, WAITER, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO GIVE MY ORDER AT ONCE."

REGINALD. "YESSIR. COMMUNICATIONS ARE ALREADY PASSING BETWEEN ME AND THE KITCHEN, AND SOMETHING'S BOUND TO COME OF IT, SOONER OR LATER."

[From an answer given in the House, it appears that the gun-mountings which Mr. McKenna promised, eight weeks earlier, to order at once had not actually been ordered. Meanwhile, however, he had not been idle, or allowed the matter to escape his memory.]





Butcher. "WHICH O' THEY TWO BITS O' PORK WILL 'EE 'AVE, MY DEAR?"  
 Little Girl. "I THINK I'D BETTER HAVE A PATTERN OF EACH."

than another it was talking shop. You seemed to be a little vexed about that, Papa.

Papa. Oh, did I? Well, you'll understand some day that when a man spends his day on his business he doesn't want to talk about it afterwards.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. But when you've been playing golf all day, you always talk about it in the evening. Isn't that talking shop, Papa?

Papa. No, it isn't.

L. A. I see, Papa; but it's a little difficult at first. Because you're interested in golf and you talk about it, and you're interested in your business and you won't talk about it.

Papa (aside). This boy will drive me mad. (To little Arthur) Can't you see that it's *pleasanter* to talk about some things than about others?

L. A. Yes, Papa; but it doesn't always *seem* pleasant for you to talk about golf, you know.

Papa. Now just you understand once for all, I won't have you speaking about golf in that way—

L. A. But, Papa—

Papa. You've got to realise that sport and games are one of the best means—ah—um—that, in fact, they've made Englishmen what they are.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't want us to be what we are. You think we ought to be quite different.

Papa. I never said anything of the kind.

L. A. Oh, yes, I think you did, Papa. You told Uncle John yesterday that unless Englishmen changed altogether

and took a more serious view of life the Germans and the Americans would beat them in everything. Didn't you say that, Papa?

Papa. And if I did it's got nothing to do with what we're talking about.

L. A. No, Papa; but if it's true oughtn't we to try to do the things that have made the Germans and the Americans what they are? Oughtn't we to try to be like them?

Papa. A nice prospect—beer drinking and dollar-grubbing. I see I shall have to take your patriotism in hand, my boy.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I should like you to do that, because I really *do* want to learn things. But, about the Germans and the Americans, Papa—

Papa. I've had enough of this. You run off and practise your music.

#### The Duke's "Duchess."

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications addressed to Mr. Punch on the subject of the price asked for the great Holbein should not contain any of the following conundrums:—

(1) How far towards the moon would the loaves of bread reach that could be purchased for £72,000?

(2) How long would £72,000 keep one of the unemployed and his family in comparative comfort?

(3) How many British working men would the sum of £72,000 provide with a pound a week for a period of one week?

## A LITERARY LIGHT.

ANNESLEY BUPP was born one of the Bupps of Hampshire—the Fighting Bupps, as they were called. A sudden death in the family left him destitute at the early age of thirty, and he decided to take seriously to journalism for a living. That was eight years ago. He is now a member of the Authors' ('lul); a popular after-dinner speaker in reply to the toast of Literature; and one of the best-paid writers in Fleet Street. *Who's Who* tells the world that he has a flat at Knightsbridge and a cottage on the river. If you ask him to what he owes his success he will assure you, with the conscious modesty of all great men, that he has been lucky; pressed further, that Hard Work and Method have been his watchwords. But to the young aspirant he adds that of course if you have it in you it is bound to come out.

### I.

When Annesley started journalism he realised at once that it was necessary for him to specialise in some subject. Of such subjects two occurred to him—"George Herbert" and "Trams." For a time he hesitated, and it was only the sudden publication of a brief but authoritative life of the poet which led him finally to the study of one of the least explored of our transit systems. Meanwhile he had to support himself. For this purpose he bought a roll-top desk, a type-writer, and an almanac; he placed the almanac on top of the desk, seated himself at the type-writer, and began.

It was the month of February; the almanac told him that it wanted a week to Shrove Tuesday. In four days he had written as many articles, entitled respectively *Shrovetide Customs*, *The Pancake*, *Lenten Observances*, and *Tuesdays Known to Fame*. The *Pancake*, giving as it did the context of every reference in literature to pancakes, was the most scholarly of the four; the Tuesday article, which hazarded the opinion that Rome may at least have been begun on a Tuesday, the most daring. But all of them were published.

This early success showed Annesley the possibilities of the topical article; it led him also to construct a revised calendar for his own use. In the "Bupp Almanac" the events of the day were put back a fortnight; so that, if the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude fell upon the 17th, Annesley's attention was called to it upon the 3rd, and upon the 3rd he surveyed the *Famous Partnerships* of the epoch. Similarly, *The Origin of Lord Mayor's Day* was put in hand on October 26th.

He did not, however, only glorify the past; current events claimed their meed

of copy. In the days of his dependence Annesley had travelled, so that he could well provide the local colour for such sketches as *Kimberley as I Knew It* (1901) and *Birmingham by Moonlight* (1903). His Recollections of St. Peter's at Rome were hazy, yet sufficient to furnish an article with that title at the time of the Coronation. But I must confess that *Dashes for the Pole* came entirely from his invaluable Encyclopædia . . . .

### II.

Annesley Bupp had devoted himself to literature for two years before his first article on trams was written. This was called *Voltage*, was highly technical, and convinced every editor to whom it was sent (and by whom it was returned) that the author knew his subject thoroughly. So when he followed it up with *How to be a Tram Conductor*, he had the satisfaction not only of seeing it in print within a week, but of reading an editorial reference to himself as "the noted expert on our overhead system." Two other articles in the same paper—*Some Curious Tram Accidents* and *Tram or Bus: Which?*—established his position.

Once recognised as the authority on trams, Bupp was never at a loss for a subject. In the first place there were certain articles, such as *Tramways in 1901*, *Progress of Tramway Construction in the Past Year*, *Tramway Intentions of the Last Twelvemonth*, and *The Tram: Its Future in 1905*, which flowed annually from his pen. From time to time there would arise the occasion for the topical article on trams—*Trams as Army Transports* and *How our Trams fared during the Recent Snow*, to give two obvious examples. And always there was a market for such staple articles as *Trams in Fiction* . . . .

### III.

You will understand, then, that by the end of 1906 Annesley Bupp had a reputation; to be exact, he had two reputations. In Fleet Street he was known as a writer upon whom a sub-editor could depend; a furnisher of what got to be called "Buppy"—matter which is paid at a slightly higher rate than ordinary copy, because the length and quality of it never vary. Outside Fleet Street he was regarded simply as a literary light; Annesley Bupp, the fellow whose name you saw in every paper; an accepted author.

It was not surprising, therefore, that at the beginning of 1907 public opinion forced Annesley into newer fields of literature. It demanded from him, among other things, a weekly review of current fiction entitled *Fireside Friends*. He wrote this with extraordinary fluency; a few words of introduction, followed by a large fragment of the book before

him, pasted beneath the line, "Take this, for instance." An opinion of any kind he rarely ventured; an adverse opinion, like a good friend, never.

About this time, he was commissioned to write three paragraphs each day for an evening paper. The first of them always began: "Mr. Asquith's admission in the House of Commons yesterday that he had never done so and so is not without parallel. In 1746 the elder Pitt . . . ." The second always began: "Mention of the elder Pitt recalls the fact that . . . ." The third always began: "It may not be generally known . . . ."

Until he began to write these paragraphs Annesley Bupp had no definite political views.

### IV.

Annesley Bupp is now (May 1909) at the zenith of his fame. The "Buppy" of old days he still writes occasionally, but he no longer signs it in full. A modest "A. B." in the corner, supposed by the ignorant to stand for "ARTHUR BALFOUR," is the only evidence of the author. (I say "the only evidence," for he has had, like all great men, his countless imitators.) Trams also he deserted with the publication of his great work on the subject—*Tramiana*. But as a writer on Literature and Old London he has a European reputation, and his recent book, *In the Track of Shakespeare: A Record of a Visit to Stratford-on-Avon*, created no little stir.

He is in great request at public dinners, where his speech in reply to the toast of Literature is eagerly attended.

He contributes to every symposium in the popular magazines.

It is all the more to be regretted that his autobiography, *The Last of the Bupps*, is to be published posthumously.

A. A. M.

## Liberal Education.

At a recent meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation at St. James's Hall a lady remarked that "it was their duty not to threaten the Government, but to educate." Subsequently another lady exclaimed, in reply to a question: "The answer is N—O, no." (*Loud cheers.*)

We think the second lady did well to show her friends that her education at least had not been neglected, and we are glad to see that the audience generously recognised the fact. Many people can say "No," but not everyone can spell it.

## Clean Cricket.

"In carrying his bath right through the innings on Thursday for 125 A. O. Jones has made a brilliant start."—*Irish Field.*



## MUSICAL NOTES.

WE have always manfully upheld the cause of British art and British artists. But there are moments when our patriotism is sadly shaken. The foreigner is not only finely equipped, but he possesses certain extraneous advantages. In particular he uses our language so much more effectively than we do. In his hands "the thing becomes a trumpet"—his own trumpet, whence he blows strains like the seraphs' in their burning rows.

This is not a mere general statement. It is prompted by an official document, forwarded by a correspondent, setting forth the triumphs of Professor MARIO LORENZI, a young Florentine harp virtuoso. The youthful genius made his mark early. He was only twelve when he gained the gold medal at the Royal Musical Institute. According to the pamphlet:—

"The clever boy so much applauded in so many Concerts won the gold medal with the highest vow; 10 on 10. Our congratulations to the little virtuous..."

A year later further honors fell to him.

*"Florence (Nazione) July 1908.*

"Wednesday 8 in our Musical Institut the boy of fourteen Mario Lorenzi obtained, with splendid examens, with full vows, the Diploma of Magystère of Harp.

"This is the first time that a pupil of our Musical Institut obtain a Diploma of Magystère at the age of 14 years."

After these academic triumphs the young "virtuous" proceeded to the conquest of Rome:—

*"Rome (Illustrazione di Roma) January 1909.*

"...at the noble modesty, at the audacious dignity of the fourteen Professor Lorenzi who does not precede with trumpet of réclame, he copies all hystorical impassibility of Thomson abhorring whatever meanness quackish..."

...In many Concerts we see the young harpist with anxiety voluptuous of conqueror, to obtain the apogee of agility; the rapid lightning passings on, of his celestial instrument, fresh under his magical fingers, and the elegant wonderful musicalness, ascend to Heaven, gently, charming as a caress of an angel..."

On his return to Florence "it is absolutely impossible to say the enthusiasm that the valorous boy susctied in the execution of different pieces." The critic of the *Patria* (Prato) also admits the failure of human speech, but boldly attempts the impossible:—

"...Here we are before one of those phenomena, for which nothing is sufficient enough to say. A delicate boy of fourteen who owns already the secret to take away with the touch of his little hand, from a very difficult instrument the solemn and mysterious word of Art... who is the master of his instrument and impose on it with simplicity as a child, but with sove-



Attendant. "THE SECOND BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED NOW, SIR."

Cabin Passenger. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHY, I HAVEN'T HAD MY FIRST YET!"

reign's surety his own will, and he subject it to his soul..."

Parma was perhaps less unbridled in its enthusiasm than Rome, but its tribute is not without its orthographical significance:—

"...Mario Lorenzi very young indeed, displayed his very difficult Programme by serious artist, very old in art. The tecnyc he possess exact as correct he is in the style which he translates. The touch he has, is full of expression without abandoning studied manners. He surmount with cleverness the ocaves so difficult, the tremulous and trills with handsome execution of light and shand.

"At last the absolute mastery command that he shows to posses of the instrument make positively to forget that we find before us to a person phisically so small. He is an artist who speaks and moves our heart, and delight our spirit..."

"Navy perambulator, nearly new."

*North Wilts Herald.*

The very thing for Reggie!

"The other day at the meeting of the Presbytery of Hamilton, attention was called to the fact that a 'church member and communicant' had desecrated the sabbath by motoring several miles to church, although he had places of worship close at hand . . . Twenty years ago such an irregularity would have been severely censured."—*Truth.*

It would certainly have been a matter for comment—twenty years ago, before the motor deluge.

London has recently been honoured by a visit from the distinguished composer WIDOR. We gather, however, from the notices of his concert that he is a serious musician and not a Merry Widor.

"UNIONISTS SEARCH FOR A CANDIDATE  
A GENTLEMAN IN VIEW."

*Exeter Express.*

This is good hearing, but probably the strain of calling the other man a liar and a traitor will tell in the end.

## IN CHAMBERS.

## AN ACTION FOR LIBEL.

LIBEL is the opinion you express of someone else when, driven at last by righteous indignation to abandon conventional falsehood, you speak out your mind with fearless honesty. Libel is also the opinion someone else expresses of you when, maddened by wicked jealousy of your glaring merits, he abandons all sense of truth, decency and honour, and gives full play to the vile range of his distorted imagination.

Your dearest friend brings the ghastly production to your notice, and blind with fury you hurry off to your Solicitor. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off with you to Counsel's chambers. Counsel, secretly inclined to agree and sympathise with the other side, makes a note of all the circumstances, informs you that he has no doubt that he will see you properly avenged, and wonders whether we ever are going to have fine weather again. Being too much upset to address yourself properly to this subject, you take your leave, and thereupon a Young Man emerges from the background and sets about drawing your Statement of Claim.

A Statement of Claim is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Plaintiff. The Statement of Defence is a brief but accurate narration of the facts (be the law what it may) by the Defendant. The odd thing about these two documents is that they never agree upon any point, except that the Plaintiff is a grocer, and that the Defendant does carry on business at No. 9,999, Strand.

In order to get damages for a libellous attack, it is not unimportant to show that it is libellous. As it generally is not, it is the business of the Young Man to make it so, and his explanation of what the double-faced brute meant by his apparently innocent statement is called the Innuendo. Jones and Smith, for instance, are trade competitors, and, as Smith's custom is getting better than Jones's, Jones is determined to have the law of Smith for libel. Wondering what sort of a fellow Smith really is, the Young Man starts in on the Statement of Claim, gets the prefatory facts stated as soon as possible, writes down the words that were actually used, and then sets about the pleasant task of innuendoing. The material paragraph will run as follows:—

"The said Smith falsely and maliciously, wantonly and cruelly, and at

the instigation of the devil, wrote of the said Jones:—

'SMITH'S BUTTER IS THE BEST BUTTER,' meaning thereby" (and now for it!) "that Jones's butter is not so good as Smith's butter; that Jones's butter is no butter but margarine, and the worst known kind of margarine at that. That the butter of the said Jones is not good enough even to be margarine. That the said butter is made from the scrapings of the gutter and by means of sweated labour. That the butter of the said Jones is vile, poisonous and execrable. That the said Jones knows that his said butter is vile, poisonous and execrable, and revels in the thought. That the said Jones has on divers occasions endeavoured to make his butter

Counsel's Young Man's Innuendo unmoved, jots a Statement of Defence down on the back of an envelope. The Statement of Defence, which means nothing in itself, but may be said to mean anything convenient at the trial, runs thus:—

"1. The said Smith does not admit that he is the said Smith.

2. The said Smith does not sell butter.

3. The said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell.

4. The advertisement, whereby the said Smith does not advertise the butter which the said Smith does not sell, does not bear the alleged defamatory or any meaning.

5. The said Smith's butter is the best butter."



## TAKING A SPECIALIST'S OPINION.

Enquirer. "I SAY, MATE, 'OO IS THIS 'ERE 'OLBINE?"

worse, but has found the same impossible. That the said Jones, by selling the said butter, is cheating the poor, robbing the widow and orphan, and wilfully exterminating the human race. That the said Jones is a blackguard, a liar, and an abominable cad. That the said Jones has been twice divorced and has served a term of penal servitude for forging his father's signature. That the said Jones has obtained the vast inheritance which he now squanders in profligate living by the poisoning of his elder brother, whom he did by guile induce to consume a portion of the said abominable, filthy, and loathsome (alleged) butter."

You would have thought that Smith's Counsel would have been reduced to silence by that, but not a bit of it. If he has a Young Man on the premises, the Young Man does it, but if not the other Counsel himself, reading Jones's

After that, of course, there is nothing more to be said, so the pleadings are closed and the case eventually comes on for trial. Eminent Silk for the Plaintiff Jones leaves no doubt in the mind of the lay audience of the sweetness and purity of Jones's character and butter, and of the indescribable filth of Smith's nature and margarine. Eminent Silk for the Defendant Smith convinces them that Jones is an unprincipled villain (not only in the matter of butter-selling) who deserved and would have got the harshest treatment at the hands of Smith, had not Smith been one of those perhaps too charitable persons who will do no man an injury, however richly he may merit it. The Judge, who seems to have heard all that before, suggests to the Jury that Jones and Smith are both very decent fellows, a little carried away by their feelings. The

Jury, who are by this time sick to death of Jones and Smith, think privately that they are both fools, and return a verdict that disappoints the one and is far from satisfying the other.

That evening the papers issue posters:—

## "AMAZING LIBEL SUIT."

Not enough of these are sold to please the publishers, who are consequently very cross with the public. That portion of the public which does buy feels itself grossly duped, and is very cross with the publishers. Everyone is, in fact, very cross with everyone else, and does not hesitate to say so. Everyone else is not going to stand such abandoned libel as ensues, and hurries off to his Solicitor, blind with fury. The Solicitor, in a state of unimpassioned but well-feigned disgust at the vileness of humanity, hurries off to Counsel's chambers. Counsel . . . . [Thank you.—Ed.]

## A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

FOR years and years it has been a mystery to me, and I have no doubt to others, where the Post Office get their pencils—those pencils which are of such value that they are chained to the telegraph counter like the nail brushes at a political club not a hundred miles from Northumberland Avenue.

From what mines can such plumbago be excavated—plumbago warranted to make no mark save by intense pressure, and when intensely pressed to break? I have bought pencils at every price in retail shops, but never have I found anything like these. They are, as the dealer said, a unique.

But now I know, for I have met a public official who gave away the secret.

"Yes," he said, "I am a specialist in the impracticable, and as such am adviser to government departments and railway companies. You have heard, of course, of the "Corridor Soap" used on certain lines, the great merit of which is that it "won't wash hands"? Well, I discovered that soap. It took me a long time, but I found it at last. I was paid a handsome commission by several leading companies for putting them up to that secret."

"Indeed," said I.

"Yes," he continued, "and it was I who brought to perfection the post office pencil. The post-office nib is mine, too, made to my pattern by a well-known firm. Have you noticed the post-office blotting-paper?"

"I have," I said, with a groan.

"Ah!" he resumed, his eye gleaming, "that was a great find. That comes from France."

"From France?"

"Yes, from France. They understand bad blotting-paper there. And the post-office ink," he continued—"you might think that became thick in course of time, but it doesn't. Let me tell you a secret"—and he whispered in my ear. "It begins like that! It's a kind of stirabout from the word Go!"

"No!" I cried.

"I swear it," he said.

## FEATS OF FORGETFULNESS.

"CLAUDIUS CLEAR," in the last of his bewitching *causeries* in *The British Weekly*, records a number of feats of memory performed for the most part by defunct worthies. It is some consolation to think that many living luminaries are capable of feats of obliviousness quite equal to, if not surpassing, the exploits so carefully chronicled by the vivacious Claudius.

Thus we have it on the best authority that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is totally



She "HADN'T WE BETTER DO THE WALK-COLOUR ROOM?"

He "THAT'S THE WAY TO THE TEA PLACE AIN'T IT? WELL, I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT JUST YET."

unable to recall the opinions which he expressed with the utmost conviction, and even passion, little more than three years ago.

LORD ROSLBURY, again, in spite of his notorious sympathy with the afflicted cabmen of London, has pathetically confessed that he never succeeded in memorising the number of a hansom.

Captain Rasher, R.N., although possessed of remarkable literary gifts, is seldom able to recollect what he has committed to paper unless at least twenty fair copies are printed for the use of the First Sea Lord.

The Marquis TOWNSHEND, though care-

fully instructed in the Greek tongue when a boy, is no longer able to repeat even a single page of LIDDELL and SCOTT'S *Dictionary* by heart.

MR. SIDNEY LEE, on one occasion while crossing the Channel in a fog, tried to while away the hours by repeating the whole of SHAKESPEARE'S plays by heart, but broke down in the middle of the Third Act of *Titus Andronicus*.

LORD COURNEY, at a recent meeting of the Statistical Society, owned with deep contrition that he could no longer repeat the list of Derby winners since the year 1780, in which that classic race was first run.



## ARMY NOMENCLATURE.

*Instructor.* "NOW THEN, NUMBER THREE, WHAT'S A FILE?"

*Recruit (after deep thought)* "ANY NUMBER OF MEN LESS THAN ONE."

*Instructor.* "LOOK 'ERE! 'OW MANY MORE TIMES DO YOU WANT TO BE TOLD AS A FILE IS TWO MEN? NOW WHAT'S A DETAIL?"

*Recruit (brightening up).* "TWO MEN OR D COMPANY!"

## ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

[Showing how the practice of flying (in others) may unsettle a boy's mind.]

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I HAVE a boy of three years old ;  
His face is plain as it can be ;  
His nose is of the Roman mould,  
But—he belongs to me.

One morn we walked in Sheppey's Isle,  
For there was nothing else to do,  
And prattled in the WORDSWORTH style  
Of things both old and new.

My thoughts were in another place :  
I thought of Brook Green's pleasant  
flats,  
Our dear old dog, the porter's face,  
The "Salve" on the mats.

It was the sort of day when one  
Could think and think and think and  
think ;  
The heat was trying, and the sun  
Seemed to suggest a drink.

My boy was walking on my right ;  
The name I call him by is Jim ;  
As there was no one else in sight  
I had to talk to him.

The lambs were getting on my mind ;  
The heat by now was simply vile ;  
"Brook Green," said I, "we've left  
behind,  
And this is Sheppey's Isle.

"My little lad, which like you best ?"  
Said I and shook him for a while,  
"Our little flat in London (West)  
Or this here Sheppey's Isle ?

"And tell me, would you rather be,  
My precious little juvenile,  
In Brook Green Mansions (No 3)  
Or here in Sheppey's Isle ?"

He, hesitating, looked at me,  
Then answered with a happy smile :  
"Brook Green's played out ; I'd rather  
be  
Down here in Sheppey's Isle."

"Look here now, James, is this the  
truth ?  
My little Jimmy, tell me why."  
"I do not know," replied the youth.  
"Why, bless my soul!" said I,

"Brook Green is handy and all that,  
And suits me almost to a T. ;  
Why would you change the little flat  
For Sheppey by the sea ?"

At this my poor boy dropped a tear  
And made no audible reply ;  
Ten times I shouted in his ear,  
"Why, Jimmy ? tell me why."

At last he found his tongue again  
And thus to me he made reply,  
"Cos here I've seen a nary plane,  
And *that's* the reason why."

"When a sheep is seriously cut or otherwise  
injured the sheep shall immediately report the  
fact to the person in charge of the shed."—  
*Otago Daily Times.*

A very smart lot these New Zealand  
muttons, and we wish very much that  
this class of reporter might have been  
included in the invitations to the  
Imperial Press Conference.

Owing to the arrival of CARKEEK in  
England and the unexpected appearance  
of NORNABLE for Derbyshire, a certain  
Worcestershire wicket-keeper who is  
justly proud of his name has gone green  
with envy.

## Great Men's Mascots.—I.

"The bearded pard of Master Francis  
Drake."—*Bideford Gazette.*





THE TIDE THAT WON'T WAIT.

CHORUS OF FLATTERERS. "SPEAK THE WORD, YOUR MAJESTY, AND THE OCEAN WILL CEASE TO MENACE YOU."  
KING CANUTE (Mr. Lloyd-George). "ON THE CONTRARY, WE WILL NOW WITHDRAW; FOR MEANWHILE OUR ROYAL FEET ARE GETTING PARLOUS DAMP."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May 10*  
—For some vivid moments there seemed prospect of interruption of debate on Budget Resolutions consequent on CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER being haled to Clock Tower, placed on bread and water diet, and permitted to wear Mr. CHAPLIN's clothes only on Sundays. It was Captain CRAIG who created the scare. Ever on alert, he had observed report of interview conceded by CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER to a morning newspaper. In its course CHANCELLOR reported to have said, "Traders who think they are unfairly treated may take one of two courses. They may behave as business men and come to me, or they may behave as politicians and go to Mr. AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN."

In this, which he described as "an attempt to intimidate traders sitting on Unionist benches into crawling on their knees to the right hon. gentleman," the gallant Captain perceived a breach of privilege. Fortunately for LLOYD-GEORGE, SPEAKER did not view incident in that serious light. But it serves to show how in the midst of life we run dire risk of being immured in the foulest dungeon of the Castle keep.

Not the only disturbing element in the quiet evening LLOYD-GEORGE promised himself. About half-past eight discovery was made that his place on Treasury Bench was empty. As matter of fact, sole occupant at this moment was the INFANT SAMUEL, "and," as JOYNSON-HICKS remarked with motherly solicitude, "no one to look after it." KIMBER on his legs talking at large on the iniquity of high licences. Not disposed to waste his eloquence and argument on empty Treasury Bench.

"Where is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?" he inquired, his roving eye engaged for a moment in attempt to glance under the Table. Evidently



AN ENGLISH BULL.

"I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now."  
(Mr. Sherwell)

LLOYD-GEORGE wasn't there. In order that search-parties might go forth, KIMBER moved to report progress. BAMBURY seconded motion, drawing vivid

picture of the CHANCELLOR lounging in his private room, either receiving deputations or enjoying another interview, whilst "my hon. friend" (KIMBER) was willing and ready to impart the true principles upon which a Budget should be founded. As BAMBURY spoke CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER entered, with weak attempt at a smile. Gentlemen opposite not to be trifled with. Explanations and apologies proved unavailing. Division on motion to report progress would occupy a quarter of an hour, would serve to stretch the legs of those who had remained in attendance, and would bring in Members who were selfishly dining. Taken accordingly, and a good half-hour wasted. Then KIMBER resumed his speech where he had left off.

All might have been avoided had Members concerned adopted SHERWELL's procedure, described in phrase that hugely delighted bored House. Coming to particular turn in prodigiously long speech, he complacently remarked: "Now, Sir, I will anticipate a murmur which was raised just now." LLOYD-GEORGE's prophetic soul was not equal to the more difficult task of anticipating KIMBER's murmur before it hurtled through the House.

*Business done*—Committee sat up late with Budget Resolutions.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—If the political vulgarians who go about the country shouting "Down with the House of Lords!" were occasionally to look in upon that assembly engaged (without fee) upon the nation's work, they might be disposed to take a juster view of the situation. Day after day noble lords, with exemplary punctuality, meet at a quarter past four. In stately procession, led by BLACK ROD, followed by the Purse-Bearer, the LORD CHANCELLOR approaches the Woolsack and straightway begins that disputation with his full-bottomed wig, which at the present epoch is, if not the most important, certainly the most persistent



"MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME IN CONFLICT WITH HIS WIG."  
(The Lord Chancellor)

procedure during a sitting of the House of Lords. On sultry days in early stages of incumbency of office the original Radical "Bob" REID used to assert himself in the stately person of the LORD CHANCELLOR by casting aside the skirt of his gown and displaying a pair of terrestrial legs.

"And before the Bishops too!" said Mr. J. G. TALBOT with pained voice, regarding the incident from the niggardly pen allotted to Commoners.

Never before in its long history had similar scandal been connected with the Woolsack. Happily it is a thing of the past. Whether a little bird whispered in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S ear J. G. TALBOT'S remark, or whencesoever hint came, it proved effective. Even through the summer solstice the LORD CHANCELLOR'S knees are decently draped; but the wig still nightly suffers.

The LORD CHANCELLOR installed, there follows an interval of a quarter of an hour for private business. This customarily takes the form of whispered conversation among the half-dozen Peers who compose the House. (It is, by the way, a nice and significant calculation that, whereas a quorum in the Commons requires the presence of forty Members, in the Lords three Peers suffice to make a House.) On the stroke of half-past four public business is called on. On an average of two nights a week it is in a state analogous to that of snakes in Iceland. There is none. Whereupon, with extreme gravity, the House adjourns. BLACK ROD and PURSE-BEARER re-appear. The procession from the Woolsack is re-formed, and the LORD CHANCELLOR strides forth, as he goes scattering largesse from an empty Purse.

To-night a prolonged and laborious sitting. No fewer than four Bills dealt with. BRASSEY introduced one providing for registration of firms and persons carrying on business under trade names. Read a first time. Then the LORD CHANCELLOR, rising, withdrew a pace aside from the Woolsack. ONSLOW, Lord Chairman of Committees, popped into the Chair at the Table, and before you knew where you were the Municipal Corporations (Qualification of Clergymen) Bill passed through Committee. LORD CHANCELLOR returned to Woolsack and made up for lost time in conflict with his wig. ONSLOW popped out of the Chair; observing this, PENTLAND, with pretty wit, introduced a Bill prohibiting use of hop substitutes in brewing. Done with you.

Next came HAMILTON OF DALZIEL, holding the Electric Lighting Act Amendments Bill in his hand as if it were a torch. Third reading agreed to.

Then, real business of the long sitting grappled with. CAWDOR, dramatically

assuming air of extreme exhaustion, asked how long the Whitsun holidays would last. CREWE, leaning wearily on the Table as if collapse were imminent, replied in hoarse tones that as there was prospect of sitting later than usual in August perhaps they had better take an exceptionally long holiday at Whitsuntide. So he made it a month, less four days.

With gasp of relief the wearied Titan of the Legislature forthwith adjourned at twenty minutes to five, the sitting having lasted ten minutes.

*Business done.*—Commons sitting till a quarter past two this morning, again pegging away at the Budget.

*Thursday.*—Budgets, like other curses, sometimes come home to roost. House just now rent by rumour that from Monday next the price of "nips" is to be put up at the various bars. All very



EXTREME EXHAUSTION IN THE LORDS.

"Please, Sir, how long holidays shall we have, Sir?"

(Earl Cawdor)

well in capacity of legislator to discuss analogous operation of Budget in town and country. But when it comes to a rise of a halfpenny a glass on your own refreshment, it is, as the French say, another pair of sleeves.

Understood that the bar-tenders are expected to extract twenty "nips" from each bottle of spirits retailed. JAMES O'CONNOR, painfully working the sum out, arrives at conclusion that this means an additional charge of tenpence a bottle. This obviously out of proportion to increased Budget tax. Instead of being losers under new order of things, a pampered Kitchen Committee will add to their ill-gotten gains.

This shall not be if JAMES O'CONNOR can help it. Has tabled notice of intention to raise question at earliest opportunity. First impulse was to submit it

as one of urgent public importance and claim to debate it on motion for adjournment. But the SPEAKER habitually discountenances that form of procedure. Will therefore put question to Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

*Business done.*—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

### THE SECRET OUT.

["It has become known that Herr Richard Strauss is engaged on the composition of a light opera to be called *Sylvia und der Stern* (Sylvia and the Star), the libretto of which is written by Herr Hugo v. Hofmannsthal. Although the plot is kept secret, it has transpired that the scene is laid at the end of the 18th century, a period which, it is believed, should lend itself well to light, melodious music and handsome costumes."—*The Times*.]

HERE, at last, perhaps, is the new idea for which Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS is always seeking. How to vary the monotony of the ordinary musical-comedy plot?—that is his problem. He tried foreign backgrounds, he tried stage backgrounds, he now tries shop backgrounds. But here is something far more actual—newspaper and political backgrounds. It is all the fashion now, too. *Sylvia and The Star* is only a beginning, but think how amusing it might be, and how illuminating!

Although the plot is secret (that stuff about the eighteenth century is obviously to put you off the scent) we can tell a little of it. *Sylvia* (Miss GERTIE MILLAR) is the fiancée of a young and rising Conservative (Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, jun.), who, when the curtain rises, is visiting at *Sylvia's* home, where May Day is being kept in the old-fashioned way, with certain new devices introduced by the Smart Set. Among the guests is the editor of *The Star* (Mr. NAINBY) and the chief literary critic of the same paper (Mr. EDMUND PAYNE). *Sylvia's* mother, the Countess of Gloom (Miss CONNIE EDISS), has, it seems, literary aspirations, and she has written a novel which was highly praised in *The Star* under the title *The Renaissance of Nous*. Hence the presence of Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.

What with song, dance and quip, the First Act goes merrily on, ending uproariously in a game of forfeits, the penalty which falls to *Sylvia's* lot being the task of editing *The Star* for a week. Curtain.

In Act II. we find ourselves in *The Star* office, where the fun is fast and furious. *Sylvia*, being all for her husband, and assisted by him, writes astonishing leaders against the Liberals, and receives astonishing visits from, among others, the Prime Minister (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE) and the Chief Liberal Whip (Mr. WALTER PASSMORE). Needless to say all comes right in the end.

So much for the plot. As to the





Jack "ERE, STEADY ON! THE BLOOMIN' SADDIE'S GONE ASTRAY!"

music, we can of course say nothing, but it is significant that an Italian composer only a year or so ago wrote the score of an opera which he called *Martha and the Moon*. *Verb. sap.*

*Sylvia and the Star* is doubtless destined to have successors, and indeed we have already heard of librettists getting hard at work on *Gertrude and The Globe*, *Evelyn and The Evening News*, *Polly and The Pall Mall*, and *Winnie and The Westminster*. It is an imitative age

#### KINDNESS AND DUMB ANIMALS.

"I'LL tell you a story," began Ponker. "One evening, a certain Mr. Geo. Hartley Bentworth of Cutter Street was going home on the top of a Walliam Green 'bus when it got into a block in the Strand. Presently he looked up from his paper and noticed that people all about him were craning their necks to see what was going on further down the street, while an unreasoning panic seemed to have seized all the horses. Evidently something unusual was taking place—But what are you doing?" For Ponker's patient listener was stealing to the door with his tobacco jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

"It's another Invasion story," he said coldly.

"Wrong," retorted Ponker. "But you are right in supposing that I am telling you a story with a purpose. Sit down and be quiet."

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Bentworth of the driver.

"There's an elephant asleep in the middle of the road," said the man, "so we shall have to go round by the Embankment."

(Rather a mild-spoken driver, thought the audience.)

"In consequence of this delay Mr. Bentworth arrived home ten minutes late. In the front garden he came upon the gardener, who was talking to the postman. Both had pale faces, and seemed frightened.

"Anything wrong, William?" asked Mr. Bentworth.

"There's a strange beast in the garden eating the sweet peas," replied William. "Like this;" and he inflated his cheeks and regarded his master with a vicious leer.

"An unprincipled-looking monster," thought Mr. Bentworth; "I should not like to meet him without a gun." Then it occurred to him that William was trying to look like a hippopotamus, and

was succeeding, upon the whole, pretty well.

"So he advised the gardener to buy a penny bun, and lure the animal out by the tradesmen's entrance. Then he went indoors.

"My dear," he told his wife, "I am hot and flurried, so I shall have a bath before dinner."

"Oh! don't," said Mrs. Bentworth, looking up from her drawn-thread work. "There's a crocodile in the bath, and he made such a funny noise when I disturbed him. I don't think he is quite so good-tempered as the last one we had staying with us,—the one that bit the milkman's leg, I mean."

"Mr. Bentworth sighed, and asked what there was for dinner. As if in answer to his question the cook burst into the room, and said:

"Please'm, I'm sorry, but shall I send out for some curllets? A catamount has taken the leg of mutton and is worrying it under the dresser. And nurse says has anyone seen Master Freddy?"

"No one had seen Master Freddy. No one ever did see him again."

"Yes?" said a tired voice presently.

"Oh! that's all."

Ponker's listener rose and felt his

pulse. It seemed normal. "You said it was a story with a purpose," he complained.

"It is," said Ponker.

"Well, what have you told it me for?"

"My good fellow," explained Ponker, "there are a lot of well-fed people, paying the tax on unearned incomes and wearing hygienic wool, who, because they have nothing to worry about, worry about everything. They have been writing to the papers again to say, 'Sir, surely in this enlightened age the public conscience should revolt against the keeping of wild animals in captivity at the Zoo.'"

"But you know very well they don't mean that the animals should be let loose upon London," expostulated Ponker's kindest critic.

"Then kindly tell me precisely what they do mean."

"Oh! that they should be repatriated, perhaps."

"But many of them are Zoo-born, and as to the others isn't it kinder to feed a rhinoceros with buns than to send it to meet ROOSEVELT in Africa?"

"Well, perhaps the lethal chamber —"

"But that means wanton slaughter, and these people are humanitarians."

"At all events they are quite harmless cranks," said Ponker's listener with an air of finality.

"No cranks are harmless," exclaimed Ponker sternly; "cranks are the bacilli of national degeneracy, and some day, when it is too late, England will wake to the fact, and —"

But Ponker's hitherto patient listener was stealing softly from the room with his tobacco-jar, his hair-pin (or smoker's best friend), and the evening paper.

#### MY PARTNER.

He missed the put: he missed it clean: He missed it on the eighteenth green!

When all the fate of all the game Depended on his careful aim.

The grass, though just a trifle keen, Was smooth and soft as velvetreen; Six inches only lay between

The hole and him, but all the same He missed the put.

And now when I recall the scene, And think how mad I must have been, I marvel that I overcame

The sudden impulse to exclaim:

"Confound the Venerable Dean, He missed the put!"

"About 300 spectators attended the Barnsley Queen's Grounds on Saturday on the occasion of a long knock piggy match for £50."—*Westminster Gazette*.

If any of them have seen *An Englishman's Home* how they must despise the waster who spends his afternoon looking on at a football match.

#### AT THE PLAY.

##### "LOVE WATCHES."

"FREDERICK HARRISON and CHARLES FROHMAN present Miss BILLIE BURKE in *Love Watches*." So ran the announcement, suggesting at the start that, in the opinion of these gentlemen, Miss BILLIE BURKE and not the play was "the thing." And, indeed, as far as the play was concerned—a trite farce, described as a comedy, on the hallowed lines of one of the old love-and-jealousy schemes, and adapted from the French into the American—they were well justified. Whether they were equally justified in the matter of Miss WILLIAM BURKE must remain a question of taste, notwithstanding the repeated assurances, on the authority of the book, that *Jacqueline* (the character she played) was "adorable." Miss BURKE has a certain pretti-



LA DONNA È MISS BILLIE BURKE.

ness and piquancy (or what passes for piquancy in America), and she was extraordinarily vivacious; but her *gamineries* were rather ungainly, and for much of the time she had the air of a *poupée* with springs wound up almost to the snapping point. She was there, of course, to make things hum, but her restless mobility never allowed me to recover from the mental strain which I suffered in trying to make out who was who all through a First Act that seethed with obscure French names, though it had little else of French in it.

Subsequent Acts were relieved by the quiet humour of Mr. ERNEST LAWFOORD in the part of another *Ernest*, a lack-love pedant; but the value of the things which were said both by him and about him depended often upon their suggestion of the improprieties which were left unsaid when the original was bowdlerised.

The entrance, early in the play, of

that intelligent actress, Miss HENRIETTA WATSON, inspired hopes of something good and in the English language; but she disappeared after a few seconds, and never recurred. Even so, we saw more of her than of a certain other character described as a dancer and even a "living picture." This lady, a creature of rare promise, whose mere mention suggested the most intriguing possibilities, *never appeared at all*.

As for the merry widow, *Lucie de Morfontaine*, as played by Miss MAUDE ODELL, I must confess that her fascinations appeared to me to afford an inadequate ground for jealousy on the part of any young wife.

I am assured that Miss GLADYS UNGER's adaptation has had an encouraging success in the U.S.A. If it has, then it only confirms me in the comfortable conviction that the ideals of American humour are not the same as ours.

O. S.

##### "LIGHT O' LOVE."

Apparently the Actor-Manager system flourishes in Vienna also. *Liebele* (of which a translation was produced at the Afternoon Theatre last Friday) was, I am almost sure, written to the order of an Austrian Manager, that his wife might have an opportunity to show her genius. Possibly the Manager himself took the part of *Fritz*; improbably, however, as *Fritz* was dead in the Third Act. But in any case it was on *Christine* that all eyes throughout the play were riveted.

*Christine*, the daughter of a poor musician, was desperately in love with *Fritz*, a gentleman of leisure. Of *Fritz's* feelings for her I cannot speak for certain (that is the weakest point of the play as it was acted), but off the stage he had been pursuing an intrigue with an invisible lady in black velvet. The lady's husband discovered "the letters", and the inevitable duel was arranged (off the stage). This took place a day or two later (off the stage), and *Fritz* was killed. Meanwhile we had been watching *Christine*.

The First Act, showing a supper party in *Fritz's* rooms, should have been delightful, for besides *Fritz* and *Christine* there were present *Theodor* and *Mizi*, two jolly young people gaily played by Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and Miss MARGARET BUSSE. But the tragic demeanour of Mr. HENRY AINLEY overawed us, and we were afraid to laugh.

The Second and Third Acts took place in *Christine's* rooms. Nothing happened, and we saw little of *Fritz*; but various people came on and talked to *Christine* about him—telling her that all men were like that, and that *she* would soon get over it, and that he would come back to her, and that he had been killed, and that he really did love her, and was buried yesterday, and so forth.

And for two Acts we watch her to see how she likes it.

Though much in each Act is excellent, the play is badly balanced as a whole. After the First Act interest dies out in the story, and centres instead on the actress.

It was something of an ordeal for Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, and she came out of it well. In real life I have never seen a woman in agony, so that I cannot say that her performance was unnatural. It was artificial certainly, but under the stress of great emotion people do become artificial. Anyhow, her conception of the part was the correct one. Mr. AINLEY's, I thought, was not. The whole point of the play must have been that *Fritz* was a careless fellow, who had only been amusing himself with *Christine*. "He spoke of you too," says *Theodor*, in describing the last scenes, and *Christine* seizes hysterically upon the "too." Mr. AINLEY, to judge by the way he went on in the Second Act, would have talked of her exclusively. Upon my word, I thought he really loved her. M.

#### RUS IN URBE.

["Mr. Joseph Fels, the energetic founder of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, is trying to induce the London County Council to grant the use of vacant land in Aldwych and Kingsway, for conversion into small holdings."—*Daily Express*]

I've found a spot  
Where Cupid might  
Have built a cot  
For Psyche;  
There runs about  
The sacred site  
A paling stout  
And spikey.  
Here perfect peace  
And quiet reign,  
Here mortals cease  
From weeping,  
Here sorrows flee  
And here I fain  
Would start with thee  
Housekeeping.  
Here, nothing loth,  
Through life we'd go,  
Arcadians both  
Together;  
You'd cook and dust  
And wash and sew  
Whilst I discussed  
The weather.  
You'd milk the cow  
With skilful hand,  
And see the sow  
Had plenty,  
While my cigar  
Would fill the Strand  
With dreams of far  
Niente.  
If joys so fair  
Should lose their zest,



Harold (after prolonged inspection) "HIL ISN'T VEWY INIEWESLIN', IS HE, MABS?"

As folk declare  
They will do,  
If we grew cross  
And felt depressed  
And grown with moss  
And mildew,  
Why, there's the play!  
Should Nature pall  
We'd leave our gay  
Rose-bowers,  
The cow we'd tie  
Within her stall  
And off we'd fly  
To ours.

And if there came  
Some hap, sweetheart,  
Our burning flame  
To smother,

If cruel fate  
Drove us apart  
And made us hate  
Each other;  
If this should be  
(As may it not!)  
Just think how we  
Should score, love!  
Before our eyes  
The cure we've got—  
The Law Courts rise  
Next door, love.

"Alan Marshal's younger brother is nearly as tall as himself."—*The Sportsman*.

We see nothing much in a man's being nearly as tall as himself, but we know at least one cricketer who is a bit above himself.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DOUBTLESS you have in your time said some harsh things about solicitors, but you cannot imagine what nasty remarks other people have made until you read *Leaves of the Lower Branch* (SMITH, ELDER). Mr. CHRISTIAN, a Bachelor of Laws, intent on learning the worst, has read and noted every book in which the word "attorney" occurs. He has unearthed all the unprofessional writings of the Profession, and not a solicitor, whose pen has ever run away from his precedents, has escaped his notice. If at times the humour of the author and his solicitor friends inclines to rotundity (like the humour of all good men of the Law) the reader learns much that he should, but does not, know about a host of writers whose names have been on the Rolls. Indeed, nearly all deceased men of literary note (including an editor of *Punch*) seem at one time or another to have sat upon an office stool and written, "This is the last will and testament of, etc." The book

deals thoroughly but pleasantly with the attorney in every trying circumstance—as an author, as a man of importance, as a theme of poetry, and even as an attorney. In it appear Messrs. Dodson and Fogg side by side with THEOBALD (attorney and literary critic), Mr. Baines Carew with CHARLES JEREMIAH WELLS (attorney and poet); but quite the most delightful of all is the candid Egyptian who practised early in the n.c.'s and described one of the parties to an agreement as "Mr. Blank of Blank, middle height with a poor beard." Every solicitor must, every barrister should, and I hope most laymen will, read the book, if only to learn that the real complaint against solicitors is that, by the misfortune of birth, they are not angels, but mere men.

If it had occurred to the author of *An Incomplete Etionian* (HEINEMANN) to call her new book after herself, instead of after her hero, a good name for it would have been *An Incomplete Grammarian*. Here are samples of her slipshod style: "Everywhere his feet had trodden was the better for his passing;" "she was everything of which Vanessa had no experience and was unable to place;" "he had been too long used to play the cuckoo for him to lightly contemplate building a nest." She shows a marked singularity in her treatment of plurals in -a: she speaks of "this phenomena," and "a different strata;" she says that "the effluvia of dead and rotting things was in his nostrils." Here and there she uses a word in a sense peculiar to herself: confuses *agley* with *ayog* ("he found the trade all agley with a new discovery"); and talks of "those high fallacious hopes integral to his youth." Finally, her punctuation is that of a child who doesn't know the difference between a comma and a semicolon. This illiteracy of manner, almost unbelievable in a writer of "FRANK DANBY'S" experience, sets one against the matter of her book. But anyhow it is not a great performance. She wastes her cleverness (for there are ideas

in the book) over a lot of unattractive people, not easy to realise, and not always worth realising. Two characters, *David* and *Bice*, might have redeemed it, but one dies early and the other remains a mere suggestion.

I don't know whether the book contains portraits of Mrs. FRANKAU's private friends or enemies under assumed names. There is one apparent reference, of a disagreeable kind, to a certain marriage that has made matter for social gossip; and it may well be that some of the superfluous minor characters, of whom we learn particulars that appear to serve no very useful purpose, are drawn from the ranks of her acquaintances. If this be so, she will be wrong to reckon upon a very wide interest, on the part of the public, in personal references of which only a very limited number possesses, or is likely to worry about possessing, the key.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, at the close of twenty years' management, Sir SQUIRE and Lady BANCROFT used the first opportunity of well-earned leisure to write an account of their career. The interest of the public was pleasantly

testified by demand for several editions, a "run" in its way something akin to that of *Caste* and *School*. The book being out of print, to the joint authors came the happy thought of re-writing it, with addition of the mellower reflections of later years. As now presented, *The Bancrofts* (MURRAY) comprises a record of sixty years. To the charm of its personal qualities is added something in the way of a history of British drama in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The work naturally takes the form of a dialogue. Sometimes the lady speaks, anon the gentleman, who, I regret to observe, though playing fair throughout, has the last word. That both stood in the first rank of their profession is a familiar fact. That both write



## THE SPREAD OF POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

First Preparatory Schoolboy (to second ditto). "ISN'T THE BUDGET SCANDALOUS!"

well is proved again in the pages of this portly book. It presents a story, simply told, of a strenuous life crowned with rare measure of success. Whilst necessarily indicating the triumphs of its authors, a delicate reserve pervades the narrative, saving it from the deadly sin of self-glorification.

"Hertford is another boat that is making considerable improvement. Several of the crew rowed courses whilst others restricted themselves to a sharp bout from Ilfley to the Red Post."—*Sunday Times*.

They mustn't forget to meet on the first day of the races.

"Once again Sir Charles Santley appeared to sing 'O ruddier than the Cherry.'"—*Musical News*.

What he actually sang, as distinct from what he appeared to sing, we cannot say. Possibly it was "O ruddier than the rhubarb."

"The picture shows the royal train leaving Dover. It was drawn by the engine which was on show last year at the White City."

*Daily Mirror*.

A creditable performance. For the moment we almost thought it was a photograph.



## CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE HENRY OF REUSS, who has just passed his examination at the Commercial Academy at Cologne, intends to enter on a commercial career. It is only just to KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM to point out that there is no great novelty in this.

\*\*

"I am not wedded to my scheme," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, in the course of the debate on the Budget. This confirms the opinion of many persons that it is the most unholy alliance ever entered into by a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

\*\*

Mr. ASQUITH's retort to the bankers' memorial against the Budget was that taxation was higher in Germany. Yes, but in Germany the tax-payer gets the *Dreadnoughts* that he asks for.

\*\*

"More and more of us are discovering the charms of birdnesting as an adult pastime," says Mr. W. BRUCE THOMAS in a natural history article in *The Daily Mail*. The only drawbacks, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE informs us, are the nasty pecks you sometimes get from the birds you rob.

\*\*

We understand that our new Army airship, which is shaped like a fish, is to be called "The Cod-y," as a compliment to the gentleman of that name who has done so much for military aeronautics.

\*\*

Mr. W. A. BAIRD, of Lennoxlove, East Lothian, *The Express* informs us, has returned from a big game shoot in Africa with two fine live lions, which have been housed on his estate. It may not be generally known that a brace of young active lions is far more effective than the same number of house-dogs.

\*\*

It is being asked in art circles whether the Chantrey Trustees intend to make any further purchase this year than that of Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA's picture, for which they gave £1,750. The answer is that they have reached the Limit.

\*\*

*The Devil* has been withdrawn. This perhaps is just as well, for it has spoilt the reputation of at least one lady. "I went to *The Devil* last night and enjoyed it," was the phrase that ruined her.

\*\*

It is rumoured that a certain dramatic author approached "The Follies" with the proposal that they should pot his play, and received the reply that they did not pot bad meat.

\*\*

"Sweet Seventeen" writes to us about a very serious grievance, but once more we must say that we refuse to



The Batsman. "TELL-ER WO! YOU BE ENGLAND, AND I LI BE VICTOR TRUMPET!"

interfere in what, after all, is a purely domestic affair. "Sweet Seventeen" wrote a sex novel last year, and it has just been published anonymously. Her mother now refuses to allow her to read it on the ground that it is not fit for her.

\*\*

The descriptive writer has been brightening up cricket again. This time it is the special reporter of *The Globe* who tells us how, in the exciting match at the Oval, HARWARD gamely stood his ground "with wickets falling like chaff before the reaper." Your reaper needs a very tricky swerve to distinguish husks from grain.

\*\*

Clothes would appear to be becoming an obsession with the wife of a certain distinguished Minister. She is now going to spend her Whitsun holiday at Old Clovelly.

We venture to draw Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE's attention to the following passage in a contemporary "In accordance with ancient custom the hounds of the Coleman Street Ward of the City of London were beaten yesterday."

\*\*

"Henry in Search of a Wife" is announced as the title of a forthcoming novel by Mr. COURLANDER, and we are all eager to know whether it will prove to be an historical romance with HENRY VIII as hero.

Describing the short hole on the new Moretown links, *Golfing* says:—

"The pin is distant from the tee about a hundred and forty yards or thereby, and is oval in shape, its length being nearly twice its breadth. One of the narrow ends faces the tee, and is on the level."

Good golfers, however, rarely pay much attention to the peculiarities of the pin.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

*Park Lane.*

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Quite an amusing function—"Tea and Tailoring"—is to come off in a few days' time on the Terrace of what old-fashioned people call the House of Commons. It's a men's affair, *really*, but of course we shan't be shut out!

A certain Berlin *Schneider*, who claims to have revolutionised the tailor's art, is to give a show of his "creations" on a number of mannequins he's brought over. People are simply raving about his things, and calling them "extraordinarily ingenious," especially an evening coat which, by removing the tails, can be worn as a dinner-jacket, and a frock-coat that, turned inside out, becomes a dressing-gown! I hear that, when the show is over, the *Schneider*-in-chief is to make a little speech (after booking orders from a number of Free Trade Members), in which he will say that the Terrace of the House of Commons is the finest show-room in the world, that he is very grateful for the use of it, and that, with all the generous help and encouragement he's had, he feels confident of being able to remove the *unjust* prestige so long attached to British tailoring! I disapprove of the whole thing; but *really*, you know, my dearest, in the present state of things it's counted simply *poisonous* form to stick up for your country and give a thought to its trade and things.

Norty's immensely disgusted with the matter. He says his only consolation is that the *Schneider* couldn't have a worse ad. for his "creations" than some Members of the Government will give him by wearing them! He means to ask a lot of questions and make a lot of speeches about it in the House, and give it 'em hot; as he says himself, "I'll give 'em the length of my tongue, if they'll give me the length of their ears!"

Everyone's giving dances just now; but I've knocked 'em once more with my party of a night or two ago. I sent out the ordinary cards, "Mrs. Multimill at Home," with "Dancing" in one corner of the card, but in the *other* corner was "Bare Feet." Wasn't it a dilly idea? It all went with a bang. Reporters were killing each other to get in and make pars. and take snapshots. I'm still roaring at the remembrance of how some of the people looked. How they could *dare* to come! Beryl Clarges refused owing to "another engagement." I *knew* she'd have that "other engagement." She wears fives, you know, and— But I won't say any more; I'm *above* detracting from other women, I hope!

Lots of kind things were said of some feet that I won't particularise further;

and Ray Rymington has made some verses to "My Ladye of the Shell-pink Feet," the opening line of which, "Pink shells, pink shells on the sea-shore," is dreadfully reminiscent, I'm afraid, of one of the panto. songs.

I've got a new Cause, my dear! Isn't that lovely? And you'd never, never, never guess what it is! The Planet Mars!! That dear, clever creature who's given up his whole life to Mars is over here just now, and is a great draw for dinner. He's got a most glorious plan, and I'm going to help him carry it out for all I'm worth, and make others help too. He's going to set up enormous megatelephones in all the English-speaking countries, and then, when Mars and the Earth are nearest to each other, we're all to shout together, "Are you there?" Isn't it a *screaming* idea? I can hardly wait till it's time to do it, I want to hear the answer so! Norty says that, even if they are there, it doesn't follow that they speak English; and how should we like to hear, in answer to our "Are you there?" "*Sorecht*," or "*Jawohl*?" He's a horribly aggravating boy.

That poor dear Oldpark is being led such a life by his Texan countess. She's always grubbing in the Munitment Chamber down at Oldpark and springing family privileges and traditions on her husband that are quite news to him. She's found out now that CHARLES THE SECOND or RICHARD THE THIRD, or one of the others who wanted money and borrowed from the Oldpark of those days, gave him in return the privilege of coming to Court "in full panoply, with blowing of trumpets and flying of flags." "What's a panoply, anyhow?" asked the Countess when she'd mastered it so far. "I'll order one right away; and we'll use all our privileges at the next Court, trumpets, flags, and all!" "Oh!" screamed poor Oldpark, "those rotten old privileges have been waived for centuries." "Ain't I saying so all the time?" she said; "and they'll be waved again, those flags will, before we're many weeks older. Some of my folks will be over by then, and I want the whole crowd to see Hypatia Oldpark go to Court with all her privileges, and the vurry best panoply that can be got for dollars!" She's unearthed some old suits of armour, too, and means to have a tournament down at their place, with lists and heralds and largesse and all that sort of thing, and a Queen of Love and Beauty—herself, of course! She wants to force that poor wretched Oldpark into a suit of armour and make him hold the lists against all comers. Bosh says the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands ought to step in. D'you know, my dear, what is the newest way out of any *particularly* bad

hole you've got into? Lapse of memory! I see *Punch* has something this week about "Feats of Forgetfulness." It's been tried with immense success in several rather bad cases lately. Wee-Wee was telling me to-day she's a ghastly heap of bridge-debts on her shoulders and doesn't know how on earth she's going to pay them. She says the only way out of it that she can see is to have a lapse of memory, and forget who she is herself and who everyone else is.

Talking of lapses of memory reminds me that trance-performers are quite the rage just now, and I've discovered a wonderful pair of trance-performing sisters and brought them out at an afternoon party I gave last week. I'd a big crowd here, and I told them before the performance began—for, of course, it's the very essence of these trance-affairs to impress upon the audience that the people can't do it in a *normal* state—"Now this girl who's going to play can't really play a bit, and this girl who's going to dance doesn't know the first thing about dancing." And then they were hypnotised, and the girl who can't play played *à merveille*, and the girl who can't dance did an *extraordinary* dance, a mixture of the Salome and the Cachuca! Everyone was in fits, and I was simply loaded with congrats at having found such a pair of marvels. Only Beryl looked snifty; so I said to her, "I hope you believe, my dear, that it's all on the square, and that the girls really *can't* play and dance in a normal state?" And she said, "Why, of course, I believe it, dearest. I'm quite sure they can't play or dance in a normal state—or in any other state!"

*C'est une chatte comme il y en a peu, n'est-ce pas?*

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

### How the Empire is Run.

Letter from the Durham County Education Committee to a Headmaster:

"In reply to your letter of the 14th inst. asking for permission to grant a day's holiday on the 24th inst., I beg to inform you that it will be placed before the District Sub-Committee which meets on that date."

Whereupon the clerk put on his coat again and went out to lunch.

From the report of a local committee of the Y.M.C.A.:—

"Very large numbers of visitors were then attracted to the place, many riding in daily from the surrounding districts; but, on the whole, the condition of these animals and the care taken of them was good."

Intending visitors will be glad of this information.



### AN EARLY SILLY SEASON.

THE SEA-SERPENT. "WELL, IF THIS SORT OF THING KEEPS ON, IT'LL MEAN A DULL AUGUST FOR ME."







Robinson (to Jones) "I SAY, OLD MAN, HAVE YOU A LOOSE FIVER ABOUT YOU?"

Jones "WHY—TR—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I MET SMITH JUST NOW, AND HE HAD THE NERVE TO ASK ME FOR IT."

Robinson "HE GOT IT, OF COURSE?"

Jones "N-O, HE DIDN'T! I TOLD HIM I OWED IT TO YOU!"

Robinson "AH!"

Jones "BUT I FIND I WAS MISTAKEN. I DON'T OWE YOU A SOU! I'VE PAID UP EVERY CENT I'VE BORROWED OF YOU AND PROMISE YOU HERE AND NOW NEVER TO PESTER YOU AGAIN FOR MONEY. IT WAS A SHAME—A BEASTLY SHAME—BUT DON'T BE ALARMED, IT IS NOT OCCUR AGAIN! GOOD DAY!"

Robinson (dizzily) "GOOD DAY!"

### THE LATEST DÉMENTIS.

["Mr. William O'Brien, lately M.P. for Cork, telegraphs from Florence that the report in *The Catholic Herald* that he intends to reside permanently in Jerusalem is 'an absurd invention'"]—*Daily Mail*

MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., has wired to *The Observer* to state that the allegation that he has gone to Jericho at the request of his constituents is a gross exaggeration of the facts. What really happened was that Mr. TIM HEAVY, hearing the rumour about Mr. O'BRIEN, genially observed, "I wish JOHN DILLON would go to Jericho."

On enquiry at the House of Commons on Friday no confirmation could be obtained of the exhilarating report that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Mr. JOSIAH WINGWOOD, and Sir HENRY COTTON have arranged to go lion-hunting in Somaliland without guides when Parliament rises. The

rumour appears to have had its origin in the fact that in one of his fascinating speeches on the taxation of land values—a subject which he always contrives to render as entertaining as a *Palais Royal* farce—Mr. JOSIAH WINGWOOD declared that there were always lions in the path of reform, but that they caused no alarm to him or those who thought with him.

Mr. HALL CAINE has telegraphed to *The Stratford-on-Avon Mercury* that there is absolutely no foundation for the report, sedulously circulated at Portsmouth and other seaports, that he is the author of *Bacon's Letters*.

Capt BACON, R.N., has cabled to *The Army and Navy Gazette* to contradict the report that he is the author of the novel *Incomparable Bellairs*, which, as everybody ought to know, was written by Mr. and Mrs. EGGRIOT CASSLE. Capt BACON, who, we understand, has just issued a special *édition de luxe* of 50

copies of his *Essays*, characterises as a "preposterous figment" the statement that he intends to reside permanently on the top of Fisher's Peak in Colorado.

SIR JOHN FISHER has sent a remarkable telegram to the editor of *The Era* to say that there is absolutely not the faintest shred of truth in the extraordinary statements (1) that he was responsible for the dramatisation of *The Bath Comedy* under the title *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, (2) that he was going to be raised to the peerage with the title of Lord BACON of Silver Streak.

### The Mark of a Gentleman.

From a story in *Printer's Pie*:

"His suit case was a handsome one of crocodile skin with heavy silver fittings, and I instinctively saw that he was a gentleman." Alas, how few of us pass the test.

# THE SECRET OF THE ARMY AEROPLANE.

[MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX wishes to deny indignantly that the following tale was written by him. On the contrary, he identifies himself completely with the proprietor of *The Daily Mail* in deprecating the publication of scare stories. As the proprietor of *The Daily Mail* truly says, such stories "place England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light before the German people." At the same time Mr. LE QUEUX is bound to confess that the story printed below bears an astonishing resemblance to his latest imaginative work, *Spies of the Kaiser*—a book only just published, but written in the days of his hot and unregenerate youth, many weeks ago.]

"Yes," said my friend, Ray Raymond, as a grim smile crossed his typically English face, looking round the chambers which we shared together, though he never had occasion to practise, though I unfortunately had, "it is a very curious affair indeed."

"Tell us the whole facts, Ray," urged Vera Vallance, the pretty fair-haired daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Vallance, to whom he was engaged.

"Well, dear, they are briefly as follows," he replied, with an affectionate glance at her. "It is well known that the Germans are anxious to get hold of our new aeroplane, and that the secret of it is at present locked in the inventor's breast. Last Tuesday a man with his moustache brushed up the wrong way alighted at Basingstoke station and inquired for the refreshment-room. This leads me to believe that a dastardly attempt is about to be made to wrest the supremacy of the air from our grasp."

"And even in the face of this the Government denies the activity of German spies in England!" I exclaimed, bitterly.

"Jacox," said my old friend, "as a patriot it is none the less my duty to expose these miscreants. To-morrow we go to Basingstoke."

Next Thursday, then, saw us ensconced in our private sitting-room at the Bull Hotel, Basingstoke. On our way from the station I had noticed how ill-prepared the town was to resist invasion, and I had pointed this out bitterly to my dear old friend, Ray Raymond.

"Yes," he remarked, grimly; "and it is simply infested with spies. Jack, my surmises are proving correct. There will be dangerous work afoot to-night. Have you brought your electric torch with you?"

"Since that Rosyth affair, I never travel without it," I replied, as I stood with my back to the cheap mantel-shelf so common in English hotels.

The night was dark, therefore we proceeded with caution as we left the inn. The actions of Ray Raymond were curious. As we passed each telegraph pole he stopped and said grimly, "Ah, I

thought so;" and drew his revolver. When we had covered fifteen miles we looked at our watches by the aid of our electric torches and discovered that it was time to get back to the hotel unless we wished our presence, or rather absence, to be made known to the German spies; therefore we returned hastily.

Next morning Ray was recalled to town by an urgent telegram, therefore I was left alone at Basingstoke to foil the dastardly spies. I stayed there for thirteen weeks, and then went with my old friend to Grimshy, he having received news that a German hairdresser, named Macdonald, was resident in that town.

"My dear Jack," said my friend Ray Raymond, his face assuming that sphinx-like expression by which I knew that he had formed some theory for the destruction of his country's dastardly enemies, "to-night we shall come to grips with the Teuton!"

"And yet," I cried, "the Government refuses to admit the activity of German spies in England!"

"Ha!" said my friend grimly.

He opened a small black bag and produced a dark lantern, a coil of strong silk rope, and a small but serviceable jemmy. All that burglarious outfit belonged to my friend!

At this moment the pretty fair girl to whom he was engaged, Vera Vallance, arrived, but returned to London by the next train.

At ten o'clock we proceeded cautiously to the house of Macdonald the hairdresser, whom Ray had discovered to be a German spy!

"Have you your electric torch with you?" inquired my dear old college friend.

"I have," I answered grimly.

"Good! Then let us enter!"

"You mean to break in?" I cried, amazed at the audacity of my friend.

"Bah!" he said. "Spies are always cowards!"

Therefore we knocked at the door. It was opened by two men, the elder of whom gave vent to a quick German imprecation. The younger had a short beard.

"You are a German spy?" inquired Ray Raymond.

"No," replied the bearded German in very good English, adding with marvellous coolness, "to what, pray, do we owe this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"To the fact that you are a spy who has been taking secret tracings of our Army aeroplane!" retorted my friend.

But the spy only laughed in open defiance.

"Well, there's no law against it," he replied.

"No," retorted Ray grimly, "thanks to the stupidity of a crass Government there is no law against it."

"My God!" I said hoarsely.

"But my old friend Jacox and I," continued Ray Raymond, fixing the miserable spy with his eye, "have decided to take the law into our own hands. I have my revolver and my friend has his electric torch. Give me the tracings."

"Gott—no!" cried the German spies in German. "Never, you English cur!"

But Ray had already extracted a letter from the elder man's pocket, and was making for the door! I followed him. When we got back to our hotel he drew the letter from his pocket and eagerly examined it. I give here an exact copy of it, and I may state that when we sent it to His Majesty's Minister for War he returned it without a word!

"Berkeley Chambers,

Cannon Street, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 29th ult. we beg to say that we can do you a good line in shaving brushes at the following wholesale prices:

Badger . . . . 70s. a gross.

Pure Badger . . . 75s. a gross.

Real Badger . . . 80s. a gross.

Awaiting your esteemed order which we shall have pleasure in promptly executing.

We are, Sir,

Yours obediently

WILKINSON and ALBUTT.

Mr. James Macdonald."

That letter, innocent enough upon the face of it, contained dastardly instructions from the Chief of Police to a German spy! Read by the alphabetical code supplied to every German secret agent in England, it ran as follows:

(Phrase 1) "Discover without delay secret of aeroplane's successful descents."

(Phrase 2) "Forward particulars of best plan for blowing up

(1) Portsmouth Dockyard.

(2) Woolwich Arsenal.

(3) Albert Memorial."

(Phrase 3) "Be careful of Jack Jacox. He carries a revolver and an electric torch."

"Ah!" said my friend grimly, "we were only just in time. Had we delayed longer, England might have knelt at the proud foot of a conqueror!"

"Ha!" I replied briefly.

Next morning we returned to the chambers which we shared together in London, and were joined by Vera Vallance, the pretty, fair daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Vallance, to whom my old friend was engaged. And, as he stroked her hair affectionately, I realised thankfully that he and I had indeed been the instruments of Providence in foiling the plots of the German spies!

BUT HOW WILL IT ALL END?

WHEN WILL GERMANY STRIKE?

[It will end now, before our readers strike.—EDITOR.]

A. A. M.

# THE ART OF LISTENING.

HOW TO APPEAR INTELLIGENT TO—



(1) A YOUNG BLOOD,



(2) A RACING MAN,



(3) A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT;



(4) AN ACTOR-MANAGER.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

*(Little Arthur, aged 12; His sister Mabel, aged 18.)**Little Arthur.* Have you ever been in love, Mabs?*Mabel.* You queer little atom! What a funny question to ask!*L. A.* But have you, Mabs?*M.* No, of course not. Why should I?*L. A.* I don't know, Mabs; but aren't you old enough? I mean, oughtn't you to be falling in love with somebody now you're eighteen?*M.* Oh, it doesn't go like that, you know, Arty. Sometimes people never fall in love, and sometimes they wait until they're much older than I am.*L. A.* Don't you want to be in love, Mabs?*M.* No, not a bit.*L. A.* But isn't it very jolly to be in love?*M.* No, I shouldn't think so. People who are in love always strike me as too silly for words.*L. A.* Well, anyhow, Uncle John doesn't think they're silly.*M.* What has Uncle John been saying about it?*L. A.* I asked him yesterday about it, and he said it was just the rippingest thing in the world. He said it was much better than drinking champagne, or riding a steeplechase, or getting your debts paid.*M.* Well, I don't drink champagne or ride steeplechases, and I don't owe anybody money, so what Uncle John said doesn't appeal to me.*L. A.* No, Mabs, I thought it wouldn't; but he said much more than that. He said when people were in love they were so bucked up that they felt they could hug anybody, but they only wanted to hug one person really, and if she didn't want to hug them back they felt miserable, but it was much jollier being miserable about that than being happy about anything else, because when she did come round and give you a wink you went up top notch again in double-quick time. That's what Uncle John said.*M.* Silly old Uncle John! I don't believe he's ever been in love himself.*L. A.* But, Mabs, you said just now that it was the people who were in love who were silly. Didn't you say that, Mabs?*M.* I daresay. What then?*L. A.* Well, if you don't believe Uncle John has ever been in love you shouldn't call him silly.*M.* Oh, he's silly in a different way.*L. A.* No, I don't think he is really, Mabs.*M.* What do you mean?*L. A.* Only that Uncle John said he'd back himself against anybody else for falling in love. He said he'd got a heart as big as a hippopotamus—room for all and plenty to spare. He's never been out of love, he says, since he was ten years old. He was born so, he thinks, and he can't help it—the little dears are too much for him. But he's going to try and go on bearing up when they won't have him, because it's always one down t'other come up with him, so he's always kept busy.*M.* Uncle John ought to be ashamed of himself to put such notions into your head.*L. A.* I didn't mind, Mabs. I like Uncle John to talk like that. Oh, and he said they were all one to him, but there was always one who was more so than the others. He said he dreamt the other night he was left on a desert island with Mrs. Gaynor, and after a dozen years or so he began to fall in love with her all right, but he woke up just before he could tell her about it. He said that was the bravest thing he'd ever thought of doing, and many a man had got the V.C. for less; but he wasn't particularly proud of it, because he was like that and couldn't be different.*M.* Oh, he said that, did he? Anything else?*L. A.* Yes; he said if ever I reduced a woman to despair by trifling with her young affections he'd come and smash me, even if it was Mrs. Gaynor. But, I say, Mabs!*M.* Well?*L. A.* When people fall in love with one another isn't it because they're beautiful and nice?*M.* Something of that sort.*L. A.* And when they fall in love like that they marry, and then they go on loving one another till they die, don't they?*M.* Where did you get all that from?*L. A.* Out of a book; but is it true, Mabs?*M.* Oh, I daresay it's true enough.*L. A.* Then do you think Mrs. Gaynor was ever beautiful and nice? Because Papa doesn't think she was, and I don't think so either.*M.* I'm inclined to agree with you and Papa.*L. A.* Then why did Mr. Gaynor marry her?*M.* I'm sure I can't say. You'd better ask him.*L. A.* Uncle John said it was because she had pots of money, and he supposed Mr. Gaynor thought fifty thousand down was better than a straight nose and a pleasant temper. But I think it must be dreadful to marry when you're not in love, because then you go on not being in love for ever and ever.*M.* You seem to know a lot.*L. A.* I'm glad you think so, Mabs, because I try very hard to learn about things. But I say, Mabs, are you in love?*M.* You asked me that before, and I told you I wasn't.*L. A.* But you said people fell in love with one another because they were beautiful and nice, and I'm sure you're beautiful and nice, Mabs.*M.* Of course, if you think so, Arty, I must be.*L. A.* Yes, Mabs. And the other day you told Lucy Harding that Dick Stanier was the handsomest and nicest man in England.*M.* You little—*L. A.* And if he's that, Mabs, you must love him frightfully. I don't see how you can help it. Have you told him, Mabs?*M.* You absurd little creature. Told him? There's nothing—*L. A.* Oh, yes, there is, Mabs. But perhaps he ought to say something first?*M.* Well, it's considered usual.*L. A.* All right, Mabs, I'll tell him what you said about him, and then—*M.* If you dare to do any such thing I'll—*L. A.* And then, Mabs, perhaps he'll too the line. That's what Uncle John called it.*M.* Uncle John's very vulgar; and if you dare to breathe a word to Dick, I'll come and smash you. So there.*L. A.* All right, Mabs, I won't. But you do love him, don't you? And you're not too silly for words, are you?*M.* There's Mamma calling you. Run away quick.

From a hoarding in the Harrogate District—

OAKLAND GARAGE.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

WE NEVER SLEEP FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE.

We are in sympathy with these garage-keepers; we also never sleep for anybody's convenience but our own.

"The winner takes £120, the second has £50 to console him, and there are substantial prizes for others who follow them home."—*Evening News.*

By following the winners home the others ought at least to make sure of a drink.



## TO A MAYFLY.

*(Ephemera vulgaris)*

['tolf occasionally has a very weakening effect on fly-fishers and is a thing to be fought against'—*Daily Telegraph*]

HAMPSHIRE woods are in summer's keeping,

Sunshine's sleeping

On banks of May,

Spring has taken her smiles and weeping  
Over the hills and far away!

Now, Ephemera, now you gladden  
Streams, and madden

The morning rise;

Craftiest monsters now are had on  
By the veriest tyro's flies!

Now from Memory's mist and vapour

Gut that tapers,

By Fancy thrown,

Drops you here on my hooks and papers—  
Gossamer wrath—so lightly blown!

'Till I see in your green-coat flicker  
Brooks that bicker

And streams that swell;

And an elderly pulse goes quicker

Under your old-time magic spell!

Far too long on the links I've striven,  
Tee'd and driven,

(And cursed mishap!)

Far too long has my time been given  
To the cult of my handicap!

Has my wrist for your gentler science  
Still compliance

To work my will?

Can I look for the old reliance

In its flexible easy skill?

Or has Philistine usage rusted

Tendons trusted

Of old to ply,

When your delicate legions dusted

Pool and shallow—the green-drake  
fly?

Ha! the ruler I deftly dandle—

Claims of Vandal

Amusements flees,

As it turns to a split-cane handle:—

Wait till Saturday, then you'll see!

"Mr. George Granville Bankes, of Folkestone, has been appointed Liberal agent for the Cuckmouth Division, at a salary of £120 per annum

IF IT DISAPPEARS IT'S EXZLVA"

*Yorkshire Post.*

The comment was quite uncalled for.

"A blackbird has built its nest on Mr. Lloyd-George's new house at Criccieth"—*Daily Mirror.*

This will make bird's-nesting easier than over.

"POLICE MISTAKE AT WALSALL  
INNOCENT MAN RELEASED."

*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

It will happen sometimes, and then the only thing to do is to catch him again.



First Sportsman "DID THAT 'ORSE WIN YER PUL YER MONEY ON?"

Second Sportsman "NO, 'E WAS PINCHD IER LO'FERIN'."

## The Everywhere Ship.

(Latest Report.)

HARPENDEN. — A suspicious-looking foreigner was seen here yesterday on the common. A watch was kept on him, and he was seen after dark in an unfrequented spot to be busy with a cigar-shaped-looking object which had a brilliantly coloured band round the middle. Every now and then a light would appear at the end of the object and almost immediately go out, to the accompaniment of guttural expletives in a foreign tongue. The object is of a brownish colour and seems to require constant attention from its owner. Three dozen wooden matches and a box with foreign words on it were found near the spot where the stranger was observed at work on the instrument

described above, and it is thought that he was engaged in making strenuous efforts to get it going. Intense excitement prevails.

Later. The coloured band referred to (which also has foreign words on it) has just been found and forwarded to the Board of Trade.

## The Literary Touch.

From a publisher's advertisement:

"In the field of pure and natural fiction, Curtis Yorke is well ahead of her compeers"

## Golf Notes.

"I don't think that in a month of Sundays Miss Foster could have done 83 last Thursday."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

Perhaps in a month of Thursdays she might do it next Sunday.



*Hotel Thief.* "ER—ER—DEE PARDON, GUV'NOR, I MUST 'A' MISTOOK THE NUMBER O' MY ROOM!"

### IN MEMORIAM.

**George Meredith, O.M.**

BORN 1828 DIED MAY 18TH, 1909

MARKED in the beauty of the May-dawn's birth,  
Death came and kissed the brow still nobly fair,  
And hushed that heart of youth for which the earth  
Still kept its morning air

Long time initiate in her lovely lore,  
Now is he one with Nature's woods and streams,  
Whereof, a Paradisal robe, he wore  
The visionary gleams.

Among her solitudes he moved apart;  
The mystery of her clouds and star-sown skies,  
Touched by the fusing magic of his art,  
Shone clear for other eyes.

When from his lips immortal music broke,  
It was the myriad voice of vale and hill;  
"The lark ascending" poured a song that woke  
An echo sweeter still.

Yet most we mourn his loss as one who gave  
The gift of laughter and the boon of tears,  
Interpreter of life, its gay and grave,  
Its human hopes and fears.

Seer of the soul of things, inspired to know  
Man's heart and woman's, over all he threw  
The spell of fancy's iridescent glow,  
The sheen of sunlit dew.

And of the fellowship of that great Age  
For whose return our eyes have waited long,  
None left so rich a twofold heritage  
Of high romance and song.

We knew him, fronted like the Olympian gods,  
Large in his loyalty to land and friend,  
Fearless to fight alone with Fortune's odds,  
Fearless to face the end.

And he is dead. And at the parting sign  
We speak, too late, the love he little guessed,  
And bid him in the nation's heart for shrine  
Take his eternal rest.



GEORGE MEREDITH.

1828—1909.





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 17.

—The PREMIER, talking just now about the Budget, persuasively assuring City capitalists that the average of Income Tax is a fraction under 11½d. in the pound, was disturbed by the vision of something black flashing to and fro in the immediate neighbourhood of Front Bench opposite. At first thought it was a bird seeking sanctuary in the home of Liberty. On looking up discovered it was only PECKHAM BANDURY waving his silk hat.

At the moment, replying to argument that increased taxation would drive capital out of the country, PREMIER was remarking that if capitalists betook themselves to France they would pay at the rate of 1s 5d in the pound, whilst in Prussia a man with £5,000 a year is mulct at the rate of a 2s. Income Tax with near prospect of increase. What PECKHAM (with the assistance of his hat) wanted to point out was that, though Income Tax may be higher in scale, German Government stocks are not charged with it.

PREMIER a dangerous man to interrupt. Swift came the reply, crushing to the Peckham patriot.

"I am shocked to hear that the hon Baronet holds such stocks."

PECKHAM, replacing hat on head, pressed it defiantly over his massive brow.

Since a little incident that happened the other day, PECKHAM never loses sight of his hat. On memorable occasion referred to, about to leave the House



"WHAT NEWS ON THE RIALTO?" OR, MR CHAMBERLAIN'S "FOREIGNER"

"Distributing some small change of political economy"

(Mr. Chiozza Money)



Mr. Burrell "I can only say that in a matter of this kind I prefer the evidence of a policeman to that of a cardinal" (Loud laughter)

when CHIOZZA MONEY rose to distribute some small change of political economy, he couldn't find his hat. Was certain that, the bench being nearly empty, he, when he came in, placed it on the seat to his left hand. Where was it?

At the corner of the bench sat that esteemed veteran Member known to his light-hearted neighbours as THE BUZZARD, happy in the privilege of not hearing more than one-half said in prolonged debate. On the Front Bench below, with radiant smile and cartwheel carnation, sat MARK LOCKWOOD. He was the man; always up to mischief; had hidden the hat.

"Come now," said PECKHAM, thumping him on the back, "none of your larks."

With evident sincerity, MARK protested he knew nothing about the hat.

"Perhaps you left it outside," he said.

With another glance round and under the benches, PECKHAM hurried out. Searched all his old familiar ways; came back hatless.

"You should have borrowed a bloodhound," said MARK, when result of search was reported.

As he sat moodily halfway down the bench PECKHAM's eye fell upon THE BUZZARD still closely following debate. He, happy man, possessed his hat and wore it on his head. Something in the shape attracted attention. Casually drawing

nearer, PECKHAM had his first impression confirmed. There was no strawberry mark about it, but it undoubtedly was his long lost hat. In a moment of absence of mind, impressed by cogency of SIR AUSTEN's latest speech on Budget Resolutions, THE BUZZARD had stretched forth his hand, taken up PECKHAM's hat and put it on. Nothing in discrepancy of size suggested mistake.

"I beg your pardon," PECKHAM loudly whispered in his ear, "but you're wearing my hat."

"Yes," said THE BUZZARD, nodding genially, thinking he was being complimented on his mastery of intricacies of the Budget, "I'm beginning to get my head into it."

"Dear old chap," said PECKHAM, tenderly brushing with coat-sleeve the nap of recaptured hat, "he's so deaf he doesn't know one hat from another."

*Business done.*—Income Tax Resolution agreed to by encouraging return of Ministerial majority.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Whilst perforce still waiting for eight *Dreadnoughts*, noble lords have turned their attention to condition of the Army. Yesterday YOUNG WEMMES opened fire with attack on Territorial Force. Described it as totally failing in object for which it was designed. Putting assertion in another way, NEWTON roundly declared that, "except for a few simple minded

persons, bewildered by the brazen clap-trap of Mr. HALDANE, no one is under any illusion as to our military position." YOUNG WEMYSS invited House to pass Resolution calling upon Government to take immediate steps to place Army in impregnable position of defence.

Situation a little embarrassing for noble lords on Front Opposition Bench. If they supported motion it would practically pledge them, when in office, to establish and maintain an army of a million men. Moreover alleged situation awkward for them. The BOY BOSS, writing on his golden wedding day, comes to assistance of his nonagenarian friend, YOUNG WEMYSS. Whenever he desires to cite the lowest condition of British Army in respect of capacity,



THE HAT OF FREDERICK (BARBURY) THE GREAT.  
'Yes, I'm beginning to get my head into it.'  
(Sir Francis Powell)

organisation and general efficiency, DONS goes back to the period when it was, and had with brief interval been for fourteen years, in hands of late Government. At it again yesterday.

"I have," he wrote to YOUNG WEMYSS, "no hesitation in stating that our armed forces as a body are as absolutely unfitted and unprepared for war as they were in 1899-1900."

F.-M. MIDLETON winced. CAWDOX, Leader of Opposition *pro tem.* in absence of LANSDOWNE from cause which all regret, beseeches YOUNG WEMYSS not to divide. Such course would, he said, "place noble lords in an invidious position." That not a consideration to which WEMYSS is habitually amenable. Flourishing BOSS's letter as if it were a battle flag, insists on division. Whereupon ex-Ministers flee, followed by loyal lords, and down-trodden Government to their amazement find themselves victors in Division Lobby by majority of four.

Attack resumed to-day under different auspices with other results. That man of war BEDFORD comes to the front. Demonstrates that the Army is in absolutely rotten state. Demands instant searching enquiry. CREWE, smilingly watching the President of the Zoological Society in this new rôle, hummed:—

"Duke BEDFORD was a soldier bold  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms."

That of course merely a trope. So far from laying down his arms, the gallant Duke, backed by full force of Opposition, carried them to victory. Front Bench unreservedly supported motion for enquiry, and CREWE, leading into Division Lobby his forlorn score of fighting men, was beaten by a majority of half a hundred.

*Business done.*—Commons do further talking round Budget Resolutions. MOORE throws lurid light on operation in Ireland of Stamp Duties charged on sales of property. "Every time a man dies," he said, "the tax must be paid." LORD GEORGE, always open to reason, is evidently struck by unfair incidence of the impost in cases where a landowner contracts inconvenient habit of frequently dying.

*House of Commons, Wednesday.*—CATHCART WASON as broad-minded as he is vast-shouldered, as high-principled as his stature is lofty. Ever tries to do the fair thing as between man and man—or even woman. Admits that this afternoon he carried his method a little too far. On motion to consider Lords' amendments to India Councils Bill, CHATTERJEE RUTHERFORD opposed and insisted on Division. WASON, making the full circuit of the Chamber, voted in both Lobbies, ranging himself with the "Ayes" in one, adding corpulence to the "Noes" in the other.

Theoretically nothing could be fairer; in practice the procedure is not to be commended as effacing a vote. SARK says the next thing we shall hear about CATHCART is that he has paired with himself.

At Question time angry debate sprang up round Captain BACON's letter to First Sea Lord, in which he spoke disrespectfully of an hon. Member alluded to as "the bellicose BELLAIRS." In accordance with Admiralty practice, the letter was printed and a number of copies struck off. One, misappropriated, reached B.B., who on and off has been fluttering it at Question time for several days. The merry men who circle round that may-pole WINTERFON naturally take the matter up. Bombard ADMIRAL MCKENNA with questions.

Time was when, in accordance with spirit of reasonable rule that requires



"J'ACCUSE!"; OR, JUSTIFIABLE INDIGNATION.

(Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs is vilified in privately printed Admiralty paper and receives apologies from Sir John Fisher.)

notice of questions addressed to a Minister, supplementary questions were strictly limited or sternly repressed. Useful object-lesson to-day of effects of alteration of system. For full ten minutes unseemly wrangle raged, increasing in heat and noise. Questions repeated in slightly varied terms brought repetition of reply from badgered Minister. Meanwhile at least a dozen Members who had obeyed Standing Order and given printed notice of questions found themselves shut out by the time rule.

*Business done.*—Death Duties deplored.

#### Cricket Notes.

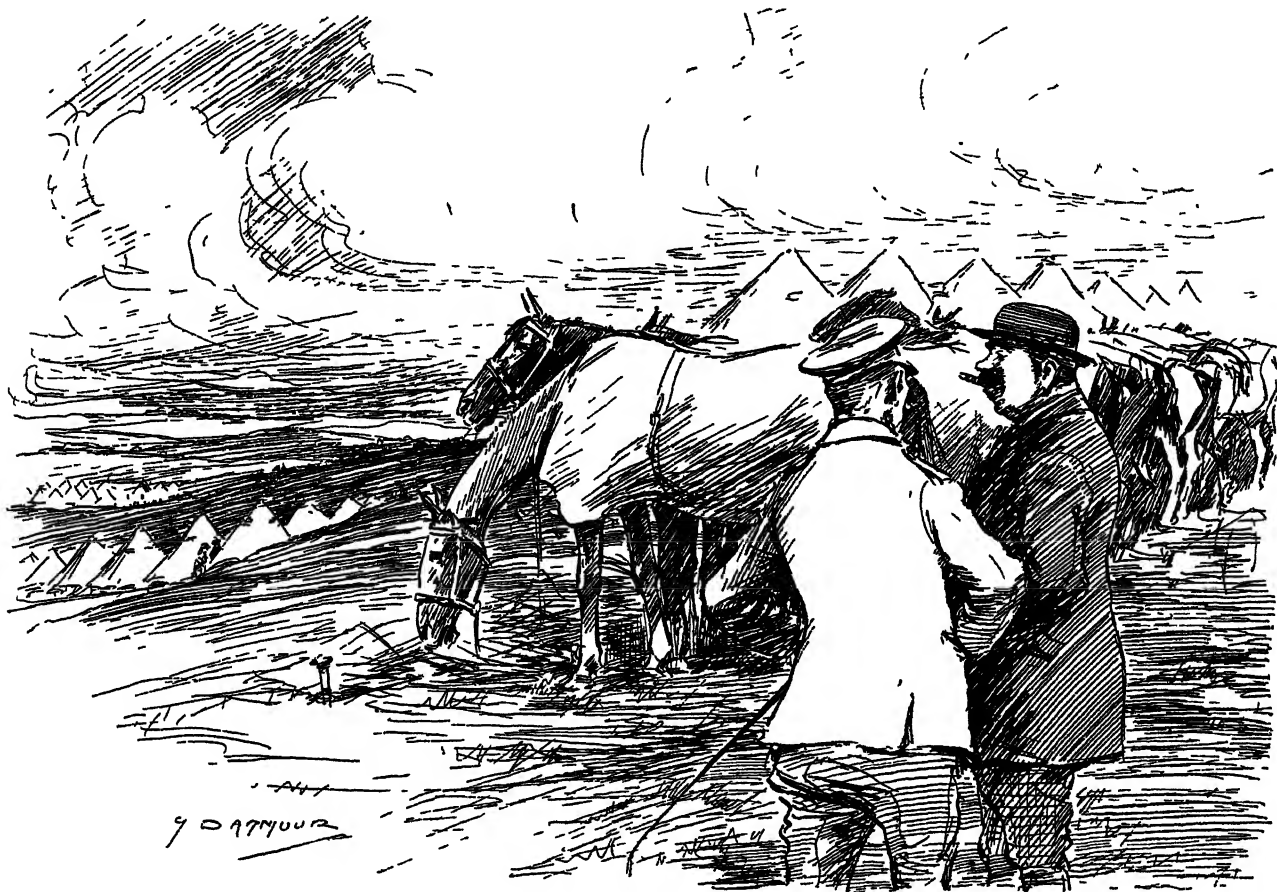
From the day's results:—

"Yorkshire v. Kent, at Leeds—Yorkshire won by an innings and 88 runs.

Leicestershire v. Kent, at Leicester—Kent won by an innings and 81 runs"—*Daily News*. The experiment having proved popular, Kent proposes next season to play twelve simultaneous matches blindfold.

"Cricket attracts fewer spectators and more readers than does any other spectacular sport," says an authority in the same paper. This may explain why, a little lower down the column, he confidently refers to RHODES as "our leading left-handed batsman." He must try to get away to a cricket-match one of these days. RHODES is the big man with the long black beard.

"Smart footman; 22 years' good character; age 23."—*Bath Chronicle*. What an abandoned life he must have led in his first year!



### OUR "MOUNTED" FORCES.

*Enquiring Trooper (new to the ways of the Territorial Army).* "NOW WHAT BECOMES O' THESE 'ORSES WHEN WE BREAK UP CAMP?"

*Horse Contractor* "WHY, BLESS YER, THEY'VE GOT TO GO AND 'OSS FOUR OR FIVE CAMPS AFTIR THIS!"

*Trooper* "THEN I SUPPOSE IN TIME OF WAR 'BOU SIX OF US WOULD 'AVE TO RIDF ON 'ORSE?"

### LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. BLUER AND BLUER will shortly bring out a volume of exceptional interest, entitled *Royal Murderesses*, being a series of enchanting studies, beginning with SEMIRAMIS, of famous queens and princesses who were compelled by the exigencies of their exalted situation to imbrue their hands in the gore of their fellow-creatures. The name of Messrs. Bluer and Bluer is a guarantee for the high moral tone that is a feature of these remarkable studies, which have been written by Mrs. Glorvina Blougram, the famous American Feminist, and illustrated by Signor Annibale Sguar-cione.

Serious Memoirs, as Mr. SHORTER once observed in a memorable phrase, are always sure of a cordial welcome, and the public will be glad to hear of the latest venture in this field of the enterprising firm of Odder and Odder. This is nothing less than *The Life of Lola Montez*, by the Rev. Professor Jonah Joskin, Professor of Romantic Criminology in

the University of Seattle. By a concatenation of mischances, the name of LOLA MONTEZ has come to be regarded with a certain amount of misgiving by most country congregations, but it is pleasant to learn that her memory has been entirely cleared of these aspersions by the efforts of Professor Joskin, and the name of Messrs. Odder and Odder on the title-page is itself a sufficient guarantee of the perfect propriety which characterises the contents of this fascinating Memoir.

Messrs. Broader and Stouter's summer programme teems with attractive announcements, none more so than that which relates to their forthcoming volume, *Stars and Saints; or, From Catalani to Cavalieri*. The scheme of the book is to alternate lives of the Saints with those of luminaries of the ballet and the lyric stage, and a special feature of the work is that, while the lives of the Saints are written by laymen, those of the "divas" are composed by divines. The result of this method has been, in the language of the pub-

lishers themselves—and who can know better?—"to evoke an atmosphere of vertiginous spirituality which has the effect of bringing all right-minded readers violently and voluptuously to the side of the angels."

Messrs. Offley and Garbidge announce a sumptuously illustrated volume, entitled *Real Fairies: Studies in Feminine Fascination*. This deeply interesting and severely scientific work contains a series of monumental monographs on the most remarkable women in history. It may suffice if we mention, *inter alias*, the EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, Mrs. TRIPPER, LUCREZIA BORGIA, Mrs. EDDY, SAPHO, Lady HAMILTON, Mrs. ORMOND CHAM, LA MILO, Mrs. CARRIE NATION, QUEEN ELIZABETH, Mrs. ELINOR CHYN, SARAH BERNHARDT, Miss MAUD ALLAN, Miss CHRISTABLE PANKHURST, and Miss MARIE CORELLI. In view of the fact that this is a volume which will be read and re-read, the publishers have issued a special indestructible edition, printed on asbestos sheets and bound in sterilised porpoise-hide with steel corners.

## INTERNATIONAL AND IMPERIAL CRIME EXHIBITION, 1910,

AT THE GREAT BLACK CITY.

EXHIBITIONS are becoming so popular, and, at any rate with regard to side-shows, so remunerative, that intense rivalry is expected in the near future, and also a good deal of ingenuity in hitting upon new subjects to illustrate by stall and entertainment. No one will therefore be surprised to learn that preparations are already far advanced for the opening, in May, 1910, of the great Criminal Exhibition at Hounslow Heath. As the sympathetic co-operation of Scotland Yard has been enlisted, the success of the Exhibition is already assured, and even a hasty sketch of its scope and features will reveal the unique and transcendent interest of the exhibits.

To begin with, the promoters have been happily advised in securing the best convict bands and choirs from all the great prisons—the Princeton Symphony orchestra and the Holloway Philharmonic Choral Society. By a welcome deviation from the established convention, long hair will be conspicuous by its absence. This circumstance, together with the suppression of performers' names, nothing but numbers being used, is expected to win for the Exhibition the cordial support of a novelty-loving public, fed up, to use an Americanism, with the hirsute extravagance and discordant polysyllables of the ordinary musician.

The Lake, a splendid sheet of water, has been laid out so as to illustrate the history of penal settlements. It will contain a miniature Devil's Island and a reduced Botany Bay, and visitors will be able to go for trips in real galleys, rowed by live criminals chained to the oars. There is also to be a baby Bosphorus, on which sack-and-bowstring trips at 3d. a head (or body) will take place all day long. Connected with the lake, in the form of a sinuous loop, is a stream happily named the Turpentine, after the famous highwayman.

Arrangements have been made for the erection of a charming Siberian village, in which authentic anarchists, some of them of the highest rank, will be seen at work in specially refrigerated cells. The entrance fee to this, as the Yorkshireman said, will be "Nowt."

The Flip Flap will give place to a gigantic treadmill, from the upper steps of which an unparalleled view of London will be obtainable. This will be known as "The Golden Stairs."

A very interesting booth will be devoted to kleptomania in all its branches, with trained kleptomaniacs, many of them titled, visiting sale counters and showing how it is done. Scotland Yard

are promising a number of the more sensitive police to illustrate the arrest of kleptomaniacs and the expression of surprise (and possibly relief) on discovering that it is no vulgar case of theft, but a highly specialised disease more common among the well-to-do than the poor.

A phrenologist will be in attendance, with a candle, to feel the bumps of magistrates.

The *Daily Mail* building, better known at the last Exhibition, if we remember aright, as the Copper Cupola, will not be lacking, but in the Crimes Exhibition it will take the form of an arena for performances of "Robbing the Mail Daily."

In a model of the Marylebone Police Court a gramophone will give recitals at intervals of Mr. PLOWDEN'S best things.

In the Irish village will be shown cattle-driving every afternoon and evening, real peasants and real "hazels" being employed under the supervision of Mr. GINNELL. In another part of the Exhibition Irish crime will be manufactured in the usual way.

It is expected that few pavilions will be more popular than that devoted to *Sherlock Holmes*, under the control of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Detectives at work will there be seen through smoked glass. Traces of crime invited. Sir ARTHUR will draw inferences from footprints and cigar-ash from 3 to 11 daily.

But perhaps the most popular show of all will be the factory of spurious china, embellished with portraits of the most successful dealers in this ware and their clients. Any Sevres or Dresden articles copied while you wait, so closely as to defy detection.

The *Truth* pillory for magistrates will be erected between the rabbit-snaring compound and the wife-beaters' home.

On its artistic side the Exhibition will be unusually strong. Portraits of all the most eminent speculators in the history of the world will be on view, and a whole gallery will be devoted to busts of the best bankrupts. Arrangements have been made with *The Daily Mirror* for constant relays of portraits of popular swindlers. Naturally a prominent place among the works of art will be given to RAPHAEL'S cartoon of the "Death of Ananias," and ALFRED STEVENS' "Falsehood plucking the Tongue from Truth." Among the artistic crimes will be an exact model of the Albert Memorial.

Arrangements for catering have been placed in the hands of the firm which now gets everything of this kind. In addition to their ordinary restaurants they will have a specially select one for ex-convicts, called The Oakum Club. Free skilly will be served on the opening day, at which it is expected the Duke of Alguille will preside.

## AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

I HAVE, adjoining my garden, a plot of land of the agricultural value of, say, ten shillings per annum. Upon it I graze one goat, and sometimes—when nobody is looking—practise putting and very short approaches. My children also have the use of it for the purpose of playing horses. Hitherto I have regarded my possession of it with a mild complacency, but now I picture myself strolling round my estate some morning, looking for a stalk of grass long enough to clear my pipe, when I see approaching me a saturnine young man with a black bag. Thinking he has come to sell a sewing-machine or wants to mend the clocks, I put on my storn look and say, "Not to-day, thank you." It has no effect upon him. It never has at the first go-off. So I repeat it in a higher key.

"I have come," he says coldly, "to assess your mineral wealth."

"Oh! that need not detain you long," I say cheerfully, as I dive into my trousers pocket. "Four and ninepence halfpenny."

"I was not referring to what you have gotten," says he in his supercilious way. "Another kind of collector will look after that. But what have you got in the ungotten line? No doubt there is a rich seam of coal under here."

I hope the refining influences of my early training will never wholly desert me, even in the presence of a Land Tax Inquisitor.

"If you are looking at that lump of Wallsend," I reply pleasantly, "it's merely a piece I threw yesterday from my bedroom window to drive a snail off my putting green."

"I'll put down 'coal,'" says he, writing in his note-book, "and it's open to you to disprove its existence if you can."

"If I can? But how can I?"

He shrugs his shoulders. "You must sink a bore."

"With all the pleasure in the world," I reply heartily. "I have a brick, and a piece of string. If you will have the goodness to take off your collar and accompany me to the river, I know where there is a deep hole—"

But he is naturally impervious to insult.

"And now as to your other ungotten minerals," he remarks, as he sharpens his pencil.

"It might be as well," I say in my most biting manner, "if you were to tell me at once how far down you propose to assess me. I have always understood that the other end of my little property is in a liquescent or molten state. It's almost sure to embrace a little brimstone and lava; I've seen quite nice brooches made of lava, so it ought to have a certain value."



I hurl my sarcasms at him in vain. He writes, and goes on his way; and in due time I see myself receiving a demand note for untold thousands.

With this weighing upon me it may readily be imagined how impossible it is for me to earn an income big enough to satisfy the standard of the super-tax collector. What the Government is losing in this way will never be known. But I do know that rapacity sometimes defeats its own ends.

Four thousand miles down from my putting-green, and all mine! And to be light-heartedly assessed by the only possible method—guess-work! Suppose they guess radium? With radium at its present figure the mere suspicion of half-an-ounce of it would beggar me. And then there is ungotten iridium and tellurium to be considered, to say nothing of stannium, molybdenum . . .

And it would take I don't know how many generations of us to dig 4,000 miles in order to disprove the existence of these things. And remote posterity, claiming rebate, would be sure to be repulsed by some Statute of Limitations.

The man who wrote my Latin Grammar did well to remark that "riches are dug-up, an incitement to evil." But he never guessed the curse of riches before they are dug up. I wish to have nothing to do with them. I only ask to be left with "Wat Tyler" (I have just re-named the goat after the man who has now become my favourite character in history) in the enjoyment of the simple rind or top-crust of my holding, with a little green turf on which to disport ourselves through our brief span of sunshine.

Would the Chancellor of the Exchequer grudge me a mere crust?

#### THE ECONOMIST'S FRIEND.

A TAXI, it is well known, will, when you can get one, carry two persons for the same price and the same tip as one, and three and four at an extra sixpence each for any distance. This being so, it has occurred to an enterprising and ingenious stationer in Jermyn Street (where the economical bachelors for the most part dwell) to print a number of placards, which he retails at sixpence, each bearing a different legend inspired by the Muse of Parsimony, or, at any rate, Thrift.

I am going to Lord's.  
Share my cab?

is the lettering on one. This, it is felt, will meet a very real want, especially on days of important matches, such as the M.C.C. and Australians, when the procession of taxis between Club-land and



#### OVERHEARD IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ETON.

*Small Boy (to New Boy).* "HERE, YOU! SOCK US AN ICE."

*New Boy.* "CAN'T; HAVEN'T ANY MONEY."

*Small Boy.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL LEND YOU SOME"

St. John's Wood Road is continuous, most of them containing only one passenger. The fare from St. James's Street to Lord's is two shillings. By displaying this placard you can get it halved and brought down to one—no small thing. Again:

I am going to the Horse Show.  
Share my cab?

This, it is expected, will be very popular, and one can easily supply others from one's own imagination.

Of course, the prosperity of the scheme depends largely upon the success with which one can hire a taxi. At present London is full of them (we are told), but how to get one is a recurring problem.

#### The Martyrs.

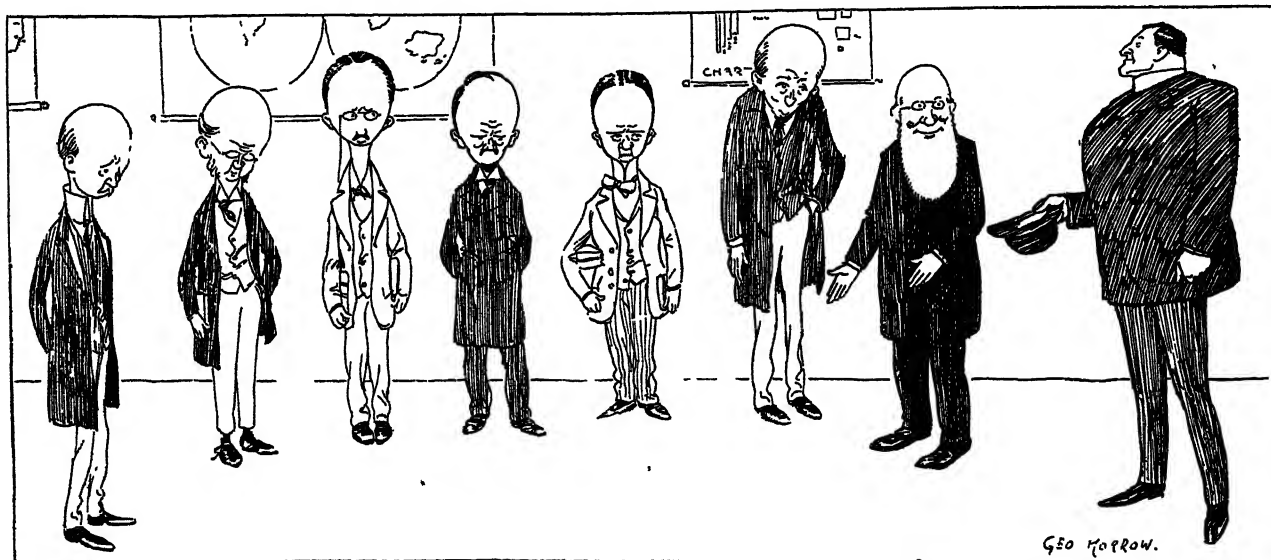
"After burning fiercely for an hour and a-half the firemen gained the upper hand"—*Globe.*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHENEVER the scene of a novel is laid in India, one can predict pretty certainly that the heroine will be a light-hearted and light-headed Circe. She will break men's hearts as readily as the more stolid stay-at-home citizen breaks the shell of his breakfast egg; she will live in a constant round of gaiety, in which a good many overworked Anglo-Indians may find it difficult to recognise their adopted atmosphere. The feather-brained type of woman, who has withal a pretty correct eye for the main chance, is well to the fore in *The Flying Months* (SMITH, ELDER); but Miss FRANCES M. PEARD is too experienced a novelist not to weight her story—which is the old one of two women and a man—with more substantial characters. With every desire to be chivalrous, I regret to say that my sympathies are entirely on the side of the man. To be rejected by the first lady and jilted by the

Personally, when I am given a volume of well-written short stories, I rejoice; but the attitude of publishers towards such has long convinced me of my singularity in this respect. The Public, they say, will not read, or at least buy, anything below the dimensions of a novel. If this is really the case, I can only assure the Public, very respectfully, that in making an exception in favour of MAUD STEPHEN RAWSON'S *The Stairway of Honour* (MILLS AND BOON) it will be providing itself with several excellent quarters-of-an-hour. Mrs. RAWSON has what may be truthfully called a "telling" way with her; she can give to her tales a suggestion of freshness and reality not often found within the narrow limits proscribed by the magazine of fiction; and, even though circumstances compel her to marry off a fresh hero and heroine at the end of every twenty pages or so, there is always an element of the unexpected in her method of doing it. One or two of the stories, perhaps, are not quite free from a suspicion of hasty writing. In *A Visit to the Enchantress* (a capital tale otherwise) it seemed odd that



"To Varsity Blues, Cricket or Football.—Wanted, in a Preparatory School, a Young Man of proved athletic powers. The class of degree is immaterial, as the staff is very strong at present."—Advt. in "*The Spectator*."

PICTURE OF THE SUCCESSFUL APPLICANT BEING PRESENTED TO THE STAFF.

second is surely had fortune enough for any hero; but Miss PEARD is implacable, for she nearly kills him in a railway accident before dismissing him to the House of Commons. Nor does she inform us whether his cracked skull and bruised affections are salved by the narcotic air of Westminster. It is a sorry fate for the central figure of a well-written book.

When FRANK T. BULLEN puts out from shore  
He always finds what he's cruising for,  
And that's a yarn of vigour and grit  
With a genuine ocean swell to it.

Which, with a lass behind it all,  
We get in *Beyond* (from CHAPMAN AND HALL),  
So what are the odds if he sometimes slips  
In matters that don't pertain to ships?

An occasional *who* where a *whom* should be  
Is a thing of little account at sea,  
Though land-locked lubbers (as you and I)  
May set inordinate store thereby.

the hero, meditating upon the unchanged aspect of Bond Street, which he finds just the same as before he went out fifteen years ago to make money "in a desert-place," should on the very next page be greeted by a young lady who says, "I was only a school-girl when you saw me six years ago." That worried me a little. Was she concealing her age, or what? Perhaps Mrs. RAWSON will explain in a subsequent volume, which I shall be delighted to read.

Once more from the offices of *The Sphere* comes our annual feast of *Printer's Pie*; and once more Mr. HUGH SPURRISSWOODE is to be felicitated on the contributions which he has gathered from many willing hands to make up this "Festival Souvenir of the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Asylum Corporation." Never was known a Pie so rich in the variety of its ingredients, so succulent, so satisfying. Let everybody eat of it according to his capacity, at a covering charge of one shilling and no questions asked. I should add that it differs from your cake, for you can eat your Pie and have it too. But you mustn't let anybody else have it. He must buy one for himself.

## CHARIVARIA.

WE are getting on at last. In phantom airships Great Britain is now *facile princeps*.

\* \*

Meanwhile some surprise has been expressed that, although a German balloon which was taking part in the Hurlingham race attempted, in its descent, to demolish an Englishman's Home near Bow, not a single newspaper mobilised its war correspondents.

\* \*

LORD CHARLES BLESFORD thinks we made a mistake, when the first *Dreadnought* was constructed, to draw attention to that vessel. We believe that as a matter of fact it was intended at one time to disguise her as a torpedo-boat, but the proposal was found to be impracticable.

\* \*

And LORD CHARLES tells us that, if we can come to an arrangement with our Colonies and keep the two-Power standard, "we can smoke our cigars and smile." What, with cigars at 1½d. owing to the Budget? We fear not.

\* \*

MR. HALDANE'S announcement that there is to be a census of horses has caused some uneasiness in equine circles. The silly creatures imagine they are going to be taxed.

\* \*

A sensational plot has, we hear, just been disclosed to the police whereby a number of Suffragettes were to gain entrance to 10, Downing Street, by pretending to be foreign *mannequins*.

\* \*

"A man can get drunk once a week fairly safely," said the City Coroner at an inquest. "It is the constant nipping that does the harm." Well, the Children Act will, anyhow, do something to protect the little nipper against himself.

\* \*

BISHOP TUCKER, of Uganda, started life as a painter, we are told, and exhibited at the Royal Academy. Reformed artists are, we believe, extremely rare.

\* \*

That the author's profession is in a bad way cannot be denied, and from time to time proposals are made with a

view to its amelioration. At last, apparently, something practical is to be done. "In order," we read, "to check the over-production of yarns in Lancashire the Whitsuntide holidays will be extended to ten days."

\* \*

It is denied that since the burglary at Charterhouse School a number of the boys have been leaving their lexicons and text-books about in tempting positions.

\* \*

Pretty manners, and especially respect for age, are so rare nowadays that we were peculiarly gratified at an incident which came under our notice in a Tube the other day. The carriage was full,

It is rumoured in the musical world that a certain eminent Double Bass is about to issue a circular stating that in spite of the Budget his prices will remain the same as heretofore.

## THE NEW TERROR.

MR. PUNCH'S Meteorological Department has pleasure in recommending the following protective devices for use in connection with airships—

1. THE ENGLISHMAN'S DOME.—You can walk beneath this portable roof—light but strong, running on ball bearings, 3-speed gear—and go abroad with perfect safety. Hang your luggage on the hooks in the dome, and save cab fares. A perfect substitute for the old-fashioned umbrella.

It will pay you to buy a Dome!

MR. T. ROOSEVELT writes:—"There are no airships here; but thanks a thousand times! The very thing I wanted! Close the bomb-proof door, and lions can do nothing with you. I fell off the cow-catcher last week, and wasn't hurt any. I shall never go out again without one of your Domes. Bully!"

2. A Cheaper Article—THE PNEUMATIC HELMET—for Glancing Shocks. Special arrangements for Heads of Families.

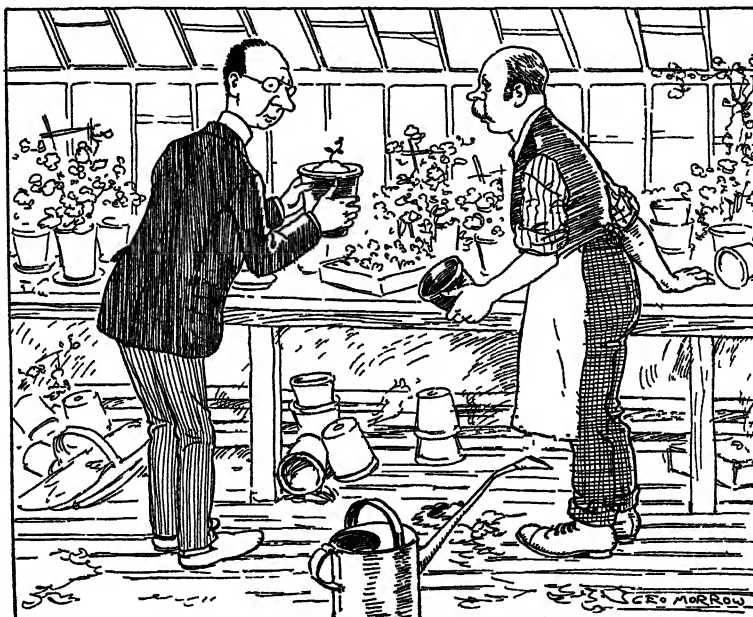
3. Aviators should note this! THE SPRING SHOCK-ABSORBER. Powerful Springs, held in place within our specially designed cos-

tume, extending instantly in every direction on being released. You can positively enjoy the sensation of the longest fall, and anticipate the inevitable bump with pleasure.

Unsolicited testimonial from MR. WIRBUR WRIGHT:—"Say! I came an Orville cropper to-day, but I was all Wright. I wear your patent suit in spring, summer, and fall. Thought you might like these easy puns."

4. Absolutely indispensable! OUR PATENT PARACHUTE TROUSERS. Expand as you descend. Air-tight seams. Rubber facings.

5. Try our PATENT VERTICAL ACTION MACHINE GUN, and keep your rights to the Elysian respected. Easy terms on the Maxim Iliam Payment System.



The Master "WHAT'S THIS, JOHN?"

Gardener. "IT'S A BREAD-FRUIT TREE, SIR."

The Master. "INDEED! A CURIOUS PLANT. WELL, WE'D BETTER NOT LET THE BAKER KNOW ABOUT IT. IT MIGHT ANNOY HIM. AND, OF COURSE, WE SHALL HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIM OCCASIONALLY, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS."

and a youth was standing in front of a small boy in spectacles. Suddenly the latter said, "Excuse me, Sir, but how old are you?" "Fifteen," answered the youth. "Well, I'm only fourteen," answered Spectacles, rising. "Take my seat, I pray you."

\* \*

"What's that cap for?" asked the customer of the hatter, pointing to the latest monstrosity. "For shooting, Sir," said the hatter. "Then I should do so at once," remarked the customer.

\* \*

M. CAMBON, speaking at the French Chamber of Commerce in London, assured his audience that the French tariff changes were not aimed at Great Britain. Well, let us hope that there will be no erratic marksmanship.

### A HARMONY IN SPLITS.

[Colonel MARK LOCKWOOD, in the regrettable absence of the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, announced, amid much laughter, that the "supra-tax" of 1d on every glass of whisky supplied to the House had been reduced by one-half, and that the charge would be 3½d. for short measures and 6½d. for long ones. By buying a double portion Members could save one half-penny on the cost of two single portions. The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the gallant Colonel by a member of the opposite Party.]

COLONEL! you have the cause of Peace at heart;

The recent spirit-crisis proves you rich in  
Those qualities that so become your part  
As Acting-Chairman of the Commons Kitchen—  
Stern scion of a warrior breed.  
Yet like a mother in our homely need!

What time you filled the void we all deplore,  
Due to the absence of Sir A. JACOB,  
'Charged was the voice that in the battle's roar  
Would cry, "*Va vietis!*" ("To the vanquished woe be!");  
Soft were the tones and even fluty  
In which you dwelt upon the whisky duty.

Thanks to the Budget, we were asked to blow  
An extra penny piece on every portion;  
Whether we took a short or lengthy go  
There was the same intolerable extortion:  
But you have halved the fiscal fee,  
And oh, the blessed difference to me!

Our drams, moreover, as you pointed out,  
If in a double dose we shrewdly bought 'em  
(As would be natural in a session's drought  
Likely to last well on into the Autumn),  
Should, by a simple calculation,  
Save us a solid sou on each potation.

And here, as in a glass, I roughly trace  
The solvent you have sought for party passion;  
I recognise a subtle means of grace  
In the long draught that men may split their cash on:  
When rival wits their toddy share,  
'They constitute the true ideal "pair."

Drowned in a blend of barley, malt and rye,  
Behold our hot imaginations cooling!  
The two Front Benches, seeing eye to eye,  
Shall join, by means of spirituous pooling,  
In harmonies of whisky-soda,  
Capped by a clinching undiluted coda.\*

O. S.

Musical Term. "A few measures added beyond the natural termination of a composition."—Webster.

### IN CHAMBERS.

#### THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

If the following discussion took place at all (which you are not bound to believe) it must be admitted that it was not a business matter. Jones, Senior and Junior, were personal friends of Counsel, and came to consult him upon the matter as such. To be a barrister does not deprive a man of the greatest pleasure in life, the advising of friends *gratis* upon the better conduct of their own private affairs. The fact that the giving of advice took place in chambers does not make the matter a professional one, but does justify its inclusion in the present series.

It appears that, for as long as Jones Junior could, Jones Junior had avoided the subject of what he was going to be. But though Jones Senior loved his son with a great love he could not contemplate with equanimity the prospect of maintaining him in leisured ease for ever. The time had at last

arrived at which a choice of professions for Jones Junior became imperative.

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "what am I going to be?"

"Be a Poet," said Jones Senior.

"Not if I know it," said Jones Junior, with unconscious aptness.

"If you will not be a Poet," said Jones Senior, "be a Socialist."

"Father," said Jones Junior reprovingly, "I am serious." And Jones Senior, not being able to see for the life of him why a Socialist should not be a serious Socialist, ceased suggesting. Jones Junior thereupon went through the category of professions, and had no difficulty in showing how unsuited he was for each of them. Jones Senior, who, unlike most fathers, was amenable to argument, sorrowfully admitted the truth of his son's words, and matters seemed to have come to a permanent *impasse*, when Jones Junior was struck with a brilliant idea. Who could deny that the practice of Crime was a profession at once engrossing, original, lucrative, and sporting? That was the pith of Jones Junior's suggestion, and Jones Senior, whose moral fibre was of the weakest, at once fell in with it. It was at this point that Counsel was consulted.

The first question that he naturally put was as to which side of the profession Jones Junior should adopt—Felony or Misdemeanour. "Without advancing an opinion as to the merits of either," said J.J., "I refuse from the outset to devote my life to mere Misdemeanours, a course of conduct which, to the uninformed layman at any rate, appears to consist of little else than eating potatoes with your knife, and unpunctuality. No, if I go in for Crime I go in for Felony; and if I go in for Felony I go in for Murder."

"Well spoken, Sir," said Counsel; "but do you quite realise what Murder is? I have here a small handbook which will give us a precise definition of that trade. 'The word *murder* is derived from the Germanic MORTH . . .'"

"We may perhaps omit that part," said Jones Senior.

" . . . It consists of (1) unlawfully (2) killing (3) a reasonable creature (4) who is in being (5) and under the King's Peace (6) with malice aforethought . . ."

"Is there much more?" asked Jones Junior, anxiously.

" . . . (7) the death following within a year and a day."

"Dropping for a moment the other six points, what may 'malice aforethought' be?"

"I will read that to you," said Counsel. But at the end of the first twenty minutes' reading the Joneses interrupted, "We do not on the whole think that we can manage it."

Counsel felt bound to agree with them. "Not only is there that complication, but the slightest slip will turn all your efforts into mere Manslaughter, and there is always the danger that you might in the end achieve a Homicide, which might not only be Excusable, but actually Justifiable. Let us try Burglary."

"That is a good idea," said Jones Senior, not because he thought Counsel clever, but because he had just thought of that himself.

" . . . Breaking and entering at night with intent to commit some felony therein a dwelling house, a church or a walled town.' How would that suit you?"

"The idea of the 'walled town' is, of course, childish," said J.J., "but the other part seems more feasible. I think I will take Burglary."

"Without any desire to baulk you of your choice, I must remind you that not only does the barest description of 'breaking and entering' fill sixty-three pages, but there is also required a *Mens Rea*."

"And what is a *Mens Rea*?"

"Much the same as Malice Aforethought, only a chapter and a half longer."





## THE YOUNG LIONS OF THE PRESS.

BRITISH LION. "WELCOME, BOYS! WE'VE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO HAVE A ROUND OF DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, GARDEN-PARTIES—AND CONFERENCES"

CHORUS OF IMPERIAL GUESTS. "SPLENDID!—ER—NEED WE GO TO THE CONFERENCES?"





Mrs. Jonah Q. Perles (on her first visit to Paris—addressing Maître d'Hôtel) "SAY—ER—GASSONG, OO AY LE DINING-ROOM?"  
Maître d'Hôtel. "FIRST FLOOR ON THE RIGHT, MADAME!" Mrs. J. Q. P. (with relief) "OH! YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?"

"Burglary is off," said J.J. decisively. "I must be a mere thief."

"Larceny consists," read Counsel, "'of (1) taking and (2) carrying away, or, if a Bailee, (3) appropriating (4) another person's (5) personal chattel (6) of some value (7) without claim of right (8) with intent to deprive that other person of the whole benefit of his title to the chattel (9) and . . .'"

"That will do. Even allowing for the prolixity of the writer, due, no doubt, to his love of ostentation, I refuse to have anything to do with Larceny. Have you nothing easier than that?"

"If you would only be content with a Misdemeanour," said Counsel, "you might well be an Incurable Rogue and Vagabond."

"Jones Senior," said Jones Junior, "this is becoming absurd. I think after all I will be a Poet."

#### ODE TO A SO-CALLED SPRING CHICKEN.

LONG since, in stately progress through your yard,  
From all things underfoot you felt revolt,  
Skyward you fix'd your passionate regard,  
An other-worldly poult.

Your voice as well, that ushered in the morn,  
And roused the farmer from his rural crib,  
Clear as the clarion of a motor-horn  
(And reproduced *ad lib.*)—

This also marked you from the common group  
Of mortal creatures with their few brief suns;

You were not meant to know an earthly coop,  
Nor pace terrestrial runs.

And so, in death, 'twas but the baser part  
(That had not known the thrill of joy and pain,  
The hope to soar, the ecstasy of art,—  
Your legs, to make it plain)—

'Twas only these that served our simple clay,  
And passed the boundaries of human lips;  
And I have dined on one of them to-day  
With *pommes de terre* in chips.

But not the breast!—where beat the ardent soul  
Which made you challenger of rival kings.  
That mounted up to some ethereal goal,  
Rapt on your seraph wings.

"How do you know," the careless scoffer seeks,  
"What after-world awaits domestic brutes?"  
"Have I not dined" (I answer) "here for weeks  
On limbs as tough as boots?"

And when the waiter hears my murmured plaint  
He tells me (with that low respectful cough,  
As who should speak of some departed saint)  
The nobler parts are off.

"Off!" How he puts it in a single word!  
I see you cast your mortal coil and rise,  
Leaving no relic of the carnal bird  
Save amputated thighs.

### OUR JAMIE.

[Mr. Punch is unable to explain the following article. He sent his special Sporting Correspondent to Birmingham (at great expense) to report the Test Match, and this is all that he has received in exchange. Whether his correspondent read Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS's book, *Adventures in London*, during the luncheon intervals, and unconsciously assimilated that writer's style; or whether the expert article intended for this paper is, by some accident of the post, now in the offices of *The Morning Leader*, Mr. Punch cannot presume to say.]

#### HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES IN BIRMINGHAM.

THE other morning, being afflicted by the crudity of the Carlton, I drifted into Birmingham. A vast crowd of men was pursuing its way with single intentness of purpose in one direction. They looked neither to the right nor to the left. They did not even look at me. My curiosity was stimulated. Where was this vast crowd drifting? Moved by a whim, I followed them. This was indeed an adventure. What on earth was going to happen?

And then suddenly it flashed on me that I had stumbled upon a "Test Match." A game of crickets between the glorious manhood of this happy isle "set in a silver sea" and the equally glorious manhood of that other island, Australia. In my boyhood there used to be a catch question we asked one of the other, "Which is the biggest island in the world?" When the answer came, "Borneo," or whatever it might be, then swift as a razor-stroke flashed the triumphant retort, "No, Australia." Perhaps the objection would be made, and sustained by childish recourse to fisticuffs, that Australia was not an island, but a continent—I cannot remember. At any rate England was now playing Australia at this game of crickets, on this ground at Birmingham, whither I had drifted.

Two men armed with blades of willow stand at the wickets. Two others—clothed in white smocks, the emblem of Justice and Truth—stand by to see fair play. The ends of their dark trousers project from beneath their white smocks as if to show that they are but human after all. Indeed my neighbour informs me in a whisper that when just now old LILLEY appealed for a leg-snap the men in the white smocks would not allow the appeal. Verily, to err is human.

"Blooming beggar must have been blind," says my neighbour.

I tell him that Justice is proverbially blind.

Round the wickets eleven men are placed at craftily cunning angles. One of them, strange to say, is swathed and gauntleted, though the day is warm. It gives him a strangely overdressed appearance. Yet in a subtle way it makes one feel that whatever comes he

will be ready for it. Beside him the others look bare, unclothed. Uproariously nude. This over-dressed man is a very JASON among them. He reminds me of *Pelleas*. He reminds me of HARRY LAUDER.

I ask my neighbour to point out this LILLEY to me. There he is, over there. It is our swathed and gauntleted friend. The over-dressed man. So that is GEORGE LILLEY.

The ball is bowled. It flies through the air with the swiftness of the swallow and the subtle swoop of the snipe. The batsman flings his bat at it viciously, as one slashes at a thistle. There is a click. And then echoing over the sward comes LILLEY's voice, "How's that?"

It is a wonderful voice, of a modulated resonance that would touch a TETRAZZINI to tears. It has echoing deeps in it like velvet darkness, and the syllables are soft plumes of sound. On the upper register it writhes into discordance, but on the lower it is a plastic harmony. It lingers and stirs and embraces and clings. It stabs but leaves no scar. It is all violet voluptuousness. It—I shall get it soon . . .

There is a ragged volley of appeal from lesser voices. The man in the white smock bites it into silence. "Out," he snaps. And in the interval of waiting for the next batsman my companion points out A. C. MACLAREN to me.

So that is MACLAREN. "ARTHUR," my neighbour calls him familiarly. It is a friendly game, this game of crickets. I shall call him ARTHUR, too. Am I not initiate now? One of the great cricket-loving manscape of England?

ARTHUR MACLAREN. I wonder what the "C" stands for. COLUMBUS, possibly; or CATO. No, surely it is CROMWELL—the leader of men. For this ARTHUR MACLAREN dominates his fellows as a pretty actress at the Carlton dominates the swain who attends her thither. He is a clean-cut king among men. One perceives that he is a fighter, iron-grey and doughty. He should be wearing a plume in his helmet, a breastplate of gold; gleaming greaves should be on his calves. At the least he should have the leg guards and gauntlets.

He stands at his ease, tossing the jolly red ball from one hand to the other. If he were a conjurer he would turn it into a rabbit. One feels that he would have made a good conjurer, and that it would have been a good rabbit. Now I look at him again he reminds me of BERTRAM. He has the nose of a CÆSAR. It stands out like a cliff. It is the Scawfell of nervous vitality. I could write a book about his nose. He is as delightfully English as the KAISER is German. You could not imagine a German MACLAREN. He reminds me of BISMARCK. I have

met him somewhere, I feel certain; perhaps on the heights of Olympus, perhaps at the Carlton. He stands there, at short mid-wickets, this ARTHUR MACLAREN, a white glamour of fluent curves; and it would take a SHAKESPEARE, a SHELLEY, a WATTS-DUNTON to sing his praise.

It is a great game, our game of crickets. The rout of youth climbs its shattering way through the playing fields of Eton to the headstrong heights of Tugela, untainted by the meretricious yesterdays. Out of the throat of the brutal past we have bitten our way to chivalry. Our soul is toxic with the delight of battle, aflame with the acrid keenness of its scent. This is the effervescing secret of our inheritance. This is the battle of nations—England against Australia.

[For latest scores see page 6.]

A. A. M.

### MORE "UNGOTTEN" MINERALS.

As a true Englishman and patriot my motto is, "Every (other) Briton must pay his income tax." My objection to Income Tax Commissioners is that they persist in concentrating their attention on me instead of harrying notorious evaders. However, of one thing I am certain—too much study of the Budget proposals is unwise—especially last thing at night.

The first part of my dream was not so bad. I had been hunted into my hen-roost by a covetous Chancellor. With a view to gaining favour in his Nonconformist eyes I posed as a Passive Resister. Unfortunately this did not appeal to him in his official capacity. He handed me an Income Tax form and sternly bade me fill it up.

This was quite easy.

Earned income, £300. Income derived from houses, buildings, land, roller skating rinks, Rand mines, tithe, and breweries, *nil*. Total Income, £300, from which I could deduct £150 on account of fifteen children all under the age of sixteen.

Net income £150, of which £160 is exempt (which, as Euclid would observe in his concise way, is absurd).

Income for Taxation purposes, *minus* £10.

I drew up an account of *minus* £10 at 9d., and said politely to the Chancellor, "As far as I can make out the Government owes me 7s. 6d. I might have charged you on the 1s. 2d. rate, as you have not earned it, but I am a patriot. Please give me 7s. 6d. and eight *Dreadnoughts* at once."

The Chancellor scowled at the form.

"Ah!" he said, "but you have two rich uncles with a quarter of a million



each. There must be an entry under the heading of Ungotten Minerals."

"My dear Chancellor," I protested, "it would be easier for a Church School teacher to extract a salary from a Welsh County Council than for me to raise a solitary sovereign out of my deplorably miserly relatives."

"A couple of strokes of a pick-axe would place all that gold at your disposal," he answered grimly.

"But I should be hanged!" I protested feebly.

"You call yourself a patriot and grudge the Government its Death Duties, do you? One halfpenny in the £ on half a million amounts to £1,041 13s. 4d. Unless this is paid in fourteen days immediate distraint will be made."

But the dream brightened at the finish, for I had a consoling vision of an auctioneer attempting to raise this sum from a sale of my rejected MSS.

#### REDFORD MUSAGETES.

(After Matthew Arnold.)

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to Mr. REDFORD from the Afternoon Theatre by Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who accuses the Censor of making *The Merry Widow* his standard of dramatic propriety.]

Nor here, my good fellow!

Are plays meet for you,  
But where Aldwych is hoisting  
Its pomp to the blue;

Or where moon-smitten millions  
Unceasingly crowd  
At the entrance of Daly's—  
Go there and be proud.

To the seats on the house top  
The multitude flock;  
They are fighting their hunger  
With peppermint rock.

On the *fanteuil* beneath sits  
The blue-blooded swell;  
He has robbed him and dined him  
Remarkably well.

What gowns are these coming?  
What hats, and by whom?  
What skirt-trains outsweeping  
The vacuum broom?

What sweet-breathing music  
Unchastened of Time?  
What hosen illumed by  
The light of the lime?

'Tis EDWARDES presenting  
His loveliest dream!  
They all were stupendous,  
But this is the cream!

Lo, here is the drama  
Your wits understand;  
The Muse you have fostered  
And foist on our land!

The choruses chirrup  
And pass to the wings;



#### OUR NERVY DEGENERATES.

*Professional (giving a lesson on the fir-t green).* "NOW TAKE YOUR CLEEK, SIR—THERE'S NOBODY ABOUT—AND TRY A FEW SHOTS BACK TO THE TREE!"

*Algy.* "UGH! HORRIBLE! COULDN'T DO IT—IT'S LIKE STROKING VELVET THE WRONG WAY!"

The wags entertain us  
And somebody sings.

What strife do they tell off?  
What passions expound?  
Why, earth, and the motive  
That makes her go round.

First show they the flirting  
Of flappers, and then  
The rest of existence,  
The childhood of men;

The dance in its daring,  
The Corybant's wreath;  
The time-honoured chestnut,  
The Stars and their teeth.

"Sussex: 46 for 1 Lunch."—*Star.*

What is one leg and a slice of ham  
among so many?

Notice on Yarmouth (I.W.) Pier:—

"Any person going on the pier without first producing his railway ticket, or paying the authorised toll, or insulting or annoying the piermaster or any other official, is liable to a fine of £5."

With such a choice of alternatives the fine should not often be incurred.

#### S.P.C.K.N.

"An exciting fire broke out yesterday on the premises of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in Northumberland-avenue."—*Daily Mirror.*

A similar society for Whitefriars would be no bad thing.

The result of the Derby was something of a paradox, for EDWARD THE SEVENTH was First and William the Fourth was Third.

## DEVOTEES OF DISCORD AT QUEEN'S HALL.

## TELEPATHY OR KLEPTOMANIA?

WE have been favoured—if the term can be fittingly employed in such a context—with an advanced proof of the analysis of a work entitled *Ode to Discord*, perpetrated by Sir Charles Stanford, which is to be performed by the New



DESIGN FOR AN ODE TO DISCORD

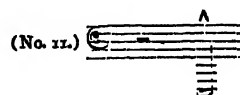
Symphony Orchestra at Queen's Hall on the 9th inst. We have been spared the "poem"—a considerate omission, to judge from the music, which is throughout in an advanced stage of de-composition, but the perusal of this preliminary document, which describes the Ode as "A Chimerical Bombination in Four Bursts," has filled us with mingled feelings, in which anxiety predominates. Thus we read that the orchestra will be reinforced on this occasion "by a Hydrophone, a Tamburone Bombastico, a real Jamboon, and a Contrabass-Macaroon," while the *dramatis personae* include "Chromatic Brigands, Double-sharpers, Contrapunters, and syncopated Suffragetti." This is bad, but worse follows. Thus in the opening movement a reference to waterfalls is suggested "by the soft 'swishing' (to borrow a graphic Eton phrase) of the Hydrophone," while in the Second Burst our attention is called to the following "beautiful progression on the trumpets:—



which passes into a resumption of the main theme (No. 7) in E flat minor, and shortly after in E major, where the Trombones, the bloodhounds of the orchestra, triumphantly bay it out in full force." The Burst ends with the impressive Invocation of the Bass Tuba, which enters with a booming roar, and, after striking the astonished firmament and rebounding therefrom,



descends (by request) to his lowest note



The Third Movement or Burst partakes of the nature of an Oasis in a Grand Sahara of Cacophony, but in the Finale, to quote from the analysis, "the forces of Discord again awake, and their resuscitation is indicated by a Prelude founded on snatches of a theme which continually dominates the movement. This subject is admittedly a chromatic version of the well-known Volkslied,

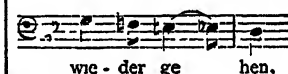
'Wir wollen nicht bis Morgen früh  
Nach Hause wieder gehen'

(literally, 'We will not go home again until early to-morrow morning'),

as will be evident from the following quotations:—



Wir wol-len nicht bis Mor-gen früh Nach Hau-se



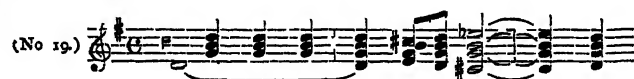
wie-der ge-hen,

and



Wol-len nicht bis Mor-gen früh Nach Hau-se wie-der ge-hen,

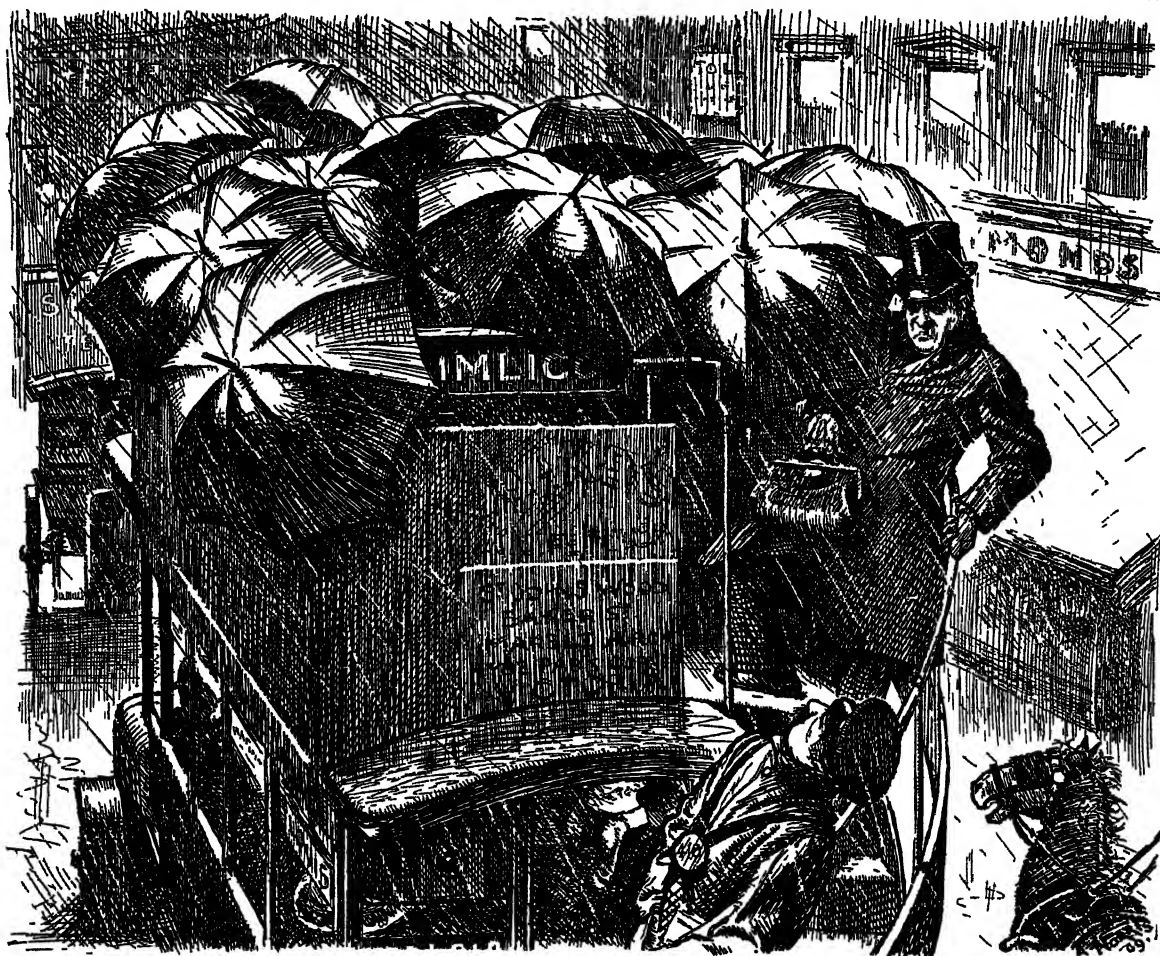
the first being the subject of a fugue, in which the 'blithe Anarchs' disport themselves to the manner born. The booming of the Chimæra, personified by the Tuba Mirabilis, is heard through the tumult, while the chromatic scales of the Anarchs crowd round it. As the welter proceeds, phrases from the main theme of Burst the Second (No. 7) appear, the approach of a climax being heralded by the organ-tuner's scale, ascending step by step, all three themes combining at the longed-for appearance of 'the Hideous.' The Volkslied now rears its hitherto diminished head in an augmented form, when the movement reaches the key (more recognisable, perhaps, by its signature of one sharp than by its sound) of G major; the solemn notes of the organ accentuate the piety of the throng,



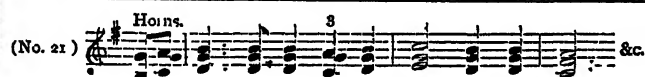
and a series of strepitously explosive augmented fifths leads to the high-water mark of sonority, where the unhappy Volkslied is thundered out in both forms, simultaneously dovetailed.



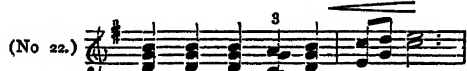
A short allusion to the theme (No. 7), a rush of descending chromatic diminished fifths, and a swirl of the Hydrophone indicate the sudden hush of the Anarchs as they hear their inevitable fate approaching. Then the Outraged Volkslied asserts itself on the Horns of its Dilemma in its true Diatonic colours:—



Conductor. "THERL'S NO NEED TO STAND, SIR. PIENITY OF ROOM UP IN FRONT!"



and the Trumpets also are just expressing their determination to put off their return home until the Diatonic Daylight,



when the Goddess once more comes to the rescue of the affrighted Anarchs, and with a *fortissimo* 'Hence, loathed melody,' and a shout of reprobation from the Chorus, the last vestige of Tonality departs."

Enough has been quoted to indicate the nature of this appalling work. But what *Mr. Punch* wants to know is whether such onslaughts ought to be allowed to be made on the unprotected tympana of the British public with impunity? Ought composers to be permitted to tax the systems of performers without being super-taxed in turn? These are only a few of the thoughts prompted by a perusal of this blood-curdling analysis. And this is not merely a question of national hygiene. Graver issues are involved by the composer's unscrupulous use of themes clearly borrowed, though in perverted form, from composers who in most cases are no longer able to protest against this treatment. Telepathy can hardly explain this *op-lifting* from BEETHOVEN and WAGNER. Kleptomania is probably the most charitable excuse that can be put forward.

*Mr. Punch* notes in conclusion that this lurid forecast of

the music of the future has been appropriately illustrated by the pencil of an artist named MORROW. The scene depicted is that of the Shrine of Discord, in which the goddess, holding her notorious apple in one hand and a broken tuning-fork in the other, surveys the orgies of her votaries with contorted features and eyeballs askew. Note in the foreground the ignominious exit of the old masters—MOZART, HAYDN, BEETHOVEN, etc.—one of them *minus* an ear, and all deluged by streams of water ejected from the nozzle of the hydrophone.

#### Westminster Abbey.

For whom shall England's high memorial fane  
Offer a resting-place of hallowed stone

When they have nobly lived their destined span?  
The nation speaks her choice, but speaks in vain;  
The final verdict lies with one alone—  
A Mr. ROBINSON, a clergyman.

#### Trousers as Foot-warmers.

From a testimonial to a leather company:—

"There has never been the slightest suspicion of dampness, and what I think of as much importance when alternating runs of four and five miles in the motor, with short walks through deep slush, my feet have remained dry and warm throughout, as made on the principles you suggested and worn inside the trousers."

"In an aside Mr. Healy expressed the conviction that the Budget is wrong, lock, stock, and barrel."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Especially barrel.



## WHITSUNTIDE MANŒUVRES.

C.O. "FIX—BAYONETS!"

Sergeant-Major. "BEG PARDON, SIR, I'RADIN' WITHOUT BAYONETS. ORDER FROM HEAD-QUARTERS RETURN ALL BAYONETS TO STORE LAST WEEK."

C.O. "OH, YES, YES, MY MISTAKE. UNFIX—BAYONETS!"

## MY MILLIONAIRE.

("Everything was worthy of a millionaire of cultivated taste."—*The Westminster Gazette*.)

I HOPE I am a modest man: I do not brag aloud  
Of all the things that give me joy or might have made me  
proud;  
But yet I cannot doubt it gives the mildest man an air  
To know that he has spoken to a solid millionaire.

This bliss was mine; my wealthy friend was not as others  
are:

He had a jewelled holder for his seven-inch cigar;  
His Albert chain was thick with gems, his fingers teemed  
with rings,  
And on his chest were diamond stars and other costly things.

His waistcoats were a sight to see; their buttons were of  
gold;

His shirts were trimmed with yards of lace, light-brown and  
very old.

His bath-taps ran with ruby wine, and when he combed his  
hair  
With golden combs you felt he was indeed a millionaire.

I cannot tell the thousand things that went to make him  
great:

The sums he paid in income-tax; the cost of his estate;  
His motor-cars and newspapers—he ran the lot for fun—  
And all the moneyed deeds he did, and all he could have  
done.

His butler was a ruined Duke; his footmen, you could see,  
Were youths of ancient lineage and very high degree.  
His housemaids were a giddy throng of twenty titled girls,  
And every day his boots were brushed by Marquises or  
Earls.

Of course you know the reason well: LLOYD-GEORGE had taxed  
them all;

With one accord they left their Park, their Castle or their  
Hall;

Gave up the smiling pleasantries they formerly had graced,  
And chose to serve a millionaire of cultivated taste.

Things are not as they used to be—somehow they never were;  
These Budget days are dark for all, since all must pay a  
share;

But from my mind one memory can never be effaced—  
My meeting with a millionaire of cultivated taste.

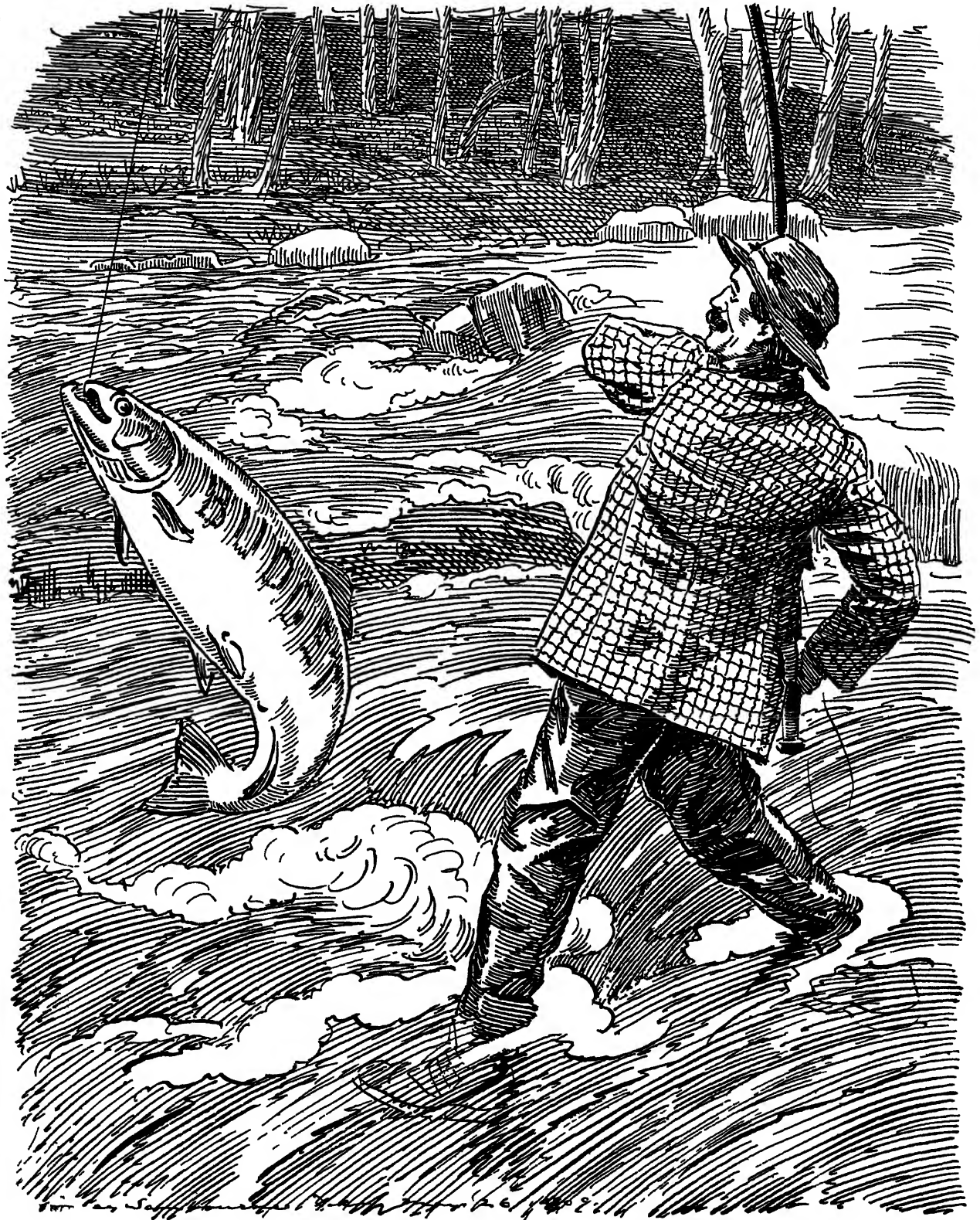
It may be remembered that a fortnight ago we commented  
upon the disposition of parts of the Hertford crew to train  
independently of each other, and recommended them to meet  
during the races. We now read in *The Sportsman* :—

"On Thursday Queen's, through a mishap in the boat, lost a place to  
Hertford, but the latter made amends on this occasion, and, gaining  
rapidly by the Weirs Bridge, caught Hertford as the boats were coming  
out of the Cut."

From which it would seem that they took our advice. On  
the other hand (to quote the same paper):—

"University 2 finished a long way behind University 2."





## A "SIXTEEN MILLION" POUNDER.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE. "OF COURSE, I SHALL LAND HIM ALL RIGHT. THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHEN?"  
THE FISH. "WELL, PERSONALLY I'M GAME TO PLAY WITH YOU TILL WELL ON INTO THE AUTUMN."



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.  
House of Lords, Monday, May 24.—In



THE HISTORIAN OF SCOTCH WHISKY.

'I say, Mr Speaker, without fear of contradiction, that it is, without exception the finest, the best, etc., etc.'—*ad infinitum*.

(Sir Henry Craik)

moment of happy inspiration, Lord Lovat, sixteenth Baron, fell upon a way that seems to point to revolution in procedure. Had on the paper a question addressed to UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR touching details of Territorial Force. Having submitted it, he remarked that it was hopeless to expect information from the Government.

"I shall therefore," he said, "endeavour to answer the question myself;" and straightway proceeded to do so.

Of course the principle underlying this innovation is not new. Readers of *Dombey and Son* remember how the eldest of Dr. Blimber's pupils at Brighton chiefly occupied his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex." Never before has it been applied to the business of Parliament. Its advantages are obvious. Valuable time will be saved to overworked officials of the State who now spend their early mornings in preparing answers to multifarious questions, the large majority trivially controversial. It will avoid heated temper; above all, will stay the pestilence of supplementary questions.

No noble lord (and very few hon. Members), having answered his own question, would immediately after resuming his seat jump up again and remark, "Arising out of that reply, I beg to ask whether—" and so on.

It happened that shortly before this happy thought struck Lovat in the Lords a new turn was given to Questions in the Commons by action of the PRIME MINISTER. DR. FELL, round whose personality still lingers mental mistiness as to why he should not be personally lovable, attempted to pose PREMIER with inquiry as to how he reached the conclusion that 9½d. was the average rate of Income Tax paid last year.

"Sir," said the PREMIER, "the figure of 9½d. is arrived at by dividing the total yield of the tax by the aggregate income of taxable persons coming under review by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The other figures are obtained by multiplying the figure of 9½d. by the estimated yield in a full year of the tax after the proposed alterations have been made, excluding and including the super-tax, and dividing by its estimated yield on the existing basis."

DR FELL's countenance, as this painstaking explanation proceeded, was a pleasing study. As the syllables fell in slow utterance stonier and stonier grew its absence of expression. When the

last word in the stupendous second sentence was spoken, he clapped his hands to his head and stared into space.



THE CHAMPION OF OIRISH WHISKY.

Tav Pay explains that the reason of its superiority (*pace* Sir John Dewar and others!) to Scotch Whisky is that it "lies idle so much longer" (The mere mention of the matter will probably be sufficient to incite the Irish consumer to remedy this national shortcoming)

Here is another useful hint. If in forthcoming holidays ADMIRAL MCKENNA will prepare for MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY a few answers constructed on this model, it would lead to the saving of precious time and would earn the gratitude of Members whose questions standing lower down on the list are habitually cut out by his expansive curiosity. In this particularly hard case the dose would have to be repeated daily for perhaps a week. At end of that time it would certainly prove effective.

*Business done*.—Spirit Duty Resolution carried over Report stage.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—TIV HEALY back again, bringing his sheaves with him in the form of choice invective. Has his periods of "retreat," too long and too frequent for the House. Compensation found in the force and energy with which he lets himself go when he drops in on the old familiar scene. To-day he finds question of Irish tobacco to the fore. Ireland in unaccustomed mood wants something from the Treasury; a rebate on the duty of eightpence in the pound on home-grown tobacco would do to go on with. LLOYD-GEORGE sympathetic but shocked. Why, such



GETTING A BIT MIXED.

Tim Healy lunches at "The Bull."

Mr Healy, infuriated by Mr Haro'd Cox, who had thrown "chunks of John Stuart Mill" at his head, exclaimed with passionate fervour that "they [the Irish] had to wear the shoe, and all they knew was that the proof of the pudding was in the eating"

an arrangement would be pure Protection! In the form of a grant something even more liberal might be done—has indeed been conceded, and Ireland has for several years benefited by it.

TIM consumed with wrath at this evasion. Protection pleased him not, nor Free Trade either.

"They are both false," he said, with that impartiality that marks the really large mind. "There is nothing right or wrong about either. What suits you is best."

Irishmen were in the most advantageous position for knowing whether Ireland was well treated or not.

"We have to wear the shoe," cried TIM, shaking a fearsome forefinger at the cringing figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "and all we know is that the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

This suggestion of a sort of shoe pudding, or of four-and-twenty high-lows baked in a pie, perplexed the crowded House. Already its withers had been wrung by the testimony of Mr. GOLDING, based on the opinion of an expert, as to the peculiar quality of tobacco grown in Ireland. It seems that a cow could fill herself (as if she were a pipe) with the home-grown plant and "would not have a pain." Whereas if the same discriminating quadruped were to browse on American tobacco-plants "the results would be devastating."

All this was plain sailing compared with TIM's mystic suggestion of the top boot or blucher pudding.

The speech stirred the somnolent House like a sudden gust of wind. Certainly it blew from the north-east, but was wholesome in its energy and freshness. Through its truculence, its rampant raging at England and all that is English, there sounded one fine note of simple eloquence. "England," TIM said, in voice trembling with suppressed emotion, "has done her best to turn the perfumed garden of Ireland into a blackened potato patch."

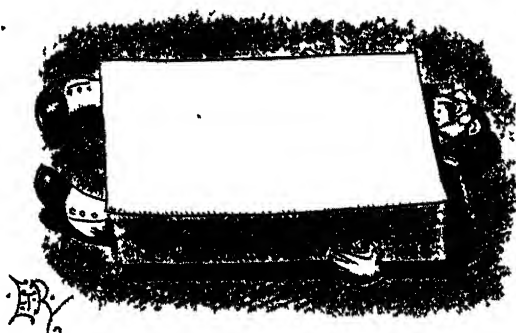
*Business done.*—More Budget Resolutions carried over Report stage.

*Thursday.*—A fortnight ago entry was made in this diary forecasting revolt against iniquitous action of Kitchen Committee in making haste to raise price of whisky consequent on higher Budget impost. As was then pointed out, it is one thing to legislate for a mob of outsiders, quite another when you find result of your action in insistent demand of waiter for another halfpenny per glass of your favourite refresher.

In regretted absence of CHAIRMAN OF

KITCHEN COMMITTEE, ON MARK LOCKWOOD (Colonel), as VICE-CHAIRMAN, the storm fell. It seems that in overweening confidence in impregnability of their position immediately on introduction of Budget the Kitchen Committee clapped a penny on the price of a full glass of whisky, with glaring absence of mathematical precision adding a similar sum to the half glass. But even the worm will turn. There followed an outburst of angry indignation, for parallel to which SARK says you must go back to the epoch that saw birth given to the Bill of Rights. Kitchen Committee promptly hauled down their flag halfway. The supertax was reduced one halfpenny. This did not wholly pacify.

Challenged across floor of House by ROBERT HOBART, MARK LOCKWOOD appeared at the Table, metaphorically in a white sheet, and endeavoured to explain things away. He admitted that even the



UNDER ONE FLAG (-STONE)!

An ardent, patriotic subscriber enjoying *The Times* Empire-Day Supplement.

increase of a halfpenny per glass would leave the purveyors not only free from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's impost lamented by "the Trade," but would yield a slight increase of profits. On the other hand must be taken into account the virtue of inculcating temperance by limiting the expenditure of hon. Members upon alcoholic drinks. Finally, and this was the Colonel's great point, "Members can avoid paying the odd halfpenny by purchasing two portions at the same time."

That fetched 'em. Idea had never suggested itself. When put forward in the simple language at MARK's command it was so obvious. Good-humour immediately restored. Members of Kitchen Committee are able once more to meet for the despatch of business in their own room, a custom intermitted of late owing to the hovering round the spot of dangerous-looking pickets.

*Business done.*—House adjourns for Whitsun recess. Back again this day week.

## MARS AND VENUS.

[Mr. HALDANE, while occupying the chair at a lecture by Professor MASIERMAN, had occasion to speak of the "general will as embodied in the State and its institutions." A Suffragette interposed with the remark that "the general will included the will of the women." Mr. HALDANE expressed a hope that "the ladies would be silent, otherwise it would be his obligation to interpret this general will." Subsequently he had the police called in, and, after the fifteenth and final ejection, declared that he had always voted for women's suffrage.]

"You speak, Mr. HALDANE," a Suffragette said,

"Of the Will of the People, whole-sale,

But has the idea ever entered your head 'That 'the People' are not only male? "

"The People are those," Mr. HALDANE replied,

"Whom the Vote has endowed with a Will;

And until to extend it to you we decide,

You have no right to ask it—  
Be still!"

"You incline to our part—or you say that you do—

And our wrongs you profess to deplore,

Yet when we endeavour to ask if it's true—

We are promptly put out at the door!"

"I owe to my office this difficult task—

By the General Will to abide;  
But I sympathise deeply with all that you ask—

So long as you're safely outside!"

"A very fine basket of trout was obtained by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, Edinburgh, last week. The basket scaled about 5 lb., some of the trout averaged  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. respectively."  
—*Berwick Advertiser*.

Here at last is a fishing story which we could almost have believed but for the two averages and the "respectively."

## The Climbers.

"Resolved—That the Borough Surveyor obtain tenders for dashing up the walls of this property, and submit same to the next meeting"—*Local Paper*.

We beg to submit a tender of five pounds to see him do it.

## What to do with our High-water Marks.

From a letter in *The Western Morning News*:—

"And the high-water mark of indignation is raised to its zenith when an official residence is used for a Frenchman's showroom."





### HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.

THE BEGINNER SHOULD ALWAYS BORROW TACKLE. IT WILL SAVE HIM A LOT OF UNNECESSARY EXPENSE IN THE EVENT OF HIS DECIDING, AFTER TRIAL, NOT TO CONTINUE THE PURSUIT.

### EVERY HOME ITS OWN LAW-COURT.

JANE V. PICKLES AND OTHERS.

THIS case came before *Papa* and *Uncle Toby, L.J.*, being an appeal from a decision of *Nurse, J.*, in the domestic divisional court on the previous day. *Aunt Selina, K.C.*, appeared for the appellant, and *Cousin Teaser, K.C.* (with him *Bobby*), for the respondents, who were sued through *Mamma*, their next friend.

It appeared that on the afternoon of March 11th the respondent *Pickles*, aged eight, with two others of lesser age, were left in the nursery under the charge of the appellant, during the temporary absence of *Nurse*. They had in their possession a silver coin of the realm, to wit a sixpence, which during the course of a series of unlawful frolics the respondent *Pickles*, aided and abetted by the other respondents, wilfully and maliciously dropped down the back of the appellant. The latter with some difficulty shook the said coin from her person and appropriated it. An action was at once

commenced before *Nurse, J.*, on her return. It was argued on behalf of the defendant that the action of the plaintiffs in so disposing of the sixpence clearly amounted to a constructive gift of the money to the person down whose back it was dropped. On the other hand it was contended for the plaintiffs that on account of their tender age by a legal presumption they were irresponsible for their actions, and that in any case there was insufficient evidence of malice. This view was upheld by *Nurse, J.*, who ordered that the money be forthwith restored and that the defendant pay the costs of the application. Against this decision *Jane* appealed.

*Aunt Selina, K.C.*, for the appellant. The parting with the coin by bestowing it upon the person of her client was undoubtedly a constructive gift, even though it was not so intended by the respondents. Moreover, there was ample evidence of sufficient malice to rebut the presumption in favour of the respondents. Previous to the act over which the dispute arose they had clearly been

endeavouring to cause annoyance and discomfort to the appellant. She had been led by fraudulent representations into consuming a chocolate biscuit from which the sandwiched sweetmeat had been removed, pepper having been substituted in its place. Counsel was not sure that the respondents were not indictable for the administration of noxious drugs.

*Cousin Teaser, K.C.*, objected. Pepper was not a noxious drug. The condiment in question had been provided for the use of the family by his learned friend herself, and if it were in any way noxious she (his learned friend) was indictable in the first instance.

The objection was allowed.

*Cousin Teaser, K.C.*, addressed the Court with great confidence and a smut on his nose. He wondered that his learned friend had the face—

*Aunt Selina (interrupting)* was sorry that her learned friend had such a poor apology for one.

*Cousin Teaser* did not understand. A poor apology for what?

*Aunt Selina.* For a face. (*Hysteria.*)  
*Uncle Toby, L.J.* This court is not a theatre. If this disgraceful disturbance occurs again I will have it cleared.

*Cousin Teaser.* The exhibition of puerile wit upon which the appellant relied to win her claim was in itself sufficient proof of the weakness of the case. He would however call one witness who, he hoped, would set their lordships' minds at rest once for all.

The witness *Cook* was then called, and deposed that that there *Jane* was a greedy gal, she was, and never did appreciate the pore little innercents in their little pranks, as one might say. Boys would be boys.

*Aunt Selina* objected to this part of the evidence as irrelevant. What was required from witness was fact, and not aphorisms however original.

*Cook (resuming)* further deposed that it weren't out o' no sense o' right and wrong that appellant had retained the disputed money, but because she (appellant) were that spiteful. If she (appellant) had had St. Paul's crammed down her back she'd 'a' kep' it, she would.

*Aunt Selina (cross examining).* You state that whatever had been pushed down this unfortunate girl's back by these depraved young scoundrels she would have appropriated?

*Cook (emphatically).* Which I certingly does.

*Aunt Selina.* Have you ever known the respondents to place chattels or even hereditaments down people's back on previous occasions?

*Cook* didn't know about chattels and suchlike, but she distinctly remembered that respondents had treated her in the same manner one day last month with a live frog, which she didn't mind, bless their little hearts, and made witness larf something crool it did to see the pore thing leppin' about all over her (witness's) kitching.

*Aunt Selina (impressively).* Did the respondents on that occasion evince the slightest desire to retain the frog in question?

*Cook.* They said it was a Valentine, bein', as I remember, the fourteenth o' Febuerry.

*Aunt Selina.* My Lords, I need not further trouble you. Respondents' own witness has admitted that under precisely similar circumstances the object in question was a gift—nay more, a sentimental gift. I leave the issue to your lordships' discretion.

*Cousin Teaser* interposed, but—

*Papa, L.J.,* summing up, was of the opinion that the respondents had clearly proved their own liability.

*Uncle Toby, L.J.,* concurred.

Appeal upheld.

Respondents, who had on more than one occasion throughout the action been detected and reproved for making unseemly grimaces at the opposing Counsel, were ordered to pay the costs, and left the court in tears. It was later unofficially understood that on urgent representations from their next friend the Court had been induced to indemnify the respondents out of its own pockets.

## IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

Scene—LORD'S.

*First New Comer.* Hullo, is that you?

*Second N. C.* Yes.

*First N. C.* What are you doing here?

*Second N. C.* I just came to see the Australians.

*First N. C.* Are you alone?

*Second N. C.* Yes.

*First N. C.* Come and sit here.

*Second N. C.* Pleasure. It's a long time since I saw you.

*First N. C.* Isn't it? Let's see, how long. Why, it must be 1892?

*Second N. C.* Is it really? Yes, I suppose it is.

*Third N. C.* Hullo, eight wickets down. By Jove, that's good. Who's in?

*Fourth N. C.* Looks like GREGORY to me. Yes, that's GREGORY at the Pavilion end.

*Stranger.* No, that's MACARTNEY.

*Third N. C.* It's TRUMPER the other end, I'll swear.

*Stranger.* No, that's ARMSTRONG.

*Third N. C.* Thank you. Who's bowling, I wonder?

*Fourth N. C.* FIELDER, of course. Can't you see?

*Stranger.* No, it's BUCKENHAM bowling.

*Fourth N. C.* Thank you. The light's very bad. I can't see a thing.

*First N. C.* Where are you living now?

*Second N. C.* Same old place. And you?

*First N. C.* I've moved to Blyswater. Why, your boy must be quite an age now?

*Second N. C.* Yes, he's at Balliol.

*First N. C.* And the others?

*Second N. C.* My eldest girl was married last week. Let's see, has NOBLE been in yet?

*First N. C.* He's out, I think. The cards are very slow in coming.

*Stranger.* NOBLE's out.

*First N. C.* Thank you.

*Second N. C.* Where's FRY?

*First N. C.* I don't see him for the moment.

*Third N. C.* That's FRY at mid-on.

*First N. C.* Thank you.

*Stranger.* No, FRY's not at mid-on. FRY's third man.

*First N. C.* Thank you.

*Third N. C.* I'm afraid he's mistaken. FRY's at mid-on. That's GILLINGHAM at third man.

*First N. C.* Oh no, I know GILLINGHAM. He's very different.

*Stranger.* FRY is at third man. No one else walks like that.

*Second N. C.* Who's captain?

*First N. C.* I don't know. WARNER, I think.

*Stranger.* No, FRY.

*Second N. C.* Thank you.

*First N. C.* There's a card boy at last. Hi, caid!

*Stranger.* It's no good calling. He can't get here for hours. You must go and get one.

*Voice.* Card.

*Another voice.* Here, caid!

*Another voice.* Card!

*Another voice.* Card!

*Voices together.* Card!

*First N. C.* How stupidly this is managed. I'll toss you who goes for one. (*They toss.*)

*Second N. C. (returning).* He'd just sold out.

*First N. C.* What rot! The whole system's absurd.

*Stranger.* Will you look at my card?

*First N. C.* Thank you. (*Reads.*) Hullo, why TRUMPER's out. A duck, too. What a shame!

*Third N. C.* Hullo, what are they going in for? Not tea, surely, with only one wicket still to fall.

*Stranger.* Yes, tea.

[*Cries of derision and catcalls from all round the ring, as the players begin to troop off.*]

*First N. C.* Well, I call it a scandal.

*Second N. C.* A perfect outrage. I hope the crowd will protest.

*Fourth N. C.* Tea, indeed! Fancy the old cricketers asking for a tea interval.

*First N. C.* In my time they used on a hot day to bring out a loving cup. Tea! Cricket's going to the dogs.

[*The hoots continue. FRY is seen to sprint for the Pavilion and call up to the Australians' balcony. The next man in runs lightly down the steps and makes for the pitch. The cricketers turn round and follow him. The crowd cheers.*]

*First N. C.* That's a very good thing; there might have been a very ugly scene.

*Third N. C.* Very sensible of WARNER, wasn't it?

*Fourth N. C.* WARNER! That wasn't WARNER; that was FOSTER.

*Stranger.* It was FRY.

*Fourth N. C.* Thank you.

*First N. C.* Well, I don't suppose the new man will last long.

(*THOMPSON bowls him.*)

*First N. C.* There—what did I say?

*The Crowd.* Now they can drown themselves in tea if they like.



Old Nurse (to newly-married couple, after viewing the wedding presents) "WELL, MY DEARS, YOU OUGHT TO BE VERY 'APPY THERE AIN'T A THING AMONGST 'EM AS A PAWNBROKER WOULDN'T BE PLEAS'D TO 'ANDIF' "

### THE REVENGE.

(A True Story from Odessa.)

THREE students of Odessa  
Were Leo, Nic and Jan;  
They loved to smoke and crack a joke,  
They loved to clink the can;  
They loved to flirt with Tessa,  
Marie, and Olga too,  
They loved their larks, these gay young  
sparks,  
As sparks are apt to do.

In vain would staid professors  
Attempt by hook or crook  
To wean those boys from giddy joys  
And bring them all to book.  
The hardened young transgressors  
Just winked the other eye,  
And thought, "Why turn our brains to  
learn  
The square of  $x + y$ ?

"There's Ivan! Ivan knows it!  
He loves to sit and cram,  
And we'll contrive to sit next Ives  
When doing our exam."  
And so with many a *prosit*  
To Ivan's subtle brain

They laughed and joked and chaffed and  
smoked  
And clinked the can again.

The day, so dread and fateful,  
At length must needs arrive,  
When all the three arranged to be  
Close round the desk of Ives;  
And, feeling duly grateful  
That he was well prepared,  
They made a note of what he wrote  
And  $x + y$  was squared.

That night there was much dining,  
And Ives was toasted well;  
They wished him health, they wished  
him wealth,  
More times than I can tell.  
But every silver lining  
Must have its leaden cloud:  
The pass-list came, and oh, the shame!  
All four of them were ploughed!

Then wroth waxed Nic and Leo,  
And Jan was far from cool;  
'Twas clear as day, decided they,  
That Ivan was a fool;  
And straight the outraged trio  
Together *sic* abroad,

And Ives was thrashed and kicked and  
bashed  
For being such a fraud.

Now sad their situation  
Deep in a dungeon vault;  
Grim, grim their fate, for they await  
Their trial for assault.  
Yet great their provocation,  
And when the lads are tried  
The judge—who knows?—may think  
their blows  
Were not unjustified.

### Throwing Good Money after Bad.

"The per-capita wealth of the little town of Cunneisdorf has been suddenly increased as a consequence of the visit of a Berlin merchant, who sought to cure a temporary fit of metal (sic) depression by throwing away handfuls of money and precious stones"—*Daily Mail*.

O M R W  
"Crawford ..... 1 ... 0 ... 160 ... —"  
—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*

We can imagine his appeal for "just one more over," and the captain's apologetic refusal.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR JOHN ARDAGH was of the class of men that has made, extended, and still preserves the British Empire. For a period of forty years, between 1868 and 1907, he was active in the service of his country. His range of experience was singularly wide. Gazetted to the Royal Engineers in his nineteenth year, he was appointed, while still young, to the post of Secretary to the Committee on Fortifications, in which capacity he visited Halifax and Bermuda. He was in Paris at the occupation of the Germans, assisted at the Congress of Berlin, served on the Bulgarian Boundary Commission, was sent to Egypt during the crisis of which ARABI was the central figure, fought in the Soudan, was Private Secretary to Lord LANDSDOWN when Viceroy of India, was at The Hague during the Conference of 1899, being temporarily borrowed from the Intelligence Department, of which he was the head before and during the Boer War. It seems to have been an impulse common to the Foreign Office and the War Office, whenever a good man was wanted, straightway to send for ARDAGH.

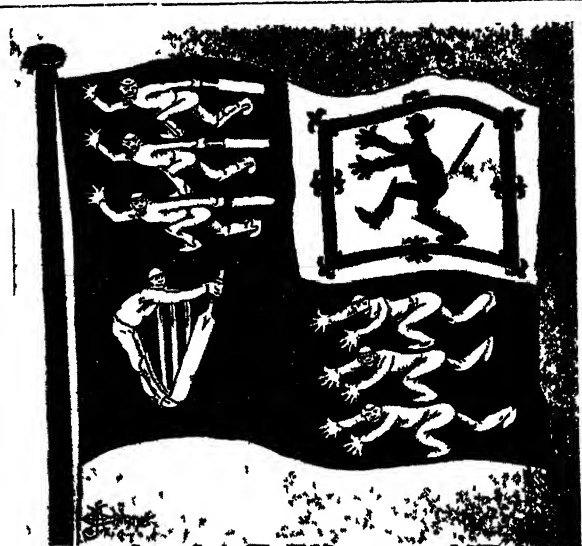
The story of this strenuous *Life* (MURRAY) is told by Lady ARDAGH. No temptation would have made him place it on record with his own hand. As modest as he was courageous and capable, he was almost morosely reticent about his own achievements. This characteristic was most notable during the dark days of the Boer War. As chief of the Intelligence Department, uninstructed critics naturally turned and rent him when discovery was made of the hopeless inefficiency of the Army, and of the Administration's colossal ignorance about the strength and resources of the Boers. ARDAGH bore other people's burdens in silence. It was only when the Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the unhappy business that disclosure was made of the fact that the counsels and warnings of the Intelligence Department had been systematically ignored by a Government fully and accurately informed. Lady ARDAGH has done well to lift the veil from this noble figure.

*Priscilla of The Good Intent* is not, as you might reasonably suppose from the title, a seafaring romance, but a story of life in a north-country village, as it is imagined by Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. I put in that last remark because, with every possible respect for an author of multifold achievement, I am unable to believe a word he says about the inhabitants of Garth. Good Intent was the name of a farm, where dwelt heroine *Priscilla*, and was wooed of two swains, *David the Smith* and the returned ne'er-do-well squire, *Reuben Gaunt*. Eventually, after a fever epidemic which tries the true metal of *Gaunt* (and the author's treatment of this is by far the best thing in the book), *Priscilla* marries him, amid prospects of the rosiest. At least we are told so; but as a matter of fact all the persons of the tale are so palpably artificial that it is impossible to credit them with any future existence whatever. They are the autumnal rustics of Drury Lane rather than those of life;

and their dialogue, with its almost maddening frequency of poetic metaphor, proclaims their origin on every page. Still, Mr. SUTCLIFFE's pictures of Fell country are so alluring that he has almost persuaded me to renew an old acquaintance with it this very month; though, like the conjuror in *Peter Pan*, I "haven't any hope really" that the inhabitants will prove such a company of inglorious Miltons as he would have me picture them.

Another *Priscilla*, of *Priscilla and Charybdis* (CONSTABLE), was a farmer's daughter, with modern ideas on milking and manure, whose parents married her to a plausible and well-to-do scoundrel. Luckily, however, for her peace of mind they were no sooner married than separated. As they were leaving the church her newly-made husband was arrested on a charge of fraud, and clapped into prison, and the newspapers, shortly after his release, reported that he was drowned. So *Priscilla*, guilelessly believing what they said, married the squire, a shiftless youth without much backbone, and made a man and a Member of Parliament of him by the

example of her own resolute character. But, just when they were beginning to live happily ever after, the scoundrel turned up again, and held a pistol at the squire's head, one barrel loaded with blackmail, the other with the law, exclaiming, "Your money or my wife!" The squire was for giving him neither, and must infallibly have got the worst of the encounter, if a previous victim of the scoundrel's had not saved the situation by killing him with a pitchfork. And, after all, she need not have done it (except as a relief to her own feelings), because it turned out that *Priscilla's* first marriage had been conducted by a sham parson. However, it's no use crying over spilt blood, and we must take Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE's book as we find it, and be as thankful as



DESIGN FOR STANDARD TO BE USED AT CRICKET MATCHES WHEN THE YOUNG PRINCES ATTEND.

we can. Its title is, perhaps, the worst thing about it, for there is no suggestion that *Priscilla* in the story itself stands for one of two alternative perils. The jingle of sounds—a little arbitrary in any case—might have served if it had called up any corresponding association of ideas; but it doesn't, and so it is just a jingle.--

Mr. BERNARD CAPES has returned to romance proper without polemic interludes on style, and that is an excellent thing, because I would not willingly have missed a page of *The Love Story of St. Bel* (METHUEN). The scene is laid in fourteenth-century Sicily, and (except for the heroine and a very unpleasant hunchback who impersonates his brother, the perfect knight *St. Bel*, and may in fact be termed the dragon) *St. Catherine* is the most prominent personage in the book. Of course, when a writer introduces an historical *dea ex machina* (and the Saint occupies this rôle in settling the feuds of the *contado*), there is likely to be a good deal of creaking about the ropes; but Mr. CAPES knows them so well that it is hard to believe he was not there in person, disguised as an arbalister or a Black Dominican. His characters talk in an archaic manner which is admirably sustained from start to finish without ever becoming tiresome, and that is no small testimony to the author's skill.



## CHARIVARIA.

THE British naval attaché in Berlin presented the GERMAN EMPEROR, last week, with a copy of the British Navy List, but this attempt to intimidate His Majesty strikes us as puerile.

According to a report just published lunacy has decreased in Scotland during the past few years. A Tory correspondent writes to say that the full extent of the decrease will be apparent at the next General Election.

An improvement is to be noted in the manners of a certain militant body. The three Suffragettes who went to church at Clovelly on Whit Sunday and sat opposite Mr. ASQUITH, did not cry, "Votes for Women!" during the service.

The President of the British Dental Association, in his address at the opening of the Conference at Birmingham, spoke of "the deplorable state of the teeth of the civilised races." (The italics are ours.) You can always tell which are the civilised races, because the others have no dentists.

Prince GEORGE of Serbia, it is said, is now anxious to become an ex-ex-Crown Prince.

An official of the Great Western Railway informed the Newbury Licensing Justices that the reason why a cup of tea was dearer than a glass of beer on their line was that the Company lost 50,000 cups and saucers a year. Evidently teetotalers do not stop at taking the pledge.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, we are informed by *The Nation*, has completed another work. It is called *Press Cuttings compiled from the Correspondence and Editorial Columns of the Daily Press*. We understand that the author is considering the advisability of having a short alternative title for convenience of reference, as in Acts of Parliament.

Speaking of the reappearance of Mr. FRANZ VON VECSEY at a recent concert, *The Glasgow Herald* says, "Though the music he had chosen was entirely of a virtuous kind, he played it in such masterly style that even SAURET's interminable cadenza to PAGANINI's violin concerto in D had a musical value." If only he had chosen something more vicious!

An old master was sold the other day at Christie's for twenty-one shillings. It bore the appropriate title, "A Sacrifice."

The Protestant chaplain of a continental prison has resigned because the magistrates refused to increase his salary. In these days of dwindling congregations, such posts—where worshippers are forced to attend—must be much coveted, and there will, we should fancy, be no difficulty in filling the vacancy.

The wife of Professor PATTEN, of the

We have made a careful comparison of the two reproductions, and we are glad to be able to report that, in spite of the anxious time which the lady must have had in the interim, she betrays no signs of it.

Chicago is now justified, and the potted meat industry hopes that the last has been heard of the silly outcry against chopped fingers. Dr. F. GOWLAND HOPKINS, lecturing at the Royal Institution, has declared man to be the most perfect food for man.

An American bride has insisted, before going to the altar, on her prospective husband signing a sworn statement before a judge setting forth his various pledges. One of these is that he will never keep a dog. Let us hope that this does not mean that the lady is a cat.

It is scarcely creditable to our London Press that it should have remained for a provincial paper to chronicle a bowling feat in the Test Match, which, we have reason to believe, is unique in the annals of cricket. "The most striking contrasts of the match," says *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, "were the scores of C. B. Fry and Hobbs, both of whom were out to the first ball in the opening innings."

By-the-by the invention of a bowling machine is announced. It is hoped later on to perfect mechanical batsmen and fielders as well; then everyone, including the cricketers, will be able to watch a match in comfort.

## Flannels for Foresters.

"The party was met by Mr. Anderson, head forester, and assistants, who conducted them along the avenue, describing the various species of trees, their habits of growth, and leading features, and, being arrayed in the fair garniture of early summer, were beautiful to behold."—*Falkirk Herald*.

Pale green with a stripe, we should imagine; and something resonant in waistcoats for Mr. ANDERSON.

"The first three balls puzzled him and he appeared a trifle nervous. A ball from Macartney jumped over the batsman's shoulder, hit Macartney on the head and went for a single."—*Birmingham Evening Dispatch*.

The boomerang ball is very deceptive, but sometimes defeats its own end. Too much back spin, therefore, should not be employed.



Reiller. "MUSN'T JEAN SO HARD 'GAINST 'SCONTOUNDED WALL, OR I'LL BE GOIN' FLOP WHEN I GET TO THE CORNER!"

University of Pennsylvania, has obtained a divorce as a protest against the Professor's views of domesticity, his outline of the ideal day for a married couple, as expressed in a recent lecture, being that "both should rise at six, the mother should prepare breakfast, work six hours outside the home, purchase a ready-cooked dinner, and find time later for the house cleaning." The Patten Wife evidently did not find a Model Husband.

Several of our more enterprising newspapers which published a reproduction of HOLBEIN's "Duchess" when there was a danger of her leaving us, repeated the performance when it was announced that she was to stay with us.

## THE HIGHER LANGUAGE TEST.

[MR. LLOYD-GEORGE recently opened the extended links at Pwllheli and remarked as among the merits of the "beneficent game" of golf that it tested a man's temper and language.]

The truth had been already guessed  
It needed not a Cymric wizard  
To find that golf affords a test  
Of language latent in the chest,  
Of temper in the gizzard.

Long ere Pwllheli leapt to fame  
Through yonder Ministerial Taffy,  
Our selves had cursed our driver's aim,  
Addressed our cleek in words of flame,  
And brutalised our baffle.

Ourselves had fozzled shots than which  
Nothing on earth could well be softer;  
Had seen the humorous pellet pitch  
In arid pot or watery ditch,  
And smashed in twain our lofter.

We, too, around the hole had said  
Things more adapted to the gutter;  
Had for the time mislaid our head,  
And turned the polished green one red,  
Blasting our blameless putter.

Full many a saintly man we know  
Who, baffled by a hopeless stymie,  
Being one down with two to go,  
Permits himself to mutter, "Blow!"  
Or even runs to "Blimey!"

Sometimes the faults of other men  
Provoke the impious interjection;  
It happens in a foursome when  
You lay your partner dead!—and then  
He makes a resurrection.

But there's a game we're bound to play  
That tends to language still more stormy:  
Where there are thumping stakes to pay,  
Pouched by a Bogey, so to say,  
Who starts by being dormy.

All of us thirst to have his gore,  
We yearn to raise the ruby blood-jet;  
Useless! he has no veins to bore,  
He's solid rubber, rind to core.  
This is the game of Budget.

O. S.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa, are you going to send me to school soon?

Papa. Yes, my boy, you'll go to school in a year or so. I haven't quite made up my mind as to the place, but it'll be one of the big public schools. You'll like that, won't you?

L. A. Yes, Papa, I hope I shall; but I'm to go whether I like it or not—isn't that the arrangement, Papa?

Papa. Oh, yes; you'll have to go all right; but even if you don't like it just at first, you'll realise some day that it was the very best thing that could have happened to you.

L. A. I suppose so, Papa. But why *must* I go to school, Papa?

Papa. What do you mean?

L. A. Why can't I go on as I'm going now, Papa? I'm learning a lot of things. There's French and English and geography and mathematics and poetry, and I've begun German.

Papa. Oh! I daresay you're learning plenty of things, but we want to make a man of you, you know. That's why you're to go to school.

L. A. But shouldn't I grow up and be a man all right if I remained at home, Papa?

Papa. You'd be a sort of man, I daresay, but not the sort I want you to be. Boys must have the nonsense knocked out of them some time or other, and there's no place like a school for that.

L. A. I see, Papa. Then I suppose I've got a lot of nonsense about me?

Papa. Yes, any amount.

L. A. But how did I get it, Papa?

Papa. I'm sure I don't know.

L. A. Did Mademoiselle teach me nonsense?

Papa. Certainly not.

L. A. Did Mamma teach me any?

Papa. Of course not. Don't be silly.

L. A. No, Papa, I won't. Then did *you* teach me nonsense, Papa?

Papa. Now look here, Arthur, a joke's a joke—

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose it is; but I wasn't making a joke that time. I don't make many jokes. I only thought if it wasn't Mademoiselle or Mamma it must be you, because nobody else has taught me anything at all.

Papa. I don't remember having taught you anything.

L. A. Oh, Papa, you did. I saw what you did, you know, and I tried to do the same; and then there's reading books and sermons and newspapers, and asking questions for information, and—

Papa. Well, that's just the kind of nonsense a big school will knock out of you.

L. A. There you are, Papa. I learnt it from you, and now you say it's nonsense, and yet you don't think you taught me any nonsense. I'm sure I don't know—

Papa. No, you don't. You don't know anything, and that's why you're to go to school.

L. A. I see, Papa. They'll teach me not to do all the things Mamma and Mademoiselle and you have been teaching me to do. Is that it, Papa?

Papa. No, it isn't. They'll—

L. A. But, Papa!

Papa. I'm doing the talking now.

L. A. Yes, Papa.

Papa. And I want you to understand that you're going to school to get your character formed. You'll learn to play games—cricket and football, and so on—and to make your own way in the world—to take a knock, and give it, if necessary, and to hold your head up like a man.

L. A. Then you want me to play games, Papa?

Papa. Of course I do. You know—

L. A. Yes, I know, Papa; you said games had made Englishmen what they were.

Papa. Yes, to be sure I did. Games are the backbone of an English education. I don't want you to be like one of these molly-coddling foreign boys.

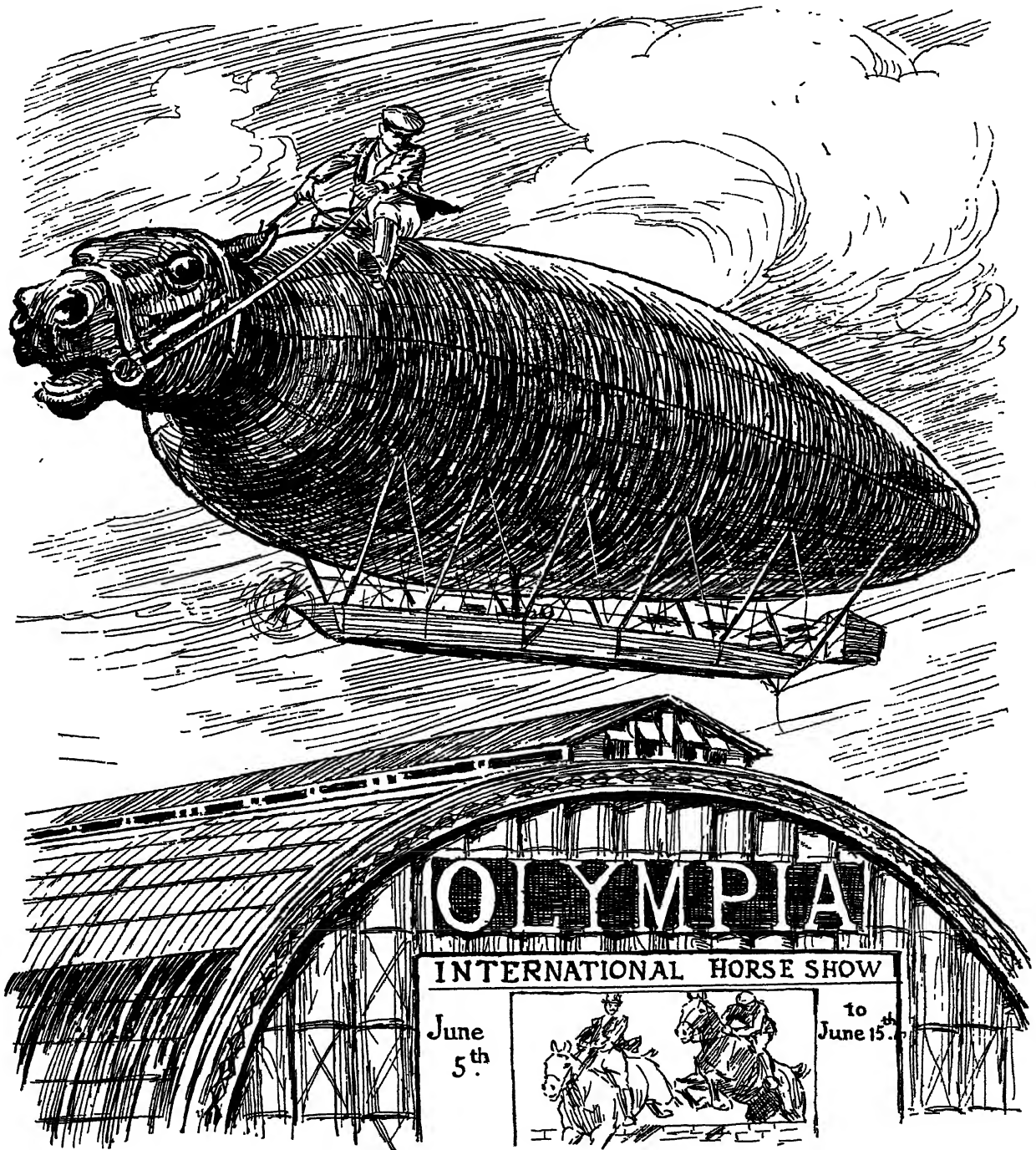
L. A. Very well, Papa, I'll learn games. And then, Papa, you want me to learn to fight, too, don't you?

Papa. What put that into your head?

L. A. Well, Papa, you said I was to take a knock and give it, if necessary, and I can't do that without fighting, can I?

Papa. I didn't mean that you were to spend your life in fighting; but you'll have to show a proper spirit, and if a chap hits you you must hit him back.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I'll try to. But I saw two men fighting in the village the other day, and the policeman came past and



## THE NEW PEGASUS.

AERONAUT (*clearing all the jumps in one*). "TALK ABOUT HORSEFLESH! GIVE ME ALUMINIUM AND GOLD-BEATER'S SKIN!"







He. "AWFUL LOT OF QUEERITIES ONE MEETS HERE. WONDER WHERE LADY BAREACRES SCOOPS 'EM UP."

She. "OH! DON'T YOU KNOW? THEY'RE CUSTOMERS AT HER HAT SHOP. ANYONE WHO BUYS A CERTAIN NUMBER OF HATS AND PAYS CASH DOWN GETS A RECEIPT AND AN INVITATION TO BAREACRES HOUSE ALL IN ONE!"

stopped them, and one of their noses was bleeding like anything, and the policeman said they would both be charged with it. He didn't seem to like it at all. Shall I be put in prison if a chap hits me and I hit him back?

Papa. Really, you are the most absurd boy I ever met. Don't you see the difference between brawling in a village and taking your own part in a manly way?

L. A. But that's just what one of the men said. He said he was only taking his own part, but the policeman said he could tell that story to the magistrate.

Papa. Isn't it nearly your bedtime?

L. A. Nearly, Papa, but not quite. And, oh, Papa, if I'm to learn games and fighting and all that, I shan't have much time for books, shall I? I'm afraid I shall forget all my French and geography and music and poetry.

Papa. Not at all. You'll have to do your work, too, you know. Greek and Latin and all that. I want you to work very hard and be a credit to us.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but you didn't think Mr. Baines was a credit, did you? You said he'd fogged himself with books and learning and getting scholarships, and the result was he was about as much use as a bilious attack. You said that, didn't you?

Papa. If I did I didn't mean you to hear it. There's a proper moderation in all things.

L. A. But I don't see how I'm to work very hard and be a credit, and have a proper moderation all at the same time.

Papa. Don't you? Well, you can go to bed now and think about it there.

### A COMING PRODIGY.

[A medical paper says that crying is a healthy exercise for a baby.]

TIME was if James, as though possessed by pain,  
Exuded tear-drops in a noisy fashion,  
A vulgar tendency to grow profane  
Bore witness to my sentiments of passion.  
But now I know that such heartrending cries  
Are but a baby's mode of exercise.

I feel his tears are bringing fame to me,  
His sobs are incoherently prophetic  
Of coming days, when I can claim to be  
Father to one exceedingly athletic,  
Who blends the charms most pleasing to the eye  
In SAMSON, HERCULES, and C. B. FRY.

And so, if in a moment strangely gay  
For once the baby lips forbear to quiver,  
I fear his lack of exercise will play  
The very deuce with Little James's liver;  
And, creeping to the cradle, I begin  
To urge him to exertion—with a pin.

"A certain peer who has been very pro-Roberts debate said to me, 'Lord Roberts Roberts' debate said to me, 'Lord Roberts gets no further.'"—*Sunday Chronicle*.  
Lord ROBERTS isn't the only one.

## A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.

"WHY not come down" (wrote George), "and spend a week-end with us? We're all alone. The country is looking lovely just now, and it will do you all the good in the world. Fresh air and exercise are what you Londoners want. There is a good train at 2.30."

"The very thing," I said to myself, and I wired, "*Coming by the two-thirty.*" At two-thirty-four I wired again, "*Coming by the five-nine.*" How it was I missed the 5.9, I cannot explain, but it was not until half-past ten that I arrived at last.

"Not at all," said George in reply to my apologies. "Afraid you didn't see much of the country coming up from the station, though. Never mind; you're staying till Tuesday, aren't you? That's good. Breakfast at ten."

It was a glorious morning when I woke for the first time at four. At six and at eight it was still delightful, and I congratulated myself on my escape from London. However, I only just managed to get down to breakfast by ten.

George turned up twenty minutes later.

"Glorious day, isn't it?" he said. "We must have a good walk. Hallo, here's Muriel. You know my sister, don't you?"

"Good morning," said Muriel. "Isn't it a glorious day? Polly down yet, George?"

"She's having breakfast upstairs. She's going to church, though."

"Yes, I'm going with her."

"That's right. Now then, old man, what would you like to do about church?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, "of course one can always go to church in London."

"Just as you like, you know. The carriage is going. And the ladies would love to have you."

"Rather," said Muriel. "Gracious, we must fly."

I looked at the beautiful day again . . . and helped myself to another cup.

"You'd better go without us," said George to Muriel. "We haven't finished breakfast yet. Tell you what, though—we're going a good walk, so we might call for you, and all come back together through the woods."

"That's an idea," I said heartily.

After breakfast we went into the library. I began to fill a pipe.

"That's rather a jolly book," said George, picking one off the table. "You might have a look at it some time."

"I've heard about it," I said, looking at the title, "I know it's good;" and I began to dip into it.

"What a perfect day," said George at the window, yawning and stretching himself; "I must just write a letter, though."

I turned back to the first page. . . . It was really a very jolly book. . . .

"Hallo," said George, "they're back from church. We shall have to do our walk this afternoon, old man. How's the book?"

"Heavens," I cried, "it's one o'clock. I had no idea."

"Well, come and have some lunch. What a wonderful day! About this afternoon—would you like to go up through the woods, or shall we get down to the sea?"

"Don't mind a bit," I said cheerfully, and went in to lunch. . . .

"What do you generally do on a Sunday after lunch?" said George, as we lit our cigars.

"In London I generally go to sleep," I confessed.

"So do I," said George. "Try the sofa in the library, won't you? You'll find it quite comfortable, and then you won't be bothered by the ladies."

We all met at tea in the drawing-room.

"Tea outside is so uncomfortable, don't you think?" said Mrs. George. "You're three lumps, aren't you? Isn't it a perfect day?"

"Perfect," we all agreed.

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," said George, as he gave me my candle that night. "You've hardly seen the country yet. We might have the car out—unless you'd rather walk?"

"Walking would be better for us, I suppose?"

"By Jove, yes; you Londoners want exercise. I'll tell you what. We'll go out in the car and take lunch with us, and then the ladies can drive back, and you and I will walk. How's that?"

"Ripping," I said.

Monday was another glorious day, from four o'clock onwards. I was down all right at ten, and so was George's sister.

"What are you men thinking of doing to-day?" she asked, when I had got going on the fish.

"George said something about all going out in the car."

"That will be jolly. It's very pretty round here, isn't it?"

"I haven't seen it yet," I said. "I've hardly been outside the house."

"George must take you round before we start."

When this was repeated to George half-an-hour later he was enthusiastic. "Come on," he said, as soon as he had finished his breakfast; and I followed him out.

"This," he said, as we stepped from the library on to the lawn, "is where we generally play croquet. A jolly game, I always think."

"Oh, rather."

"Do you play much? Well, then, don't you agree with me that it's a mistake for the man who goes first not to have a shot at the hoop?"

"It's rather risky," I began, "because—"

"Well, now, I don't think so. I'd back myself to do it any time. Look here, we might just have a game and then I'd show you what I mean. Would you like to?"

"Rather; I'm always ready for croquet." . . .

"We must have another," said George, an hour and a-half later. "You didn't get any of the luck." . . . "And a conqueror," he added half an hour afterwards. "The balls just went right for you that time."

"What a perfect day," said Mrs. George at lunch. "How's the croquet?"

"We're just playing the conqueror," said George. "Jove, it's hot. I've never known such a day."

We finished the third game (which George won), and came in for a drink.

"It's all eye," said George. "Same as at billiards. If you can smack 'em at one you can smack 'em at the other."

"Well, I can't smack 'em at billiards," I sighed.

"Nonsense! Really? I wonder what I could give you? Do you care for a game? Come on, then."

Muriel came into the billiard-room about four.

"Billiards—on a day like this!" she exclaimed.

"It's clouding over a bit now," said George, as he chalked his cue . . .

"That takes me out, I think."

"Why don't you play a sociable game for four?" said Muriel.

"Bridge?" said George. "Well, get Polly then. And we'll have tea in here."

"Do you play Bridge much?" Muriel asked me.

"I love it," I said truthfully.

"So do I," she said, and she went off for Polly . . .

At about seven o'clock, "No trumps," said George. "Ah, I thought so," he added. "It's begun to rain."

We all looked out of the window. "What a pity!" we all said.

"Spoilt your week-end rather," said George.

"Oh, no, I've had a perfectly ripping time," I protested.

"Still if it had kept fine— You know, in the country one does want—"

"Must you go early to-morrow?" said Muriel.

"I'm afraid so."

"Well, you must come again, that's all," said Mrs. George kindly.

"And come when it's fine," said George, "and get a little country air and exercise. Do you all the good in the world."

A. A. M.

### AMONG THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### I. "STOP! STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! YOUR HAIR IS FALLING OUT!"

It is the autumn of life. I have stopped right where I am, and, lo! my hair is falling out. It is useless to replace it. Once, in the beginning of things, I thought it might be done, and when the first hair, leaving its follicle and passing through the cutis vera and the epidermis into the open air, lay before me in all its silent tragedy, I was not downcast. I took that hair to the works, thoroughly overhauled it, polished and sharpened it, parted it on the right side and replaced it. In less than a week a second hair lay on the shoulder of my coat, making its mute appeal for liberty or the grave. "It is the spring of life," I said, "and your work is still to do." I had it trimmed and relined throughout and fresh buttons put on. But when I sought to replace this one, it would not be replaced. What mistake had I made? Was it not, after all, the spring of life? The mistake was not there. Whether it came of romance or a careless barber, that hair was not mine. It was an import.

But now, every time the wind blows my path is strewn with these sad tokens of a zenith passed. I have tied the little fellows up in bundles of five, and Dorothy, Violet, Joyce and Miss Mallow have each been supplied with a bundle. But the remedy is temporary, and neither Dorothy, Violet, Joyce nor Miss Mallow is open to a second bundle. Reader, have you any cushions that you would have stuffed, for it is the autumn of life?

I cannot prevent this falling-out, can I? But why should I want to prevent it? Do not I spend half-an-hour a day getting hair off my face? Why should I spend another half-an-hour a day getting hair on the top of my head? Why should I have 8,683 (no, that was yesterday; I should say 8,679) stalks sitting idle on the top of my head, while I carry them about all day for nothing? Are they beautiful in shape? Only for their perfect and unbending straightness. Is red tinged with bluey-greyish-brown a tint pleasing to the eye? I do not want the stuff. I will stop no longer right where I am. I will keep moving. Let it all fall out.

No, thank you, gentlemen, I do not want a bottle to-day.

#### II. "DO NOT BE A MISERABLE FAILURE IN LIFE."

It was the winter of life, and all his hair had fallen out. He had tried 999 different kinds of cocoa, and each of them was the best and none of the others was pure. He had stopped right where he was, and his hair had ceased falling



*He (surveying the effect). "WELL, WHAT PEOPLE CAN SEE IN EVENING DRESS BEATS ME!"*

out. There was no more to fall. Neither Dorothy, Violet, Joyce nor Miss Mallow would disgorge their gratuitous bundles. "Shall I be a miserable failure in life?" he said. Then something caught his eye. It was an advertisement.

"Thank you," he said, "for your prompt reply. I will not." And he went on and bought a wig.

#### III. "THE DESIRE TO POSSESS BEAUTY IS KEENEST WHERE REFINEMENT IS STRONGEST."

His fountain pen had filled itself in a flash, and was now sitting on his study desk trying, trying with all its little might to leak. All the fleas and beetles were dead, and the growth of the book-

shelf was visible to the naked eye. The strong healthy baby, determined to have the best, had finished its thirteenth bottle (all of different makes) of the Only Food and was making the day hideous with its shrieks for the other six. Dorothy, Violet, Joyce and Miss Mallow were not to be seen, but there can be little doubt that they were standing before their several mirrors, growing momentarily more beautiful in four different varieties of corsets.

"I wonder how they will like my wig?" he asked himself.

#### IV. "DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF THAT SUPERFLUOUS HAIR?"

Excuse me, Sir, but it is a wig.

## ABSTEMIOUS ARISTOCRATS.

As a certain amount of scepticism has been provoked by the remarkable disclosures made by Miss ELLA HEFORTH DIXON in her article on "The Craze for Frugality" in last Wednesday's *Daily Mail*, Mr. Punch has been at some pains to verify her astonishing statements. He regrets to state that the results of these inquiries confirm her conclusions at almost every point.

To begin with, *The Daily Mail* has taken to using the word "parcimony," spelling it in the manner adopted by *The Times*, and thus inducing its readers to concentrate their attention on the deleterious qualities which it connotes. This in itself is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing.

M. Rideveau, the *chef* of the Hotel Tit-Bitz, interviewed in his sanctum last Friday, corroborated Miss HEFORTH DIXON in almost every particular. According to his statement the number of people who only eat four meals a day is steadily increasing. Last week Baron Brauneberg, who was dining with Sir Isidore Stoschenbüttel, pointedly declined his favourite dish of Devonshire cream, caviare and *pâté de foie gras*. Lord Lushingham has become a teetotaler, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bulger entertained a party to supper, after a recent performance of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, on cracknels and ginger ale.

Messrs. Murdoch and Menzies, the well-known grain merchants, furnished our representative with some truly astonishing figures as to the increase of the barley crop in the last year. The output now amounts to more than a billion bushels, and even so it fails to keep pace with the ever-growing demand for the favourite beverage of the day. Indeed, Mr. Mungo Menzies declared that the amount of barley-water drunk by the members of the House of Lords alone in the summer months would fill the Serpentine and Round Pond combined.

Mr. St. LOE STRACHEY, the author of *The New Way of Life*, proposes to carry out a series of free food tests on an experimental *Spectator* company, with a view to determining what is the irreducible minimum of nutriment on which the doctrine of Free Exchange can be efficiently advocated.

The Editor of the *Tailor's Goose* affirms that the cult of economy has invaded the hitherto sacrosanct domain of high sartorial art. Indeed, he has it on the best authority that a well-known duke was recently seen at Epsom in a suit of ready-made grey flannels, and boasted to his friends that he had purchased them that morning for 27s. 6d. at the emporium of Messrs. Charity Bros., in Cheapside.

The Editor of the *Tittler* publishes an interview this week with Mr. Fulsome Younger, who describes himself as a converted gourmand, and is anxious to form a Dining Club, the members of which must pledge themselves never to spend more than 25s. on their dinner, exclusive of wines.

Mr. MONTAGU WOOD, whose superbly eloquent article in the June *National Review* on "The Disabilities of an Oxford Career" has caused such consternation in Academic circles, attributes the decay of his *Alma Mater* to the fatuous fashion of frugality which threatens to submerge the peerless pearl of cities beneath an avalanche of anæmic abstinence. As he expresses it in his inimitable style, "it is this exorbitant apotheosis of economy, this sinister fetish-worship of semi-starvation that degrades the somnolent sons of Oxford, supinely stagnating beside the argent confluence of Cherwell and Isis, to the abysmal depths of disconsideration and disrepute." Mr. WOOD, however, nobly refuses to despair of his University, and holds that a course of Port and Polysyllables, if vigorously persisted in, will revive the robust traditions of the past and make the exuberant scions of noble houses irresistibly pine to punch all that is most sensitive in the anatomy of bulky and belligerent bargees.

## THE RULING PASSION.

[According to a Hungarian critic, British middle-class women "have a perfect itch for indignation. Unless they feel shocked at least ten times a day they are not happy."]

THERE are who find their solo delight

In taking Mayfair flats;

There are who love to purchase quite

Unnecessary hats;

There are who rank the world a blank

Save church-parade on Sundays,

When they disclose expensive hose

And soul-enthraling undies.

But one there is with little mind

For pleasures such as these;

Joys of a far less costly kind

My virtuous Martha please.

The thrill that springs from hats and things

She values not. What knocks her

Is when she hears with blushing ears

Some tale that fairly shocks her.

At breakfast Martha scans the *Mail*,

Where she is sure to find

Some dreadful, horrifying tale

That sears her model mind.

Aghast she reads the Smart Set's deeds,

Or some enquiring chappie

Asks, "Is it true that women woo?"

And she is shocked and happy.

A deep and gratifying glow

Of virtue comes her way,

If she by any chance should go

To see a modern play;

She gloats with rage to think the stage

Should dare to draw attention

To endless strings of awful things

She'd rather die than mention.

And if the Vicar's wife should call

She serves some tasty scraps—

The curate's sad free-thinking fall,

The verger's latest lapse;

But greater still the scrumptious thrill

That G. B. S. affords them;

When he's discussed a perfect bust

Of righteous wrath rewards them.

## IN CHAMBERS.

### OUT OF CHAMBERS.

It is not to be supposed that even the busiest K.C. has no existence outside court and his chambers. Observe, for instance, a distinguished Silk leaving the Strand and marching westwards as early as four o'clock in the afternoon. Let us follow him and leave chambers for the Dentist's operating-room. Delighted at our own immunity, we observe the Dentist standing ready to ply his forceps with a happy smile and irresponsible chatter. Sitting in the Throne of Pain we see the K.C., stripped of the dignity of his robes and reduced to subjection by one aching tooth. The former is urbane and politely prepared to do his worst; the latter masterful in manner but meek at heart. He for once shall be the victim, shall even be the martyr to a string of questions which he knows he could answer once for all if only his questioner would let him.

Silklike, the K.C. is not going to let the other fellow in before he has had his say. The contest must be an uneven one, but there shall be a contest. Let us sit silent amidst the escape of gas and the whirr of grinding machines, listening to the K.C.'s words and watching with attention the curious ceremony.

"You are a registered dentist?" says the K.C.

"I am, indeed," says the Dentist.

"Then let me explain to you how you stand with regard to the law. Probably the first reference to the art of dentistry in the Statute Book occurs in 32 Henry VIII., chapter 42, section 3, where it is enacted that '... no manner of person within the City of London... using barbery or shaving... shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood or any other thing belonging to surgery, drawing of teeth only except.'"

"The result of that, I take it," says the Dentist, "is this: If I were shaving you, I could pull out your teeth, but could not cut your chin. It would be a most entertaining experiment to pull out a tooth with a razor."





Bore. "———AND I HAVE ALWAYS REGARDED IT AS A SOMEWHAT SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE, THAT WHEREAS MY FATHER WAS BORN IN INDIA, AND MY MOTHER IN BELFAST, I MYSELF WAS BORN IN LONDON."

She (doing her best). "REA—A—A—A—LLY. HOW STRANGE YOU SHOULD ALL HAVE MET."

"Technically, this is not the City of London," says the K.C. hastily, "and you have no jurisdiction. In 1878 was passed the Dentists' Act, 41 & 42 Victoria, chapter 33, the charter of the profession. The following is a summary of its provisions. . . ."

"When a man treats me with such painstaking thoroughness, I feel bound to do the same for him," the Dentist interrupts thoughtfully.

"Thanks," says the K.C. suspiciously; "I will be very brief with you. We will pass on from that and come at once to the most recent proposed legislation, to wit that of Lord HYLTON, in March 1907 (Bill No. 15), ". . . to prohibit Joint Stock Companies from carrying on practice as dentists or dental surgeons, except by means of duly qualified persons." Personally, I could not bear the thought of having a tooth pulled out by a Joint Stock Company, but Lord HYLTON doubtless felt differently. I expect what happened was that there were as many as twenty men at work in his mouth at once, and in the confusion one fellow got at him with a pick who never ought to

have been allowed to leave his coal-mine.

"So much then for the Statutes. Now let us get to the cases. The leading case is that of *The Pharmaceutical Society v. The London & Provincial Supply Association, Limited* (1880, Appeal Cases, 857), but I never can understand from the report which was trying to pull out which's teeth, and why. There is also ample authority for attaching severe liability to the dentist who trespasses off the one particular tooth under his care, and for saying that every dog may have at least one bite. Finally, there is the case of *Lee v. Griffin*, reported in 1 B. & S., of which the facts are as follows:—A. ordered off B. a set of artificial teeth, which were by the contract to be fitted to the mouth, but died before they were so fitted. *Held*, that there was a contract for the sale of goods within the Statute of Frauds, 29 Car. II., chapter 2, section 17."

"I don't see where the fraud comes in," says the Dentist.

"It doesn't. I only quote that case to show that the law has got its eye on dentists. Bearing that in mind and

never forgetting that I have done some very successful prosecuting in my earlier days, you may now begin. As your Lordship pleases: Gentleman of the Forceps, the prisoner in the chair sits charged with a tooth, inflicting grievous bodily harm. It is for you to say whether that tooth be guilty or not guilty."

"It is a thoroughly bad tooth," says the Dentist.

"That I take to be a verdict of 'Guilty.' There have been numerous previous convictions, and light sentences of mere stopping seem to have no effect upon it. The maximum penalty allowed by the law must be applied, and the sentence of the Court is that you remove the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth."

There are, of course, several well-known recipes for "Barberry Preserve." Perhaps the best is that given by the *Bradford Daily Argus*:

"One dozen cambric nightdresses, 1 dozen powdered sugar, heat in pan gently, and boil together for 10 or 15 minutes." Cambric is essential. A cotton night-dress ruins it.



*Vicar's Wife* "THREE! I KNEW IT WOULD BE WET—SIMPLY BECAUSE I ARRANGED TO HAVE MY GARDEN-PARTY TO-DAY"

*Vicar* (embarrassed, but constrained to supply a more satisfactory reason). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU KNOW WE HAD THE PRAYER FOR RAIN ON SUNDAY WEEK"

### ON ROBERT REDUCED.

[“Every observant Londoner must have noticed the haggard appearance of the police”—*The Sketch*.]

A SHADOW on the sunlit kerb  
He scarcely casts to-day;  
The outline of that front superb  
Has warped the other way;  
His bosom by some secret care is can-  
kered,  
You shall not make him from his post  
withdraw  
To moisten with an unofficial tankard  
The dryness of the Law.

In vain o' nights does Susan spread  
Her supper-board for two,  
Aside he turns his casquéd head,  
A Galahad in blue;  
No more susceptible to basement  
beauty,  
Unflinchingly he foots his stony fief;  
Not love can lure him from the paths of  
duty,  
Nor plates of cold roast beef.

What outrage, then, has made so spare,  
What aggravating fret,

One that was never wont to wear  
A concave silhouette?  
Is it that S kes (incorrigible felon)  
Has made his beat with high adven-  
ture hum,  
And house-top Marathons begin to  
tell on  
Our Robert's rounded tum?

Not Man, I think, could disabuse  
His staid content of mind;  
His is the mien of those that lose  
Their faith in Woman-kind.  
How many a peerless maid, the pink of  
manners,  
Who seeks his prowess in some pave-  
ment plight,  
May, meeting him next time, with motley  
banners,  
Call him a brute—and bite!

Still in the hour of stress they come  
And find him, as of yore,  
A half-inspired compendium  
Of topographic lore;  
But lo, he meets their smiles with mute  
avoidance,  
Their fluttered coquetries assuage him  
not;

For him all fairs to-day are Suffrage  
hoydens;  
He hates the whole dam lot.

That is the reason why he sags  
About the central zone;  
Misogynist he treads the flags,  
His heart is turned to stone;  
Ay, even in the once adoring kitchen  
Some blow for Woman's freedom  
might be dealt;  
So, fearing Susan's sauce, he takes a  
hitch in  
His disillusioned belt.

### His Weekly Over.

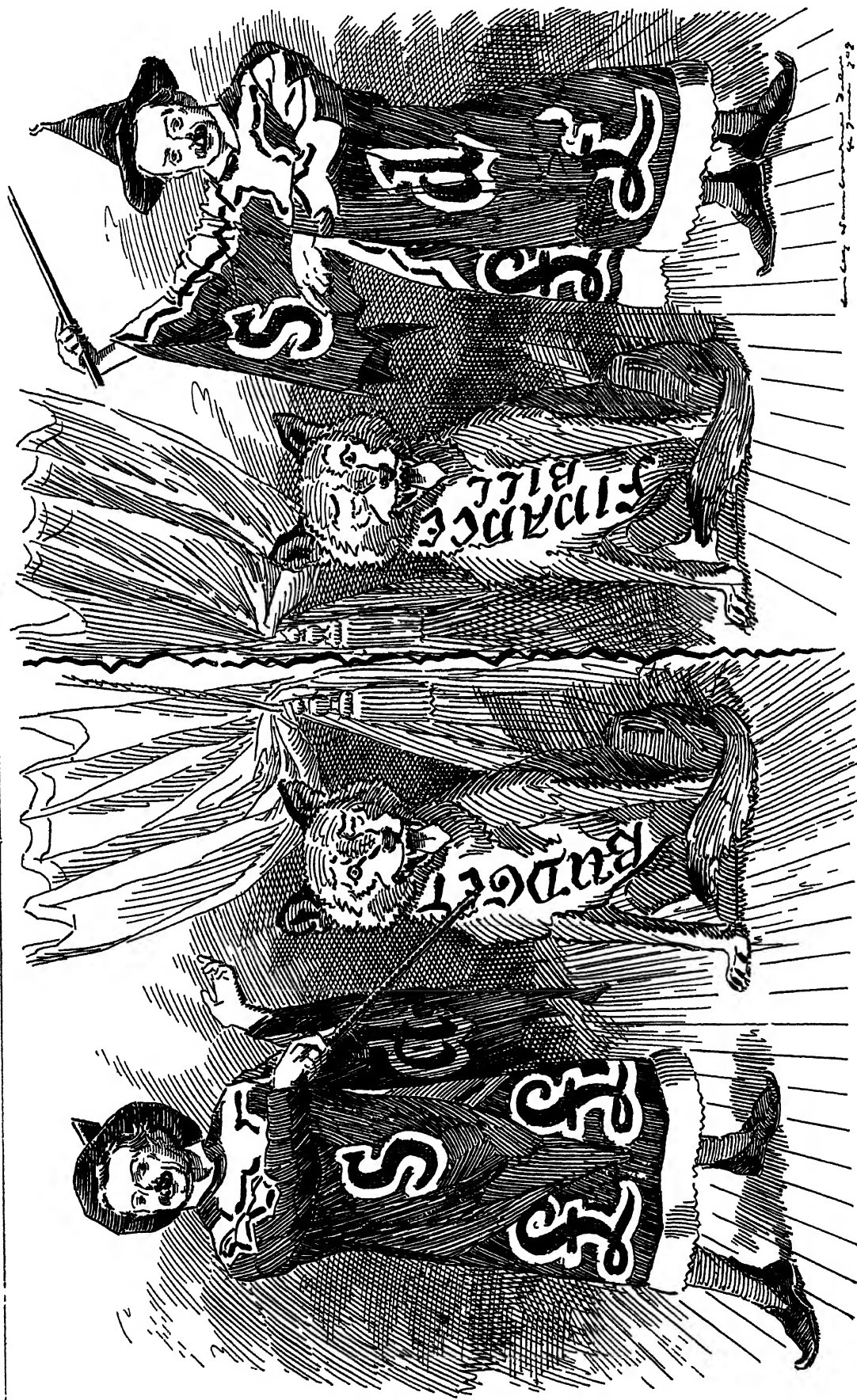
	O	M	R	W
"Crawford . . .	1	0	30	0"

*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*

We hope to note a still greater im-  
provement in our next number.

"To Wine Merchants, Jam Makers, and  
others—A few tons of good Rhubarb for sale,  
cheap"—*Dorking Advertiser*.

But why drag in "Jam Makers and  
others"?



## THE TRANSFORMATION TRICK.

AUDIENCE "BOO!"

LLOYD-GEORGE THE MAGICIAN "WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS RAVENOUS WOLF, I WILL, AT A TOUCH OF MY WAND, CONVERT HIM INTO AN INNOCENT PET LAMB"

LLOYD GEORGE THE MAGICIAN. "THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?"

AUDIENCE "BOO!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Thursday, June 3rd.*—House reassembled after Whitsun holiday of Spartan brevity. Only bench nearly full was that behind front row in Diplomatic Gallery. Even as SPEAKER took the Chair a thin black line glided in by doorway and filed along the bench. Every man carried in his hand a copy of Orders of the Day. First business, private Bills. Some permitted to pass proposed stage. For others there rose the sharp cry, "I object!"

No appeal against this. No need to formulate objection or support it by argument. The most inconsiderable Member is master of situation. At his nod a Bill, possibly involving costs of hundreds of thousands of pounds in business affairs of a populous community or a big commercial concern, is blocked.

Mysterious strangers in Diplomatic Gallery follow proceedings with almost anguished interest. A sigh of relief when stage of particular Bill is passed is echoed by low groan of despair when another is postponed.

Private Bills disposed of, Questions called on. The strangers glance with sharp interest at corner seat above Gangway where MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY is accustomed to sit. Who knows but what he might ask why they came there? Reply made, he would certainly put supplementary question.

"Arising out of that answer, when are they going?"

The thin black line wavered. One nearest the door furtively rose and moved towards it. Others, still keeping an eye on ASHLEY'S vacant seat—he might



PROFESSOR HOBHOUSE'S 'ASSES FOR PARLIAMENTARY UPTURNMENT.

*(Country manners cured gratis)*  
The Professor. "My dear Hood! when shall I teach you that this rampant attitude of yours is absolutely fatal? Manners, my dear Hood, manners!"

["Sir Alex Acland Hood said he was much obliged to the hon gentleman for his lecture on Parliamentary manners (*Opposition laughter*). He could assure the hon gentleman that, coming from such an authority, it carried great weight."]

be somewhere in hiding—followed. One by one, folding their copy of the Orders (so unlike the Arab), they as silently stole away.

"Who are they?" I asked the MEMBER FOR SARK, with air of indifference designed to hide uneasiness created by uncanny spectacle.

"Oh," said he, "don't you know? They are the Parliamentary Agents for Private Bills in attendance upon their bantlings."

When they departed appearance of Chamber grew increasingly desolate. Not a soul on Front Opposition Bench. Behind it a wilderness in which bloomed that solitary rose, PECKHAM BANBURY. Three Ministers on Treasury Bench drawn by magnet of Questions. Above and below Gangway not a score of Members. JACK PRASE rubbed his hands with satisfaction. This is the sort of thing a Whip likes to see on

day when Service Estimates are put down for Committee. As a rule progress is commensurate with absence of Members. The fewer talkers, the more votes.

State of paralysis indicated by Question paper. Fourteen printed. Of these only half-a-dozen put. The rest, addressed either to FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY or CHANCELLOR or EXCHEQUER, postponed, since there was no one to reply. ADMIRAL MCKENNA is on the seas, looking after the security of ports on the South Coast especially open to invasion. LLOYD-GEORGE is still in the home of his fathers, re-visiting Llanystumdwy, regarding with dimmed eyes the smithy, his first Parliament, where none moved the Closure when they "discussed and decided abstruse questions belonging to this world and the next, in politics, in theology, in philosophy and science."

Thus it came to pass that by three o'clock, full forty minutes earlier than usual, Questions were disposed of. Beyond the momentary pleasure of this deliverance lies the significant, illuminating fact that no one is a penny the worse by reason of the unparalleled



"BUDGET BILL" AS SEEN BY SOME PEOPLE, OR AS THEY WOULD WISH TO SEE HIM.

speed. Day by day through Session average of a hundred questions are addressed to Ministers. Safe to assert that not more than fourteen are of practical service to the State.

SPEAKER vanished; CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS took his seat at the Table; PECKHAM still dwelt amid loneliness of benches above Gangway. This would never do. Every prospect of Ministers romping through votes in Supply. Might clear the whole paper with none to say them Nay.

PECKHAM a man of rare resource. Less than a score of Members present. If he could rush a count-out, the country would at least temporarily be saved from onslaught of a rapacious Government. SNOWDEN on his legs melting in sympathy with wrongs of certain pension officers. Uprose PECKHAM.

"Mr. EMMOTT," he said, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present."

SNOWDEN plumped down as if sudden thaw had set in. Through distant rooms and corridors the bells changed signal for a count. Slowly Members trooped in. Would they make up forty before the sand sped through the glass? PECKHAM relieved himself of personal anxiety on the subject by instant flight. As soon as he moved the count he bolted behind the SPEAKER'S Chair. If peradventure the muster counted up to thirty-nine it was not for him to make up the forty.

The stream passing into the House from Lobby, at first a mere dribble, grew in volume. Evidently the Whips had not been caught napping. Before the last grain of sand had fallen CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS was on his feet counting. Some would have begun at the beginning, wearily winning their way up from the unit to the two-score. Not so Mr. EMMOTT.

"Thirty-eight — thirty-nine — forty," he said in a breath.

The head of SNOWDEN uprose again, cleared of the cloud PECKHAM had wantonly but ineffectually wrapt it in, and debate went drearily on.

*Business done.*—Vote of three-quarters of a million for Inland Revenue Department agreed to in time for adjournment at 7.20.

"The Oxford University Press are preparing a new library edition of Shelley's works to be printed in Fell type, 'The Faery Queen' being edited by Mr. J. C. Smith and the remainder by Dr. de Selincourt."—*Saturday Review*.

Also ran: "In Memoriam" and "The Canterbury Tales."

### A DIGRESSION.

I was tired of pedestrianism and being poor, so I waved imperiously to the passing taxicab. "I will now," I said to myself, "be rich. To be properly rich I must be in a motor."

The taxicab saw me and returned my greeting. More than that, it stopped in its wild career and returned to speak to me. To have dislocated all the traffic at Charing Cross for the best part of a minute, that is the beginning of riches.



MR. HALDANE (AS MR. PÉLISSIER OF "THE FOLLIES.")

"And there came  
But-ter-flies!—all foreign!"

"Regent's Park Corner," I said to the chauffeur.

"What about it?" he asked.

"I had some idea," I replied suavely, "that you and I might go there together. You shall sit in your little armchair and turn your wheel as you will, while I recline gracefully inside upon the larger seat and dispose my feet carelessly upon the smaller one. *En route* we will observe the life of the great metropolis, and mark the ambition, misery and vice stamped upon the faces of its inhabitants. Perhaps we may even enter upon some interesting discussion with a motor-bus driver on the way. Once

arrived at Regent's Park, we might play some homely game or bask idly in the rain, while I read the longer of my poems to you."

"I don't follow you," said the man, hauling down his flag.

"Then I will follow you," I said, preparing to enter the cab.

"But tell me," said he, "of what you stand in need. I should like to help you if I can."

"I want to go to Regent's Park Corner," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have a multitude of reasons, some abstract, one concrete. Regent's is, I consider, a very pleasant Park, and I am told that some one expects us to luncheon in that neighbourhood."

"Us?" he cried, incredulous.

"No one ever expected me. I am the Great Unexpected. Who would ever have thought that I should be earning one pound to thirty shillings a day, apart from perks?"

"Pardon," I interrupted; "your clock already points to 8d., and I have only one shilling and sixpence in the whole world. I am not sure whether I have even that with me at the moment. Never mind; let that pass, for I have a bright idea. Let us go to Regent's Park Corner."

"Yes," said the policeman on the pavement, interested in spite of himself, "why don't you?"

"Because," said the chauffeur, idly fingering his lever, "Regent's Park has not got a corner."

"No matter," said I, "I do not insist upon the Regent's, though I must have a Park and a corner. In fact, when I said Regent's Park Corner, I meant Hyde . . ."

"Ah!" said the chauffeur, moving off in another circle, "you should always say what you mean."

To have held up the traffic at Charing Cross twice in the same hour, that is plutocracy.

A little girl having written to *Hearth and Home* about her holiday, the Editress of the "Children's Circle" replies in the paper as follows:

"Write and tell us more about Crieff. Is it a fishing place? I am sure the Circle would like you to describe it. I love the sea, I think, more than anything in nature."

Certainly the Editress should be told "more about Crieff."

"Holbein saved by a Lady."

"Daily Mail" Contents Bill.

The rescuer's name is easy to guess. She must be HOLBEIN's cross-Channel rival, Miss KELLERMAN.



Fisherman "I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU SE" THE PAPETS MUCK UP HERE, BUT YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD ABOUT THE KING WINNING THE DERBY?"  
 Boatman "OO AY, I HEARD TELL O' THAT HE MAUN BE A GUID RIDER, HIM!"

### A SHOW OF HANDS.

So far as the remote past is concerned, my memory is excellent. I should like to take a piece off behind, so to speak, and patch it up in front, where the machinery for registering future events is weak. It has a stupid habit of recalling things just after the time for action is passed.

Thus it allowed me to get four-fifths of the way to Hampstead before reminding me to bring a pair of gloves for the dance. The local shops were, I knew, all closed; and if I returned home I should be late, and Her programme would be filled up.

Then I remembered with a sudden exaltation of mood that my host was learning wood-carving, and always kept his old gloves for finger-stalls.

I found him in the hall, but he could not help me. All his old gloves, together with his favourite coats and his dear old shooting boots, had been spirited away to a jumble sale.

"Come without any gloves?" asked Greene.

"I don't like Greene, but there was a ray of hope in his query. "Yes," I replied eagerly.

"Pity," said Greene.

"What can I do?" I demanded fiercely.

Greene pondered. His face brightened suddenly. So did mine. "There's some tennis-court whitening in the shed," he said, "and if you only dance with girls in white dresses it won't matter if it does come off a bit."

Then I caught sight of Her in pale blue.

She was quite nice about the gloves, and said that she had kept six dances for me, but that she really couldn't sit them out. The floor was too lovely, and the band a simple dream.

I retired to a lonely corner for thought. Even the solace of a cigarette was denied me. She objected strongly to men smoking at dances. As I might have the pleasure of driving home with her afterwards, I dared not disobey.

My host unearthed me before the third dance was over. "Just the very man I want," he cried heartily, and dragged me off resisting. . . .

She wasn't exactly a wall-flower. She belonged rather to some species of Virginia-creeper—doomed to be everlastingly fixed to the wall. I began to scribble imaginary engagements all over my programme at frantic speed.

"This poor fellow has come without

any gloves," said my host. "His programme is empty, and it would be an act of real charity to sit out with him."

She led me, helpless, to a secluded nook and at once started out to bore me. My thoughts were elsewhere, and my answers were vague and irrelevant. After three-quarters of an hour her voice took on a chilling tone. I pulled myself together and made a desperate effort to be polite.

"I wonder if you are any relation to General Scroggins?" I asked.

"My name is *Groggins*," she replied.

"Come and have a drink," I said hastily. It didn't sound right, somehow, though the intention was good. "I mean, can't I get you some claret-cup or something?"

"No, thank you."

"Or some lemonade or anything of that sort?"

"No, thank you."

"But I insist—you haven't had anything to drink for over an hour."

"No, thank you."

"But I really must insist," I said, edging backwards till I reached the stairs. Then I turned and fled back to my previous hiding-place.

An hour later I was discovered by my hostess. "Poor man," she said, "all

alone? But you won't want gloves for supper. Come with me. I've got some-one for you to take down."

My heart rose again. Perhaps She was still free for supper.

"Thanks so much," I replied. "I've just been bored to death by my one and only partner." (This, of course, was not a tactful thing to say to a hostess.)

She stopped suddenly and spoke to someone round the corner.

"I'm so glad you're still here. I want you to cheer up a poor man who has been bored to death by his one and only partner."

She turned to me and stepped aside. "Let me introduce you to Miss Groggins."

Appetite and indignation battled fiercely for the mastery, and appetite won. We sat at a table from which I had an uninterrupted view of Her. Also an equally good view of Greene.

I became reckless. I talked merrily and unceasingly. My partner thawed once when I spoke of BROWNING, and froze again with a snap when I compared his *Hunting of the Snark* to BYRON'S *Ancient Mariner*.

I spent the rest of the night in strict seclusion, except on one occasion when my host's sister-in-law dragged me out and introduced me to Miss Groggins.

At last the strains of the National Anthem reached my eager ear. I waited by the hall door till She came down. Greene also waited.

She looked at us in laughing despair. "There isn't room for you both!" she said.

"It is my turn," I pleaded humbly.

She regarded us judicially for some seconds. "Well, I can't decide without being very rude to one of you—so I will refer it to a higher court. My aunt hasn't met either of you, and she shall have the casting vote."

Oh, yes, the aunt was Miss Groggins right enough—and Greene secured the seat by an overwhelming majority of two to one.

I decided to walk home. The grey hopeless dawn suited my mood. I wanted a smoke, too, desperately. I felt in my pockets. I repeated the process. I had forgotten to bring my cigarette case! I felt despairingly in the tail pocket of my dress coat. I never use this pocket—but perhaps, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I had put it there! I didn't find it. All I found was a pair of unsoiled evening gloves which I had worn the night before!

#### Common Objects of the Countryside.

From a Parish Magazine:

"We have unfortunately not as yet been able to obtain a Curate, though having taken every possible step to secure that object."

## AT THE PLAY.

### "A MERRY DEVIL."

FOR his sixteenth-century "Florentine Farce," Mr. FAGAN seems to have drawn ungrudgingly upon SHAKESPEARE'S creations. Its full name should be "Much Ado about the Taming of the Merry Wife of Florence." The fun begins boisterously with the entrance of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, disguised as a local *Falstaff*. He is a swashbuckling suitor of *Madonna GERALDA*, the "Merry Devil" (Miss WINIFRED EMERY), and a plot is soon afoot to serve him with figs and an iced drink which shall cause him an excruciating



HENCE! LOATHED COLIC.

Captain Bambazone - - Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.

colic and lead him to imagine that he has been poisoned. A second plot is then devised against another suitor, *Sir Phillip Lilley*, an Englishman, who takes all things, including his love, very seriously, and has not been long enough in Florence to assimilate its prevailing indifference to the practice of poisoning. He has denounced as heartless the ridicule of *Captain Bambazone's* stomach-ache, and he must be taught better manners and an easier morality. My lady is to work upon his passion and persuade him, against his principles, to take a hand in the secret burial of the poisoned Captain's corpse, actually a dead hog dressed up for the part. The vast amusement enjoyed by the designer of these plots—each of them rather homely in conception—was not dangerously infectious beyond the footlights, and there was more attraction for the audience in what one

must call the serious relief. Indeed, the real interest began just before the curtain of the Second Act, when the Englishman, angered to find that his loyalty had been played with, gives his spoiled lady a sound whipping (off). After this the farcical element becomes secondary, and we have to do with high sentiment and the clash of strong natures. The last Act contains a very pretty passage between *Madonna GERALDA* and her young singing page, *Cherubino* (Master HAROLD EVERETT), whose sympathy for his mistress's trouble leads him to confess his love for her. The brave earnestness of the boy, and the smiling graciousness of the lady, careful not to hurt his pride, gave to this little interlude a particular charm.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY in the combined parts of *Portia*, *Beatrice*, *Katharine the Shrew*, and *Mistress Page* showed an extraordinary versatility; and Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as the Florentine *Falstaff* was always pleasantly rotund in his buffoonery. Minor parts were picturesquely played by Miss JESSIE BATEMAN (whose return is most welcome) and Mr. HOLMES-GORE.

The dresses and the beautiful scenery were no doubt admirably Florentine and of the period. The practical jokes, too, may be said to have easily escaped the snares of modernity; indeed, their almost cosmic freedom from subtlety might have commended them to Primeval Man. But nothing will persuade me that Miss WINIFRED EMERY'S *Madonna GERALDA* was other than a spoiled, high-spirited and rather disagreeable Englishwoman of no particular era, or that Mr. AUREY SMITH'S *Sir Phillip Lilley* was anything but the soundest product of the twentieth century.

Mr. FAGAN'S serio-comic extravaganza in the archaistic vein is at least an experiment that should be encouraged. But I am afraid that his friend SHAKESPEARE must, with all his anachronisms, still have the advantage of him in being a matter of some three centuries nearer to his mediaeval themes. O. S.

## BIBLIOPHOBIA.

"My scheme," he said, "is quite simple. It is based on common sense. Briefly, it is a system for liberating people from books."

"Liberating them?"

"Yes. That is what people want. They pretend to want the company of books, but what they really want is freedom from books. That is what I will give them. You have, of course, heard of Stewdie's and the Jupiter Library, and Hawthorn and Out, and all the rest of them?"

"Of course."

"You perhaps belong yourself?"





*Ethel (just returned from the Kindergarten Prize-giving). "MUMMIE, IT WAS A SHAME! THEY GAVE A PRIZE FOR SOMETHING WE'VE NEVER BEEN TAUGHT!"*

*Mother "WHAT WAS THAT, DARLING?"*

*Ethel. "'GENERAL PROGRESS' THEY CALLED IT."*

"Yes, to the Jupiter."

"And how many books do you read a year?"

"I— Oh, I'm not a good case. I'm a very busy man."

"How many books?"

"We get four or five a week, I think."

"Yes, but how many do you yourself read?"

"Well, now I come to think of it, I don't read any."

"No, of course you don't. And who does read them?"

"Well, I suppose my wife does."

"No, she doesn't; she looks at one or two, and then does something else."

"I daresay you're right. We play billiards every evening, and we're always busy till then."

"Ah! just what I thought. You are typical. You don't want books. And how much less does a man who writes books want with a library subscription! Think of that. Very well, then, here comes in my scheme. My scheme is to relieve people of books. My collecting vans don't bring books; they take them away. You can subscribe for as many or as few volumes as you like. For half-a-guinea a year I will take away

one of your books twice a week. For a guinea I will take one away every morning. For two guineas I will take three away. And so on. It's perfectly simple. When all the books you don't want have gone you close the subscription. Everyone has too many books, and no one any longer reads anything but the papers."

"Yes," I said, "it's ingenious, and I daresay there's something in it. But why not strike earlier? Why not use your machinery to prevent publication at all?"

"Oh, no," he said, "that wouldn't do. People like to belong to things; they like to subscribe. The van calling would be a source of both pleasure and pride to them."

"And what will you do with the books you collect?"

"Those? Oh, I shall sell them cheap to the others."

"What others?"

"The real readers."

"That lonely outpost of Scotland, St. Kilda, will be visited next week by the Hebrides."—*Daily Record.*

These friendly calls do much to keep the Empire together.

### THE COW-CURE.

[A leading surgeon has informed *The Daily Mirror* that when a man's "bad day" recurs—which, it appears, is once every three or four weeks—he should go into the country by himself, and, if it is summer, lie in a field, and meditate on nothing but cows.]

WHEN Chancellors would supertax your brain

With Budget worries, take a local train  
To some bucolic spot, unknit your brows,  
And simply think of cows!

When ghostly scare-ships, scudding  
through the night,  
Have sent you up to bed half dead with  
fright,

Arise next morn and in a meadow browse  
And ruminate on cows.

So, when the scribbler's day of gloom  
comes round

And ne'er a blessed topic can be found,  
He'll write, as I do now until I drowse,  
On cows and cows and cows!

### From a Publisher's Advertisement.

"A very humorous book, compared with 'The Dolly Dialogues.'"

In case this is misunderstood, we offer Mr. ANTHONY HOPE our sympathy.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CHARLES GARVICE'S novels seem to belong to the kind which I call massics, to distinguish them from classics. I learn from publishers' notices at the end of *Queen Kate* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that he is "an author who enjoys a prodigious vogue on the other side of the Atlantic," and I accept that statement with respect, though throughout the story I have tried hard to find out why he enjoys it. Or rather, not why he enjoys it, for that is reasonable, but why he has it. Prodigious vogues are sometimes very difficult to account for. In *Queen Kate* there is a gambling baronet, an Italian villain, a dashing spendthrift young guardsman who succeeds to a dukedom, and a Russian prince, fabulously rich and unscrupulous, who will give up all for the hand of the divine opera singer who has taken Europe by storm, and is really the heroine in disguise. Also there are plenty of titled people, including Lord Umberleigh, who is a wonderful hand at a climb on the "Mer de Glacé" (sic), and—I believe—a bishop. Yes, I feel sure I remember a bishop. And a forged will. Now in England all these things are good selling lines, but somehow I don't seem to see them getting a "prodigious vogue." Mind you, I've only read this one book by Mr. GARVICE, and perhaps the others had some other strong point, such as stolen jewels or something, which this lacks. Anyhow, I am greatly excited to see how it takes.

When, on a spring morning in Paris, *Ste. Marie* and *Richard Hartley* set forth on *The Quest* (WARD, LOCK) to discover the vanished brother of the young woman with whom they both suppose themselves to be in love, the reader who has any previous acquaintance with the work of Mr. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN will already congratulate himself. Nor does what follows belie the promise of so good an opening. The scene is furnished with just sufficient local colour (in the way of restaurants especially) to recall delightful memories. Further than this, there is a wicked uncle "with a laugh like the meowing of a cat"; an excellent mystery; a fight or two; and finally a dilapidated old house in the suburbs, in the garden of which (how Mr. FORMAN does love a horticultural setting!) the hero is kept a wounded but enamoured prisoner for weeks on end. It is all quite gloriously impossible, but the best fun in the world to read about. I wish Mr. FORMAN had not chosen to call his most frequently mentioned character *Ste. Marie*, a name which is irritating to the insular eye; but, this small personal objection overcome, the story is one for which I have nothing but a rather breathless admiration.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS has decided not to repeat the mistake of giving us more than we deserve for our money (6s.), as he did in *A Spirit in Prison*. His new novel, *Barbary Sheep*, is just a shilling shocker, for which Messrs. MUTHUEN charge 3s. 6d. It tells how a baronet's wife has a vulgar flirtation, if nothing worse, with an Arab Spahi at El-Akbara, the Gate of the Desert. Mr. HICHENS is back in those favourite haunts of which he understands so well how to reproduce the atmosphere. To *Lady Wyverne*, however, they are novel, and the atmosphere gets into her frivolous head and makes her do the most improbable things. A local madman, armed with a murderous knife, is arbitrarily dragged in to save the situation, and a veil, equally arbitrary, is drawn over the strained relations which are bound to follow between the lady and her stolid British husband. Apart from the setting, it is just an ordinary magazine story, in which Mr. HICHENS seems to have taken advantage of his reputation to impose upon us something that is not quite worthy of his clever pen.



"THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH."

"THE CONSPIRATORS ARE AT HAND" QUICK! QUICK! MY LORD. THE SECRET STAIRCASE"

*Eugénie Wintour's* trouble in *Arrows from the Dark* (MILLS AND BOON) arose from a combination of bad judgment and bad luck. Granted that she could not prevent her infatuation for *Herr Stelmann*, the famous pianist, I think that she was imprudent to write so freely to him; nevertheless it was hard (and extremely inconvenient) that the famous one should die suddenly, and leave so many effusive letters in the hands of his infamous and blackmailing wife. The blow to *Eugénie's* pocket was severe, but it was the buffet to her pride

which convinced her that she must be *Tom Trevor's* friend instead of his wife. However, he disagreed with her on this point, and so she ultimately carried off the Great Tom Stakes, beating the more attractive *Marjorie Willett*, who was my fancy. Miss SOPHIE COLE's book will appeal chiefly to fluffy people, but if it restrains anyone from writing indiscreetly to married celebrities it will have justified itself.

In reading Mr. REGINALD TURNER's book, *Samson Unshorn* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), I was reminded irresistibly of the *Duke of Plaza Toro*, who led his regiment from behind. The story tells of one of the kings of the popular press—the Napoleon of Journalism, as the subalterns of their reporting army might call them. He is so terribly swift in his achievements that panting Time toils after him in vain, and Mr. TURNER comes in a poor third, some way behind Time. *Maxwell*, the Napoleon, does something, starts a new paper, perhaps, or proposes, or breaks it off, and while Mr. TURNER is explaining at length how he felt while he was doing it he is off after fresh laurels—becoming conscription, or refusing a peerage, or what not. All this would be more entertaining if one could only be there while he is at it; but one must of necessity stay with the author.

## CHARIVARIA.

It is now rumoured that there is more than meets the eye in the forthcoming naval display in the Thames, when there is to be a line of war vessels stretching from the Nore to the Houses of Parliament. The actual object of this show of force is, it is said, to intimidate the Suffragettes, who have been threatening a renewed attack on the House of Commons from the river.

Our new cruiser, *H.M.S. Defence*, ran ashore the other day, and was none the worse for a short stay there. It is satisfactory to know that she is not merely seaworthy.

When Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE visited Cardiff he spent some time at the Pageant House inspecting the costumes, "in which," *The Daily Chronicle* informs us, "he displayed all the intelligent interest of a PAQUIN or a WORTH." Note how considerate the Radical Press is to Mr. ASQUITH's colleague. There is no mention of a POIRET.

Meanwhile Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's influence in Wales, at any rate, seems to increase rather than to diminish. No sooner, we read, was Cyfarthfa Castle thrown open to the public, the other day, than plants and shrubs were uprooted, brass taps wrenched off, the rooms ransacked, and even lead removed from the roof. Taffy takes kindly to the hen-roost notion.

It speaks well for the careful arrangements at the Horse Show that, although there were 1,500 baby ramblers there, not one of them was injured.

At a rummage sale in connection with a Yarmouth Church Mission the silk hat of one of the workers was inadvertently sold for a penny. The owner's annoyance may be imagined, for the article, we understand, was worth more than double what was given for it.

Our attention has been drawn to the advertisement of a Temperance Hotel at Shrewsbury, which states boldly:—

"PORTER KEPT ON THE PREMISES."

After this, it seems perhaps unkind to mention that the House in question is called "The Welcome Temperance Hotel."

Contrary to announcements the Church Pageant opened with a realistic representation of the Flood.

Our modern theatres carry realism to wonderful lengths. For instance, Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH has informed an inter-



Alan (in clear and bell-like tones, five minutes after the curtain has gone up on the first scene of "The Merchant of Venice"). "MOTHER, WHICH IS SHAKESPEARE?"

viewer that in the supper scene in *The Woman in the Case* the beverage she drinks is not really champagne, although it appears to be such.

In his speech at the Press Conference Lord MORLEY stated that many persons were committing themselves to literature as a profession with no more justification than his friend Mr. BURRELL would have if he took to the painting of pictures. Nothing, however, was said about Mr. BURRELL's politics.

Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL considers that lessons in the spending of money should be given to women. But surely this is one of the things that comes naturally to them?

## Poor Mr. Crawford Again.

	O.	M.	E.	W.
"J. N. Crawford ....	0.2	1	0	0."

—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

This is an example of what perseverance can do. Indeed, it has led to an even greater success. In *The Evening News* we read:—

"Crawford's dismissal of Benham afforded a fine example of what is known as poetic justice. It happened thus: Benham in playing forward did not meet the ball properly, and it sped a few inches above the ground to Marshal, who could not quite hold it with one hand. With the very ball, however, the Surrey captain clean bowled Benham."

This, at least, shows that Mr. CRAWFORD does not call for a new ball every time he has a catch missed off his bowling.

### "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

[Being the reflections of a pessimist on the unanimity shown by our leading statesmen in speeches delivered on the subject of National Defence before the Imperial Press Conference.]

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
Like some of the simple great ones gone  
For ever and ever by,  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
Who can rule . . ." *Tennyson.*

Yes, we "endorse" each other right enough;  
"Hear, hear!" we cry, "'twas excellently said;"  
Our hearts, no doubt, are of the proper stuff,  
And here and there a head—

But, when we look to feel the guiding hand  
Laid to the promised task betimes and now,  
Like patient oxen in the tilths we stand,  
With none to steer the plough.

Oh, you have heard us, you from oversea,  
Have heard our statesmen, every brand and hue,  
Talk with a wondrous unanimity  
Of what we ought to do;

But think you we shall do it? Ah, good Sirs,  
The thought is prompted by a guestly tact,  
Or you are misinformed of what occurs  
In the domain of fact.

Not that we shirk the sacrifice to pay;  
Nor that our ancient pride of race is lost;  
But that our chosen leaders make delay,  
Stopping to count the cost.

A decade since, in that disastrous year  
We put our finger on the cankered spot,  
Saying, "We'll have the surgeon's lancet here!"  
And left it—clean forgot.

That is our way, down which we ever drift;  
Hopeful that with the Hour will come the Man,  
We wait the call to action, stern and swift,  
To clinch the pondered plan;

And still we need a ruler who can rule,  
An arm to smite the iron while it glows,  
And we are left to let our fervour cool,  
And the good moment goes.

Honest we grant them: we're an honest breed;  
But where's the courage bold to say, "You must!"  
There lies your duty; follow where I lead;  
Else I resign my trust!"

O you who never in your younger lands  
Have "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"  
But, when your heart's work lies before your hands,  
Take it and make it good;

Go back and shame us into living deeds,  
For here at home, in speeches deftly spun,  
We talk and talk and talk of England's needs,  
And nothing's ever done!

Poor "weary Titan" (that's the term they use)—  
Weary I can't think why, unless for lack  
Of exercise to keep her splendid thighs  
From growing soft and slack—

'Tis to her sons our candour makes appeal  
(Trusting the family to bear the truth)  
That you should give her tonics stiff with steel,  
And so renew her youth;

Yet not assume the cynic's captious mood,  
For such irreverence would become you ill,  
Since, at her worst and weariest, you're her brood,  
And she's a Titan still. *O. S.*

### IN THE GRIP OF AN ARTIST.

SCENE—*The interior of an "artistic hairdressing establishment for ladies" in a not unfashionable quarter of London. All the compartments, except one, are occupied by victims in various stages of torture. There is a buzz of conversation, mostly carried on by the executioners. A lady advances timidly towards the empty compartment. She is pounced upon by the artist (a French gentleman), to whom it belongs, takes her seat in the chair, and is swathed for the operation.*

*The Artist.* Now, Madame, vat is it you desire?

*The Lady.* Well, I thought I should like to have my hair done. You see—

*The Artist (undoing her hair).* Oh, yes, I see. I am not blind in bese eyes. You are from ze contry. It is difficult to attend to ze hair in ze contry. I am to give an artistic effect, hein?

*The Lady.* Something of that kind. I thought you might do it in puffs.

*The Artist (angrily).* In poffs! I am to do ze hair in poffs! It is not a word I understand. You mean I am to do it in r-r-rolls?

*The Lady.* Well, yes, if you like rolls better I'll have it in rolls.

*The Artist.* It is not vat I like better. The question I most pose to myself is zis: Vill Madame's hair go into r-r-rolls, and in addition, Can I make an effect vis r-r-rolls?

*The Lady (meekly).* Exactly. I should be much obliged if you'd try.

*The Artist.* And I am expect to make r-r-rolls viz zis (*holding out streamers of hair contemptuously*). Ven ze hair is six inch long I can make r-r-rolls, or if Madame please I call zem poffs—but zis hair is a yard. I cannot respect myself if I make him into poffs. Ze head will look like a pompkin.

*The Lady (with resignation).* Why not wave it a little just to start with?

*The Artist.* Aha, zey all say vafe me ze hair. Zat is easy ven you haf fine, soft hair; but yours, Madame, it is too strong. Soch hair I cannot vafe to do me credit; bot I vill try. (*He tries for a minute or two. Then he stands off a yard or so to contemplate the result.*) *Mon Dieu*, vat vill you? I have done him *tant bien que mal*, but I cannot make him beautiful.

(*A Female Attendant approaches.*)

*The F. A.* Mr. Rigault, there's a lady asking for you.

*The Artist.* She ask for me? Vell, she cannot get me. Say to her I am occupied.

*The F. A.* But she says she won't have anyone else.

*The Artist.* Ah, it is always so. Zey vant me, but I do not vant zem. But, *mon Dieu*, do you not see I have a hand-ful here (*pointing to his victim*)?

*The F. A.* But can't you say when you'll be done? She says she'll wait.

*The Artist.* She vill wait! Zen she moust wait one hour, two hour, zree hour. I cannot leaf zis lady till I finish.

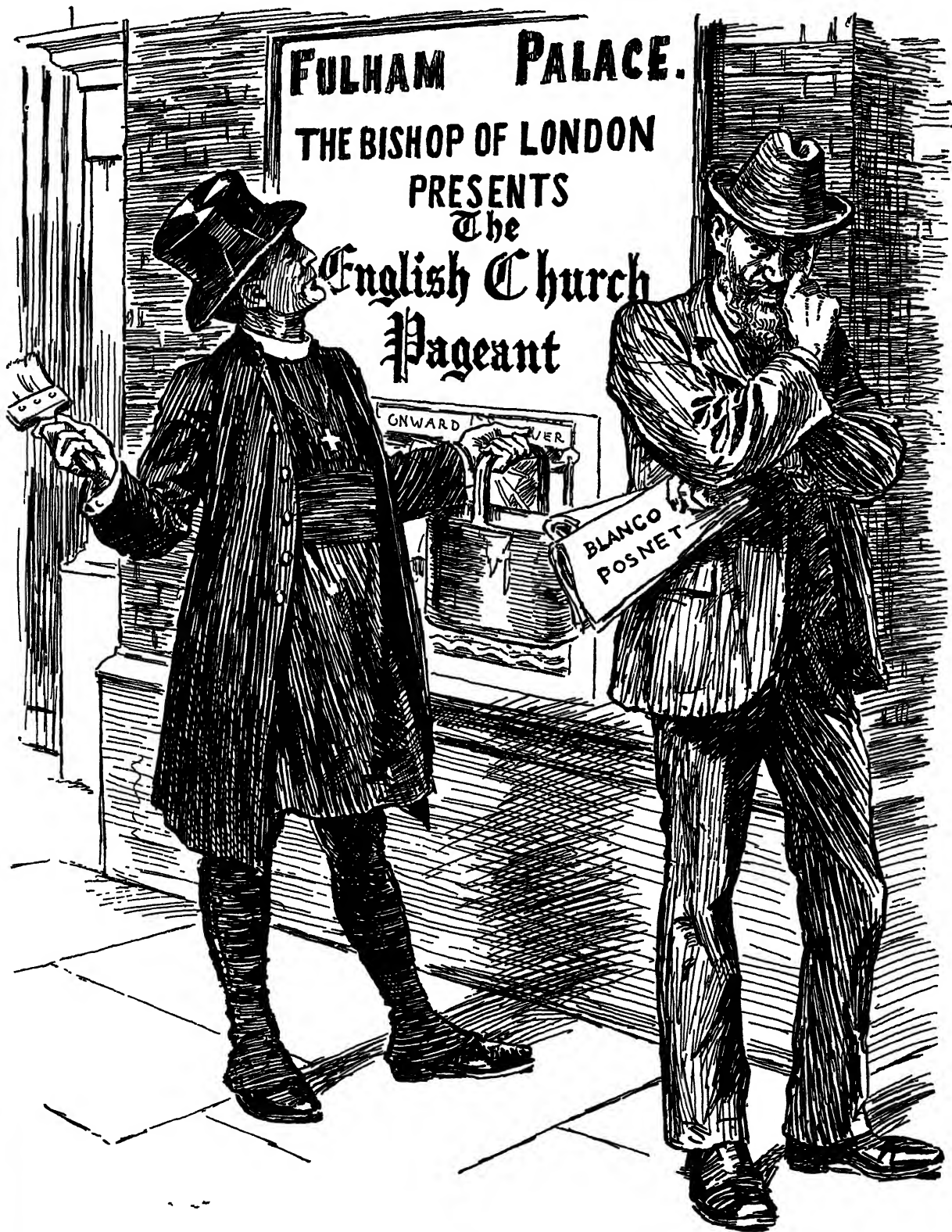
*The F. A.* But—

*The Artist.* I have said. And if she vos ze Queen of Lahore I cannot alter it. Do not talk to me any more. (*He resumes the Lady's hair.*) Zere, Madame, I have vafed you; but for ze r-r-rolls it is impossible.

*The Lady.* Well, what can you do with it?

*The Artist (after a pause for reflection, partly to himself),*





### CHURCH AND STAGE.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. "SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK. I CAN'T GET MY RELIGIOUS PLAY PAST THE CENSOR."





### SHARP PRACTICE AT A BAZAAR.

*Lady Grace.* "COME ALONG, HE WON'T BUY ANY."

*Lady Beatrice.* "HE'LL HAVE TO AS SOON AS HE MOVES. HE'S BOUND TO BREAK THEM!"

Al, *coquin*, *je te tiens!* Pardon, Madame, I have found ze vay. I twist him in a big coil—so (*he twists it*), and zen I haf some little ends and I curl zem—so (*he attempts to curl them round his fingers*). Bot, tunder of heaven, it vill not go. It is like nails to curl. No, I cannot. I am at end of my resources.

*The Lady.* Never mind. Do what you like with it.

*The Artist.* Aha, zis is it. I vind zem round one ze ozzzer (*he does so*). Now I put ze net on. (*He pats and smooths it all admiringly*). Not bad, not bad, my fine fellow. Zere, Madame; I make you my compliments. You vill say it is a good effect. Of course I could not fail, but it vos a big affair. No matter. I have pulled myself out of it better zan I expect.

(*Scene closes.*)

### THE PAGAN SPLURGE.

THE spirit of the new Hellenic revival, which in this country has been chiefly confined to Marathon races and music-halls, has, as might have been expected, begun to spread like wild-fire in the more imaginative atmosphere of the U.S.A. A young Sicilian shepherd and piper was lately, so we read, imported for the purposes of a "Greek pageant and Bacchanalia" organised by the leaders of New York Society: but this is as nothing compared with the rumours that are hourly floating like the strains of Pan across the herring-pond.

An immense celebration, for instance, of the Waldorphyic mysteries is being prepared by the "Four Hundred" for

June, the anniversary month of the foundation of their order (in 411 B.C.) by Antiphon at Athens, and at this festival a modern version of the Adonis Chant will be sung by white-robed maidens in procession at Newport, with special reference to the temporary sojourn of ex-President ROOSEVELT in Africa.

Meanwhile, Mr. J. D. ROCKEFELLER is thinking of towing over the island of Delos just as it swims, and mooring it by a golden chain to Rhode Island, where, by the way, a colossal statue of Big BILL TAFT is to be erected: this accomplished, the President of the Standard Oil Companies, as lineal descendant of the God of Light, will deliver oracles to the Press from the ancient haunt of Apollo.

At Chicago, again, Mr. J. D. PATTEN is about to build a temple to Demeter, the bountiful earth-mother, in commemoration of his successful scoop in the wheat-market: while Mr. G. O. ARMOUR, the beef-king, has become an ardent student of the *Iliad*, and is never tired of repeating the line,

*χρύσεια χαλκείων ἑκατομβοῖ' ἐννεαβοίων,*  
which he translates as an inspired prophecy of the pecuniary advantages of wholesale canning.

All over the States millionaires are contracting for white marble mausoleums of Ionic or Doric description to hold their remains, and the saying that "good Americans when they die go to Paros," will soon be truer than ever. As further indications of the new movement, it may be remarked that Chian wine (known as Chianti) is everywhere replacing Cocktails, and that the inhabitants of Pittsburg are said to be desirous of re-naming their city Tartaropolis.

## THE RABBITS.

## CHAPTER I.

*Introducing the Lop-eared Ones and Others.*

"By Hobbs," cried Archie, as he began to put away the porridge, "I feel as fit as anything this morning. I'm absolutely safe for a century."

"You shouldn't boast with your mouth full," said Myra.

"It wasn't quite full," pleaded Archie, "and I really am good for runs to-day."

"You will make," I said, "exactly fourteen."

"Hallo, good morning. Didn't see you were there."

"I have been here all the time. Fourteen."

"It seems a lot," said Myra, doubtfully.

Archie laughed in scorn.

"The incoming batsman," I began, "who seemed in no way daunted by the position of affairs—"

"Five hundred for nine," put in Myra.

"—reached double figures for the fourth time this season, with a lofty snick to the boundary. Then turning his attention to the slow bowler he despatched him between his pads and the wicket for a couple. This, however, was his last scoring stroke, as in the same over he played forward to a long hop and fell a victim to the vigilance of the wicket-keeper."

"For nearly a quarter of an hour," continued Myra, "he had defied the attack, and the character of his batting may be easily judged from the fact that his score included one five —"

"Four from an overthrow," I added in parenthesis.

"And one four. Save for a chance to mid-on before he had scored, and another in the slips when seven, his innings was almost entirely free from blemish —"

"Although on one occasion he had the good fortune, when playing back to a yorker, to strike the wicket without dislodging the bails."

"See to-morrow's *Sportsman*," concluded Myra.

"Oh, you children," laughed Archie, as he walked over to inspect the ham. "Bless you."

Miss Fortescue gave a little cough and began to speak. Miss Fortescue is one of those thoroughly good girls who take an interest in everything. A genuine trier. On this occasion she said:

"I often wonder who it is who writes those accounts in *The Sportsman*."

"It is believed to be Mr. Simpson," said Archie.

Simpson looked up with a start and jerked his glasses into his tea. He

fished them out and wiped them thoughtfully. "The credible," he began, "is rarely —"

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. Simpson's epigram," cried Archie.

"Oh, I always thought Mr. Simpson wrote verses in *The Saturday Review*," said Miss Fortescue in the silence which followed.

"As a relaxation only," I explained. "The other is his life-work. We read him with great interest; that bit about the heavy roller being requisitioned is my favourite line."

"Mr. Simpson and KILICK and CRAWFORD all play in glasses," put in Myra eagerly, across the table.

"That is their only point in common," added Archie.

"Oh! isn't he a very good player?"

"Well, he's a thoroughly honest and punctual and sober player," I said, "but—the fact is, he and I and the Major don't make many runs nowadays. We generally give, as he has said in one of his less popular poems, a local habitation to the—er—airy nothing."

"I thought it was SHAKESPEARE said that."

"SHAKESPEARE or Simpson. Hallo, here's Thomas at last."

Thomas is in the Admiralty, which is why he is always late. It is a great pity that he was christened Thomas; he can never rise to the top of his profession with a namelike that. You couldn't imagine a Thomas McKenna—or even a Thomas Nelson. I want him to get it altered by letters patent, but I hardly like to suggest it; letters of any kind are a dangerous subject with him just now.

"Morning everybody," said Thomas. "Isn't it a beastly day?"

"We'll hoist the south cone for you," said Archie, and he balanced a mushroom upside down on the end of his fork.

"What's the matter with the day?" asked our host, the Major, still intent on his paper.

"It's so early."

"When I was a boy—"

"My father, Major Mannering," said Archie, "will now relate an anecdote of Waterloo."

But the Major was deep in his paper. Suddenly he—there is only one word for it—snorted.

"The Budget," said Myra and Archie, exchanging anxious glances.

"Ha, that's good," he said, "that's very good! 'If the Chancellor of the Exchequer imagines that he can make his iniquitous Budget more acceptable to a disgusted public by treating it in a spirit of airy persiflage he is at liberty to try. But airy persiflage, when brought into contact with the determined temper of a nation—'"

"Who is the hairy Percy, anyhow?" said Thomas to himself.

The Major glared at the interrupter for a moment. Then—for he knows his weakness and is particularly fond of Thomas—he threw his paper down and laughed. "Well," he said, "are we going to win to-day?" And while he and Archie talked about the wicket his daughter removed *The Times* to a safe distance.

"But there aren't eleven of you here," said Miss Fortescue to me, "and if you and Mr. Simpson and Major Mannering aren't very good you'll be beaten. It's against the village the first two days, isn't it?"

"When I said we weren't very good I only meant we didn't make many runs. Mr. Simpson is a noted fast bowler, the Major has an M.C.C. scarf which can be seen quite easily at point, and I keep wicket. Between us we dismiss many a professor. Just as they are shaping for a cut, you know, they catch sight of the Major's scarf, lose their heads and give me an easy catch. Then Archie and Thomas take centuries, one of the gardeners bends them from the off and makes them swim a bit, the Vicar of his plenty is lending us two sons, Tony and Dahlia Blair come down this morning, and there is a chauffeur who plays for keeps. How many is that?"

"Eleven, isn't it?"

"It ought only to be ten," said Myra, who had overheard.

"Oh, yes, I was counting Miss Blair," said Miss Fortescue.

"We never play more than ten a side," said Archie.

"Oh, why?"

"So as to give the scorer an extra line or two for the byes."

Myra laughed; then, catching my eye, looked preternaturally solemn.

"If you've quite finished breakfast, Mr. Gaukrodger," she said, "there'll just be time for me to beat you at croquet before the Rabbits take the field."

"Right O," I said.

Of course, you know, my name isn't really Gaukrodger. A. A. M.

## From an Auction Catalogue:—

"An Upright Panel of Old Brussels Tapestry, representing the Reception of Julius Cæsar by the Emperor Augustus, after his conquest of Britain, in border of formal foliage."

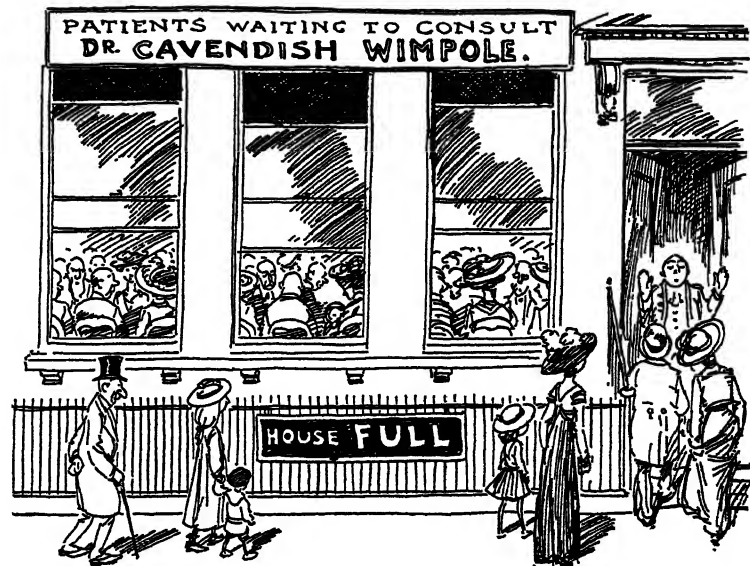
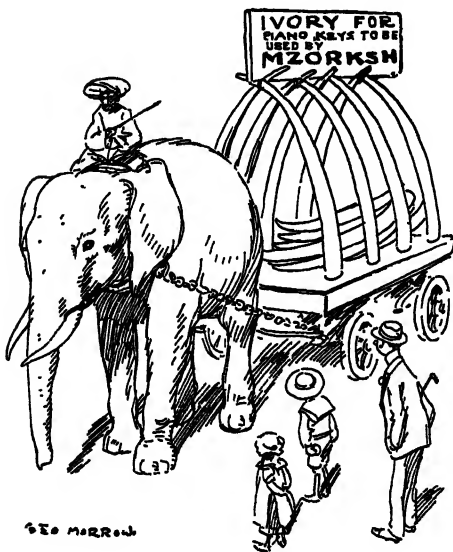
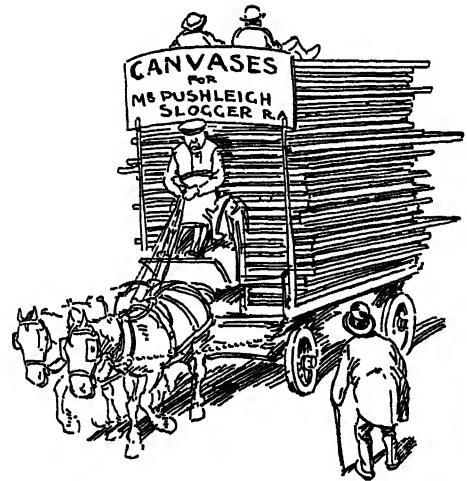
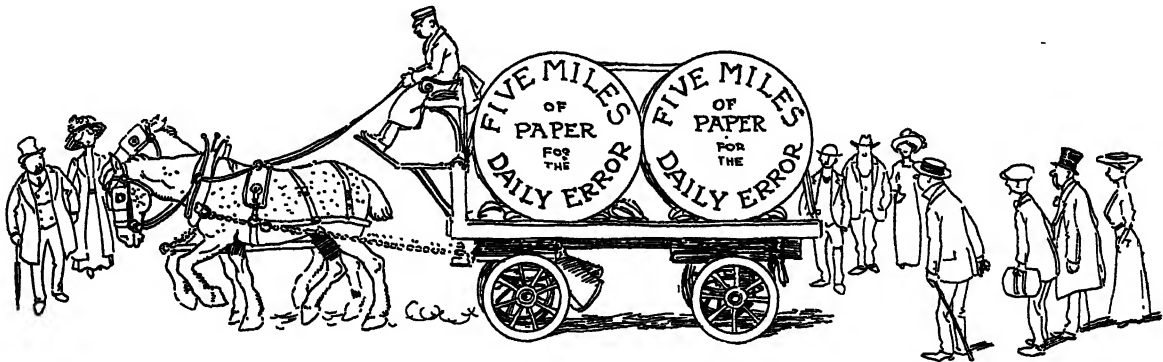
Of course it may have been meant for that. But historically there is as much authority for supposing that it represents the return of William Bailey after the conquest of Pimlico.

"At King William's Town, on 25th inst., the wife of — of a daughter."

This appears in *The Cape Mercury* under the heading "WANTED."



## THE ART OF ADVERTISING.



THE FIRST OF THE ABOVE SCENES IS FAMILIAR ENOUGH IN THE STREETS OF LONDON. WE OFFER A FEW VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS SHOWING HOW THIS PRETTY IDEA MIGHT BE DEVELOPED.

# WRITING A COMEDY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN Sibbering told us at the Club that he was about to retire to a remote village in Sussex in order to write a comedy, we were all a little incredulous. We had not been aware that he wrote at all, and, somehow, a comedy was about the last thing we should ever have expected from him. So that, when I happened, shortly afterwards, to be staying myself within a few miles from Tidhurst, the village in question, I could not resist going over to look up Sibbering, and find out if he really was working at a comedy, and, if so, how he was getting on with it.

I discovered him at last in his retreat—a charming cottage, well away from the village and main road, and surrounded by woods and sloping meadows. There was no doubt about the comedy, for he was actually engaged upon it as I entered his sitting-room,—a remarkably pleasant and cheerful one, with a large bay-window at one side, looking out upon a sunny orchard, and, on the other, a latticed casement, the light of which was shaded by a big yew and some Scotch firs that overhung the front garden. He seemed nervous and worried, but not displeased to see me. “No, my dear fellow,” he said, “you’re not interrupting me at all. Fact is, I’m rather at a stand-still for the moment. Though I *did* think I was just in the right mood for a comedy in my present state of fearful depression!”

I must have looked puzzled, for he explained: “Surely you know that all genuine humourists are dismal melancholy chaps in private life? You must have heard that old yarn of the hypochondriacal patient going anonymously to consult a doctor. ‘My advice to you,’ said the doctor, ‘is to go to the Jollity and see that new farcical comedy of Grinling Gassiter’s. If *that* don’t cheer you up, nothing will.’ All the other fellow said was: ‘I am Grinling Gassiter.’ And I suppose he *didn’t* go to the Jollity. Well, don’t you see? Any one whose spirits are as low as mine are ought to turn out no end of a brilliant comedy. Only I shall never get a chance of doing it *here*!”

I said I should have thought the place an ideal one for any literary work, if only for its absolute quiet. “Quiet?” he said, “*quiet*! With all these beastly birds about! Ah, I see—you think they’re innocent chirruping little beggars, with no ideas beyond minding their own business. So did I—once. When I came down here first, I supposed they were merely talking to one another about their private affairs. As soon as my ear got more accustomed to their intonation, I found that the malicious little devils were spending their whole time in talking at *Me*! It’s no use saying ‘Nonsense!’ like that. I tell you it’s a fact. They’re all in a conspiracy to put me off my comedy. For anything *they* can tell it might be the means of rescuing our National Drama from its present deplorable condition—but what’s that to *them*? They’re trying their hardest to nip it in the bud. There, did you hear that blackbird call out, ‘We’re *doing* it—we’re *doing* it, we’re *doing* it!’ You see—he actually *glories* in his work! He’s the worst of the lot, that blackbird. He started this infernal persecution the very first morning I commenced work! No sooner had I written: ‘*The Tergiversations of Lady Tryphena, an Original*

*Comedy, by Robert Sibbering*,’ than the brute began: ‘The eedjit! the eedjit! Cheek of him to try and write a Comedy!’ or words to that effect. And another bird—a thrush *he* was—asked, ‘Will he *do* it? Will he *do* it?’ On which the blackbird said, ‘No fear, *he*’ll chuck it—he’ll chuck it!’ and then gave a nasty kind of whistle.

“After *that*, of course, I became the joke of all the birds in the neighbourhood! They come and shout out: ‘Stick to it! Stick to it!’ or, ‘*He*’ll do it! *he*’ll do it!’ but mostly they advise me to ‘leave it—leave it!’ If you listen, you’ll hear ‘em at it *now*!’ . . .

I did listen, and I am bound to admit that the cries I heard were capable of his interpretation—but, as I told Sibbering, I felt sure the birds did not intend to be rude—it was only manner. “Not intend to be rude!” cried Sibbering, “when a confounded thrush has just this very instant addressed me as ‘Gr-reedy Bob’? You can’t see him, because he always dodges behind a branch of that apple-tree over there—but you *must* have heard him!”

I couldn’t deny it, but once more I assured Sibbering that I did not think the remark had any personal reference. “I know better!” he declared with some heat; “he comes and charges me with gluttony whenever I’m at meals, and I’ll swear the fat beast eats a lot more than ever I do! Perhaps,” he added, in tones of withering irony, “you’ll tell me next that bird in the yew meant to be complimentary? Do you know what *he* called me? A ‘Chee-chee-chee-chippy-chippy-chirriwit!’”

At this, a thrush, as if from sheer desire to make more mischief, struck in with: “So he *did*—so he *did*!”

I advised Sibbering to take no notice. “After all,” I said, “it didn’t *sound* as if it was meant to be offensive.” “I don’t pretend to know its exact meaning,” said Sibbering very solemnly, “but this much I *do* know—it’s an epithet that no *decent* bird would sully his bill with. And for two pins I’d take that bird’s name and address. No, of course I know *that* would be no use. But what right has *he* to reflect on my credit?”

It was probably the merest coincidence, but just then a blackbird (if it wasn’t a thrush) cut in with, “Credit—credit. Get a verdict! Get a ver-dict!”

“He’s taunting me now!” he cried, “taunting me because he knows as well as I do that I’ve no legal remedy! That’s the same bird that took upon himself, only yesterday, to suggest a perfectly preposterous opening line for my first scene. *Lord Percival Flarge* comes on alone, do you see? and I was trying to hit on a really smart speech for him—something, don’t you know, that would put the audience in a good temper at once. I’d *almost* got it, when that confounded blackbird chipped in with, ‘How’d it do? I’ve been and gobbled a worrum, and my worrud, *he was* such a wriggley one!’ Now, I *ask* you, could he *really* have supposed that that was a likely observation for any English nobleman to make? Of *course* he knew better! It was simply dashed impertinence! Still, I’ve thought of the right thing at last, in spite of him. How does this strike you? ‘*Act I., Scene 1. The Morning Room at Toppingham Towers. Enter Lord Percival Flarge. Lord Percival* (to himself): “And so Lady Lopyeir” (I’m making this a



“SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT.”



## THE GREAT WAR OF 19—.

*Major.* "IT'S PRETTY CERTAIN WE SHALL HAVE TO FIGHT 'EM IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW YEARS."

*Subaltern.* "WELL, LET'S HOPE IT'LL COME BETWEEN THE POLO AND THE HUNTIN'."

really high-class comedy—all the characters have titles except the domestics—I'm told the Dress Circles prefer it)—"so *Lady Lopyeir* is not at home. *H'm*, she can't be such a very mysterious personage, after all, when this is the second time I've found her out!" Spoken with the right emphasis—the right emphasis, you know, I think that ought to get a laugh, eh?"

Before I could reply I was anticipated by a long plaintive cry from a bird in the front garden. "There's another of 'em!" cried Sibbering. "Upon my soul, this sort of thing is simply intolerable!"

"Now come, my dear fellow," I protested, "it merely said: 'A little bit o' bread and no chee-ese!' All yellowhammers do, you know!" Sibbering looked at me suspiciously: "Other yellowhammers may say that," he replied; "what that yellowhammer said was: 'A little wit—and such an old whee-eze!' A distinct allusion to my joke!"

Assuming this to be the case, I was privately of the yellowhammer's opinion, but of course I took care not to say so. "How am I ever to make any progress," demanded Sibbering, "if I'm to be constantly subjected to these carping criticisms? I must and will put a stop to it! I wonder if I found the village constable and asked him to caution the birds— You think I'd better not, eh? Well, perhaps you're right, dear old chap, perhaps you're right. But you've seen for yourself what I've got to put up with, and, if I should have to give up all idea of finishing my comedy, I wish you'd explain to the other fellows why I found it impossible." . . .

I never heard any more of "*The Tergiversations of Lady*

*Tryphena*," so I conclude that Sibbering must have found the birds too many for him. At the same time I cannot help thinking that he was just a trifle over-sensitive. F. A.

## An Eisteddfoddy.

The inrush of the Welsh to London this week is terrific. Prudent voyagers from the Principality itself started some days in advance, knowing how any pressure of traffic renders the Welsh railways somewhat slow and uncertain. At the moment of going to press, our special representative wires:—"I have just interviewed one of the leading Bards, named Wilkie. He personally opened the door to me. 'Wellllcwm!' he said genially. 'Myndd ywr batt dwsntt twch the llamp.' I asked him what he thought of London. It appeared that he knew the place well; still, he agreed that it was 'wvnddrffwll,' to quote his own picturesque word. He expressed great surprise that he hadn't been invited to take part in the Eisteddfod this year; he would have been only too willing, he said, to sing to them, and to make them sing."

## A Great Bowling Feat by a Batsman.

It is not often that a player, while in the act of defending his own wicket, secures several of the other side's, taking fourteen altogether in one innings. Yet this, according to *The Daily Chronicle* (special type), is what Ronson did against the Australians:—

"Going in at 32, and taking a brief rest after capturing his sixth wicket, Robson sent down nineteen overs and a ball for 35 runs and eight wickets."



'Arry (distracted in debate). "WELL, ANY'OW, 'AIR ON A MAN'S FACE I DON'T MIND, BUT COKEY-NUT MATTIN' I DO OBJEC' TO!"

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

THE success achieved by the gifted Hungarian singer, Mlle. Jelly von Aranyi, has already had a remarkable effect on the nomenclature of our leading singers. Mr. PLUNKET GREENE has given notice that he will henceforth be known as Mr. Junket Greene, and by no other name. Madame MELBA has almost completed the legal formalities necessary to her assuming the forename of Pêche. Mr. KENNEDY RUMFORD will in future sing under the succulent title of Mr. Baba au Rumford. Madame KIRBY LUNN has adopted the name of Sally, and Mr. HENRY BIRD, by a deed poll duly signed and witnessed, has assured all and sundry whom it may concern t'at his name in future will be Buszard. Lastly, Mrs. HENRY WOOD has intimated

that her vocal engagements will henceforth be fulfilled under the attractive *alias* of Charlotte Russe.

M. Emile Cartouche, the renowned French baritone, besides being a great singer, is a famous archaeologist, and always makes a point of studying the period of every opera in which he sings. Thus having been cast for the part of *Amonasro* in *Aida* he at once proceeded to Egypt, lived on mummy wheat for three weeks, and camped out at the foot of the Sphinx, ascending at least one of the Pyramids every day in order to impart the requisite local colour to his vocal chords, which, it is hardly necessary to say, are of phenomenal length and power.

Madame Gemma d' Antichità, the Cala-

brian *diva* who will shortly make her *début* at Covent Garden as the principal witch in the revival of CISMAROSA'S *Macbeth*, has, since the death of Signora Messalina Skrimshanks, enjoyed the privilege of being the only living pupil of the renowned Porpora. Although the famous coloratura singer has been twenty decades before the public, her *répertoire* includes several of the most up-to-date operas. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD, who recently heard her sing, observed that, with the exception of *She*, Mme. Gemma d' Antichità was the most sprightly bicentenarian he had ever come across.

The performance of the new opera, the name of which has escaped us, at Covent Garden last Saturday was a prodigious success. The stalls presented their usual bright and animated appearance, tiaras were rife, and every seat was occupied. Among those present were the Patagonian Minister, the Chevalier Pongo di Mangostine, Mariana Countess of Bonanza and the Hon. Dorcas Boodle, the Earl and Countess of Dollymount, Sir Langdale Pike, Sir Ernest Berncasteler, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brauneberg, the Cavaliere Barolo, Baron Ingelheim and Sir Isidore Zeltinger.

It is stated in a circular issued by his agent that Pepito Arriola, the modern MOZART, "in addition to his extraordinary musical talent, has shown a constant thirst for knowledge of every kind, and, although he has only been a few weeks in London, is not only learning English rapidly, but has a thorough grasp of the intricate railway system, by which he is fascinated, and of which he has made a special study." We learn from another source that Sir GEORGE GIBB, who recently attended one of Pepito Arriola's recitals, was so electrified by his playing that he at once offered the *Wunderkind* a seat on his Board and a permanent free pass from Mansion House to The Monument. Meantime we learn that M. PADEREWSKI is engaged on a new opera, the libretto of which is entirely composed of the names of the Welsh Railway-stations in *Bradshaw*.

#### Nerves.

"He started badly, slicing his tee shot to the first hole, and had to take a niblick to recover. The result was a 5 at the second ho'e."—*Evening Standard*.

Apparently his recovery was not immediate. Another time he should take a stronger pick-me-up.

Lieut. SHACKLETON has just arrived in Glasgow from the neighbourhood of the Antarctic Pole, and complains bitterly of the comparative inclemency of our climate.





### IN THE COILS.

[Among the most notable results of the Imperial Press Conference is the appointment of a Committee for the purpose of securing a reduction in cable-rates between the various parts of the Empire.]



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 7.*

—Only the other day Strangers' Galleries re-opened; pity if it should prove necessary to close them again. Serious risk has been run SIMON, K.C., innocently responsible. Varied dull debate on Finance Bill by one of his bright, clear, never too lengthy speeches. Held a brief for the grocer, weighed down with apprehension of burdensome rates for spirit licences.

"Whatever may be said on the subject from the temperance point of view," insisted the learned gentleman, "it does not seem fair that the grocer should pay an amount equal to half the annual valuation of his premises."

Enunciation of this noble sentiment went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery.

"Right!" he said, and loudly clapped his hands.

Messengers in attendance rushed up and remonstrated. Grocer's spirit sank within him. What was the use of Lord ROSEBURY making speeches at Shepherd's Bush, extolling the greatness of an Empire buttressed about by loyal colonies, if, seated in the very home of liberty, a downtrodden grocer, momentarily elate at the enunciation of a great principle, was not permitted to clap his hands for joy, as do (or did, in the days of the Psalmist) all the trees of the field? Happily the matter was not carried further, authority being



"Went straight home to heart of a grocer in the gallery."

(Mr. Simon, K.C.)



Mr HAROLD COX AT HOME TO HIS FOLLOWERS 4-7

Mr Cox "Dear me! 645, and no one turned up y.t. It looks as if we shan't be crowded! Most enjoyable! I think I shall take myself in to have another ice!"

satisfied with a reprimand and a warning not to do it any more.

So the grocer remained in the Gallery, and presently heard a touching story told by Mr. YOUNGER bearing upon the great whisky question. Two monkeys were generously entertained by a scientist, each being provided with a noggin of Scotch. One sample newly distilled, the other well matured. Result remarkable and instructive. The gentleman who tossed down the new whisky grew fractious, uttering strange cries and showing strong desire to fight his host. The other became as mellow as the whisky he was permitted to sample. As Mr. YOUNGER, with contagious enthusiasm, put it, "He became delightfully and pleasantly drunk, making friends with everybody around." So that there should be no mistake about it, the monkeys were subsequently entertained at another *séance*. The distribution of whisky, young and old, was reversed, with precisely the same consequence.

The grocer in the gallery was disposed to regard it as rather a waste of liquor, but conceded that in the public interest the experiment was worth the cost.

It is understood that, having served the desired purpose, the monkeys were, not without some trouble, induced to sign the pledge.

*Business done*—Finance Bill comes up for Second Reading. SON AUSTEN moves rejection.

*Tuesday*.—The accustomed, familiar fate has befallen in connection with Second Reading of Finance Bill. Whenever a certain number of days is solemnly set apart for discussion of a particular point, Melancholy marks the House for its own. The Opposition complain that the time allotted is insufficient, and straightway go off to pass away its precious hours elsewhere. In present instance four days have been allotted to Second Reading stage. To-day, as yesterday, beggarly array of empty benches presents itself. The



"What is the Prairie Value of the Lord Advocate on the top of a Scotch mountain?"—Mr. Harold Cox.

(Mr. Ure in situ)

Parliamentary minnow has been swimming round, with plenty of room for fins and tail. The whales float apart, waiting till eve of division, when they will tumble over each other in competition for the few remaining hours.

This afternoon HAROLD COX steps down to verge of stagnant pool and stirs it with thrusting point of argument illumined by flashes of humour. The young Member for Preston is the most precious product of the still new Parliament. His position, won in comparatively brief time, is honourable equally to the House and himself. It discloses afresh the supreme quality which preserves vitality of what Press delegates from over seas strikingly allude to as the Mother of Parliaments. The House cares not a rap whether a Member seeking its favour is duke's son or cook's son. True it has a lingering preference for the former. But if the latter be the better man he will win the prize for which countless multitudes have striven.

Four years ago HAROLD COX (not, by the way, a "cook's son," but a judge's) was, if the phrase be permissible, a struggling journalist. To day he is one of the acknowledged ornaments of debate in the House of Commons. His uprising fills the Chamber in degree only less

striking than what follows on interposition of the PREMIER or the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. The part he essays to fill is as familiar as it is alluring. In the last generation HORSMAN achieved considerable success. Later we have had CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES. In quality HAROLD COX exceeds both. There is finer finish about his work.

Moreover — and this, if not unique, is a rare quality about a man who stands aloof from Parties and factions, conscious of superiority to all — he neither insists on pre-eminence nor affects humility. If he happens to know more about finance than the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

or of law than the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the circumstance, like murder, will out. With smiling countenance, in gentlest manner, with a voice of singular sweetness, he strives to spare his right hon. friend, or the hon. gentleman opposite, anything like humiliation.

His speech this afternoon obviously carefully prepared; yet there was about it no nauseous smell of the lamp. Every point lightly, surely made, amusing those in whose side the dart stuck almost as much as it gratified the looker-

on. This manner, when based upon sound and carefully stored material, is the perfection of the art of Parliamentary speech.

*Business done.*—Still droning round the Budget.

*Thursday.*—The MEMBER FOR SARK much interested in article in a medical journal on what is described as "speech fright." It cites cases where, in House of Commons and elsewhere, gentlemen rising with intention of offering a few remarks, find their tongue glued to roof of their mouth, and after vain attempt to loosen it distractedly sit down. The journal learnedly discusses the question, Can Medical Art give relief in such case? It arrives at affirmative conclusion and gives a few recipes.

SARK, holding that a grain of personal experience is worth an ounce of professional advice, has been making enquiries on his own account. Approaching PECKHAM BANBURY, he learned that, contrary as it may be to general observation, the hon. Member is habitually subject to speech fright.



HEARING SOMETHING TO HIS DISADVANTAGE.

Mr. Lloyd-George (in debate on Second Reading of Finance Bill). "If I quote Adam Smith he is too slow for Dulwich, and if I quote John Stuart Mill he is too shallow for Preston, so I fall back on Lord St. Aldwyn." (Laughter.)





### HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 2.

IN PIKE-FISHING, SHOULD THE BEGINNER BE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO CATCH AN UNUSUALLY LARGE FISH, HE HAD BETTER GET THE ASSISTANCE OF SOME PROFESSIONAL FISHER, OR OTHER PERSON OF EXPERIENCE, BEFORE WEIGHING THE FISH, AS THERE IS CONSIDERABLE ART IN THIS.

"For some Sessions," he said, "I remained dumb. As soon as ever I got on my legs, a sort of creeping paralysis beset me, and I could not utter a word. I partially got over it by adoption of a little ruse. Having caught the *SPEAKER*'s eye, and being called upon, I rose to my feet. Couldn't utter a word. Awkward to sit down again; so I made believe it was all a mistake on part of the *SPEAKER*; walked out of House as if that had been my original intention in rising. Of course this couldn't go on always. After three or four performances, the *SPEAKER*, so to speak, began to smell a rat. He 'saw it moving in the air,' and ignored me. Then, acting upon medical advice, I took twenty grains of potassium bromide an hour before coming down to the House. Result marvellous. As you may have noticed, I have now little or no difficulty in contributing my share to current debate."

BELLAIRS scoffs at medicaments.

"My plan is simple," he says. "Whenever I am due at Question time I lunch off a slice or two of Bacon. Have it cooked in chafing d'sh on the table. Cut thin, one watches it frizzling and thinks what a time it is having, to be sure."

MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY, on the other hand, agrees with PECKHAM as to merits of medicine. But he varies the dose. He finds an infallible panacea in ten drops of fluid extract of gelsemium taken three times a day.

"On that," he says, "I can fire off from five to six supplementary questions with the ease and accuracy of a maxim."

SARK is still pursuing this interesting study; will welcome personal testimony of Members from either side.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Finance Bill carried by 366 votes against 209.

### To a Perplexed Government.

Why shift your ground in hope to save your face?  
The blow will fall in quite "another place."

"In the Cambridge mathematical tripos seventy-four men and ten women students have so acquitted themselves in the first part of the examination as to deserve mathematical honours, and these will now enter upon the second part of the examination on June 15th, and will be the last of the senior wranglers."—*Lancaster Observer*.

A pathetic thought. Only eighty-four more senior wranglers!

"Visitors to the city [Wells] did not appear to be so large as in former years"—*Somerset Advertiser*.

Mr. CHESTERTON unfortunately was obliged to let Wells alone this Whitsuntide.

## L'INCONNUE.

A THICK cloud of anonymity still surrounds the subscriber of £40,000 for the Duke of Norfolk's Holbein, to the increasing disgust of a Press whose watchwork is "Everything about Everybody." In spite of every effort, the lady (it is known to be a lady) continues to be unknown. That anyone should, in this age, have so morbid a taste as to prefer seclusion and the absence of *réclame* is, of course, reprehensible and anti-social to a degree; but there it is.

To the disclaimers which a contemporary has wrested from certain ladies may perhaps be added the following:—

DEAR SIR,—We give you our word of honour that the likeness of the Duchess of MILAN was not bought for the nation by any assistance from us. We should hardly have lent our patronage, since the portrait is painted by hand and not a photo, and also since the lady (?) does not show her teeth. Please give the utmost publicity to this statement.

Yours, etc., ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE.

Me give two hundred thousand dollars for a picture for Britishers to look at? Cheese it.

ROSE STAHL.

SIR,—The purchase of the Holbein being completed, may we trespass on your space to say that we know nothing as to the identity of the lady who has given the bulk of the money; and may we add that so long as England tolerates its present freedom of the Press and its Radical Government, and repudiates Tariff Reform, so long will such gifts remain anonymous?

From the nature of our business we can naturally claim special facilities for gauging the extent of national prosperity or depression. We therefore do not hesitate to affirm that should the English continue cherishing the exploded principles of CORDEN and BRIGHT, to the detriment of home industries and agricultural interests, they must be prepared to lose whatever their forefathers attained, whether prosperity, prestige, or pictures: in fact, everything except the peevishness and profits of dealers.

Your obedient servants,

P. and P. POLNAGGI.

DEAR SIR,—I could, of course, have given the £40,000 with the greatest ease—by simply writing a short story—but as a matter of fact, I didn't. It is no interest to me to provide the nation with pictures at which ignoramuses and toads are free to look.

Yours faithfully, MARIE CORELLI.

DEAR SIR,—It was I who gave the money.

SAPPHIRA MONGOOSE.

P.S.—I enclose my photo, and shall be pleased to see your interviewer at any time you may fix.

## FROM ANTI-ARCTIC REGIONS.

[Dedicated to Lieut. SHACKLETON and his crew by a student of zoological romance.]

You that have been where bergs are stiff  
In ice-bound latitudes remotest—  
Forgive me, brave explorers, if  
I enter here my humble protest.  
Of valorous deeds you did your part,  
But one sea-wolf (who knows what  
what is)  
Has failed to find in all your chart  
The grand old thrill that heaves his  
heart  
Up to his epiglottis.

Where was the lapse? Of course I knew;  
I that had toured the globe with HENTY,  
Had braved with BALLANTYNE the blue,  
Longer my summers totalled twenty—  
I saw the answer clear as day,  
That spelt (for me) your story's ruin;  
You simply had to while away  
The bloodless hours on foot or sleigh  
Without a local Bruin.

Penguins you had, I hear, and seals;  
Exhumed some interesting flora;  
And startled in her stately reels  
The aboriginal Aurora;  
But never once there hove in sight  
(His hairy shoulders with a hunch on)  
The terror of the Arctic night,  
Requesting you to stay and fight,  
Or constitute his luncheon.

That is the true explorer's note,  
The contest of the bo's'un *versus*  
(He grips his monster by the throat)  
A slightly pinked *Polaris ursus*;  
Schooled in a host of such affairs,  
Stamped deep by many a writer's pen-  
mark,

I tell you that a Pole *sans* bears  
Is *Hamlet* played to listless chairs  
Without the *Prince of Denmark*.

## BY THE SHIVERY SEA.

(Suggested by recent climatic vagaries.)

## SEASTAIRS.

YESTERDAY the weather was decidedly cooler. During the previous week a great deal of rain has fallen and the country is looking much refreshed. The well in the grounds of the Hotel Magnifique has risen two feet.

A local natationist undertook to swim from Conger Island to Flush Point on Saturday, but had to give up the attempt owing to becoming entangled in drift ice off the breakwater. His temperature is still subnormal.

The Mayor has called a public meeting to start a Relief Fund for the bathing-machine men, whose destitution, due to prolonged unemployment, is distressingly acute.

RAMSEA.

Fine bracing conditions prevailed yesterday.

The sale of hot-water bottles is quite unprecedented.

A visitor was seen bathing yesterday. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

## SHANKMOUTH.

Yesterday the weather was much cooler. A splendid north-east breeze prevailed, and the family shelters provided at the foot of the cliffs were all crowded.

The summer muffin season has begun. Owing to the representations of the coroner, sea-bathing has been forbidden. The local golf links are in excellent condition, oil-stoves being installed on every tee.

## BOURNEHAVEN.

The air on the sea-front yesterday was most embracing.

After a recent open-air concert the principal trombone player of the Corporation Band was found to be suffering from frost-bite. The Corporation has this week decided to apply for sanction to borrow £500 with the object of providing all the Bandsmen with fur coats. Mr. BULSTRODE, who opposed the vote, created an uproar by asserting that the trombone player's complaint was chronic snake-bite. He defended himself by saying that in such weather it was the act of a benefactor to provoke a heated discussion.

The schoolboy who ate a strawberry ice for a bet yesterday is out of danger.

## THE SPRING POET.

## AN UNREPORTED SESSION.

VOLUMINOUS as have been the accounts of the proceedings of the Imperial Press Delegates at their epoch-making Conference, they have not by any means covered all the ground. Not a word, for example, has been said about the momentous discussions upon the best colours of ink for Imperial journalists, with such fascinating side-issues as the quality of blue pencils; nothing has reached the public concerning the views of the Delegates on the respective merits of whiskey, coffee and snuff as an enlivener when the hours are small. But perhaps the most interesting session of all was that which was given up to the Spring Poet and how to deal with him, all reports of which seem to have been mislaid, except the following, of which we have exclusive possession.

It was appropriate that Lord CREWE, Secretary of State for the Colonies, should preside over this meeting of the Colonial representatives, since he is himself a poet of no mean calibre and the son of a poet, and one to whom a primrose is more than a mere flower; and it is appropriate, too, that in a discussion upon "The Spring Poet and what to do with him," he should have at his side

Mr. ONIONS, from the Police Court, Mr. CRAIG, from the Oval, Mr. GEORGE WYNDHAM, a notable amateur lyricist, and Mr. HALDANE, whose triolets are at once the joy and despair of the Front Ministerial Bench, Mr. WILKIE BARD, and Mr. PARIS SINGER.

The Editor of the *Table Mountain Tablet* said that the Cape Government had lately passed a law making the killing of Spring Poets no murder. Since that enactment all the Spring Poets who could afford it wore bullet-proof cuirasses (A voice: "Did you say queer asses?") Loud laughter, in which the Earl of CREWE was constrained to join) and trousers of chain mail.

The Editor of the *Maltese Terrier* said that even in Malta, a little island given up almost entirely to the military, the Spring Poet was known. In fact, the local editor considered him the true Maltese cross.

The strong man of the *Singapore Spectator* said that he supposed he had thrown out in his time as many as forty Spring Poets. He did not hurt them much.

The Editor of the *Hudson Bayly Mail* said that the spring was not a too noticeable feature of his country; but it was impossible for the first glimmering of a break in the winter to get ahead of verses on the subject. He kept a harpoon handy for the authors.

At this stage of the proceedings the Conference was adjourned for half-an-hour and Miss MAUD ALLAN, the renowned Canadian Terpsichorean, gave her famous impersonation of "Spring-heeled Jill" to an accompaniment on the pianola, tastefully contributed by the PRIME MINISTER. After the excitement caused by the performance had died down, Mr. McKECHNIE, of the *Montreal Clarion*, who declared that he was a pure Celt, said we could not do without spring. The poets of old drank of the Pierian spring; the poets of to-day generally wore spring-side boots.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said that vernal versification, or *furor Pierius*, was a well-recognised form of insanity. Fortunately the bacillus had been discovered, and an antitoxin was in course of preparation. The only further difficulty would be in inducing those who were subject to the complaint to submit to inoculation.

Mr. ST. LOE STRACHEY said he thought the Government had missed a golden opportunity by not imposing poetic licences on all persons who contribute verse to the Press. He had calculated that on the basis of the tax on armorial bearings at least £500,000 could be raised annually in this way. Failing an impost, he strongly advocated compulsory military service for all Spring Poets. They ought to be first-rate



"SO YOUR HUSBAND IS IN THE PAGEANT, MRS. JONES. I DIDN'T KNOW HE BELONGED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

"NO, MUM, HE DON'T. BUT THERE, HE'S VERY BROAD-MINDED, AND HE DON'T MIND BEING AN ANCIENT BISHOP IN THE CAUSE O' CHARITY."

marchers, because they had so many extra feet to step out with.

The chief leader-writer of the *Bombay Duck* said that again and again the moral effect of one of his polemics had been entirely ruined by the presence in the same paper of a set of milky rhymes.

The Editor of the *Woolloomoolloo Watchword* said that his way with Spring Poets was to ask them to drink and give them poisoned whisky.

The Chairman, in summing up the debate, said that they had heard a number of interesting and valuable testimonies, which must now be codified by the meeting. For his own part, the salient feature of the discussion was the proof it gave that the Spring Poet

was ubiquitous. He hoped that he would be voicing the sentiments of the Conference when he asked them to pass a resolution to the effect that "this great and representative meeting of Imperial pressmen is unanimously of opinion that summary measures should be devised for dealing with Spring Poets."

The motion having been carried without a single dissident, the Conference adjourned in motor-cars to attend an *al fresco* performance of *England's Darling* in the gardens of Swinford Old Manor.

Exchanged if Not Approved.

From an advt.:

"If your baby does not thrive—try Mellin's.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER what sort of notepaper is used by people in fiction: it must be something very generous in size, for they boldly embark upon sentences that would fill the four sides of an ordinary sheet before coming to a fullstop. *Henry Gastonard*, the hero of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S last book, *The Show Girl* (CARSELL), opens his shoulders for the benefit of his friend *Paddy O'Connell* in a way that must have warmed the heart of his stationer. He has fallen in love with a young lady named *Mimi*, whom he met at the Fête de Neuilly, and who resides among the Bohemians of the Butte. In spite of this she is quite virtuous, and of aristocratic (if irregular) parentage, though this fact is not discovered until after she has been married to *Henry*, and subsequently kidnapped by her old acquaintances. The glimpses of Montmartre which the author gives us are excellently vivacious, but outside these there are some painful weaknesses. *The O'Connell*, for instance (if that is his proper title), worked off some terribly old golf stories on us; there is a quite impossible parson; also a Paris detective (supposed to be no end of a sleuth-hound) whom even the bull-dog routinists of Scotland Yard would have laughed at, and *Dr. Watson* himself stigmatised as a bungler. However, this last failing may be due to the fact that the novel is conducted entirely by correspondence, a method that does not seem to produce the thrills I hunger for when I take my life-preserver and go out into the realms of the bizarre.

M. E. FRANÇOIS (or Mrs. BLUNDELL—I see that her publishers now use both names indiscriminately) has already a long list of successes to her credit, but I think none of her books has been more charming than her latest. *Galatea of the Wheatfield* (METHUEN) was really *Tabitha Bolt*, into the quiet of whose country existence *Gerald Bannister* breathed life and love by teaching her grammar. So that later, when their innocent boy-and-girl flirtation had been broken off, *Tabitha*, desperate at being forced to marry the yokel *Abel Fripp*, accepted literally a chance phrase in an old letter, and, following her Pygmalion to Oxford, burst in upon him and his astounded friends in his rooms at St. Aldate's. You see the embarrassment of the situation for poor Pygmalion! Fortunately both Mrs. BLUNDELL and her characters handle it with a delicate mastery that is wholly delightful. The betrothal of *Tabitha* and *Gerald* is sanctioned, indeed commanded, by quixotic old Mr. Bannister; and as a preparation the girl is taken for a year to live with some titled relatives of her lover. Eventually—but no, I think I shall not tell you quite all the story; you remember the fate of *Galatea* in the original, and this will give just enough clue not to spoil your enjoyment of a clever and sympathetically written tale, not

the least of whose merits is an Oxford chapter which is obviously the real thing, and not the combined product of imagination and a guide-book.

Sanguine of ultimate greatness myself, I follow with interest the careers of other great men, especially those of fiction. From the study of the latter I conclude that to prove yourself really great you have merely to talk about nothing but yourself and to be very talkative. As to the way of achieving this, I have learnt little. It is done, I suppose, between the chapters. *Peter Vandy* starts his financial greatness (and what greatness is not financial, nowadays?) upon original lines and to the accompaniment of many wise and witty sayings of his author, EDWIN PUGH. Too soon he sinks into the plutocratic routine of fiction, making unlimited money by melodramatic methods, of which the type is familiar and the working details not too clearly explained. The more money he accumulates the duller his story becomes, until finally his wife has to spit in his face and be felled by his fist in order to keep my interest alive. Beyond that one great knock-out blow, I have to take the frequent word of himself and Mr. PUGH for the magnitude of *Peter Vandy*. He gains the whole world, I am told, but loses his own soul; yet I wonder privately whether he ever had a soul to lose. The name of the novel in which *Peter Vandy* appears is, oddly enough, *Peter Vandy*. Its publisher is C. H. WHITE, and its first half is well worth reading.



## BACK FROM THE MANGLE.

(Showing that the Laundry Problem goes back to mediæval times.)  
The Knight (regarding his shirt of mail). "MOTHS, FORSOOTH! 'TIS THEY VICIOUS CHEMICALS!"

years to an observance of the true fundamentals of cricketing style. Mr. PATTERSON has brought to the accomplishment of his task a rare blend of enthusiasm, modesty and knowledge. His account of H. H. STEPHENSON, the professional who practically created Uppingham cricket, is most attractive. H. H. loved a straight bat and a bat played forward, and he detested the abominable "cross stroke." So does Mr. PATTERSON, and so, I have reason to believe, does Mr. PUNCH. I observe that Mr. PATTERSON, when he first played for the School against the Old Boys in 1871, made an aggregate of 14 runs in two innings. In 1908, playing for the Old Boys against the School, he made an equal amount in one innings. In thirty-seven years he has thus doubled his capacity. In the meantime, he had put in a few centuries; and now he has written the record of his School in the game he loves. He has done his work excellently well.

## The Right to Live,

"Emily Aves, who was accused at Highgate of subsistence, produced £11 in gold."—*The Cornishman*.



## CHARIVARIA.

"It is officially denied in Paris," says *The Daily News*, "that the Powers intend at present to make any alteration in the position of Crete." In view of recent earthquakes this reassuring statement has given great satisfaction locally.

Mr. HIRAM P. MAXIM has now perfected his contrivance for rendering guns and rifles silent. This will be good news to those persons who have hitherto been prevented from taking part in wars owing to a tendency to that most distressing malady—"battlehead-ache."

*The Daily Mail* calls the Welsh "The singing nation," but for the moment they will have to be content to whistle for Disestablishment.

A recently established Oxford Street emporium—the name of which escapes us at the moment—published last week a special invitation to Welsh visitors. The words of the greeting were:—

CROESAW I BAWB.

Next week, we understand, we are to have what we imagine to be the Scotch equivalent of this:—

BANG GOES A BAUBEE.

The hero of the serial tale in *The Express*, we are told, admired the cabarets of Montmartre, and "loved to study the pencilled levities of STEINLEN, of LEANDER. . . ." To prefer LEANDER to LEANDRE was not unnatural in a Hero.

Attention has been drawn to the large number of persons who think it unlucky to be married in May. A yet larger number, however, are still more superstitious, and think it unlucky to be married in any month.

The latest Novelty in the Fashion

World is a sash worn over the dress just above the knee-line. It seems almost incredible that it should not have occurred to anyone before that this is the most ideally absurd position for the sash.

The Burglary Season has apparently opened early this year. "PIMPLES RE-

Are our Music Halls becoming less enterprising? Not one of them is showing us *The Last of the Wranglers*.

The Press Conference has served at least one admirable purpose. It has narrowed down the differences between the Government and the Opposition. Both parties acknowledged the danger to our Country of the present international situation. The only point at issue now is whether we ought or ought not to take adequate steps to cope with the danger.

The report that the Bank at Monte Carlo has been broken again is denied. The Riviera earthquake did no damage there.

Those who considered that the meeting between the TSAR and the KAISER would mean a blow at British influence will be relieved to hear that "tea was taken on the *Standard* in the English style."

A writer in *The Over-Seas Daily Mail* informs us that the Hungarian name for jam is "gyümölcsürü." After this we would rather not know the Magyar for marmalade.

*The Western Morning News*, speaking beforehand of the English team for the recent Test Match at Lord's, said: "Hayward will be asked to be at Birmingham, providing his leg is sound." We are glad to report that HAYWARD's leg was not

sound enough to take him to Birmingham, so he turned up at Lord's instead.

*The Pall Mall Magazine* reproduces a water-colour by FRED PEGRAM of a lady in a beehive hat that forms a very perfect blinker for her right eye. The left eye seems to have suffered by sympathy, for the legend underneath runs as follows: "Daphne sat erect, noticing nothing."



Mistress. "WELL, MARY, HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE REMAINDER OF THE PIGEON PIE?"

Mary (returned from voyage of investigation below). "PLEASE, MUM, COOK SAYS I ATE IT."

"MOVED OVERNIGHT" is an announcement which catches our eye in a newspaper.

A lady while travelling from Euston to Lichfield last week missed her jewel-case, which was subsequently found in the corridor of the train at Manchester, but six rings, valued at £500, were missing. The police theory is that they were stolen.

## ASCOT TINTS.

["It would, of course, be impossible to give a complete list of all those present."—*The Daily Mail* (Social Column) on the opening day at Ascot.]

NEVER you mind! you did your little best;  
Space only failed you, not a sense of duty;  
Against your loyal nature you suppressed  
Some most deserving types of Rank and Beauty;  
And yet your list, my lad,  
Ran to a hundred, eight and twenty—not so bad.

There were who moved about the velvet sward  
To air their hats or even watch the races;  
You had a purer purpose—to record  
Their sounding names and millinery graces;  
Yes, it was largely *ad hoc*  
That you meandered round the teeming lawn and  
paddock.

There were who chose to try a sporting chance  
And plunge, we'll say, on *Pretty Polly's* brother;  
To your dispassionate and fleeting glance  
One end of him was very like the other;  
It was your high and solemn  
Task to ignore such features in your social column.

Brown, bay, or chestnut, well or badly bred,  
Stout in the quarters, stocky in the barrel—  
From Nature unadorned you turned your head,  
Your business was to talk about apparel;  
The noblest dam or sire  
Could never compensate for absence of attire.

But when you deal with cape and voile and gown,  
What a refined vocabulary! O, Sir,  
What shades and *nuances*! how you dot them down  
In terms to fit a butler, or a grocer!—  
"Café-au-lait," "praline,"  
"Champagne" and "claret," "apricot" and "apple-  
green."

Added to these (all good to eat or drink)  
Your undefeated eye observed a goddess  
In "tabac brown," and one in "pastel pink,"  
And one with "tiger lilies in her bodice;"  
Also a dame who sat  
"Neath iris trimmings round "a sort of turban hat."

When I have named a robe of "Nattier blue,"  
And (nattier still) a smart "Shantung" confection,  
A "mole-grey" cape, a gown of "sulphur" hue—  
Gems of a very fine and rare collection—  
I may omit, I hope,  
The louder fashions, such as "faded heliotrope."

Some will be pained, I fear, by your neglect,  
But don't let that disturb your self-composure;  
Not the Recording Angel could expect  
To paint the whole of that superb Enclosure;  
Indeed your generous hand  
Has painted quite as much as I (for one) can stand.

O. S.

## The Prehensile Ear.

"Still there was no hand on the door that Roberta's listening ears could catch and spring to answer."—*Daily Chronicle* Serial.

"SIAMESE KITTENS, very good points and eyes . . . dam good pedigree."—*Add. in "Daily Graphic."*

We like this enthusiasm about the pedigree, even if couched in rather too forcible language.

## CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.*)

*Little Arthur* (who has been reading "*The Times*"). Uncle John!

*Uncle John* (looking up from "*The Sportsman*"). Yes, sonny, that's me.

*L. A.* (reproachfully). Oh, Uncle John!

*U. J.* What's up, sonny, what's up? Works out of order? Too much supper last night? Feel a bit chippy—eh, what?

*L. A.* No, thank you, Uncle John, I am feeling very well.

*U. J.* Let's have a look at your tongue. (*The tongue is extended.*) Oh dear, oh dear, that's much too pale. You've been going it, you young dog. You'll have to take a pill, you know. Deuced hard job, but you'll have to do it. Mustn't burn the candle at both ends. What you want is a pill—none of your humbugging modern pills, but a good strong old-fashioned hard-working pill. I'll get you one in a brace of shakes, and—

*L. A.* I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Uncle John, but I never could take pills. Papa's just like that, too, and, besides, my health is quite good.

*U. J.* Ah, well, you'll be sorry for it some day, when you want a pill and can't get it. There was a rascally servant of mine once, a native, who got messing about with my things. He'd seen me taking pills, and he found the box, and, by gum, Sir, he swallowed the whole lot at one go—might just as well have swallowed an elephant battery. Made the beggar sit up a bit, you know. Never heard such howls in all my life.

*L. A.* Yes, Uncle, that must have been very interesting. But I wanted to talk to you about something else, Uncle John.

*U. J.* Right you are, my boy. Just you fire away.

*L. A.* Didn't you say, "That's me," just now, Uncle John?

*U. J.* Did I? I daresay I did. Couldn't have said anything else, could I? It *was* me, you know.

*L. A.* Oh, Uncle John, there you go again!

*U. J.* Lor' bless me, what's the trouble?

*L. A.* You oughtn't to say, "That's me" and "It was me." You ought to say, "That is I" and "It was I."

*U. J.* Who says so?

*L. A.* Miss MacBrayne told me.

*U. J.* What did she tell you that for?

*L. A.* Oh, Uncle John, she had to, because it's right. She is teaching me English grammar and the rules of English composition, and she says it is very important to observe them, because it marks the distinction between an educated person and a mere barbarian.

*U. J.* My eye, did she say all that? She's a bit of a scorcher, isn't she?

*L. A.* Oh no, Uncle, I don't think she is really a scorcher. She's got a lot of certificates from institutions and colleges.

*U. J.* Ah, I daresay. That's what comes of all these new-fangled ideas about educating women. I always thought they were overdoing it, and now I'm sure.

*L. A.* Then do you think, Uncle, that women ought to say wrong things?

*U. J.* Certainly not. I never said that.

*L. A.* But if they're not to be educated so as to know what's right they'll all have to go about talking like barbarians, and you won't like that, will you?

*U. J.* Well, I'm not sure. I never could cotton to a blue-stocking, you know. But as for saying, "That's I," I simply can't do it, old man. Must draw the line somewhere.

*L. A.* But it's *right*, Uncle.



### THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

GERMAN KAISER (*patronisingly*). "I HEAR YOU'RE BUILDING A NEW FLEET. ANY PARTICULAR OBJECT?"  
TSAR. "NO—MERELY CAUSE OF PEACE—SAME AS YOU."







"MANY NEW FACES SINCE I WAS HERE LAST?"

"YEs, COLONEL I THINK ME AND YOU WILL BE ABOUT THE LAST OF THE OLD SET."

U. J. Well, nobody says it, and that's enough for me.

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle John. Miss MacBrayne says all educated people say it, and I've made up my mind to say it too.

U. J. That's right, Arty, I like your spirit; but I'm too old a dog to learn tricks. I shall go to my grave saying "That's me."

L. A. Oh, don't do that, Uncle. Do please say, "That's I."

U. J. Well, I'll think about it when the time comes, but it'll be no end of a business—embitter my last moments and all that. However, I'll see what can be done to meet your views. Did she tell you anything else?

L. A. Oh, yes, Uncle, lots of things.

U. J. She didn't happen to mention, who was going to win the Gold Cup, did she?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't. Is the Gold Cup in the English Grammar?

U. J. No, my boy, it isn't. It's on Ascot Heath, and if Miss MacBrayne could manage to name the winner I should think a lot more of her education.

L. A. Well, I'll ask her, Uncle; but last time we didn't get further than split infinitives.

U. J. Good gracious me, what sort of an animal's that?

L. A. It isn't an animal at all, Uncle John. It's a grammatical rule.

U. J. Well, I've heard of a split soda, but dash me if I've ever heard of a split infinitive.

L. A. (after a pause). That was a joke, Uncle John, wasn't it? I like you to make jokes like that, because I understand

them, but I never understand Mr. Blinkenstein's jokes, and he makes a lot, and laughs at them, too.

U. J. Well done, old man! Don't you give in to any German jokes. Keep the flag flying, you know. But about these split infinitives; just you show me one of 'em, and I'll settle his hash.

L. A. Well, Papa used one the other day in his speech at the Primrose League meeting. He said that "Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's avowed object was to totally annihilate the prosperity of the country."

U. J. And your father's quite right, my boy. He never said a truer word in his life.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle John, think of the split infinitive. If he had only said, "totally to annihilate," or "to annihilate totally," it would have been all right.

U. J. So that's a split what's-his-name, is it? Well, I shan't worry about it. Seems to me your father got hold of the right end of the stick, and that's the chief thing.

L. A. Miss MacBrayne didn't know what to say when I told her about it.

U. J. Well, you tell her I thought your father talked sound sense.

L. A. But think of the grammar, Uncle.

U. J. Oh, confound the grammar. It's the taxes we've got to think of.

L. A. But, Uncle—

U. J. Toddle off now, sonny. I want to finish *The Sportsman*.

## THE RABBITS.

## CHAPTER II.—ON THE RUN.

THE Major has taken a great deal of trouble with his ground, and the result pleases everybody. If you are a batsman you applaud the short boundaries; if you are a wicket-keeper (as I am), and Thomas is bowling what he is pleased to call googlies, you have leisure to study some delightful scenery; and if you are a left-handed bowler with a delivery outside the screen, there is behind you a belt of trees which you cannot fail to admire. When Archie was born and they announced the fact to the Major, his first question was (so I understand), "Right or left-handed?" They told him "Left" to quiet him, and he went out and planted a small forest so that it should be ready for Archibald's action when he grew up. Unfortunately Archie turned out to be no bowler at all (in my opinion)—and right-handed at that. Nemesis, as the ha'penny papers say.

"Well?" we all asked, when Archie came back from tossing.

"They lost, and put us in."

"Good man."

"May I have my sixpence back?" I said. "You haven't bent it or anything, have you? Thanks."

As the whole pavilion seemed to be full of people putting on their pads in order to go in first, I wandered outside. There I met Myra.

"Hallo, we're in," I said. "Come and sit on the roller with me and I'll tell you all about JAYES."

"Can't for a moment. Do go and make yourself pleasant to Dahlia Blair. She's just come."

"Do you think she'd be interested in JAYES? I don't mean the disinfectant. Oh, all right then, I won't."

I wandered over to the deck-chairs and exchanged greetings with Miss Blair.

"I have been asked to make myself pleasant," I said. "I suppose that means telling you all about everybody, doesn't it?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, we're in, as you see. That's the Vicar leading his team out. He's no player really—one of the 'among others we noticed.' But he's a good father, and we've borrowed two off-springs from him. Here comes Archie and Wilks. Wilks drove you from the station, I expect?"

"He did. And very furiously."

"Well, he hardly drives at all when he's in. He's terribly slow—what they call Nature's reaction. Archie, you will be sorry to hear, has just distinguished himself by putting me in last. He called it ninth wicket down, but I worked it out, and there doesn't seem to be anybody after me. It's simply spite."

"I hope Mr. Archie makes some runs," said Dahlia. "I don't mind so much about Wilks, you know."

"I'm afraid he is only going to make fourteen to-day. That's the postman going to bowl to him. He has two deliveries—one at 8 A.M. and one at 12.30 P.M.; the second one is rather doubtful. Archie always takes guard with the bail, you observe, and then looks round to see if we're all watching."

"Don't be so unkind."

"I'm annoyed," I said, "and I intensely dislike the name Archibald. Ninth wicket down!"

The umpire having called "Play," Joe, the postman, bounded up to the wicket and delivered the ball. Archie played forward with the easy confidence of a school professional when nobody is bowling to him. And then the leg-bail disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Dahlia. "He's out!"

I looked at her, and I looked at Archie's disconsolate back as he made for the pavilion; and I knew what he would want. I got up.

"I must go now," I said; "I've promised to sit on the heavy roller for a bit. Archie will be here in a moment. Will you tell him from me that we both thought he wasn't quite ready for that one, and that it never rose an inch? Thank you very much."

I discovered Myra, and we sat on the roller together.

"Well, I've been making myself pleasant," I said. "And then when Archie got out I knew he'd want to sit next to her, so I came away. That is what they call tact in *The Lady*."

"Archie is rather fond of her," said Myra. "I don't know if—"

"Ah, yes, I understand. Years ago—"

"Let's see. Are you ninety or ninety-one? I always forget."

"Ninety-one next St. Crispin's Day. I'm sorry Archie's out. 'The popular cricketer was unfortunate enough to meet a trimmer first ball, and the silent sympathy of the Bank Holiday crowd went out to him as he wended his way to the pavilion.' Extract from *Pavilions I have wended to*, by PERCY BENSKIN. Help! There goes Blair!—!"

After this the situation became very serious. In an hour seven of us had got what I might call the postman's knock. Wilks was still in, but he had only made nine. The score was 52, thanks entirely to Simpson, who had got 35 between first and second slip in twenty minutes. This stroke of his is known as the Simpson upper-cut, and is delivered straight from the shoulder and off the edge of the bat.

"This is awful," said Myra. "You'll simply have to make some now."

"I think it's time Wilks got on to

his second speed. Why doesn't somebody tell him? Hallo, there goes John. I knew there wasn't a run there. Where are my gloves?"

"You mustn't be nervous. Oh, do make some."

"The condemned man walked firmly to the wickets. 'What is that, umpire?' he asked in his usual cool voice. 'Hout-side the leg stump, Sir,' said the man in white. 'Good,' he replied. . . . What an ass your second gardener is. Fancy being potted out like that, just as if he were a geranium. I ought to wear a cap, oughtn't I, in case I want to bow when I come in. Good-bye; I shall be back for lunch, I expect."

I passed Joe on my way to the wickets, and asked pleasantly after his wife and family. He was rather brusque about it, and sent down a very fast half-volley which kept low. Then Wilks and I returned to the pavilion together amid cheers. On the whole, the Rabbits had lived up to their reputation.

"Well, we are a lot of bunnies," said Archie at lunch. "Joe simply stands there looking like a lettuce and out we all trot. We shall have to take to Halma or something. Simpson, you swim, don't you?"

"You don't have to swim at Halma," said Simpson.

"Anyhow," said Blair, "we can't blame the Selection Committee."

"I blame Thomas," I said. "He would have eight and he wouldn't wait. I don't blame myself, because my average is now three spot five, and yesterday it was only three spot one."

"That is impossible if you made nought to-day," said Simpson eagerly.

"Not if I divided it wrong yesterday."

"Averages," said the Major to the Vicar, catching the last sentence but two, "are the curse of modern cricket. When I was a boy—"

"We are now," Archie explained to us, "back in the thirties, when FELIX MYNN bowled Ensign Mannering with a full pilch."

"Dear old FULLER PILCH. Ah! what do they know of England who only KING and JAYES?" I declaimed. "Libretto by Simpson."

"Who's finished?" said Archie, getting up. "Come out and smoke. Now we simply must buck up and out the opposition. Simpson ought to bump them at Joe's end, and Thomas—"

"I always swerve after lunch," said Thomas.

"I don't wonder. What I was going to say was that you would box them in the slips. You know, if we all buck up—"

We bucked up and outed them by the end of the day for two hundred and fifty.

A. A. M.

## THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

## I.—THE CARAVAN.

*The following notes are based upon particulars supplied by the Firms named therein.*

Now that the fine weather is possibly upon us, or, at any rate, is, according to the almanack, due, it is time to think about the holidays. And what better holiday could there be than one spent in a caravan? Think of the morning mists, the glory of the sunrise, the tender beauty of the same orb's setting, the adventures of the road, the rabbits, the strangeness of it all (at first), the sweet restfulness of the deliberate pace, the healthy dust, the romance!

First, the vehicle itself. A caravan is, as you probably know, a room on wheels. This you may either buy or hire. If you buy it go to the Caravan Builders Co., Bermondsey Causeway, S.E., but if you hire it go to the Caravan Hiring Co., Wanstead Flats, E. In either place you will be well treated. The advantages of buying over hiring are (1) it becomes your own, and (2) you have had, if the caravan is new, no predecessors—a word which covers a large variety of life. The advantages of hiring over buying are (1) you pay less, and (2) the wretched thing does not lie on your hands after you are dead sick of it. But do not forget the point about predecessors. Gipsies may have lived in it once. . . . Picturesque devils, no doubt, but. . . .

What are the joys of the caravan? Ah! In a caravan it is possible to have constant change of scene, to be comfortably sheltered, and yet to be continually in the open air. To the uninitiated the capacity of an ordinary caravan seems almost miraculous. From the outside it looks as though one person alone would have some difficulty in squeezing into it; anyhow, you say there won't be room for anything else. It takes one's breath away to learn that the caravan contains a bedroom—sometimes two—a dining-and-sitting-room, a kitchen, pantry, wardrobe, china closet, bookshelf—in fact, nearly as much as can be packed into a small suburban villa.

All these things have to be fixed up, which brings us to point No. 2—furnishing. But here the resources of commerce are endless. For the stove you may go to Billington's, at 153, Curator Street; for your hat to Preedy in Cheapside; for your boots, if new, to Ringrose of the Strand, or if old (and ah! old boots are best!), to Robertson's in the Haymarket. For your gun, who is better than Fosbrooke? and for your wall-paper try Simperwill's in Sloane Street. Do you eat chocolate?—there is none like Maurice's in Bond Street;



## ON WIMBLEDON COMMON.

*Bruised Pedestrian (to apologetic golfer).* "WELL, SIR, IF YOU MUST PLAY BALL AT YOUR TIME OF LIFE, I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D USE A SOFT ONE."

while Buckstone's billiard tables are still the best. At breakfast time, when the morning mists have been swept away and the fields and hedges smell fresh and sweet, the camper knows that just two things are necessary to make life perfect—the smell of bacon frizzling in the pan and the delightful all-pervading aroma of coffee. And when considering coffee be sure to go for an extract, for the coffee is so much better and more like coffee than any made from the berry. Bostock's is the variety of which many campers of experience naturally think. The points claimed for it which should specially appeal to the camper are ease of preparation and uniqueness of flavour when it is ready. It reminds you of the delicious coffee you forgot to drink thirty years ago, which has been waiting for you ever since.

For dinner you will naturally prefer Peter's Pemmican and Condiment Soup to anything fresh or wholesome, since you are on a perfect holiday and roughing it is such fun, while the special advantages of Raisin-peas must not be forgotten.

After dinner the delicious pipe; and you will of course smoke Tramp Mixture, that heavenly blend which causes the smoker to forget whether he is in his shirt-sleeves or not, or if he has ever washed.

Next week, "The Perfect Holiday. II.—Walking."

## The Open-air Cure.

"Armstrong has a severe cold, although the weather in London yesterday was bright, and a nice drying wind prevailed."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

## THE COMEDY OF QUESTION TIME.

## AN UNRECORDED INCIDENT.

SIR EDWARD GREY, answering questions put by Mr. BYLES (L.), Mr. MACKARNESS (L.), and Mr. WILL THORNE (Lab.), said that the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg was, as its name suggested, in receipt of a State subvention, but His Majesty's Government could not accept responsibility for the visit of the leading members of the ballet.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that *The Daily Chronicle*, in its issue of the 16th inst., has stated that Mme. PRIOBRAJENSKA, "the queen of this organisation," is a "great deal more than an ordinary theatrical dancer?" (*Sensation.*) I have reason to believe that the tendency of the pirouettes executed by this lady is distinctly reactionary, and calculated to demoralise the democratic press—

THE SPEAKER. Order. The hon. member is not asking a question, but entering into a discussion of the ethics of the Terpsichorean art.

Mr. BYLES. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that the name of one of the principal dancers is Mlle. Bash-skirtsoff?

No answer was given.

Mr. W. REDMOND. Arising out of the previous question, Sir, may I ask whether Mr. STOLL, the manager of the Coliseum, is really an exiled Grand Duke?

SIR EDWARD GREY said that on making inquiries he had ascertained that Mr. STOLL was the author of *A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law*. This seemed hardly reconcilable with the grand-ducal hypothesis.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Can the right hon. gentleman give a positive assurance that these ballet dancers are not political spies, whose aim is to lure the proletariat from their allegiance to HENRY and LLOYD GEORGE?

SIR EDWARD GREY said he had no information that supported this ingenious theory.

Mr. BYLES wished to know whether it was a fact that the Empress CATHERINE had instigated the assassination of her husband.

THE SPEAKER. Order. Events that happened 150 years ago are not suitable subjects for questions, even on the part of the Member for Bradford.

Mr. MACKARNESS. Is the right hon. gentleman aware that there is an intense and growing feeling in the country as to the inadvisability of encouraging these salaried *protégées* of the Russian Court, while corresponding facilities are denied to the patriotic dancing dervishes of Egypt and the Nationalist nautch-girls of India?

SIR EDWARD GREY returned no answer.

Mr. WILL THORNE observed that the right hon. gentleman was an inhuman monster. (*Labour cheers.*)

Mr. W. REDMOND. Anyhow, he's got a thorn in his side. (*Opposition laughter.*)

## DEGENERATION.

[“It is said by the critics of democracy that journalism of the newer type impairs and weakens the habit and faculty of continuous and coherent attention”—*Lord Morley*]

Long ere the first of winter's snow

Upon this forehead fell,

A little lad I used to know—

I knew him rather well.

He loved his dog, he loved his cat,

His pink-eyed rabbit and his rat,

He loved the great good-natured cook,

But most of all he loved his book.

This little lad would read through all

A summer's afternoon;

*The Heroes* held him in their thrall

Till bed-time came—too soon.

He paused not till the Golden Fleece

Was brought in triumph back to Greece,

Nor till Medusa's grisly head

Had frozen Polydectes dead.

There in the great arm-chair upcurled

All else he would ignore,

Concentrated in the magic world

Whereon he loved to pore.

No journals had as yet been brought

To paralyse his power of thought,

This little lad that once I knew—

*Le petit moi que j'ai perdu.*

At Oxford he could still attend

As one not quite insane,

And haply for an hour on end

Could exercise his brain.

At first he quite enjoyed the scent

Of some Socratic argument,

And could pursue it like a dog

Perhaps through half a dialogue.

But soon the youth began to find

His mental vigour fail;

The proper study of mankind,

They told him, was *The Mail*.

He read it daily, and his power

Of brain grew weaker hour by hour;

All Plato's points he learnt to miss—

*Eheu! Descensus facilis.*

And now he reads in jerks—a lift—

Two minutes in a train—

And ere he has the time to sift

A sentence—lift again.

Bus—tram—more lift—and then a strap—

More lift—what wonder if a chap

Has lost the art of thought, and bars

Papers with more than six-line pars?

“Aurum irreperitum, et sic melius situm  
Cum tera aplat.”

The above was written by HORACE prior to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's proposal to tax Ungotten Minerals.

## A BACK NUMBER.

“No, no soup” (this to the butler). Then I turned to the serious business of the evening. I looked at the large and gravely Scotch matron beside me, and went at it gallantly.

“Don't you think,” I began, “that the shortage of horses, due to the spread of motoring, may become a national danger?”

“Very,” she replied with a pleasant smile; “but that is so like him”—and returned to her soup with an air of duty done.

I hate any *lacunæ* in table-talk, so I made no pause to try to detect the relevancy, if any, of her answer, but continued with business-like briskness: “But perhaps we are getting a little too apprehensive of—ah—the dangers of invasion. Who was it who said that to meet trouble halfway is the surest method of—er—going halfway to—in fact, to meet trouble? Was it LOCKE, BACON? By the way, what do you think of MARK TWAIN on the Baconian heresy?”

“I like the woolly ones best,” she said with great decision; and her glance was as clear and untroubled as a child's. This *did* give me pause. Plainly she was guiltless of joking, and there were no signs of incipient insanity. In my confusion I let the butler fill my glass with champagne, although the halfpenny autocrat of my breakfast-table tells me that the Smart drink only mineral water; and I have always thought one had better be dead than not be smart. Vulgarian-like—but the *faux pas* was due to confusion, not to ignorance—I emptied my glass. Then, with dwindling confidence, I spoke again.

“And what are your views on the slump in modern drama?”

“I did once—in France,” she told me. Heavens! I wished I could have changed places with Bailey Hamilton. Bailey, on the other side of the table, had a bright young girl next to him, and they were already tackling their seventh topic (Lords and the Budget). But I wasn't going to give in yet.

“Do you think,” I said, dauntlessly—“do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?”

No answer.

“Do you think this remarkable weather is going to last?” I repeated, a shade more anxiously.

No answer. “But then,” thought I, “the Scotch are a cautious race. It will take time to think out something non-committal. Or perhaps she is comparing this year with that, and deducing her verdict from an average of forty seasons.”

The fish came—the fish went, and my question remained unanswered. Then, on a sudden, she turned.





Gamekeeper "WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? DIDN'T YOU SEE THE BOARD—'PRIVATE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'?"  
 Tipper. "WELL—YES—I SEE'D A BOARD, BUT I READ 'PRIVATE' ON IT, SO READ NO FURTHER, THINKING IT WAS NONE O' MY BUSINESS."

"Have you heard of poor Mr. Popkinson's accident?" she asked.

In the consternation of the moment I swallowed an olive alive—I mean, whole. (I hope there will be no complications. It couldn't sprout, could it?)

"Oh!" I said reproachfully, "you shouldn't do that. Unless I take them in order I lose the thread. Now I shall have to go right back to the beginning again. Talking of the shortage of horses, don't you think—"

So far she had heard me with attention. Now, with eager concern, she spoke.

"My dear Mr. Plimley," she said, "I'm so sorry. I saw at the outset from something in your eye that you were going to palm off on me *The Mirror's* list of dinner-table topics; and, do you know, I'm afraid I've been giving the answers I prepared for yesterday's questions. So stupid of me, but you're sitting on my deaf side, so that I didn't realize—"

"Let's say no more about it," I put in magnanimously. "Shall we just talk simple scandal instead, straight out of our own heads?"

She gave a sigh of relief. "Yes, let's," she said.

### THE IRRESPONSIBLE WOOER.

[An eminent authority has stated that among the inhabitants of the Banks' Islands the decision as to whom a man should marry lies with his father's sister]

WAFI, O waft me to those Islands in the  
 South Pacific seas,  
 To the land of milk and honey  
 Where it's always nice and sunny,  
 Where the little waves are lapping  
 Round the laughing maidens' knees,  
 And the palm-fronds idly flapping  
 In the breeze.

There in pre-lapsarian innocence I'd  
 comb the mermaids' curls,  
 I would dive through sea-green waters  
 With a troop of dusky daughters;  
 I would spy the lurking oyster  
 And I'd make the modest pearls  
 Leave their dim secluded cloister  
 For my girls.

I would flirt with Laughing Water when  
 the firefly's lamp was lit,  
 I would praise the grace and vigour  
 Of my dainty Sea-shell's figure;  
 At the feet of Summer Lightning  
 I should be content to sit,  
 As I felt my senses brightening  
 At her wit.

Nor should nasty "little devil doubt"  
 come lifting up his voice,  
 Asking which it was my duty  
 To decide on—brains or beauty;  
 I could flirt with any maiden,  
 Or with all, and still rejoice  
 That my soul would not be laden  
 With the choice.

And the girls would understand me, and  
 their pardon freely grant,  
 If they found themselves rejected  
 And another mate selected;  
 For they'd know my heart's not frozen,  
 That I don't because I can't;  
 I must take the bride that's chosen  
 By my aunt.

*The Yorkshire Evening Post* publishes a testimonial written by a lady in praise of certain spectacles, the product of the enterprise of some "American Specialists." "Formerly," she says, "my head always ached, now I do not know what it is." Nor does *Mr. Punch*, though he has tried hard to guess.

"IRELAND, NORTH AND SOUTH.—Wind chiefly N., light or moderate; fairly generally; overcast at times; temperature below the nominal."  
 —*Irish Times*.



### HORATIA HOLDS THE BRIDGE.

*Territorial Officer:* "BUT MY GOOD WOMAN, IT'S ALL NONSENSE TO EXPECT US TO PAY, WL'RF NOT ORDINARY CIVILIANS WE'RE ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE DON'T YOU KNOW?"

*Toll-keeper:* "I DON'T KNOW NOHINK ABOUT THAT IF YOU COMPS OVER THE BRIDGE, IT'S HAI'ENNY FACH PU SON AN HAI'ENNY FACH BICYCLE!"

*Territorial Officer:* "BUT—ER—SUPPOSE THE GERMANS CAME AND WANTED TO GET ACROSS—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

*Toll-keeper:* "MAKE 'EM PAY!"

### TO A FANCY VEST.

TWELVE months ago (I told the tailor "urgent")  
 You clasped my palpitating bosom first,  
 And now, once more, like Proserpine resurgent,  
 After your winter's sleep to life you burst,  
 Time has not dimmed your buttons' starry brightness,  
 Fair as the South but steadfast as the North,  
 Though possibly there is a hint of tightness  
 About the fourth

With clearer skies, perhaps, we might have traced where  
 That woeful mallow in a garden green  
 Projected on her suitor's summer waist wear  
 An ice intended for the tourney's queen,  
 I mind me, too (it happened at "The Larches"),  
 A strawberry, debouching from its mash,  
 Left a red trail of ruin round your marches,  
 And I said, "Dash!"

But either Sol is kind or else the laundress,  
 You look, my yearling fancy, much the same  
 As when the nymph Neaera (in a fawn dress)  
 Refused to gratify the heart you frame  
 Little they thought, who pled on you the needle,  
 Or dowered you with that tender tint of dove,

That such a classy line could fail to wheedle  
 A woman's love!

Still, as I say, you have not lost your beauty  
 And (like the breast beneath it), barely frayed,  
 Your shining envelope must now do duty  
 For courting Amaryllis—in the shade,  
 I cannot think she too will turn her nose up  
 At knightly adoration in a shell  
 Whose shade is so romantic and that shows up  
 The tie so well

But if she does—for all the sex is fickle—  
 Can we but 'scape the hazards of the storm,  
 The sudden cream-drop and the icy tuckle,  
 Another June may see you yet in form,  
 Close comrade as of yore, and even closer,  
 I swear that you shall do the business when  
 I trot you out against my heart's engrosser  
 Of 1910.

"Kind home wanted for tiny crossbred female, black with tan markings —Advt in 'The Lady'."

We are afraid that the poor girl had a bad time in her last situation.



### COLD STORAGE.

Mr. Asquith (to Welsh Rabbit). "AFRAID YOU MUST BE HUNG UP, BUT YOU SHALL COME OUT FIRST THING NEXT YEAR, IF YOU'RE GOOD!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOLY M P

House of Commons, Monday, June 14  
— 'Parliamentary life would be endurable but for its deputations'

Thus the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, mopping a harrowed brow Certainly



ENOUGH TO SPOIL THE LILLY OF AN ANGEL

Mr William Jones "I shall haf to be feiry cross look you! I shall be g'fing you a g'ot hud neck whitefeer!"

(Welsh Disestablishment Bill postponed till next year)

had rather a hard day. First of all there were the Irish distillers insisting upon special terms in the Budget. Then came the Welsh Members, pistol in hand demanding instant passage of Church Disestablishment Bill. Worst of it is these chaps have votes. Last week the Irish Nationalists plumped against Second Reading of Finance Bill. As it happened, didn't matter much. Specific reason for defection plainly stated. But if Wales joins hands with Ireland, passage of Bill through Committee might prove a thorny one.

Accordingly PREMIER "tuins on" his persuasive colleague, bids him see the Irish and the Welsh malcontents in succession, to both playing the part of the Friend of Humanity.

Meeting the Irish distillers, LORD GEORGE'S tongue lingers lovingly over a memorable line in his prototype's address to the Needy Knife Grinder.

"I give thee sixpence! I'll see thee d— first."

Restrained himself. Played the part so well that he brought salt tears to eyes of hardened distillers from Dublin and Cork. Sent them away murmuring

benedictions. Not a dry eye in the room when in voice trembling with honest emotion he protested that he "would consider the matter as a whole with as deep a sympathy, as warm a friendship for Ireland, as any gentleman present."

And yet, as he reflected when the deputation withdrew, he had not done more than promise "consideration."

With his own countrymen he was, naturally, more at home and not less successful. On entering the room he found them upstanding, singing "*The March of the Men of Harlech*," led from the Chair by ALFRED THOMAS (Knight). There was that in the stern regard turned upon him that betokened seriousness of the situation. It meant war. The Welsh Members want Disestablishment and they won't wait. (No rhyme possible about the declaration, wherein it falls short of the attraction of GEORGE WINDHAM'S immortal couplet. What it lacks in rhyme is made up for in reason.)

Task of reconciliation seemed hopeless. WILLIAM JONES especially turbulent in his attitude towards a PRIME MINISTER who had broken faith with honest Welshmen. Almost blood-thirsty in his denunciation of that Minister's emissary. His sardonic suggestion that "in the absence of a lamp-post they might hang the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER on the Member for Pembroke" was received with roar of approval chilling to the stoutest heart. From his altitude of 6 feet 7 OWEN PHILLIPS looked down assenting. Not pleasant to go about suspending a limp CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But with Welsh Members personal convenience is never permitted to clash with patriotic purpose.

Patience and plausibility work wonders. At the end of address that did not exceed a quarter of an hour in delivery, the mutineers were won over. In an eloquent passage spoken in their native tongue LORD GEORGE promised if they would say nothing more about Disestablishment Bill this Session it should

be made the first measure in the programme of next year.

Thus in the course of an afternoon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER allayed the passions of two nationalities, wadding off the immediate stroke of adversity by pleasing promises for the future. As he says, translating a familiar Welsh



A SNAKE OF MR GOOCH IN ACTION

proverb, "Take care of to-day, to-morrow will take care of itself."

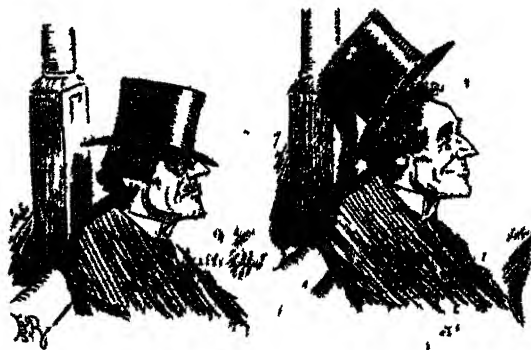
**Business done** — In Committee of Supply. By nine o'clock appointed work accomplished and House adjourned.

**Wednesday** — JAMES FITZGERALD HOFF J.P., author of *A History of the 1900 Parliament*, cannot make out what the House is laughing at. Asked a simple question. Wanted to know what, in the opinion of the Admiralty, are the relative values, for the purpose of computing the two Power standard, of battleships of identical fighting power at Kiel, Toulon, Pola, Nagasaki, San Francisco, and New York?

Nothing could be simpler, nor anything more subtly calculated to cover the FIRST LORD with confusion.

"The relative value of battleships of identical fighting power in their respective ports would," ADMIRAL MCKENNA gravely answered, "be one of equality."

Then came the burst of laughter, began below Gangway opposite, ran round benches like train of gunpowder on which a lighted match had fallen. What were they laughing at? JAMES FITZGERALD'S question had cost him thought and research. It meant a study of those big maps in the necessity of consulting which the late MARKIS found compensation for devastating war. Mere spelling of the names a matter of responsibility.



Study of an interesting performance the frequent repetition of which seemed to afford Lord Robert Cecil infinite satisfaction. It was probably a symptom of reflective enjoyment of the so-called slump in Tariff Reform."





## HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 3.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT WHILE SALMON FISHING, WADING TROUSERS, IF FASTENED BY A BELT, AS LONG AS THEY REMAIN AIR-TIGHT, CAN BE DEPENDED UPON TO PREVENT YOUR SINKING

## THE NEW GAOL.

THE Governor received me with that dignified courtesy which has ever gone with the control of such institutions. "I think," he said, "you will agree that it is well conducted."

He took a huge bunch of keys from its nail and led the way.

"Here," he said, unlocking a cell, "is a very old offender."

I peered into the gloom and saw an Aberdeen terrier in the corner.

"Sandy's his name," said the Governor. "A destructive maniac. He tears up everything he sees—clothes, papers, work-bags, carpets, hearthrugs, even books. His last offence was to chew half a presentation copy of BAYNE'S *American Constitution*. He is here for a week. We cover articles with Eau-de-Cologne, whisky, and tobacco-juice to disgust him."

In the next cell was a bulldog.

"Disobedience," said the Governor. "Won't go out for walks without a lead, and then pulls at it like a salmon. We fasten him to a crank, and he has to trot with it or be half choked for hours."

In the next was a little black spaniel. "Refuses to be broken to the house," said the Governor. "A stubborn case. Otherwise a charming character. Systematic lashings regularly was the sentence."

"Do you find that punishment is a deterrent?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," he said; "but they learn slowly. One sojourn here is rarely enough. Here, for example, is a frequent visitor," and he showed me an Irish terrier. "A cat-worrier. We deal with him by pushing stuffed cats charged with electricity into his cell. In the way they cure crib-biters, you know. But his spirit is stronger than his sense of pain."

"Good dog!" I involuntarily said.

The Governor was scandalised, and led me away. "Had I known you would so forget yourself," he said, "I should have refused you the interview."

## Testimonial Candour.

"Please send me two more Army Field Glasses with separate receipts. Whoever sees mine wants another."

## THE PEN IN THE SLIPS.

"MacLaren caused loud cheers by cutting one from Armstrong away to the leg boundary"—*Bournemouth Daily Echo*

"Tyldesley took seventy minutes to get his first 16, and 15 of these were singles."—*Daily Express*.

Query: What was the other?

"The former, in an effort to bring off a catch, fell full length in the slips, and just secured the ball left handed from a fine high drive."—*Surrey Mirror*.

"Mr Jones then joined Hirst, who had scored three pretty 4's to leg through the slips."—*Daily Mail*.

"McLaren followed with a nice late cut for 36 from Lever."—*Bristol Evening News*.

"Noble is a past-master in placing the field to suit his bowlers, and he is backed up by eleven men of rare cricketing intelligence"—*Morning Leader*.

Twelve Australians! That explains our defeat.

A Glasgow paper publishes the following curious example of renaissance:

"He was born in Edinburgh 60 years ago, and afterwards, with his lifelong friend John Wyllie, at Paris."

## SIC TRANSIT.

(On the passing of the Senior Wrangler.)

O UPPERMOST Wrangler!  
O greatest of nobles!  
Thou deft disentangler  
Of intricate probs.—

To whom surds are as simple as under-  
hand bowling to HOBBS.

Henceforth thou art banished,  
Thy kingship is o'er,  
The halo hath vanished  
That ringed thee of yore;

And even the spoon that was wooden  
is not any more.

How journalists loved thee!  
What copy thou wast!  
How gladly they shovelled thee—  
Ay, free of all cost!—

By the side of HALL CATNE and the KAISER!  
. . . And now thou art lost.

No more will they tell us  
The tales of thy skill:  
How tutors grew jealous  
(As pedagogues will)

When, clever as *they* were, their pupil  
proved cleverer still.

No more will the pressmen  
In ecstasy note  
Thy craft as a chessman  
And hasten to quote

"Mens sana in corpore sano" (as some-  
body wrote).

Farewell to thy fame—  
And to Father's and Mother's!  
Henceforth will thy name  
Be no more than another's;

For thou, in the future, must wrangle  
along with the others.

## PRAISE TO THE FACE.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE concludes a descriptive article in *The Daily Chronicle* on the great Naval Review by expressing the modest hope that the critics of the Admiralty may one day come to suggest that "our greatest battleship should be named the *Kingfisher*," adding that "it would be a graceful amend to the creator of the modern Navy."

The extreme modesty of this proposal has naturally disappointed the admirers of "the greatest of sea-lords since NOAH," as he has wittily been styled, and Mr. *Punch* has been positively bombarded by suggestions as to how this culminating point in Sir JOHN FISHER's career should be fitly commemorated.

Mr. Rugby Pink, the famous naval correspondent, writes: "MR. BEGBIE suggests that one battleship should be called the *Kingfisher*. Could anything be more miserably inadequate or ungenerous? My proposal, which I am convinced will be hailed with general acclamation, is that England should

henceforth be called 'Fisherland,' and the Isle of Wight the 'Isle of Arnold White.'"

Mr. Yello Pearyard, the renowned nautical publicist, opens his communication by very properly calling attention to the superb and gorgeously poetic metaphors of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE's article. He says, "Has anyone since RUSKIN come within a measurable distance of the majestic sonority of this adorable exordium?"—

"On Saturday there was something new. Britannia's flesh did not creep. It glowed.

Sea and Sky were like two prize-fighters retired to their corners after a round of hard pounding. Every shade of bruise was in the clouds, which were puffed and bagged and swollen; every shade of sick green was in the sea, which suggested a winded body and a sinking stomach. These two antagonists regarded each other. They appeared to be waiting for the next round. The sound of the wind was like the murmur of conversation round the ring.

Every now and then the rain fell; every now and then a pale sun, like a hammered eye, peered out of the brown-paper sky and produced the tinge of thunder in the green sea; always the wind blew. It was cold, melancholy, depressing. But—you could almost see Britannia's flesh glow with pride."

"MR. HAROLD BEGBIE suggests how a fitting amend could be made by the detractors of Sir JOHN FISHER. May I be permitted to suggest that the magnificent services of Mr. BEGBIE to the English language, to Britannia, and to Sea and Sky also deserve recognition. Why should we not found a Chair of Ichthyolatry at Birmingham University, with Mr. BEGBIE as first Professor? Or failing that, let him be created Honorary Admiral of the (Arnold) White, or Controller of the Boom."

The foregoing letters adequately represent the spirit of enthusiasm evoked by the lyrical outburst of Mr. BEGBIE. It is painful to add that a jarring note is struck by one correspondent, who writes: "I am not a superstitious man, but when people write in this rancid strain of fulsome complacency I want to propitiate Nemesis by a wholesale holocaust of professional gushers and gup-mongers."

We are sorry that the two following paragraphs should have appeared consecutively in *The Manchester Guardian*:—

"The Canadian Minister of Finance, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, who was accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fielding, was also a passenger by the Empress of Ireland."

"It was also alleged that they took a number of hens, valued at £2, from an adjoining hen-run."

"WANTED, MAN or LADY to prepare and fry fish and chips from 4 to 10 A.M."—*Southern Daily Echo*.

But what objection can there be to a real gentleman for this kind of work?

## THE MIDGES' SONG.

MAIDEN like a tinted rose,  
Clad in muslin thin and chaste,  
Your embroidered net-work hose  
Absolutely suits our taste.

Youth, whose pulse with rapture stirs,  
Agitated by her charm,  
While your eyes are wooing hers  
We are creeping up your arm.

Military-looking gent,  
Clad in suit of shepherd's check,  
We salute you with content  
As we titillate your neck.

Ample dame, whose kindly face  
Lifelong charity reveals—  
Tender also to our race—  
You are good for many meals.

Cordially we greet you all,  
Comradeship we cultivate;  
Though in person we are small,  
Yet our influence is great.

If our ways are not polite,  
Your behaviour seems to match;  
Though we little midges bite,  
In return you mortals scratch.

From *The Visitor*, a journal which serves the needs of Bridge of Allan, Dunblane, Doune, and Callendar, we extract the following advertisement, which appeared in the issue of June 9th:

"Dunblane Habitation Primrose League.

A GARDEN PARTY,  
at the kind invitation of  
Mr. Arthur Hay Drummond,  
will take place at Cromlix  
on SATURDAY, the 26th JUNE.

Those who intend going should do so at once."

No reports have yet reached us from Cromlix, but we imagine that Mr. HAY DRUMMOND has had very little leisure for correspondence.

## The Unpardonable Sin.

"The majority of the Ladies, however, wore the usual evening gowns, and as many of their costumes were noted when I wrote an account of the Infirmary Ball, it will not be necessary to describe them here again."—*Local Paper*.

The Editor's fate is not known.

"Yesterday a few American visitors, who had only reached Liverpool this morning, put in an appearance late in the afternoon, but to-day their number was strongly reinforced."—*Westminster Gazette* (on Ascot).

The new lot would be those who only reached Liverpool to-morrow.

"There is a probability that St. John's (Oxford) will send a four as well as an eight, but at present nothing has been definitely decided. Should they, if they are content with the latter, the Thames will be their goal."—*Paris Daily Mail*.

Always the best river to aim at when you go to Henley.





*Mother (telling the history of our first parents) "AND EVE ATE OF THE FRUIT AND SHE GAVE SOME TO ADAM."  
Dolly. "OH, MUMMIE! HOW KIND OF HER!"*

### A TARDY PROPOSAL.

[In the course of an article on "The Bride" a daily paper points out that in respect of their chances of getting married, waitresses come before clerks, and clerks before teachers and nurses.]

SOME years ago I saw her first,  
Her homely face suffused with frowns,  
As she (professionally) nursed  
That beastly brat of Brown's.  
She pleased me then, I must confess;  
To her I smiled my silent thanks,  
Who curbed the cub's effusiveness  
With surreptitious spansks.

His governess when next we met,  
She led his youthful footsteps through  
The mazes of the alphabet,  
The path of two times two.  
'Twas not to find her still unwed  
That filled me with unholy joy,  
But that I knew she slapped the head  
Of that unpleasant boy.

On teaching tasks she turned her back,  
Her labours graced another scene;  
For want of something else to smack  
She smacked a type machine.  
Then once again she changed her post;  
Since marriage comes to her who waits,  
She served out dubious eggs on toast  
And so called ham on plates,

At last my laggard heart awoke  
(The cap and dress became her well),  
I ate the eggs, but barred one yolk,  
Then softly rang the bell.  
Her face, I hastened to decide,  
Though plain, was not unpicturesque.  
"Be mine," I said, and she replied:  
"I will. Pay at the desk."

### PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

#### MR. LONG JANE'S NEW POET.

MR. LONG JANE begs to announce that he will publish shortly a volume of poems by the new poet, Mr. Morrell Haggis, with an introduction by Mr. G. K. Jesterton. The co-operation of Mr. Jesterton and Mr. Haggis in the production of this book is eminently Jestertonic. The two men met as strangers to each other on the stairs of a Battersea flat. The new Poet introduced himself. "Mr. Jesterton, I presume?" he said. "It would be impossible," replied the great commentator, "to state anything more tremendously true." "I," said the other, folding his hand in that of his new friend, where it lay like a sleeping camel in the Sahara, "I am Morrell Haggis." An hour later two figures of strangely contrasted ap-

pearance might have been seen steadily circumambulating Battersea Park, one shouting the other's verses to the astonished heavens and a following of feckless youths. The book containing these wonders is only 3s. 6d. net.

#### MR. WELKIN MARK'S NEW POET.

Mr. Welkin Mark (exactly opposite Long Jane's) begs to announce that he has secured for the English market the palpitating works of the new Montana (U.S.A.) poet, Mr. Ezekiel Ton, who is the most remarkable thing in poetry since ROBERT BROWNING. Mr. Ton, who has left America to reside for a while in London and impress his personality on English editors, publishers and readers, is by far the newest poet going, whatever other advertisements may say. He has succeeded, where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy.

#### Commercial Candour.

"'BARBED WIRE CLOTH' for Youngsters' Suits; almost unwearable."—*Advt. in "Ladybrand Courant."*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Story of Thyrza* (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, is really the story of two *Thyrzas*, with little else but the author's own word to guarantee their identity. In the first part of her book she sketches, with a very sympathetic humour, the childhood of a girl of high-strung and consciously romantic temperament, brought up in the most primitive surroundings. In the second part we are shown a rather colourless woman of middle-age, absorbed, after a brave struggle against poverty and shame, in the career of her unfathered son. The bridge that spans the yawning gulf between these two existences may be strong enough to bear the author's feet skimming airily along by aid of the winged sandals of imagination, but is not meant to support the gravity of the critic. Even under my frail weight it quivered pariously. She has asked too much of us when she wants us to believe that she has provided an adequate motive, on *Thyrza's* side, for the act that was to ruin her life. The credulity which allows the girl to idealise a coarse nature whose loyalty she has had good reason to suspect, cannot account for her lapse. True, she had always had a morbid craving for self-sacrifice, and would certainly have laughed at convention and run clean away with a lover if there had been a bar to their formal union. But here there was no such bar; and the circumstances—it is the old story of a last train missed—are of the most banal. To make them serve as excuse for such a tragedy is to set too low a value both upon the instinctive purity of the girl's heart and the healthy influences of her simple country training.

All this, however, may be a matter of personal opinion; but, for the rest, there cannot be two opinions about the charm of the author's work, her freshness and spontaneity, her feeling for what is noble in character, her sense of the laughter that lies close to tears. If her vision is, perhaps, rather clear than wide, she always sees the things worth seeing. And I am glad to make the acquaintance of *Barton Gorse*, and to be given once more, as in *Rose Macleod*, so pleasant a picture of love between two people well past their youth. I cannot change my belief, already expressed in these columns, that of all the novelists whose work comes to us from America ALICE BROWN is the most delightful.

"Out of the intermingling of those two lives—the one fundamentally of the earth, the other of the spirit"—what character would result? This is the problem in heredity that Mrs. PERCY DEARNER set herself to answer in *Gervase* (MACMILLAN), and she has done it with remarkable originality and success. *Gervase Alleyne* is as cleverly drawn a figure

as I remember to have met with in recent fiction. Introduced to us as a contemplative Baby (in a first chapter of which the delicate charm would alone make the book worth reading), his career as school-boy, undergraduate, and grown man is developed by the author in a way that is always convincing, because it is always the logical outcome of the two opposing influences that directed it. There are other characters also in the book that impress one as truly observed: *Mark Hassall*, the ascetic young Oxford tutor, whose friendship with *Gervase* was so strong a force in bringing about the tragedy of the latter's life, is one; another is *Miriam Souls*, the girl whom *Gervase* marries through a strange mixture of passion and altruism. *Kate*, her sister and the heroine of the story, is a figure of whose reality I am less sure; nor can I resist a suspicion that Mrs. DEARNER was herself not quite certain about the remaining important personage, *Jack Denham*, whose villainy ruined the marriage of *Miriam* and *Gervase*, but who plays only a shadowy part in the events that followed its discovery. Still *Gervase* alone is an achievement upon which I tender Mrs. DEARNER my hearty congratulations; she should also be credited with the discovery of a striking novelty in "curtains," as I remember no other story of which the psychological crisis turns upon its hero's choice of a Division Lobby in the House of Commons.

It is probably prejudice which makes me object to a novel in which all the characters are in love with other persons' husbands and wives. One such domestic difficulty in one book may be defensible; but three is rather strong meat, even for seasoned readers. Yet that is what Mrs. VIRE CAMPBELL gives us in *Render Unto Cæsar* (MILLS AND BOON). One cannot help thinking that

it would have been so very much simpler for the parties to have sorted themselves out correctly in the first place. Of course we might in that case have had to do without the story altogether. But would that have mattered so greatly? The book ends weakly and inconclusively, most of the characters apparently being still uncertain whether to continue rendering a nominal obedience unto Cæsar or to repair to the Divorce Court as the shortest way of straightening out the tangle.

## A Good Target.

"At the first cry the enemy stop short; at the second huddle together, looking fearfully round"—*English Church Pageant programme*. Talking of rotundity, it will be remembered that Mr. CHESTERTON had a part in this spectacle.

## Commercial Candour.

From a housekeeper's application. "I have some testimonials from good people who have put up with me at various times"



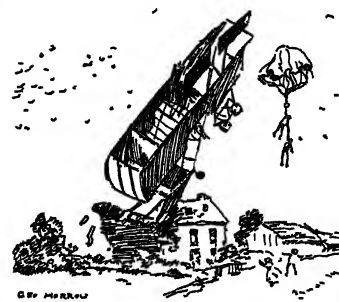
IT IS DISCOURAGING TO REFLECT THAT THE OLDER METHODS OF AERIAL NAVIGATION, SUCH AS THE BROOM,



AND THE MAGIC CARPET,



THE SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS,



WERE MUCH SIMPLER AND MORE EFFICIENT THAN THE MODERN ACROPLANE

## CHARIVARIA.

"I ONLY want to tax unearned increment," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in the course of the Budget debate; "but the simple way is to exclude anything in the nature of improvements." This would seem to be Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S attitude to the entire Budget.

The British Association of Teachers of Dancing has been concerning itself with the question of how to put a stop to romping and kitchenish behaviour at dances. An attempt is to be made to popularise "The Athenæum Waltz"—as performed, we take it, by the less frivolous of the members of the stately Club of that name.

A certain Reformer must be getting alarmed at the results of his anti-face-hair propaganda. Some of his disciples are becoming *plus royalistes que le roi*. A communication received by the Congo Reform Association mentions the case of a native who was compelled to swallow his beard after it had been cut off, chopped up, and mixed with leaves.

While two bicyclists were looping-the-loop at Orleans the other day, over a cage in which there were half-a-dozen lions, one of the performers broke his handle-bar and fell into the cage. The lions, however, did not touch him. The king of beasts is nothing if not dignified, and he will not take his food if it is thrown at him like that.

We are sorry to hear that Consul and Peter, the two talented monkeys and foot-light favourites, have been sulking because they were not invited as guests of honour to the DARWIN celebrations.

"Little PEPPIRO ARRIOLA, the marvellous child pianist, will receive in America," we read, "1,000 dols. for each recital he gives." The printer seems to have left out an *l*.

A motor omnibus caused some little excitement last week in New Oxford Street by entering a tobacconist's shop. The fondness of some of these vehicles for smoking is an undoubted evil.

As a rule when two vessels collide at

sea there is a dispute as to which is to blame, but the Dungeness accident was plainly the fault of *Sappho*.

A Post Office customer, in a letter on the subject of the writing materials supplied for public use, complains that "the blotting-paper will not blot." Our experience is that this is just what it does.

It is not only in America that one

sheep grafted in its place. The man is doing well, and is wondering whether he will now be accused of cannibalism when he has lamb for luncheon.

As there have been several instances recently of cars falling into rivers and sinking, the "Thames Motor Carriages" which we see advertised should supply a want.

An enlarged Clement airship—No. 2—is now being constructed, and a suggestion (which, we imagine, emanates from an admirer of *The Sphere*) reaches us to the effect that No. 1 and No. 2 should be known in future respectively as "Clement Shorter" and "Clement Longer."

Surprise has been expressed by many persons that so much as £13,125 should have been given for TURNER'S *Burning of the Houses of Parliament*, but a Liberal friend of ours is of the opinion that the destruction of the Upper Chamber alone would have been worth that sum.

It is exceptional to find a tobacconist who supports Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Finance Bill. We therefore derive a rare pleasure from the following announcement of a cigar firm:—

"IMPORTED HAVANAS  
(1905 Crop)  
OFFERED AT PRO-BUDGET PRICES."

A Conservative correspondent has discovered in a French Encyclopædia a short outline of what he takes to be the career of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE (under the *nom de guerre* CHARLES ALEXANDRE DE CALONNE.) It runs as follows: "Contrôleur-général et l'un des hommes d'état les plus célèbres de l'ancienne monarchie dont il accéléra la chute pas ses opérations financières. Il n'avait aucun plan. . . ."

## The Stronger Sex.

*The Sunday Chronicle*, in an account of a fencing match between teams of ladies from Manchester and Liverpool, says:

"The Manchester ladies won five bouts out of four."

It is very doubtful whether a team composed of mere men could have done as well as this.



SIR "TOBY, M.P." APPEARETH IN YE (BIRTHDAY) LISTES.

finds capable journalists. A French newspaper informs us that, during a recent storm at Clermont, a man was caught in the rush of the wind and blown six miles out of his way, and only then was able to stop by using his face, on which he fell, as a brake.

The difficulty of finding an apt title for a play is well known. For example, *What the Public Wants* has just been withdrawn after a short run.

In a Chicago hospital a patient whose shin-bone had been shattered has had a portion of bone from the leg of a young

## THE QUARREL.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman

DEAR OLD MAN,—You have always been such a brick, I wish you'd do me another favour. I wish you'd lend me your aeroplane for the next week-end. I am going to Dartmoor, where practice should be easy, and I feel sure that I understand the whole business. Then later I might have a shot at the Cross-Channel prize. Yours as ever,

C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am taking an aeroplane down to Dartmoor on Friday, and shall be delighted to show it to you and to Miss Ferney, to whom please give my kind regards.

Yours sincerely,  
CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

DEAR HAPGOOD,—We are delighted to think that we shall soon see an aeroplane at close quarters. You will, of course, secure an accomplished aviator. Evelyn declares her intention of going up, but I doubt if I should allow that. You will, of course, stay with us. We shall take no denial. Yours sincerely,  
HENRY FERNEY.

Miss Ferney to various friends and neighbours.

DEAR —,—It will give my father and myself great pleasure if you will come to Tor Castle to lunch on Saturday to witness an aviation display under the control of my friend, Mr. Charles Hapgood. Yours sincerely,  
EVELYN FERNEY.

Mr. Travis Pullman to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You seem to have gone clean off your head—unless, of course, your letter is an elaborate joke. How on earth do you think I'm going to lend you my aeroplane? I've only just got it, and haven't mastered it myself yet. How could you manage it when you've never been in one in your life? Besides, there are certain things a man doesn't lend. Aeroplanes come nearly first. Yours always

TRAVIS.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman

MY DEAR TRAVIS,—Your letter was a great surprise to me, and a great shock too. I always looked on you as a generous man. This Channel prize

would just have put me right, and now I don't know where to look for the money. As for not having any experience, I've read all about WILBUR WRIGHT, and I've seen him on the bi-scope, and I'm a first-class driver of a car, as you know. Half-an-hour's examination of the engines on the ground would be all I should want. Why, you've often said what a genius for mechanics I have. In any case one must begin some time, and that's where an old friend should come in. If anything goes wrong with the thing I'll buy you another, if you don't mind waiting for the money. A pal couldn't say more than that.

Yours, C. H.



Lady "BUT POVERTY IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING DIRTY! DO YOU NEVER WASH YOUR FACE?"

Tramp (with an injured air) "PARDON ME, LADY, BUT I'VE ADOPTED THIS 'DRE DRY-CLEANIN' PROCESS AS BEIN' MORE 'EALTHY AND 'T-GENIC'"

DEAR HAPGOOD,—It's quite out of the question. I refuse to lend it. Why, it would be only one remove from murder. Yours,  
T. P.

DEAR PULLMAN,—Your astonishing letter puts the lid on it. That's the end. I did think I had one pal I could trust; but now I know better. You may trust me never to ask you for anything else, or anyone else either.

Yours faithfully, C. H.

Mr. Charles Hapgood to Sir Henry Ferney, M.P.

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I am sorry to have to say that I shall be unable to come after all. There is a hitch with the aeroplane, and it will be impossible to bring it. I shall however come alone.

With kind regards to Miss Ferney, believe me,

Yours sincerely,  
CHARLES HAPGOOD.

Sir Henry Ferney, M.P., to Mr. Charles Hapgood.

(Telegram.)

Sorry this week-end impossible.

FERNEY.

Miss Hapgood to Mr. Travis Pullman.

MY DEAR MR. PULLMAN,—I don't know what it is that Charlie wants from you, but if you could possibly see your way to lend it I should be so happy. The poor boy is a wreck of disappointment, and it affects all of us. He says you are the only man who can do him this little favour, whatever it is. Please do it.

Yours sincerely,  
IRENE HAPGOOD.

A Fellow-Clubman to Mr. Travis Pullman.

DEAR PULLMAN,—I thought you might like to know that at the Club to-day Hapgood was abusing you like a pickpocket. He says that you, one of his oldest friends, refused to do some simple thing for him—lend him a fiver or something. As the friend of both this is rather painful to me, and I should like a word from you to enable me to meet him squarely next time he talks like this. Yours,  
X.

## Old Ireland for Ever.

"As long as he was rector of St Augustine's he would do his best to put a stop to anything of that kind (hear, hear), not because it existed, but because it never should arise in that parish (hear, hear)."—*Report of Father Rathe's remarks ("Liverpool Echo")*

## The Two "Sapphos."

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of" Dover.

There's nothing like leather still.

"Under these circumstances, Commander Christian gave orders for the men to lower the boots"—*Leeds Mercury*

No shoemaker will be surprised to hear that not a soul was lost.

## Chivalry.

"Robin a 142 Bay . . . perfect manners . . . safe with a lady and children and all road nuisances"—*Morning Post*

## A little Hermaphrodite?

"Birth.

On June 13, to Rev. and Mrs. —, a son (née Mabel Lees)."—*Wolverhampton Express and Star*.





**"AT HOME" TO THE FLEET.**

FATHER THAMES. "PITY I HAVEN'T GOT MY OLD FLOTILLA OF PADDLE-BOATS IN COMMISSION. I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO SHOW MY GUESTS WHAT I COULD DO."

## MORE BUDGET GRUMBLES.

SIR,—May I ask all your readers to join me in a non-political league against the Budget? I am not a politician myself. I have not the least animus against the present Government. It would pain me if they were to be turned out of office. My object is simply to secure the alteration of financial proposals which I believe to be detrimental to the public interest. Let me ask all your readers, of all parties to support this non-political movement, and to send their names and addresses to

Yours impartially,  
WALTER LONG.

P.S.—I have already been surprised and gratified to secure the adhesion of Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. ARSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

SIR,—I recently inherited from a relative a small legacy—amounting approximately to the sum of one million sterling. As I frequently receive requests for subscriptions from charitable societies, I wish to state that I have had to pay in death duties the sum of £100,000. This is the income for three years of a million invested at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per centum. Therefore you will see that for three years I am absolutely without any income whatever and shall be unable to subscribe a farthing even to the most deserving charity. It wounds me deeply that the rapacity of a Chancellor should check the stream of benevolence.

Yours practically  
A PAUPER.

P.S.—I am taking legal opinion as to whether, considering the fact that I possess no income, I am not eligible (during the next three years) for an old-age pension.

SIR,—From my landed estates I derive a gross income of £80,000. Of this no less than £40,000 is paid away in income tax, local rates, insurance against death duties, repairs, allowances, subscriptions and other charges. Thus I already lose half of my income, and am left the miserable pittance of £40,000 a year. Were it not for certain investments apart from land I could not make both ends meet. And now a super-tax of 6d. in the £ is to be levied on my income. This means that I must economise. I shall therefore discharge one plumber, one mason, one bricklayer and one carpenter from my estate staff. Perhaps this will teach the democracy that it is dangerous to lay hands on capital.

Yours truly,  
SIR GGLER.

SIR,—I happen to be a millionaire—a bare millionaire—that is, the value of my landed property just exceeds a million. Now, apparently, this Budget

merely takes away one-tenth of the property in case of my death. But I intend to prove that circumstances may arise under which the Government may confiscate not a mere tenth but two-thirds of my property.

Let me suppose that I am walking on the seashore in company with my ten sons. There is nothing improbable in that. We are cut off by the tide and take refuge on a rock. A breaker sweeps me away, to the infinite regret of my offspring and the fiendish delight of the Chancellor, who rakes in a cool hundred thousand. The next breaker carries off my eldest son, and with him £90,000. The others follow in order. By the time the lifeboat rescues my youngest son the estate has been reduced to £350,000—roughly two-thirds of its value confiscated.

I ask you, shall such things be? I say never. To show my determination I am sending a subscription of 10s. 6d. to the Budget Protest League, and I ask all millionaires to follow my example.

Yours truly,  
AN ANXIOUS PLUTOCRAT.

SIR,—My landed property consists of one cliff and its adjacent foreshore on the Eastern coast. At present its rental value as a goat pasture is 7s. 6d. per annum. But I can see possibilities for its development. I am working strenuously for and giving largely to the Tariff Reform League. When Tariff Reform comes the ample cave accommodation for smugglers in my cliff will let readily at fabulous prices. Am I to be taxed on this wealth which I am labouring to create?

If so I shall refuse the use of my caves to smugglers and hold out for higher prices still. Reluctantly I should be compelled to offer my cliff and foreshore to foreign Governments as a highly eligible invasion site.

Yours truly,  
PARIOT.

SIR,—I own a few acres of agricultural land of poor quality, which till this year let at ten shillings an acre. However it has this advantage—it borders the private golf course of a Cabinet Minister. Consequently I have let it at twenty pounds an acre to the Women's Social and Political Union. Deputations daily throw bottles, fly kites, and shout through megaphones over the dividing wall. Is it fair that I should be taxed on the betterment of my property? If so, is it not also just that I should receive compensation for worsement when the members of the Social and Political Union get married, or get the vote—or, what is even more probable, when the Cabinet Minister goes out of office.

Yours truly,  
AN ARDENT GOVERNMENT SUPPORTER.

## LATEST NEWS FROM THE ROADS.

(By Our Motoring Expert.)

BATH ROAD.—During the re-tarring operations yesterday a child named Albert Burdekin, aged 4 years, fell on a patch of still warm tar and became so firmly imbedded in it that it took several navvies to extricate the little sufferer, whose clothes were completely destroyed. Sir Leon Guggenheimer, however, who was passing by at the time, kindly proffered an old fur coat, in which young Burdekin was removed to the Hounslow Cottage Hospital.

BARNES AND DISTRICT.—Tarring operations are in full swing on the Barnes—Richmond road. Special accommodation is now provided for tar babies at the Nurseries, Upper Richmond Road.

BRIGHTON ROAD.—Every Sunday this popular highway grows more and more reminiscent of the Red Sea during the Exodus. On Monday the 21st a remarkable experience was enjoyed by a well-known motorist in the neighbourhood of Handcross. Having been obliged to stop in order to execute some trifling repairs, this gentleman became nearly faint owing to the strong scent of clover from an adjacent field.

COVENTRY ROAD.—Tarring operations concluded on Saturday between St. Albans and Markyate. The surface is now being treated with lavender-water at the expense of the firm of Schmoller.

EASTBOURNE ROAD.—The neighbourhood of Frant is still convulsed by the witticism of a well-known motoring nobleman who observed that the process of re-tarring the road was apt to retard his progress.

GREAT NORTH ROAD.—On Friday last an obelisk was unveiled about four miles from Welwyn to commemorate the escape last year of Lord George Bostock, who had the misfortune to collide with a steam-roller at this spot.

SOUTHAMPTON ROAD.—The re-tarring of the road between Sunningdale station and Bagshot has been the subject of some interesting comments by the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*.

## A Government Washhouse.

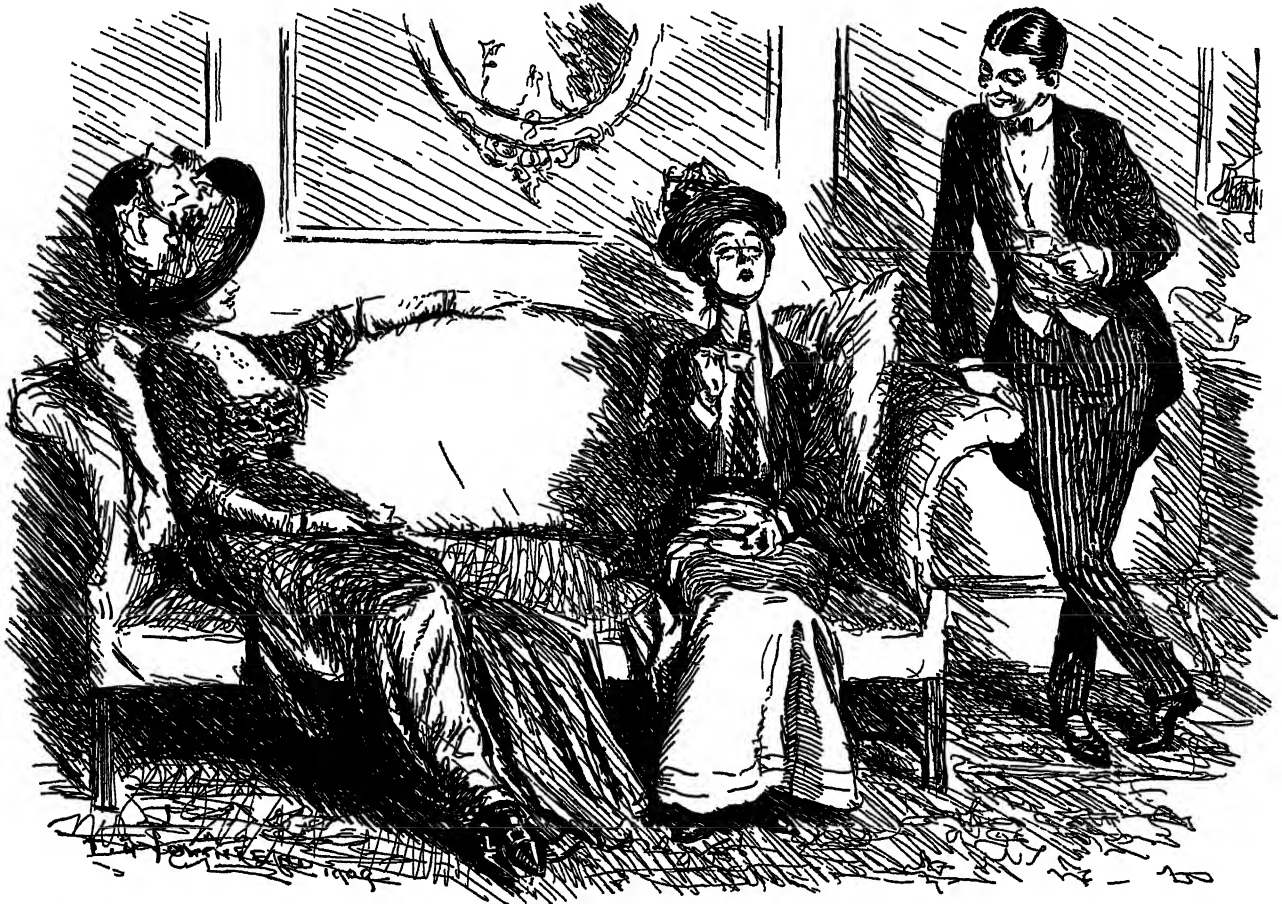
*The Upper Burma Gazette* announces Mr. CHURCHILL'S Labour Exchange Bill, which, it says, "will form a national system of exchanges with a central cleaning (sic) house."

Many a true jest is spoken in earnest.

## Budgen's Hard Luck.

"H. Budgen b Hurst b Le Couteur 25. The innings closed for 191, Budgen just failing to reach his century."—*Globe*.

No wonder he could not make those needed 75 runs, with two bowlers at him at once.



*Male Trifler.* "BY THE WAY, SPEAKING OF THE SPCA, MISS GIBBS, I'M TOLD THERE'S A SIMILAR SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHEESE-MITES—AT LEAST, I SAW IT SUGGESTED IN PUNCH."

*Superior Female.* "AH! BUT PUNCH IS SELDOM RELIABLE"

### A DAY IN JUNE.

Oh, the sunny month of June,  
When our hearts are keeping tune  
With the whisper of the breezes and the murmur of the stream,  
When the girls are making posies of the pansies and the roses,  
And the gardens have the glory and the freshness of a dream.

Oh, the leafy month of June!  
It will vanish very soon,  
With its hours of light and beauty and its flowers and its  
play;  
With the joyous trills and gushes of the blackbirds and the  
thrushes,  
And the laughter of the children as they tumble in the hay.

\* \* \* \* \*  
I had rhymed so far with rapture when the sky grew black  
as ink,  
And before I had a moment to collect myself and think,

With a flash  
And a crash  
Came a sound of awe and wonder;  
Came a summer-burst of thunder;  
And the rain, a rushing river,  
Drenched me through and made me shiver;  
And I hurried helter-skelter  
To the very nearest shelter;  
And the song-birds ceased their singing  
In the branches bleak and wringing;

And the gardener, crouching closely  
In his shed, spoke up morosely.  
He and I had one desire—  
To get home and light a fire  
In the wet and freezing noon  
Of a jolly day in June.

### Our Maritime Nation.

"The Board of Trade has received, through the Foreign Office, gold watches and chains for Captain George William Muir (Master) and Mr. Jesus de Echevarria (Chief Officer), gold medals for Tonas Dominguez (boatswain), Juan Santos, Manuel Gonzalez, and Secundino Santamaria (quartermasters), and Antonio Vinagre and Vincente Erecacho (seamen), of the British steamship *Mercedes de Larrinaga*, of Liverpool, which have been awarded to them by the President of the United States in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American schooner *Edward J. Berwind*."—*Morning Post*.

There is a true British ring about all this.

The tendency of many released Suffragettes to resort in London to a vegetarian restaurant for breakfast seems to have spread to Liverpool. The local *Echo* tells how a certain "Holloway heroine," on her return to that centre of activity, "was presented with a banquet of flowers."

"At the annual convention of the British Undertakers' Association Mr. Porter, the president, said that good would result in every way if women took more part in business."—*Daily Mail*.

A pretty compliment, which would, however, have come better, perhaps, from the president of some other association.



Boy "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, MOTHER, IF THAT'S WHAT THEY DO AT UMBRIAN SCHOOLS I'M JOLLY GLAD I BELONG TO AN ENGLISH ONE"

#### OUR NATURALISTS' CORNER.

(With acknowledgments to "The Captain.")

"HOPPY" (Hammersmith).—It is nothing exceptional that your tame beetle should have a sore throat. Administer a teaspoonful of glycerine every half-hour. No, Keating's Cough Lozenges are for humans, not insects; the name is certainly misleading.

"MABEL" (York).—You cannot use your tortoise as a comb while it is alive. But don't kill it for that; wait until it dies.

"TINY" (Tottenham).—Very sorry, dear, to hear that one of your pet elephants has died. No, do not send me the body.

I am busy. If you care to dissect it yourself you will probably find its diaphragm covered with small pink spots about three inches in diameter. If so, you may be certain your pet died of neurasthenia. Be careful of the one elephant you have left. I don't think you ought to keep it in the house, but in order to prevent its catching cold you might let it sleep in the conservatory.

"CHARLIE" (Chelsea).—If your newts' tails keep dropping off, try seccotine—or steel rivets.

"GRACE" (Sheffield).—You may have been deceived about your canary. If you really think it is a sparrow immerse it in a strong, hot solution of soda for

five minutes, and then scrape the plumage with a file. If the paint comes off, it is not a canary.

#### POET AND PENGUIN.

[One of the photographs of Lieutenant SHACKLETON's Expedition shows a group of antarctic penguins being entertained with selections from a gramophone.]

When the sun has finished setting  
And the light begins to wane,  
And the fly has ceased coquetting  
With his image on the pane;  
When the timid battling hovers  
Round the lonely country barns,  
And the myriad race of lovers  
Spin their yarns;—

When the babe is hushed to by-by,  
Cradled in her tiny cot,  
And the little fairies fly by,  
Smiling on the tender tot;—  
Then, in short, beneath the crimsoned  
Skies of eve, I take my chair,  
Gently stretch my weary limbs, and  
Sniff the air.

Twilight! bashful hour when Cupid  
Makes the lips of those that love  
Utter things intensely stupid  
(As I've hunted up above);  
Twilight hour! when man is smitten  
With a liking for his lot,  
Hour of which the bard has written  
Lots of rot!

Here I weep no tears of sorrow  
O'er my oft rejected rhymes;  
Here I feel no need to borrow  
Money, as I've felt at times;  
Here I muse upon the mystic—  
Hark! is that the Thing that moans  
Nightly *chez* my inartistic  
Neighbour Jones?

Woe is me! is this my reverie  
Thus to end at his caprice?  
Must I bear with him whenever he  
Chooses to disturb my peace?  
Can I never soothe my forehead,  
Never calm my restless brain?  
Why must I endure this horrid  
Noise again?

True, I've heard that in the freezing  
Regions round the Southern Pole  
This insufferable wheezing  
Soothes the penguin's puny soul;  
But a penguin and a poet  
"Married to immortal verse"  
Differ vastly; and I know it  
Makes me curse.

Yes! I have a finer feeling  
Than a bird can ever know;  
And my higher brain is reeling  
With the row, and I must go.  
Jones! I'd drown you, were it lawful—  
Laugh to hear *your* bubbling moan—  
Lashing round your neck that awful  
Gramophone!



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 21.*

—"Having disposed of the Instructions, I will now leave the Chair."

As he said this, looking round the benches with regard of wholly kind, partly pained sympathy, there was in the SPEAKER'S voice a note of manly pathos that went straight home to the hearts of the audience addressed. Occasion momentous. After days and weeks of talk round the Finance Bill, House now about to get into Committee. Real business beginning. How long it will last who can say? Already on this our opening day over one hundred pages of solidly printed amendments circulated. Every day will bring its sheaves with it. For three days a week through the sad summer time the House, getting into Committee not later than four o'clock in the afternoon, will sit through long evening into the young fresh morning. And the SPEAKER will take no part in the grinding of a mill whose slowness is upon occasion unparalleled among the legislative machinery of the world.

It is not *his* funeral. It may literally prove to be that of the CHAIRMAN OF WAYS AND MEANS and his Deputy. Day after day, when the House resolves itself into Committee of Ways and Means to take in hand the Finance Bill, the SPEAKER will retire to the learned leisure of his library. Some would have gone off jubilant, happy in the good fortune that befell them. Not so Mr. LOWTHER. He stood for a moment gazing upon the throng, then turned, and with audible sigh of sympathy slowly strode forth. Mr. EMMOTT hopped into chair at the Table and forthwith ruled a batch of amendments out of order with decision and energy that did something to relieve a painful situation.

MEYSEY-THOMPSON put first block in wheel of progress. Moved to postpone Clause 1. Proceeding to enlarge on principle of unearned increment, was pulled up by CHAIRMAN.

"The hon. Member must speak to his motion," said Mr. EMMOTT.

"I do not quite understand," said MEYSEY-THOMPSON, naturally amazed at this ruling "Am I to speak only as to postponement?"

"Most certainly."

"What am I to say then?" he gasped.

Here was chance for kind souls opposite. Full muster of legal talent on Treasury Bench. ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, LORD ADVOCATE, SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND—any one could have told the distraught Member what to say in support of his motion. They sat dumb, unsympathetic.

Then, "Sir, I beg to move," mur-

mured MEYSEY-THOMPSON, and dropped into his seat.

This the solitary instance during sitting where Member had amendment on paper and no speech in support of it. At midnight two amendments disposed of with assistance of Closure. WILLIE PEEL rose and protested against "the headlong hurry with which we are rushing through this Bill."

Not hitherto suspected of being a humorist, his reputation established at a stroke.

*Business done.*—First night in Committee on Budget Bill.

*Tuesday.*—Sultry atmosphere outside. Lowering clouds threaten thunderstorm. With quick sympathy the House discloses similar atmospheric characteristics. Rumbles of thunder, spluttering of rain, sudden flashes of lightning, mark course of proceedings.



"THE NIMBLE GALLIARD"

(After the picture by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

["Mr. Lloyd-George has shown much humour and extraordinary intellectual nimb'ness and agility during these discussions (on the Finance Bill)."]—*Daily Paper*

Half-an-hour before midnight storm burst in full fury. Opposition elated by result of division on PREYMAN'S amendment exempting agricultural land from increment tax. Irish Nationalists going in body into the Lobby with their hereditary allies, the country gentlemen of England, majority dropped to a trifle over 100. When burst of hilarious cheering from Opposition died away, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved Closure on portion of Clause dealing with increment. This meant wiping off the slate two and a half pages of amendments.

Instantly hilarity blazed into fierce resentment. The old familiar cry, "Gag! Gag!"—precursor of many violent scenes—filled the Chamber.

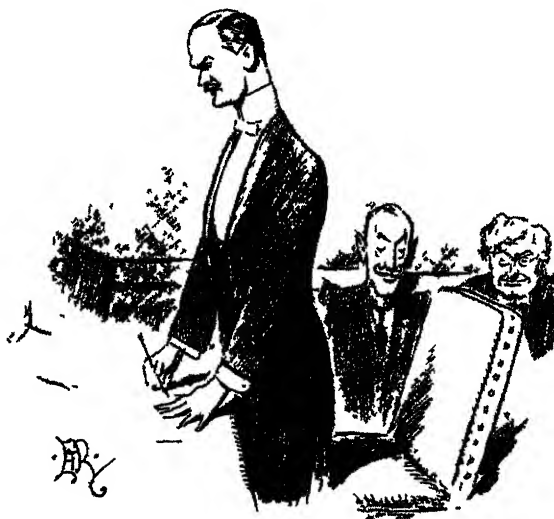
"Put the whole Bill," cried a Unionist, metaphorically emptying his pockets in face of ruthless highwayman.

What would the CHAIRMAN do? Would he grant Closure and so establish momentous precedent in dealing with Bill, or would he withhold assent? Mr. EMVOIT, master of himself though amendments fell, walked on both sides of the highway. Among threatened amendments stood one in name of LAURENCE HARDY dealing with minerals. If that were moved and Committee disposed to discuss it, opportunity should be found. Otherwise CHAIRMAN would forthwith put the Closure.

HARDY, declining the overture, moved to report progress. CHAIRMAN counter-checked by submitting Closure. Uproar rose to stormier heights. Members bobbed up on Opposition benches like corks in a maelstrom. Division bell clanging through all the corridors, anyone desiring to address the Chair must, according to hoary etiquette, do so seated, with his hat on. RUTHERFORD, disregarding the rule and lustily hailing the CHAIRMAN, was pulled back by the coat tails and somebody else's hat jammed on his head. Sudden movement had effect of literally extinguishing him. He sat motionless, dumb, gaping at the Chair.

Louder grew the cry, "Gag! Gag!" Interpolated rose anguished cries for the SPEAKER. He was, so to speak, the straw at which drowning men convulsively clutched. Amid uproar, CHAIRMAN put question of the Closure. Opposition, washing their hands of the whole business, refused to appoint tellers. Motion accordingly carried without division. While House was still cleared for division that never came off PRINCE ARTHUR interposed. Necessary in his case, as in others, that he must keep his seat and put on his hat. Hadn't got a hat. It was reposing in sanctum of his room. Several were proffered. Accepting SON AUSTIN's, he flopped it on his head. At least a size too small, he deftly balanced it whilst he asked the CHAIRMAN to oblige Committee by telling them where they were?

Thus did history repeat itself. Twenty-eight years ago, amid similar scene of uproar, so sat Mr. G., balancing HENSCHELL's hat on bridge of his nose whilst he sub-



THE HARDY-SI-WORLD MAN IN THE KINGDOM  
"Master of himself though amendments fell."  
(Mr. Alfred Emmott, Chairman of Committees)

mitted point of Order to CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES.

LLOYD-GEORGE came to assistance by moving to report progress. This declared carried, the SPEAKER entered, with provoking air of imperturbability; had effect on heated House of spray of

gentlemen below Gangway opposite and remarked, "I know one case in Warwickshire where father and son have lived on the land for 800 years."

More laughter at the moment; upon reflection there is general disposition to hear further of this remarkable case.

From data supplied, the father must have lived and laboured under Norman dynasty. HENRY THE FIRST was on the throne; Crusades were in full fling. Dividing the time equally between the couple, the son would have been born during the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH, living during Tudor and Stuart times into and past the Victorian era.

On face of it story seems incredible. With responsibility of a great name and prominent position, WILLIE PEELE not the man lightly to commit himself. When next Monday House resumes Committee on Budget Bill attempt will be made to obtain further, more precise, particulars of a case beside which modern centenary allegations pale their ineffectual fires.

*Business done*—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

According to *The Dublin Evening Herald's* account of a cab accident—

"Police Constable— went to the assistance of the occupants, who unfortunately escaped with a severe shaking."

Our sympathies are with the Editor.



AN "OUT-SIZE" IN BREAST-PLATES.

Major Anstruther-Guy (of the Royal Horse Guards Reserve) takes a lively interest in Armourer-Sergeants. Can he be contemplating a new outfit?

## FALSTAFF'S OFFENCE.

SIR JOHN, I've never yet attacked  
Your taste for taverns and for tippling,  
Or rated you because you lacked  
The lithe proportions of the stipling;  
Your braggadocio irks me not,  
I rather like a brawl's excitement—  
And yet against you I have got  
A strong indictment.

'Tis that you pestered *Mistress Page*  
With clumsy and unwelcome wooing,  
Until she threatened in her rage  
To draft a Bill \* for man's undoing;  
That threat has filled our days with strife,  
Our docks with many a fair defendant,  
And each is of that merry wife  
A true descendant.

Should *Mistress Page's* Bill go through,  
And woman snap her final fetter,  
The blame, old *Jack*, will rest with you,  
The measure's only true begetter.  
Meanwhile, I trust your sprite will  
squirm  
(I am not troubling where your sprite  
is)  
For having loosed on us the germ  
Of Suffragitis!

*Mistress Page.* Why, I'll exhibit a Bill  
in the Parliament for the putting down of  
man.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, Sc 2.

## THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

ON the eve of the third Test Match we feel bound to give publicity to the following illuminating advice and suggestions that have reached us with regard to England's representatives.

"PAX" writes to say: "Would it not be a good idea if separate private pavilions were erected for all amateurs consenting to play for the Old Country, and if a rule were to be passed that all communications between these gentlemen on the field of play should be made through the umpires?"

[Poor "PAX" has been swallowing some silly rumour.—ED.]

"CONY," writing from an address in the Midlands, suggests that in order to make the Australians look a little more like rabbits than they did at Lord's, England's fast bowlers in the forthcoming Tests should be BURROWS of Worcestershire and WARREN of Derbyshire.

An anonymous writer suggests that, to ensure a sticky wicket at Leeds, GEORGE HIRST might be requested to furnish the groundsmen with a gratis supply of his health toffee.

"MATHEMATICUS" writes to ask whether Triangu'ar Tests will be possible on the Oval.

In pursuance of the theory that dour determination and desperate doggedness are what do it, "Devonian" has selected



## THE PITY OF IT.

*Little Girl (in agonised tone).* "OH, MUMMY, WHY DIDN'T I HAVE CHERRIES AND CREAM?"

an eleven (which we have not the space to print here) entirely beginning with capital D's.

Later. A report reaches us that if the worst comes to the worst Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has promised to don an M.C.C. cap and a false black beard and lead the field against the Australians.

## DRUGS FOR VEG.

THE success of the fruit grower who has brought on his strawberries ten days earlier by giving them ether has set the gardeners of England busily engaged in experimenting with drugs for fruit and vegetables.

Green peas, in order that they may be green, are now being freely drenched with a solution of arsenic, and the tonic blood-making properties of the beetroot are vastly increased by an injection of iron into its veins. The eyes of potatoes can be made, it has been observed, vastly more attractive by a few drops of bella-

donna; while the sensitiveness of the sensitive plant is dulled by judicious doses of cocaine or morphia.

Pears, as our fruitarian readers need not to be reminded, are peculiarly liable to the sleeping sickness, but it has now been discovered that if hot coffee is supplied to the fruit during its growing stage, complete immunity from this complaint is secured.

But perhaps the greatest triumph of all is the "New Way of Life for Onions," as devised and carried out by the famous Russian scientist, Professor Vejnukoff. The onion, though one of the noblest of vegetables, has unfortunately long been regarded as suspect in the best circles owing to its peculiar aroma. The Professor, however, by spraying it with a solution of eau-de-Cologne, patchouli and opoponax, has succeeded in completely deodorising this entrancing vegetable, which can now be eaten with impunity by the most fastidious members of the plutocracy.



Housemaid. "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU COME AT ONCE, THE DROING-ROOM 'S ON FIRE."

Master. "WELL, GO AND TELL YOUR MISTRESS; YOU KNOW I NEVER INTERFERE IN HOUSEHOLD MATTERS"

### IN THE AIR

THE offer to the nation of an air-ship, to be paid for by the readers of *The Morning Post*, and a garage by *The Daily Mail*, has naturally spurred other papers (never contemptuous of hints) to acts of similar patriotic generosity.

*The Daily Telegraph* has placed at the disposal of the Government a colossal balloon in the shape of Mr. HALDANE for any purposes that may be required, the only condition of acceptance being that the name of the journal shall be prominently emblazoned upon it.

*The Daily Express* offers to start a Fresh Air Fund to supply the vapour with which the airships are filled.

*The Daily News* does not see its way to support the War Office in any way, but rather than do nothing it offers to subsidise Mr. CHRISTIE sufficiently handsomely to make it worth his while to engage any or all of England's enemies in argument on any subject whatever immediately they land, and to do it so successfully as to blow them into thin air.

*The Pall Mall Gazette* solicits sub-

scriptions for the purchase of a Bellair-ship to present to the Board of Admiralty.

*The Spectator* will gladly provide the country with a sufficient number of trained pigeons (each one the hero of a touching anecdote illustrating the intelligence of birds) to act as news-carriers in time of war.

*The Guardian* volunteers to provide a dove-cote to harbour *The Spectator's* war pigeons during their periods of pacific inactivity.

*The Globe* offers no airship proper, but promises that when that portion of the millennium arrives which provides for the flying of pigs it will present the Admiralty with rashers of aerial Bacon.

The current issue of *The British Weekly* contains a brilliant article from the pen of "CLAUDIUS CLEAR," appealing in clarion tones to the supporters of that renowned periodical to come to the rescue of their distressed Fatherland. He confidently demands from them the sum of £50,000, with which to purchase and place at the disposal of the nation a Nicoll-plated airship, to be called *The Kailyard*, as well as a Kentish Fire

balloon, with a crew exclusively composed of Men o' Kent.

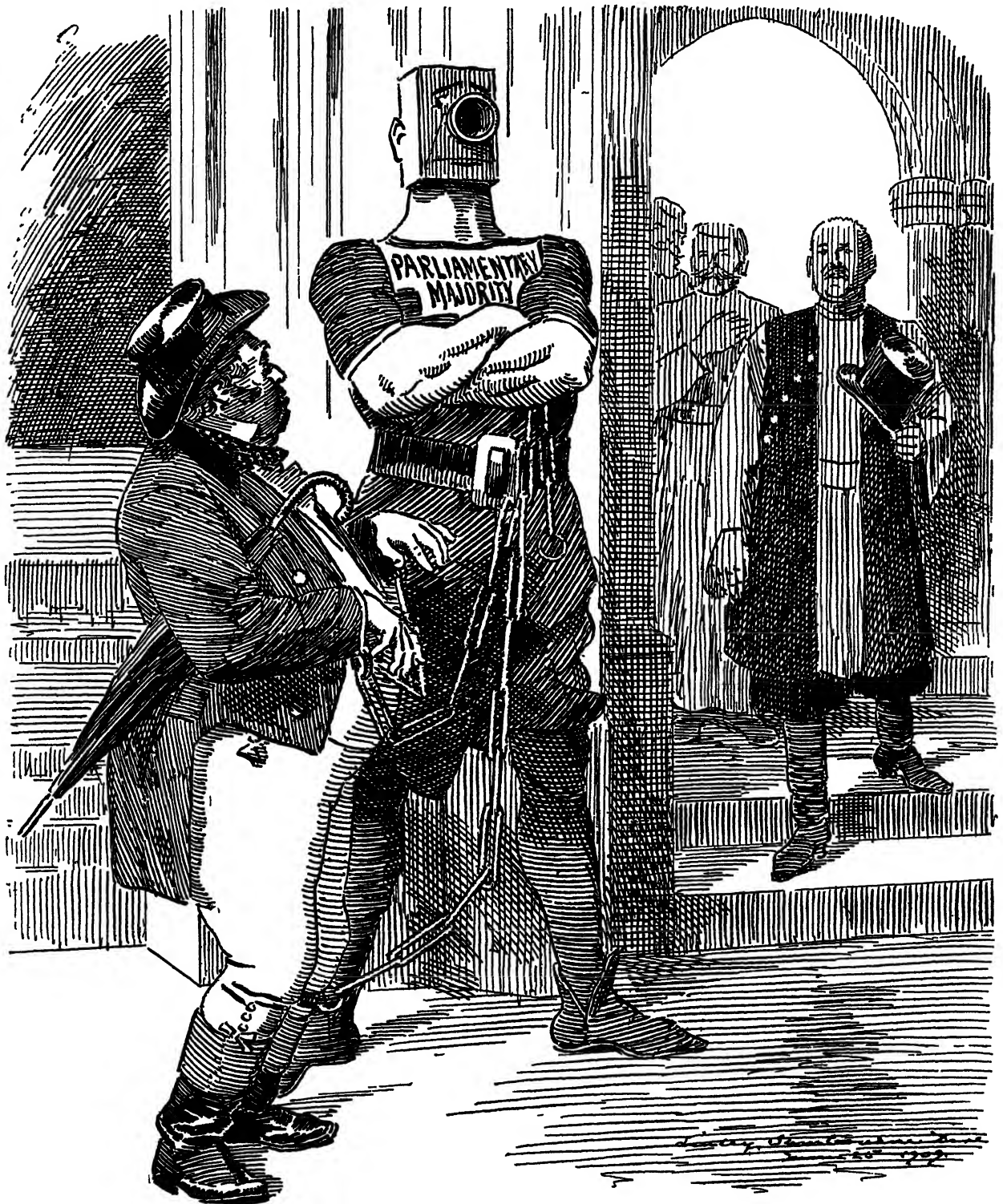
The enterprise of *The Sphere* takes the form of a passionate appeal from Mr. SHORTER to his readers to provide funds enabling him to present the nation with an accordion-pleated *Jane-Eyre*-ship, and a parachute for making descents from *Wuthering Heights*.

### Charity under Arms.

Mr. Punch has pleasure in quoting the following extract from a rival publication, entitled, "Field Service Regulations," and issued by the War Office: "A Contribution is a forcible collection in money or in kind . . . and is generally inflicted as a punitive measure, and as a matter of policy."

A Yorkshire contemporary relates how "a street organ, manipulated by three men who professed to be unemployed, was suddenly pounced upon by the police and charged with stealing eggs." This instrument must be one of the many Radical organs which support the great robber of hen-roosts.





## CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM.

THE DESPOT (to JOHN BULL). "HERE'S A VISITOR COME TO SEE YOU. WON'T YOU SAY A FEW WELL-CHOSEN WORDS OF GREETING?"

JOHN BULL (to the PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN DUMA). "WELCOME, SIR, TO THE ANCIENT HOME OF LIBERTY!"

[“Lord Rosebery’s diagnosis . . . is perfectly correct . . . We are relapsing into the condition from which the Duma is trying to extricate Russia.”—*The Times*.  
Representatives of the Duma are now on a visit to England]





## HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS.—No. 4.

IF, WHEN ONLY PROVIDED WITH A LICENSE TO FISH FOR TROUT, YOU SHOULD CHANCE TO CATCH A SALMON, BE SURE THAT YOUR COAT IS LONG ENOUGH BEFORE YOU DECIDE TO TAKE YOUR FISH HOME

## THE MUTINY YEAR.

In the lumber-room I rummaged for some papers out of place,  
When I came—among the cobwebs—on a small morocco case,  
Raised the lid and saw a medal, on its upturned side a date,  
"1857" graven on the tarnished laurelled plate.

'Twas enough; and ere I turned it in its faded velvet bed  
Quite a host of recollections ran in riot through my head;

And from out the musty boxes, loved of spider and of mouse,  
Came a half-forgotten story of an owner of the house.

Thus A dusty roadway rises and an Indian sun beats down  
Where an English scouting party gallop in from Delhi Town

On their flank the rebel rifles rattle out in sudden storms,  
One full mile in front is shelter, where a sweating battery  
forms.

On they come in open order, through the danger zone they  
sweep,  
Save the last, whose wounded charger pecks, and pitches in  
a heap,

Struggles, shivers and lies quiet, while the trooper makes a  
run,

Tries to join his comrades halting under cover of the gun,

Where they breathe their sobbing horses, and the boy who's  
in command

Knocks the dust from off his tunic, numbers off his tattered  
band,

Throws a glance along the roadway where the bullets flick  
and bound,

Sees the distant, limping figure, swings his reeking Arab  
round,

Swears, and, sitting down to gallop, sends him racing back  
again,

Gets the trooper up in safety, spite the raking leaden rain,  
And again defies the gauntlet of the glaring shot-swept road,  
Till the Arab rocks and staggers into cover with his load!

This the story I remembered of those days by Delhi's gate,  
As I read the magic figures of the medal's famous date.

Then it seemed to my romantic and unmilitary mind  
That some record of his riding might be found engraved  
behind.

So I turned it, and discovered that, some fifty years ago,  
His Aunt Jane had scored with butter at the local county show.

"Mr. Ditchfield, playing at Knebworth, struck a lauk with his drive  
from the tenth tee. This splendid sporting course promises," &c, &c  
—*Daily Mirror*

This kind of sport might satisfy some of our Continental  
friends, but what we want to know is—how is the green-  
keeper doing with his pheasants' eggs?

From a report in *The Irish Times* of the race for the Little  
Brederers' Plate (five furlongs) at the Cork Park Meeting.—

"Won in a canter by two and a-half miles, one and a-half miles  
separated second and third"  
We think the misprinter made an error of judgment in  
repeating his joke so soon.

## News from the Concert Room.

"Mr. — sang with great feeling, 'Relieve me of all those endearing  
young charms'."—*Local Paper*  
"Sang. 'When Celia sings'. Mr. P. J. Dallis"—*Cambridge Chronicle*.  
But what does Celia do when Mr. P. J. sings?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE can guess what started Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD on the scheme of her *Daphne*, or "*Marriage à la Mode*" (CASSELL). One pictures the author on her visit to the States, and a New Englander saying to her, "Our divorce laws are a scandal to civilisation; why don't you, dear Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, with your powerful pen, write a novel exposing these iniquities?" On the other hand, she may have undertaken the voyage with this set object before her. Anyhow, it is a pity that, even from so heterogeneous a race, Mrs. WARD should not have selected for her excellent purposes a purer type than this daughter of an Irishman and a Spanish South American woman. A pity too that she complicates her case by marrying *Daphne* not to another American but to the native of a country (England) whose divorce courts take no cognisance of the vagaries of Nebraska jurisdiction. But Mrs. WARD's strength lies in the portrayal of the things which her eyes have seen most closely; and she naturally preferred familiar English backgrounds for the main development of her social drama. Even so, she is hampered by the exigencies of her moral purpose; the plot, never her strongest point, is at times perfunctory, and the rather crude devices by which *Daphne* is allowed to secure evidence to support her case for divorce seem, if I dare hint it, to savour a little of Palais Royal farce.

I notice that the publishers' announcement states that "the whole story leads up to the scene in the last chapter between the divorced husband and wife, and by it Mrs. WARD is content that her book should be judged." And well she may be, for it is certainly a very strong and moving chapter, and we are most of us content to be judged by our best. But the critic is less easily satisfied; and it must be confessed that, though the book opens well and ends very well, and throughout offers many proofs that the old craftsmanship has not been forgotten, Mrs. WARD has done better work.

I must end with a sincere compliment to the tact she has shown in handling a difficult subject without offence to the feelings of the nation whose laws (and some of their manners) she assails. Americans are notoriously sensitive of criticism; but the best of them are bound to welcome this attack upon a condition of things from which they are the chief sufferers. A postscript of praise is due to Mr. PEGRAM's delicate illustrations in colour.

*Sixpenny Pieces* (JOHN LANE) takes its name from the practice of that most amiable physician, Dr. Brink, of Bovingdon Street, who prescribed for the dwellers in his neighbourhood on what is called the spot-cash system at sixpence a consultation. Fortunately the patients were unaware that Mr. A. NEIL LYONS was watching them all the time through the little window above the gas-stove in the kitchen; and those who remember *Arthur's*, by the same writer, will not need to be told what excellent use he makes of his opportunities. The result is a book of which every

page is a delight, written with humour and sympathy, and a gentle satire none the less biting for its restraint. Especially does the figure of practical Dr. Brink himself dwell in the memory, with his kindness, his steady disclaimers of philanthropy, and above all his very human enjoyment of the good Burgundy that his work enables him to afford. Perhaps the chief charm of the book is its entire avoidance of sentimentality. The tragi-comedies of Bovingdon Street call forth their own tears and laughter without any apparent manipulation by the author. In short, Mr. LYONS' *Sixpenny Pieces* have the ring of true metal, and I for one shall eagerly anticipate another issue from the same excellent mint.

Jack Gell, the victim of *A Comedy of Ambition* (MILLER), is a new variety of the Stickit Minister. He had plenty to say for himself in the pulpit, but his flow of oratory was checked by a course of Higher Criticism made in Germany, so he threw up his Orders to plunge into a politico-journalistic life in London (where all good Scotsmen come at last). And of course, being a Scotsman, he was a triumphant success, and his career as paragraph writer and secretary to a Member of Parliament makes very good reading, though I hope that the tactics of party newspapers are not quite so black as Mr. A. GOWANS WHITE paints them. All the same, it is not his politics but his love affairs, and his relations with the three women who influenced him most, that make one really like the book. There are certain passages in his friendship with one of these ladies through which I wish Mr. WHITE had drawn his pen. But the story of his unconsciously-growing love for the woman whom he eventually marries is idyllic in its earlier moments, and marked in its climax by all the ruggedness proper to the course of true love. The impediment to their happiness was a dark chapter in her previous life, which made her, as she thought, not good enough for him. However, a still darker chapter in his mother's life, which he chanced to discover, put

the lovers more nearly on a level. And so two blacks made a white, and Mr. WHITE made a good ending to a good book.

In *An Honest Man* (METHUEN) the reader may study the curious operation of a stone trying to draw blood from itself and, supposing stones to have families, from its wife and children. Honest *Milsom's* dishonest partner defaults with most of the firm's assets, but the firm's creditors, disregarding the etiquette of fiction, temper justice with mercy and are not the less true to life for that. They allow the firm's debts to stand over indefinitely; but *Milsom's* pride is not to be so easily put off. It drives him to play the martyr to the gallery and the brute to his family, even to abuse his sweet wife to his miserable ledger-clerk and to do other detestable things, the pecuniary advantage of which is sometimes obscure. There is, indeed, a striking and possibly a sound idea at the back of the author's mind, that a man's sense of honour is often a nuisance and occasionally a positive curse; but the next time Mr. R. H. BRETHERTON has a striking idea, he should invite some expert novelist to teach him the art, or undertake for him the business, of its proper exposition.







"**M**EN OF PUDVILLE!" concluded the Orator, "the eyes of England are upon you! Vote for Spinks and Free Trade! Vote for Spinks and the sacred principle of One Man, One Vote! Vote for Spinks and the triumph of a Socialist Budget!"

As he descended from his *al fresco* hustings, the Orator was approached by a gentleman of philosophic aspect. "Pardon me, Sir," said the Thinker, raising his hat, "but I have had the ill-luck to miss all but your excellent peroration; and I should take it as a peculiar favour if you would kindly define for me the exact meaning of a 'Socialist Budget.' Is it one, as the term would seem to imply, in which all men are equal in the eyes of its framer?"

"By a Socialist Budget," replied the Socialist Orator (it was his proud boast that he had never said "Sir," or raised his hat, to any man), "I mean one by which the bloated Capitalist is compelled to pay for the down-trodden Masses from whose sweated labour he has piled up his iniquitous accumulations of filthy and unearned lucre."

"Yet I take it," said the Thinker, "that you have sufficient self-respect to desire to contribute your fair proportion toward the maintenance of the Empire?"

"I get all the self-respect I need," replied the Orator, "from the fact that I belong to the ranks of Labour. My contribution to what you call 'the maintenance of the Empire' is moral rather than pecuniary. I earn a starvation pittance of £150 a year as a Labouring Man, and therefore pay no income-tax. I am a lodger. I allow myself no luxuries, being a non-smoker and a total abstainer from intoxicating beverages. My doctor forbids me tea and sugar. As I suffer from gout—'poor man's gout,' need I say?—I drink imported mineral waters, and these are not taxed by a Free Trade Government."

"And I may assume that you subscribe to the gospel of Free Food?"

"Would you tax the poor man's bread, his staff of life?" protested the Orator.

"It seems the only way of getting at some of you. Unless the necessities of life are taxed, how can men like you be expected to have a proper sense of the responsibilities of citizenship?"

"We get that by exercising our right to vote."

"To be sure. Which reminds me that I just now passed a sandwichman carrying the legend, 'NO TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION'; and since we began our conversation I am more than ever impressed with the belief that there is quite

as much to be said for the converse doctrine—No REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION. Yours, of course, is an exceptional case. You are peculiarly abstemious. But even the average labourer who has a vote does not pay anything like his share of the State's expenses. How do you reconcile this condition of things with your principle of 'One Man, One Vote'?"

"All men are equal in the sight of Heaven," replied the Orator.

"But not in the sight of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE wants us to believe that the Landowner and the Publican and the Millionaire (especially the dead Millionaire) are much bigger and better fellows than the rest, and that he ought to do them the honour of making them pay the lion's share of the cost of Empire. Very good, I say, if only he gives them a proportionate voice in the disposal of their contributions. Your doctrine of 'ONE MAN, ONE VOTE' is directed against the pluralists, men who just happen to have voting qualifications in more than one constituency. But I would carry the system of pluralism much further. I would say, 'No TAXATION WITHOUT CORRESPONDING REPRESENTATION.' If I subscribe ten times as much in taxes as my neighbour, and if these taxes are honestly imposed, it must mean that I have ten times as much interest as he in the disposal of the State's revenue; therefore I ought to have ten votes to his one. Who pays the piper most has the right of calling the greatest number of tunes."

A spasm of indignation played across the face of the Orator. "You would be throwing the power of Parliament," he said, "into the hands of the Capitalists, and they would bring in Budgets which would lay the burden of taxation on the Labouring Classes."

"And an excellent thing for you," replied the Thinker. "You would then get a corresponding increase of votes, and be able to turn the Capitalists out at the next election and produce the kind of Budgets you like best. The pendulum would swing for a little, but would soon reach a state of millennial repose."

"I don't like your millennium," said the Orator, "and I disagree with you in every particular."

"Then," said the Thinker, "let us put the case to arbitration. Yonder I observe, alighting from his car, a gentleman of a wise and judicial countenance. Let us appeal to him."

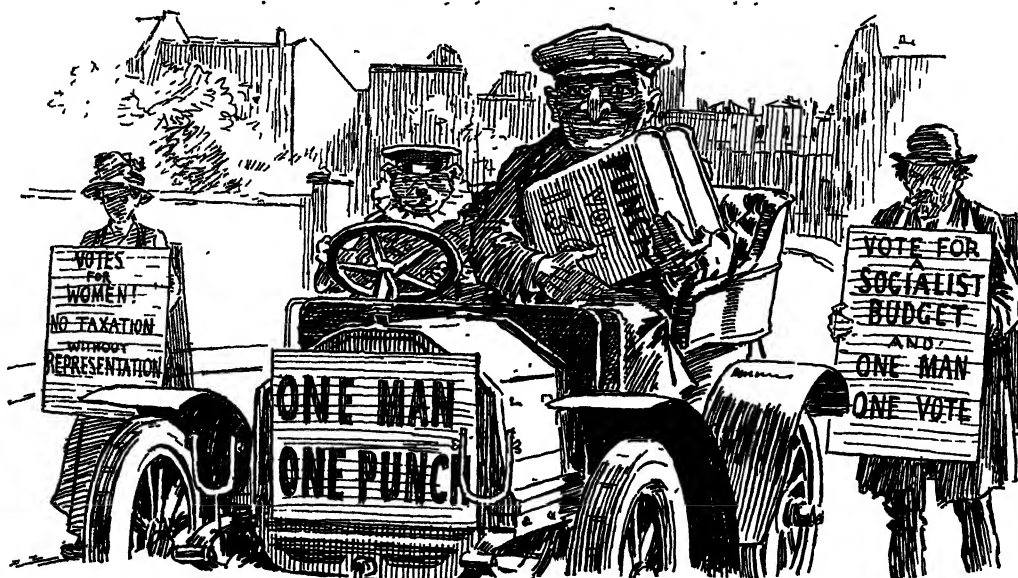
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Scarcely had the benign old Sage caught the gist of their argument when he politely interposed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am no party politician. I have a habit of smiling at various forms of folly, but I make it a principle not to attempt to assign to them any order of merit, saying, 'This is foolish, but that is more foolish still.' On the contrary, I have with me a soothing compound for the composure of all differences. Permit me to hand you a couple."

And with that, and a courtly bow, Mr. PUNCH (for it was he) bestowed on each a sample of his

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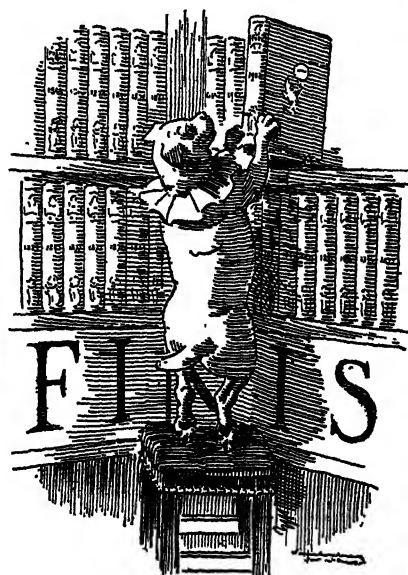
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